The Diary of Heinrich Witt

Volume 3

Edited by

Ulrich Mücke

BRILL

LEIDEN | BOSTON

Commenced in Lima, December the 29th 1869.

Continuation of Saturday, 21st of December 1844. At one O'clock the steamer "Il triano" got under weigh; it was crowded with passengers mostly of the second class, of whom there were so many that they could not possibly keep within their limits, but trespassed upon that part of the deck reserved for first class passengers, amongst them were five Capuchin friars with their long beards and coarse brown cloaks, barelegged and sandalled. A pretty strought wind which blew into our face, rendered it rather cold on deck nevertheless, I did not go below, for I was desirous to see the shores of the Como Lake, which for their beauty are far famed, and deserved their reputation even in the present unfavorable season, for, as already said, the snow had melted, and not only solitary houses, but villages, covered the sides of the hills which slope to the waters edge. Kellers map gives the names of these different places; we had hardly passed Tremezzo, when I observed a very handsome Palace-like building which I supposed to be La Villa Sommariva, and so it was. The steamer stopped at Cadenabbia where I went on shore, close to the Lake is a neat recently built hotel which I entered, and ordered dinner to be ready for my return, for it was getting late, and I had to visit the said villa situated at a very short distance from Cadenabbia. A broad flight of the stone steps ascends from the Lake; another flight of steps, to a [] on handsome railing inside of which is a small pond, with a [] [3] Triton spouting water; a few steps more lead-up to the Villa; in front of the same, the trees and bushes are, for the greater part, evergreens, Laurel and Box; Rose bushes had their green leaves; the flowers were in blossom, which proved that mildness of the climate on the banks of the lake, sheltered as they are against the Northern winds by the surrounding hills. Along the wall of a round vestibule which is the first apartment one enters, is sculptured in bas-relief the famous triumphal entrance of Alexand[er] into Babylone, of which I had seen a copy in Copenhagen (see Page 552 of the Volume II of these extracts) and here I experienced an actual pleasure, when I found that many, if not all, the figures seen and admired there, were still vivid in my recollection. Here, the figures succeed each other in their proper order, so that I could form a clear idea of the entire plan and meaning, which I was unable to do in Copenhagen. On the left side, close to the entrance the first figure is that of an old man, an angler in the river; then, a boat filled with rowers in expectation of the Conqueror to convey him over; further-on, the river God Euphrates; after whom a number of figures who meet Alexander with their

various offerings, and who are the last in the half circle which extends from the entrance to the point opposite the same. On the other, the right side, Alexander in a Car (not as I have said page 552 volume the II, riding his war horse), led by victory, opens the procession, he is followed by Bucephalus without a rider; next, his Generals and warriors, all on their horses; also an Elephant, close to which walks a captive King; to the two last figures exactly opposite Alexander, Thorwaldsen has given the features of the old Count Sommariva, and his own. In this vestibule stands a group of Mars and Venus by a pupil of Canova; he a fine, powerful, threatening figure; she, a miserable little girl without any womanly fullness or roundness. In another apartment, I much admired a bas-relief by Thorwaldsen representing the triumph of Bacchus; a drunken faun is exquisite. By the same master there were the busts of Christian VIII of Denmark and his spouse, the beautiful Princess of Holstein Sondenburg Augustenburg, sculptured before their accession to the throne. By Canova, Amor and Psyche, both the loveliest faces imaginable, Psyche is [_]clining, Amor leaning over her. Palamedes, a severe manly [4] figure, a short straight sword in his hand. The cast of the repentant Magdelaine, a personification of Contrition; the original exits in the Museum of Prince Von Leuchtemberg in Munich. Of the pictures, I was most pleased with a portrait of Charles V by Van Dyck. Upon one of the ceilings, are painted al fresco Amor and Psyche. Up-stairs a vast saloon was hung with paintings by modern French painters, amongst which the portrait of a French Lady "La amica del Conte". There were finally a few paintings by Flemish masters. The floors are laid in [_] mosaic; the building itself is three stories high. Owing to the late departure of the steamer from Como, I had arrived at Cadenabbia later than I should have done, consequently, I had not sufficient time for a careful visit to the villa, as darkness was fast setting-in, I was obliged to hurry through the apartments more rapidly than I should have done. I had merely a few moments to walk about in the Garden filled with evergreens, returned to the hotel, dined, and the weather being mild, and the night, moonlight, promenaded for an hour and a half along the narrow road between the waters of the Lake and the vine covered hills, mulberry-trees growing at intervals. It was a delightful evening, and I much enjoyed my walk, before going to bed, I wrote my memoranda. La Villa di Sommariva was sold about the middle of the year 1844 by the grand children of the old Count, who had collected the treasures of art which it contains, together with the grounds, the vineyards and Mulberry-trees, to the Princess of Orange sister of the King of holland (in 1844) married to one of the Princes of Prussia, for seven hundred and odd thousands, say: seven hundred and fifty thousand zwanzigers, or two hundred and fifty thousand Austrian Florins, coin, equal to one hundred and seventy thousand Peruvian dollars, very cheap in my opinion. The old Count

had died, so had his son, and his heirs, of whom there were many, were anxious to realize the property.

Sunday, 22nd of December 1844. A “napoleon d’or” is equal to twenty eight Milanese lire; one Milanese Lira, equal to twenty Soldi, one Franc, equal to twenty eight Soldi. Having settled [] [5] bill, which came to seven Milanese Lire, four Soldi, and twelve Soldis to the servants, I engaged two boatmen to row me across; first, to the peninsula which divides the Lake of Lecco from the Lake of Como; afterwards, to Varenna on the Eastern side of the Como Lake. It being Sunday, the two men were in their gala dress, and looked quite smart. The one with a red waistcoat, the other with a red cap and tassel to it. It was nine Oclock when we left Cadenabbia; the weather was mild, the sky cloudy, in a short time I was landed at “La Villa Melzi” which lies at the foot of the said peninsula: the “Custode” which is the Italian for the French “Concierger”, showed me to the Chapel in the Garden, a small tasteful building; above the altar stands a marble statue of Christ, of human size, a cross in his right arm; a fine production, though entirely different from Thorwaldsen’s Christ in our Lady’s Church in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen’s is a personification of Divinity; this, the expression of suffering and resignation. In the same Chapel, a monument is erected in memory of the Duke di Melzi, who was for some time Vice-Roy of Italy in the first years of Napoleon’s reign, and who is mentioned in Botta’s history. Upon this monument, his portrait is sculptured in bas-relief; above the same is a weeping figure in a reclining posture, below various allegorical figures, all in bas-relief. Through the garden protected against the Lake by a stone quay with an iron balustrade, the Custode accompanied me to the Villa itself, whose exterior is plain and unpretending; the floors in the first story are laid-in with mosaic; in a large hall are ranged a considerable number of white marble busts upon black marble pedestals, amongst which three Bacchantes were particularly pointed out to me by my Cicerone, two of them with vine leaves in the hair, had the true look of inebriety, whilst, the appearance of the third, was the modest and bashful that I felt confident my guide must have been mistaken in calling her a follower of the vine loving God. There were the busts of Elisa, Napoleons sister married to Felix Pascal Bacchiocchi Prince of Lucca and Piombino, and of Alexander I of Russia, which latter did by no means come up to my expectations; they had been raised too high by the encomium which the Russian officers who in 1814 were billeted in my mothers house in Altona, used to pass on the beauty of their beloved Emperor, and which []ugh, so many years had elapsed since, I had not forgotten; [6] one of Napoleon Buonaparte; when twenty eight years of age, he was General of the army of Italy, which is interesting for the little resemblance that can be traced between these features, and those of the well known and often repeated

portrait of Napoleon when Emperor; also a bust of the Old Duke di Melzi, a very expressive face; another of his son, the father of the present proprietor, with repulsive features; of Euripides, Sophocles, Homer, and many others which I have not been able to recollect. Homer it is well known, is said to have been blind and it is really admirable to see how the sculptor has been able to give to the cold stone, this expression of blindness in a manner not to be mistaken nor misunderstood. One small apartment was reserved exclusively for engravings; for instance: of Rafaels renowned Sixtine Virgin, original in Dresden; another of his Spo[u]zalizzio (Espousals) original in Milan; of his own portrait, of the portrait of his mistress, La Fornarina (the Baker's daughter), of a portrait of Charles V, etc., etc. Further, engravings of two marble groups by Canova removed from Milan to Vienna; the one, the exploits of Hercules, the other, those of Theseus. In the room dedicated to pictures, I noted particularly one upon copper representing Alexanders battles, by a German painter. Again in another, a small bronze statue of Napoleon I a Goddess of victory in his right hand. A bronze bust of Prince Eugene Beauharnais, and a portrait of the Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria, a poor wretched creature. In another room, the walls painted in oil are prettily adorned with figures of little Cupids playing with each other; in the second story are the rooms which the Duke's friends occupy when visiting him in the summer season, they are well fitted up and furnished; however, I walked rapidly through them, for I found nothing worth detaining me. The Gardener to whom I was handed over by the "custode", on my expressing a wish to be shown something of the Garden hurried me through his domain, at a rate which rendered it impossible that any of the many objects which it contained, and which passed before my eyes, could leave a lasting impression on my memory. My boatmen having removed to the village Bellaggio situated at the foot of the promontory Cervelloni, at the very point [...] the two lakes separate. I engaged a boy to show me the way [...] [7] Villa and park of the Duke di Cervelloni, General in the Austrian army. This splendid property occupies the entire superficies of the promontory, but was, people assured me, so little esteemed by its present owner, that in the whole year of 1844 he did not spend there a single day, preferring to reside in the austrian Capital. The house distinguishes itself in nothing but its outward appearance, whilst the park, even pleasant in this winter season must be delightful in the more genial months of the year. There are trees of all kinds and descriptions, Laurel and Bore, Firs and Pines, Birches, and our northern oaks which had not yet lost their brown withered leaves; Rose bushes with leaves and flowers the Peruvian Pencas called Aloes, growing to a considerable height, planted in long straight rows, Orange and Lemon trees, the former without any protection, the latter, their tops covered with straw, and many

other shrubs and trees with whose name I was not acquainted. For a long time I strolled about through this wilderness, up and down the convenient roads and paths which are laid out on the sides of the hill; here and there in a nook lay still a patch of snow. In other places the snow water had filtered and leaked through the grottoes, thus preventing my entering them, as little did I enter an artificial ruin which was shut up, and to go in search of its key, I did not think worth my while. This promontory has to the right the Lecco Lake, in front and to the left, the Como Lake; sometimes I turned my looks to Cadenabbia and la Villa Sommariva whence I had come, sometimes to Varenna and Fiume whither intended to go. Just below me, at the foot of the promontory, I distinguished the village of Bellaggio; at last, I had entirely lost my bearings, I did not know what direction to take; I engaged a boy who showed me from Pescato, a miserable village on the Lecco Lake, to which I had strayed, across the mountain, to the other side. I then descended a splendid flight of stairs in front of La Villa Giuliana and found myself exactly in front of the Chapel in the Garden Melzi which I did not enter, but walking round it, met my boatmen in Bellaggio where I reembarked; it was noon, I passed in the boat in front of the frequently mentioned promontory which put me in mind of the bluff headland which separates Ulviig Fjord from Ossa Fjord (see at the bottom of page 621, Volume II) which in the middle of August of the same year looked cheerless and inhospitable, whilst here in Italy on 23rd December, a similar promontory [8] had still a cheerful appearance. At one o'clock I landed at Varenna where I went to l'albergo della Posta; my big cloak, my inseparable Companion in all my excursions, I left with my landlord; then as the Marques di Litta had recommended me to do, took a walk along the Lake's border, to the village of Bellano, which lies to the North of Varenna. The road is remarkable in as far as it is cut through the rock which descends to the very waters edge. Five or six tunnels of various lengths perforate the same. I measured one about ninety yards long; their height is more or less twenty feet. The wall left standing close to the lake, may be from nine to thirteen feet thick, occasionally to admit light, holes are cut into it. An inscription says: that this road was commenced in 1824 and finished in 1831. Before it was made, there was no passage for wheeled carriages, only on foot or on horseback could those rocks be crossed; when in the open air, not within the narrow bounds of the tunnels, the road is rich in trees of various kinds; there grew vines and Olives, Cypresses, mulberry trees, here and there a Penca, small rivulets came leaping down the mountain sides in pretty cascades whilst two or three of more import flew to the Lake in an uninterrupted course. I observed two springs for the use of the public; Fontane Pubbliche; also a Chapel without the image of a Saint, the inside of which painted in this manner , had the following words: Vero retratto

della Capilletta della BV (Beata Virgene) nella valle sopra Lizzino che Sparse Sangue L'anno 1688 addi 6 Agosto. I reached Bellano in about an hour, many boatmen (Barcajoule) were lounging about in the streets and on the beach, all very spruce in their holiday dress, red caps with a tassel, red waistcoats, and dark velveteen jackets. I was back in Varenna at about half past three, where my landlady served me a very good dinner. I took my seat near her, close to the fire in her sitting room, and when conversing with her, was astonished to find how easily I understood the Italian she spoke, which was soon accounted for, when she told me that she was French by birth, for it is well known that Foreigners as long as they are not well acquainted with a language, understand this language more easily when spoken by other foreigners, than by the natives [...] [9] selves. She told me she had let her whole house for the winter season to a French Marchioness madame de Brezé with whose servants she, and her husband did not disdain to take their dinner. He, the landlord showed me to his garden close to the lake, where orange-trees, ledars, Cypresses and Pencas grew in the open air without any shelter. The lemon trees are more delicate; they require to be covered-up.

Monday, 23rd of December 1844. I was roused in the middle of the night; hurried on my clothes, and when entering the diligence which waited at the street door, found myself its only occupant. On one side the Coach window could not be drawn-up, on the other side the window pane was broken; the natural consequence of which negligence was a rather Chilly temperature inside the Carriage. Nevertheless having wrapped myself up in my cloak, and satisfied myself with the help of a dim moonlight, that I had the Lake to the right, hills to the left; I soon fell asleep. Occasionnally I was awakened when the coach rattled over the stone pavement of the villages through which we drove; and at 3 1/2 we stopped at the Post Office in Lecco. Towards seven Oclock, the day broke; as far as the eye reached extended the famous plains of Lombardy, trees planted in long straight rows with vines between them. For olive-trees, I was told, the climate is too cold; here and there lay a few patches of snow. We passed through many villages with the names of which I am not acquainted; in one of them, I had time to take a cup of hot Coffee with milk and biscuits. At half past eleven entered the town of Milan under a fine gate and through equally handsome wide streets – La Porta Orientale, Il Borgo, and Il Corso of the same name. Here, a custom House Officer jumped-up; but, as I had no luggage with me, I walked without any further detention from the Post Office to the Pension Suisse in which hotel I again took-up my quarters. The room given to me was one story higher up than that which I had previously occupied, but I was well satisfied; for in it, was an iron stove which heated well. At half past one, I went out to Il Palazzo di Brezza which as already said, contains

a considerable collection of paintings. I remained here a long time until the Cold drove me away. In my original diary, I give a long descriptive Catalogue of many of these paintings which how[_] it is not my intention to Copy, [...] in the portraying of figure[_] [10] busts, in the Spanish dress in vogue at the time when he flourished; of these portraits there are here several handsome specimens. Also of Annibal Carracci, a reclining Magdelain[e], the upper part of her body naked, the lower, covered; a cross and a skull laying alongside of her. By Alessandro Turchi Called L'Orbetto was one of the paintings which pleased me best, Hagar's expulsion by Abraham. By Guercino da Centa was another painting much to my liking, several young artists were taking copies of it, in the centre stands an elderly man in a Turkish dress, who is reprimanding a woman in the act of wiping off her tears, whilst a child still crying stands near her, on the other side, somewhat in the dark is another woman half turned away. Sasso Ferrate, Bonvicino called: il Morretto, Benavente da Garofalo, and Guido René have exercised their skill in Virgins with the Child, in descents from the Cross; in Saints, and similar subjects. From Georgio Geldorp and P. P. Rubens I saw two very life like portraits of Dutch women. Pablo Veronese has a great name for his splendid Costumes, and Salvator Rosa for his scenes of horror. Il Spo[u]zalizzio (the Espousals) by Rafaello Sanzio d'Urbino which, being by Raphael, must be a master piece, did not appear so, to my unpractised artistic taste. In the back ground is a temple wither various persons direct their steps, in the foreground the principal group: the priest in the Centre, benign and kind, to his right the Bride, to his left, the bride groom; both modest and demure. Excellent is the air of insouciance of a young fellow in the right corner dressed in red tights who is in the act of breaking a twig over his knee. Little did I think of two other groups placed behind the Bride and Bride groom, probably witnesses to the marriage. From Il Palazzo di Brezza I went to the Marques whom I did not find at home, and having still time to spare before table d'hote, I entered the Cathedral; it was getting dark, the colossal pillars threw their shadow over the white floor; candles were burning on the high altar, a few devotees kneeling here and there; it was a solemn moment. At dinner, I sat near the hard breathing Gentleman with whom I had dined at Mr. Mylius; he was a native of Vienna and his name was Bingler. Of the fa [...] [11] the Mylius, he spoke in very high terms particularly of old Mr. Henry the uncle of the three whom I know, Jonas and Charles in Francfort, Henry in Milan, and the fourth brother George married to his niece a daughter of the younger Henry, this latter had been partner of the firm of Schunks, Mylius & Co. of London, each partner of which on their separation retired with a fortune of £50,000; his wife was a native of Lausanne, one of his daughters, Fanny, the widow whom I had seen in his house had been married to a certain Wachs, the name of the unmarried

was Luisa; the two sons were Hermann and Frederick. The evening of this day, I remained at home, took tea in my room, and sitting near the warm stove, wrote a despatch to the Government in Copenhagen.

Tuesday, 24th of December 1844. The forenoon I spent in the Marquis's Company; together we drove to the music shop of Giovanni Ricordi, the first in the place, where I bought some music for Enriqueta, in another store I purchased some extremely handsome French colored Lithographic engravings, and for a considerable while we walked up and down the very pretty arcade of San Cristoforo, lined on each side with elegant shops. At a later hour, I requested my valet de place to show me to the Ambrosian Library, (La Biblioteca Ambrogiana), which establishment, though locked-up the last week of the year was opened to me by the Custode on receipt of the fee; he was an old man shivering with Cold, and consequently hurried me through the large saloons which were not heated, at an unpardonable rate. Below are ranged on shelves numberless books and manuscripts of which I saw nothing but the outside. Forster in his excellent Italian Hand book says that there are 60,000 Books, and not less than 6000 manuscripts amongst which latter some of the more curious are: Virgil's Georgica with marginal notes by Petrarca. Josephus written on Papyrus, from the seventh century, an original letter from Lucrezia Borgia to Cardinal Bembo, above are many paintings, several By Bernardo Luini better preserved than those by the same master in La Briezza. Two fine portraits by Holbein, a colossal painting of the Virgen, La asunta, original by Correggio, this Copy by Annibal Carracci, and in mosaic, a copy of Guido Renes [] of Christ with a crown of Thorns. Further fossils, samples of [12] marble, a few stuffed animals and a large Collection of medals and Coins, a quantity of drawings of the different schools; a lock of the light hair of Lucrezia Borgia, a Colossal beautiful head of a Vestal in marble; the Busts of Canova and Thorwaldsen; various bronze statues cast in Milan, some in the foundry of Manfredini, amongst which a Phoebus in a car drawn by four horses followed by the [?] beautifully executed. Also imitations on a small scale, cast in Rome, of two obelisks or columns, the one that of Trajan; the other, that of Anthony. At all which and many other objects, I as already said, had merely time to throw a cursory glance. On leaving this library, I took a long walk through the town, and by Chance strolled to La Porta Orientale which is one of the finest parts of the town; both to the right and to the left. I ascended the Rampart with many rows of beautiful trees especially maples which had not yet lost their dried-up leaves. I dined at the Hotel, and remained the evening in my room spending the time not to be sure in the joyous manner as I had passed the Christmas of 1843, but quietly and pleasantly, writing long letters to my wife in Lima, and to Henry Sieveking in Altona.

Wednesday, 25th of December 1844. In the morning, I had my passport vised for Genoa, and tried to obtain a seat first at the Post Office, then at a private Coach establishment for Pavia but did not succeed because as the Coaches ran as far as Genoa their owners were averse to take passengers for the short distance to Pavia. I then entered the Cathedral where I listened to part of the mass; saw an elderly man blessing all who approached him; probably it was the Archbishop, in a red robe, the tail of which was carried by two pages. Near the high altar stood the statues of two Saints of human size; Saint Ambrose and Saint Bartholomew, of massive silver; many busts; a bas relief representing the last supper, and on a table close by, ewers, Goblets, salvers, all of the same precious metal. I ascended to the beautiful marble roof, examined the numerous turrets, the equally numerous statues, and other ornaments; repeatedly climbed up to the higher part of the roof, down again; until at last [] was so bewildered that, if I had not accidentally met some [] [13] who showed me the way, I might for a long time have been vainly searching the stairs. At five O'clock went by invitation to Mr. Mylius's dwelling house where I had expected to meet a large party but found merely the family, the young men probably clerks of the firm, and a Mr. Noel, English by birth, and teacher of the English language. I sat at the table between Mr. Mylius's son Frederick, and Mrs. Wachs the widow; a very handsome woman; the unmarried Luisa had a swollen face, seemed to be out of temper, and did not recover her good spirits till a late hour, Whist was resorted to; to while away the time. At nine O'clock we left off playing, and took tea, when Mrs. Mylius beckoned me to her, and made give her a long account of Peru and Peruvian customs. It was rather a tedious party.

Thursday, 26th of December 1844. This day I paid my last visit to Il Duomo an edifice which I admired the more I saw it. Hitherto I omitted to take note of the beautiful stained glass windows one of which represent several scenes taken from the Bible beginning with the creation of the world. There is one statue that of Saint Bartholomew very strange in its conception and execution. This saint the legend says, was flayed alive; accordingly, he stands here with his skin thrown over the shoulders, whilst his skinless body shows all the muscles and tendons with anatomical precision; close-by is the statue of a Virgin, under glass with a crown and a necklace of Genuine diamonds whose intercession with God almighty must have been thought to be very effective, for invariably did I find persons kneeling at her feet. From the Cathedral I went in search of the Sixteen Corinthian marble Columns which once formed part of the Thermae, or hot baths of Emperor Maximian, Colleague of Diocletian, who flourished in the first half of the fourth Century; they stand at present in a street in front of the Church of Saint Lawrence, and are remarkable for their antiquity; otherwise, I could find no beauty in them. This church is built in a

circular shape; behind its high altar, I found an inscription stating that certain saints lie buried under the altar itself which peculiarity had already observed in other churches. Thence I made the Circuit of the greater part of the town following the fosse which encircles its walls towards the south and the south west from "La Porta Vercellina", to "La Porta Romana"; next I came to "La Porta Tosa" [...] passing several smaller gates which are not marked on the [14] plan of Milan in Forster's hand-book. I turned into the town, reached Il Borgo di Porta Orientale, and walked down the handsome street called Il Corso, as far as La Porta of the same name, at the recommendation of Mrs. Mylius, I ascended the rampart to the left where she told me it was the Custom of the Milanese nobility and gentry to drive-up and down between the hours of three and four; probably it was, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather which was very foggy, that the number of carriages, generally Coaches with two seats, a coachman, and a man servant in livery, was but small. I was back in my hotel, just in time for table d'hôte, after dinner, some of the guests, I amongst them, remained sitting round the stove till eight O'clock, when it was time to go to the Theatre "La Scala", I also went. "La Scala" is one of the largest Theatres in Europe, it is said, that it can hold five thousand persons, and this evening, it was well filled. There are, including the Gallery, six tiers. In the two lowest eighteen boxes on each side of the Imperial box, which was opposite the stage; in the second tier on the left side, nearest to the stage was the box belonging to the Vice Roy Reiner and his family. On this occasion it was occupied by four of his sons very plain young men; it was laid out with red Damask and Gold fringes; nearly all the boxes in the same row, were closed with yellow silk curtains until the proprietors appeared. Here in Milan in the same manner as in Lima, each box consists of a small room by itself, whilst in England and in the North of Germany, the boxes are separated from each other by low partitions which are hardly perceptible so that all the spectators generally in full dress have the appearance of a single party which of course, has a more pleasing aspect, than a row of small apartments, the occupants of which hardly show themselves, the interior of the house was painted white with gold which looked splendid, but the lighting up was insufficient; there was only one lustre of an extraordinary size, hanging over the pit, my landlord had secured for me, una piazza Chiusa which corresponds to a stall in England, or the Parquet in France. But here, these seats were by no means so convenient as they are in Germ [...] land and Belgium, where they consist of wide commodious [...] [15] chairs, here they were nothing but wooden benches, one seat separated from the other by wooden arms. Next to me three Gentlemen and one lady squeezed themselves into the seats, and very naturally encroached upon mine: an abuse, very inconvenient, but, what could I, a stranger, do? The pieces

performed were: *I Lombardi alla prima Cruciata*, an Opera by Guiseppe Verdi, *la Esmeralda*, a ballet and *Don chisciotte* (Dn. Quijote) a Comic ballet. The music of the opera new at the time was much applauded, to my taste, it was much too noisy, the Drums, Kettle-drums and Trumpets preponderated, and frequently the singers had to exert their lungs to the very utmost, in order to make themselves heard against the overpowering sounds. The *Prima Donna*, of whom the Milanese were justly proud, was Signora Frezzolini Poggi who sang the *Griselda*, I myself could judge of her fine acting and of her powerful voice, of which connoisseurs said she made a proper use; her husband Poggi the Tenor sang *Orontes* beautifully; so did the bass Signore Felippo Collini who acted *Pagano*; the remainder were inferior even *Arvino*, one of the principal parts, for he, who should have sung it was indisposed, and another second rate singer had taken his stead. The Chorus was strong, and several times, more than one hundred persons appeared at once on the stage. The ballet was written by Giulio Perrot. Fanny Elssler danced *La Esmeralda* and though perhaps I should not institute Comparisons, yet in my humble opinion, she in her genre was a greater artist than the Frezzolini in hers. Perrot was likewise a fine dancer, and it was very clear that he placed himself in the background to serve as a foil to the Elssler. In the last scene, when she was saved by *Phoebus* from a fiery death and appeared on the stage in a long white robe, her black hair hanging down behind, she acted exquisitely but, it seemed to me that her age (she is said to be near forty), was rather apparent, at least much more so, than when she showed herself in her dancing attire and was agitated by exercise. The enthusiasm of the audience was extraordinary, every time that the Frezzolini warbled a few notes, with more than usual sweetness, every time that the Elssler tripped a few steps with more than her habitual grace and agility, bravo, brava, bravi, bravissimi, resounded from all parts of the house, accompanied by a corresponding clapping of hands, and stamping of feet. [...] not exaggerate if I say that the two favorites were called out, each [...] [16] least fifteen times. But on the other hand as soon as anything was not entirely to the liking of the spectators, they were quite as ready with their hisses, even badly painted scenery was hissed, and the Comic ballet *Don Quijotte* was so entirely void of sense and meaning, that a great proportion of those present, I amongst them, left before it was over. I was home by one oclock in the morning, pleased, but fatigued.

Friday, 27th of December 1844. Having paid a farewell visit to the Marquis di Litta, I wended my way out of town by the gate called "*La Porta della Tenoglia*", by roads where the snow was still laying deep on the fields, to an old uninhabited desolate looking Castle, *La Simonetta*, a visit to which had been recommended to me for the sake of a strange echo heard there. A "*Custode*" led

me to the second story, when hallooing out of a window against the wall of a house standing opposite, the sound of my voice resounded actually, fourteen or fifteen times, each time of course less loud; until it entirely died away. Thence, I returned to the Hotel and went to Mr. Mylius's dwelling house, also to his counting house, for the purpose of bidding good bye to his lady and himself. Instead of dining at table d'hôte I tried this day, a "trattoria" which may be rendered by the English Chop-house, though Good Chops and beefsteaks are not often to be met with in Italy. The room was narrow and small; there was no list of dishes from which to Choose, the dinner was certainly plain, consisting of broth with Vermicelli and grated cheese, good boiled beef with a vegetable called Cardo, macaroni with grated cheese, three small loaves and half bottle of wine, for which I paid two Milanese Lire, and five soldi to the waiter. Table d'hôte costs three francs. It was my intention to go to "Il teatro del Re" to see the opera "La Sonnambula" represented by the Children, but the weather was so raw and unpleasant, that, I did not like to stir out.

Saturday, 28th of December 1844. Having breakfasted, settled my bill and paid my valet de place; who had rendering me good service during my stay in Milan, I went with him to the Post office, where I left my Luggage, and having still an hour to spare, entered an elegant Coffee house in Il Passaggio di Cristoforo, where I took a [_] of Coffee with milk which goes here by the name of [_] [17] "Panera", Panera being the Milanese for "cream", the pure Italian being "Fiore di latte". I saw in the Allgemeine Zeitung, that the Estates or Congress in Brunswick had directed a representation to the neighbouring Governmts., requesting them to stand up for the independence of the German Duchies, subject to the Crown of Denmark. At ten Oclock I left in the diligence; my fellow passengers were: three agreeable Italian Gentlemen with whom for the first time since I had been in Italy, I managed to keep-up something like a conversation in Italian. They were two young men, the one, a Count, who had travelled a good deal in the East; his Companion, a student, and an elderly man, whom, I do not know for what reason, I believed to be a lawyer. We left Milan by La Porta di Ticino, and drove over a level country planted with Mulberry-trees and Willows. At a short distance from the gate, we passed an old Castle, which has preserved its original name of Castello di Visconti, which family, once the powerful chiefs of Milan, had died out in its male line, the last direct female descendant Called: Bianca, married in the year 1447, Francesco di Sforza son of a wood cutter, originally called Giacomo Attendolo, born in La Romagna. Francesco after the death of his father in law, raised himself to the Ducal dignity, and his descendants remained Lords of Milan for more than one century, after the extinction of the Sforza family, the Duchy of Milan has been ruled alternately by Spain, France, and Germany, until the year 1859,

when owing to the victories of Napoleon the III, it became part of the new Kingdom of Italy. Several of the first families in Milan, also the elder, the Ducal branch of di Litta, have added the name of Visconti to their own surnames, they having in centuries long past-by, intermarried with the noble family. A little further on, we passed Binasco which town in 1796, was totally destroyed by General Buonaparte, in punishment for its having risen in arms against the authority of the French invaders. Here also, Beatrice di [T]enda, whether mistress or legitimate wife of Felippo Maria di Visconti, was beheaded by his order, because, as my informant in the diligence, told me, "he had become tired of her Charms". At a short distance before reaching Pavia, we passed a church belonging to the Mostery of Carthusian monks "La Certofa", which my friends had reco[.] [18] ded to my particular attention on account of its beautiful architecture. It lay however so far distant from the road, that I could merely see it, but not distinguish its façade. It was built by order of the fourth Visconti Galazzo in expiation of his sins, who for the same reason laid the foundation of the Cathedral of Milan. We next crossed the Ticcino, and entered the town of Pavia still encompassed by ancient walls so dilapidated as not to answer the purpose of fortifications. The Count and student remained here which shows, that they being natives, had been able to secure seats for the short distance from Milan to this town which had been denied to me, a foreigner. My other Companion and I walked along the principal street, having to our left the handsome university buildings, and when out of town, were overtaken by the diligence which we reentered. We were there on classic ground, for it was on this field that in 1525, Francis the 1st of France, was defeated by the united Imperial and Spanish troops, and fell a prisoner into their hands. We next passed the Ticcinello, which forms the frontier between Lombardy and Sardinia, and in a small place in this latter kingdom with the name of which I am not acquainted, our luggage was slightly examined in a miserable shed which did for a Custom-house. On one of the pillars sustaining the same, I observed different marks, which showed to what height the waters of the river had risen in the years 1838, 1839, and in 1841 respectively. The next river on our route was the Po which we passed over a floating bridge, we had to alight, and to walk over; when on the other side, darkness soon set in; my Companion and I carried on, a lively conversation, a proof that I was progressing in Italian. At six oclock we stopped at Voghera where we dined together, then separated, I was now left by myself and as obscurity concealed all objects around me, I had nothing better to do, but to go to sleep. We drove through several places, the only important one of which was Novi, and on

Sunday, 29th of December 1844, when I awoke and roused myself; it was half past seven, broad daylight. Willingly did I accept the offer of the "Conducteur"

to exchange my seat in the Interior of the Coach, for another in the Coupé with glass windows in front and on each side. [...] weather which had been rainy and murky, improved grad[.] [19] we were at the foot of the maritime Apennines; an excellent, well kept chaussée wound through and between them; did not pass over their summits which were completely free of snow; bye and bye Country houses, the usual forerunners of a large town, for we were approaching Genoa, came in sight, many of them were painted outside, not very tastefully. On we drove, first through a suburb, then under two gates, I saw the Mediterranean, the Pharo at the point of the mole; my passport was taken from me, and the coach stopped at the Post office where I engaged a Facchino who showed me the way to "L'hotel de la Villa" recommended to my by Charles Ropsy, and by the Marquis di Litta; at my request, I obtained a room looking towards the Port, but so high up in the fourth or fifth story, that though the window was secured by a strong, high balustrade, my nervousness absolutely prevented my looking down into the street; in front of the row of houses, of which l'hotel de la Villa and various other hotels formed part, ran a low ruinous portico; then followed the paved carriage road on the other side of which, towards the sea, a row of shops and stores to whose wide and flat roofs, which serve as a promenade for the "Beau monde" of Genoa, several flights of stairs lead up; without approaching near my window, I could see these flat roofs and some people walking up and down the same; then, the port filled with vessels, upon the whole, of small size; to the right, the horizon was confined by a ridge of low verdure, covered hills with many country houses, from which the new mole with the already mentioned light house at its point, stretches out into the sea; on the other, the left side, the old mole forms the Counterpart. Forster says in his hand-book, that the diameter of the port measures 1800 fathoms; that the distance between the extremities of the two moles is two hundred and fifty fathoms, further, that the shipping in the port is not sheltered against the south westerly winds, called here Il Libeccio. It was past twelve oclock when I left my hotel for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the outward appearance of Genoa. Genoa is built in an extremely irregular manner, there is but one street which runs straight; namely, that along the port, and in which as already said, the hotel de la Villa stood. The walls of the houses in this street are painted al fresco without the slightest taste, and, out of the windows of the upper stories, linen hanging out for drying. [...] this, Port street, numberless small intricate alleys ascend slightly [20] and emerge into a half circle of wide and beautiful streets such as: La Strada (not Contrada as in Milan) Balbi, La Strada Nuova, La Strada Novissima and la Strada Carlo Felice. The pavement is excellent, consisting of large flag stones. Gutters there are none, neither are there foot pavements separated from the Carriage road; these streets which

form the crescent whose two extremities rest, one might say, upon the two ends of the Port street, consists on both sides of almost uninterrupted rows of large Palaces built of marble or stone; a few adorned with Columns, some with inner yards, others distinguishing itself by noble architecture. Great is the Contrast between this wide belt of magnificent structures, and the already mentioned intricate lanes and alley[s] which looked so dark and uninviting, that in other towns, I should have been afraid to enter them, but here, they are the usual thoroughfares. I visited only one of the many churches of Genoa, that of La Annunziata, which was under repair; it is small, there being but the nave and two aisles, one on each side, but the Columns which form these three passages, are of a beautifully polished white and red marble. The high altar as well as the smaller ones along the side walls, are profusely adorned with marble, and the ceiling where it is not painted, was about being gilt afresh, with the finest Gold; of course this church cannot bear the slightest comparison with Il Duomo of Milan as to size and grandeur, but surpasses it in riches which were again strikingly contrasted with the humble attire of the Capuchin friars, who with their long beards, and in coarse brown gowns, were saying mass. The men of the working classes, whom I met in the streets, especially in the neighbourhood of the port, wore with few exceptions, an ordinary red woollen Cap, the women had a cotton shawl of a light colored ground with designs printed in lively tints, thrown over their head; those who seemed to be of a higher rank in society, wore instead of these cotton, transparent white mousseline shawls, very graceful indeed; of private carriages, I saw but few; but in "la Piazza della Annunziata" the stand for Hackney coaches was well filled; at table d'hôte, we were fourteen; Italian was the language mostly spoken, also a little French. After dinner which was very good, a few of the Gentlemen, I amongst them, also a [_]esc lady who smoked her havana Cigar, gathered round [_] [21] fire conversing for some time in French. At six o'clock the head waiter accompanied me through the maze of Lanes and alleys to Il teatro di Carlo Felice, in the Piazza of the same name. The interior of this theatre though not quite so large as that of milan (La scala) resembles it in every respect, it was painted white and Gold, there were six tiers including the Gallery. The Royal box in the middle of the two lowest tiers opposite the stage, on each side of the same, fourteen boxes. In La Scala the Curtains in front of the boxes were of yellow, here they were of green silk with Gold fringes. I got a good seat in the pit; the opera given was "Il Templario" by Nicolai, the same which I had seen in Berlin. Its music I preferred by far, to that of Verdi's Lombardy, but on the other hand, La Moltina, very young, rather pretty and very fair which would not do exactly for the Jewess Rebecca, could not be compared to the Frezzolini as little as Carlo Guasco, who sang Vilfredo, with Poggi. In the ballet Baltazare, many

persons appeared on the stage dressed in brilliant attire, there was much pomp, much fighting, much waving of banners and such and similar melodramatics display, but upon the whole I thought it very tedious, if I except a martial dance executed by the whole “corps de Ballet”, and some superior dancing by (the 1st dancers of the French School) Martin Theodore and Luigia Quimann, and by (the 1st dancer of the Italian School) Adelaide Charrier. Excellent as they were considered to be by the Genovese audience, I need hardly say, that they were inferior to Fanny Elssler.

Monday, 30th of December 1844. During the night, I awoke more than once with a painful sensation on my mind owing to no doubt to my having dreamt of the great elevation of my bed room above the level of the street. I took my breakfast in the Coffee house di Londra, a dark gloomy place situated in one of the already mentioned lanes; it consisted of a cup of Coffee with milk and biscuits, and cost no more than seven Genovese Soldi equal to three Shillings Hamburg currency, for twenty five of them make one franc, in Milan it is true the breakfast was more copious but its cost was one and a half franc, or sixteen Shillings Hamburg Currency. At the Eastern extremity of the port street is an open place called La Piazza di Banchi, which I found, early in the morning, filled mostly with persons looking like Captains of merchant Vessels; perhaps they were such, per[_] Corn factors, for I learned afterwards that this place was [_] [22] dedicated to transactions in grain. In the same manner as in Milan, the open place before the “duomo”, was appropriated exclusively to the traders in raw silk. In this neighbourhood is Il Porto Franco, or that part of the town Close to the shipping which contains the bonded ware houses, much activity and bustle prevailed here, and it afforded me great pleasure to see the porters, all with their red caps, dark faces, and black eyes tumbling about bales and cases, I found myself in Italy, Milan had still a German northern appearance. The shops and stores on the sea side of the Port street, for the greater part filled with manufactured goods, were open, so were those under the Portico on the opposite side, provisions, tallow, soap and similar strongly smelling articles were offered for sale, they brought to my recollection “El Portal de San Agustin” of Arequipa. In other shops, men working in tin and in Copper were hammering away with doors open everything not unlike what we see in Lima, and in Arequipa. Having passed my hotel L'albergo della Villa, I continued my walk to the westward till I reached the arsenal, where turning to the right, I came to La Piazza del acqua Verde, then again to the right, reached la Strada Balbi, and in this street in il Palazzo of the same name I found the Counting house of H. Mylius & Co. represented by an Italian. Il signore Vighi, who, having perused my letter of introduction received me with great politeness, but as he spoke only Italian, I had to make myself understood in this language

which as yet, was not easy matter to me. In the next street, La Strada Nuova, I hunted out the Counting house of Gibbs in Il Palazzo Raggi; but I had come here to the wrong box, this firm was Charles Gibbs's, my letter was to W. H. Gibbs; I returned to my hotel where I was under the necessity of engaging a Valet de Place whose name was Augustino, but who did not turn out such a good, willing fellow as Giovanni of Milan had been. The first order I gave him was to discover W. H. Gibbs Counting house. We went together to Il Porto Franco; again came to the wrong Gibbs, and when at last we discovered the right office, I learnt that Mr. W. Gibbs was absent in England, and that he who held his power, had gone out, equally unsuccessful was I at the Danish [...], Guiseppe Morellet and at the Ducal Palace; in [...] [23] one place, the Consul, in the other Porter was not visible; thus nothing better remained to be done, but to visit a collection of paintings in Il Palazzo Brignole. The floors of the saloons are of marble, the ceiling [...] inted, and amongst the paintings, some were I believe of consid [...]. The "Custode" as it is invariably the case with such functionaries, was constantly at my heels, requesting me to accelerate my pace, nevertheless I succeeded in preserving some recollection of what I had seen, and though, I have promised on more than one occasion, that I shall not weary my readers with long details about paintings, yet I think that a few short notes will not be out of place. There were some very fine portraits of deceased members of the Brignole family by Van Dyk, a Cleopatra by Guërcino; she is represented in a reclining posture, the lower part of her body is covered; to her left bare bosom, she applies a small snake, the fatal wound had just been inflicted, and a few blood drops trickle down, a picture by P. P. Rubens, who can never conceal his vulgarity; he has painted himself in a Spanish dress, his wife alongside of him, with his hand he takes hold of her naked bosom, in the background, somewhat in the dark stands a male figure grinning at them; by Raphael, the Virgen with the Child Jesus and the little saint John; all three are lovely human creatures; of the Divine, I found no trace in them. Guido Reni, Franceschini, a pupil of his, Carlo Dolce, Guercino, Ludovico Caracci, and others have also contributed their share to this Collection. I left Il Palazzo Brignolle at one oclock, the temperature had become mild, almost spring like, without a great coat I walked up and down the pretty promenade called "L'acqua sola"; here are many benches on which to rest, two fountains bushes and hedges of evergreens. The view from this elevated points if not extensive, is at least very pretty; in one direction I looked down upon the lower lying town, in the other, I saw the ridge of hills which encircle Genoa, with country houses here and there. When back in L'albergo della Villa, Mr. Vighi called, he accompanied me to a Tender's shop, where I intended to buy some trifles for my wife and Enriqueta, he afterwards took me to the Exchange (rooms) close

to La Piazza Banchi, it is a large building, glass windows all round, on the [] ling is a handsome painting of the Sardinian arms, it is [] [24] white shield with a red cross sustained by two Griffins. I made a poor dinner at a trattoria or Chop house, [] went to "Il Casino" to which place Mr. Vighi had likewise introduced me; there are reading, ball, and Billiard rooms as are always found in such establishments, I amused myself with reading the Newspapers; for the fast f[] prevented my strolling out into the streets, or into the environment. At a later hour, I returned to my room, and did not again stir out in the evening.

Tuesday, 31st of December 1844. I breakfasted like yesterday in Il Cafe di Londra, made some trifling purchases of silver filigree work for Enriqueta, and of a set of Coral ornaments for my wife then accompanied by the valet de place, and guided partly by Forster's hand-book, partly by Charles Ropsy's recommendations, visited several of the palaces with which Genoa abounds. We first directed our steps to the Ducal Palace, in former years the residence of the Duke, its many apartments served now partly for Government offices, partly for Courts of Justice. This Palace is built of marble and stone, of the same materials are the floors and the two wide flights of stairs leading up to it, the halls both above and below, are of large dimensions, but what most attracts the stranger's attention, are the two saloons in which when Genoa still enjoyed its independence, Il Piccolo, and Il Gran Consiglio, the small and the large Council, were in the habit of holding their sessions. The latter is tastefully constructed; once it was adorned with the marble statues of Genoese celebrities, but they, like so many other works of art, were destroyed in 1797, at the time of the French Republican frenzy. They were replaced at a later period on occasion of a ball given by the authorities of the town to the Emperor Napoleon I, by figures meant to be statues and representing sciences and virtues; inside, straw, outside, plaster; they were still in existence in 1844 when I saw them. The University is also a handsome building, at the foot of the splendid marble stairs lie two large marble Lions, one on each side. I did not enter any of the rooms, but contented myself with admiring the marble columns which crowd the vestibule, and with reading the numerous inscriptions on the inner walls. These inscriptions were transferred thither from [] monastery of the Dominican friars at the time when it wa [] [25] lished, to make room for Il teatro di Carlo Felice, which now occupies its site. The Palace of Marcello []razzo has changed its name for that of the Royal Palace, and in 1844 was inhabited by the queen Dowager; a wide entrance for carriages leads to the inner yard, from which on each side a wide, marble flight of stairs ascends to the upper apartment, it contains a collection of pictures not open to the public, when the queen Dowager is present, as was the case when I visited the Palace. The Palaces of Paolo Girolamo Palavicini, and of Giacomo Felipe Durazzo, have also their

picture Galleries. In the latter where a catalogue was handed me, I was well pleased with a Carita, a young woman giving to suck to an old man, also with a vestal, and a Cleopatra, the latter by Guido-Rene; with several portraits by Van Dyk, and with that of Felipe IV for Spain by Rubens. In the Palace of Palaviccini, the Concierge showed me round. Here I found by Franceschini whose style resembles much that of his master Guido Renè, a Magdelaine, a Bathsheba in the bath with King David looking at her, and the Virgen with the Child asleep. By Guercino, a Mucius Scavola putting his hand into the fire, and by Raphael La Madonna de la Colonna, one of his master pieces unfortunately, it was hung up so high that I could not clearly distinguish it, nevertheless, as far as I could see, I found in the faces of the Virgen and the Child, the same loveliness and kindness, which I had observed in another painting by the same master in Il Palazzo Brignole (see Page 23 of this Volume), moreover the Virgin's face in La Madonna de la Colonna, has an unmistakable expression of maternal love, and of the pleasure which she experiences in contemplating her Babe, but again, of Divine Majesty, I did not find the slightest vestige neither in the features of the mother, nor in those of the Child. In the Palace Palaviccini, the dining and the sitting rooms were shown to me; the latter which the Marques and his family used to occupy in the evening, was Carpeted, and comfortably fitted-up, perhaps somewhat overfilled with furniture. On the table lay many rich knick knacks, in the middle of the room stood a round couch with a shelf for book in the Centre, amongst which I found "Le mie Priggioni" by Silvio Pellico which in 1844 was prohibited in the Sardinian dominions. In the Palace [...] Serra, the visitor is conducted to a small room remarkable for [...] cost said to be 400,000 francs. The walls are covered with looking [...] [26] not of one piece, but the marble columns which sustain the ceiling, are gilt over, the whole in my opinion very tasteless; more to my liking was the adjoining dining room. The Danish Consul Guiseppe Morelet to whose office I next went to have my passport vised, was very friendly, and made no charge for his signature. In the Government office where I had again to present the same document, I had to pay four francs; in the Police office, nothing. It was now two oclock when I thought of calling upon Sebastian Balduino whom I had known several years back in Lima when he was consigned to Gibbs Crawley & Co. as Captain or supercargo of a vessel, he did not recollect my name, but recognized me, and gave me a friendly welcome, we spoke Spanish, but strange to say, occasionnally I could not avoid mixing up Italian words with Spanish. I dined at table d'hôte in the Hotel and remained at home. Balduino paid me a visit, and Gomersall, W. H. Gibbs agent, brought me some Italian money, for which I gave him my draft for £10 on Gibbs of London. Except these two interruptions I occupied myself with writing letters to my friends and to my wife, and with reading

La Colonna infame, a book less interesting than I had expected, in this manner, I concluded the old year 1844, and commenced the new year 1845.

1845

Wednesday, 1st of January 1845. It rained the whole day long which rendered it impossible for me to make a circuit of the town on foot, as I had intended to do. Even the visits which I paid to the three churches, of The Cathedral dedicated to San-Lorenzo, to Saint Saviour's church, or La Chiesa di San Salvatore, and to the Church di Santa Maria di Carignano may be considered as a sacrifice which I brought to what I consider my duty as a conscientious traveller, so wet was all above, and all below. The Cathedral is built of white and black stone alternately; it has one truncated steeple, the interior is divided into the nave and one aisle on each side, by marble columns, which did not reach up to the vaulted ceiling. The Church was well filled and many people were hearing mass, this was also the case in Saint Saviour's church, the interior of which is without any division, it has one high, and two side altars, probably owing to this being new-year's day, it was gaily, I may said gaudil [...] ated with many colored curtains, mostly blue and red [...] [27] Gold fringes and Ribbons. The third church Santa Maria di Carignano was but poorly attended. It is a handsome edifice, and was built at the expense of the family Sauli, its interior is divided into six passages three of which run North and South, and three East and West, and cut each other at right angles. The columns which form these passages are not of marble light and airy, but square massive and of bricks plastered over. At the top of each stands a statue of more than human size. The bridge of Carignano leads to this Church, it spans a street which runs below at a considerable depth. Handbooks and travellers concur in saying that from this point, one enjoys a fine prospect over the Country round Genoa, but of course on such a day as this was, nothing could be seen. Having returned to my hotel, one of the waiters presented me with a pretty nosegay which I took to Balduino's house, for his wife, but found nobody at home. In the Casino I took up Galignanis messenger, and saw that in Drury lane theatre a Dancer by name Clara webster had been burnt to death, her dress having caught fire at the foot lights. I dined at the Hotel where it being new year's day, the owner gave champagne gratis. Three glasses fell to my share which, added to the other wine I took, got into my head, and I had to l[ie] down for a short while. At alater hour, Domingo, Balduino's son called. With him, I went to his father's house; thence with his mother a good kind of woman who spoke a little Spanish, and his sister Luiggia an insignificant girl, to the theatre where we occupied a box in the fourth tier. The Opera Il Templario, the Ballet Baldazare much abridged, and another Ballet Il Guardia Marina were given,

I accompanied the Balduinos home and their servant lighted me to the Hotel, the rain coming down in torrents. In my room I wrote and brought up my diary till half past two, when I went to bed. In the course of the day the thermometer stood in the open air at 7° Reaumur equal to 47° Fahrenheit.

Thursday, 2nd of January 1845. The weather was as bad as on the previous day, the rain did not cease. I took in the steamer's office Piazza delle fontane amoroze, my passage to Marseilles and Algiers, say: 65 francs to the former and 117 francs to the latter place including maintenance, upon which I obtained a discount of 10% as a gratification for having taken the passage as far as Algiers, I paid 160 francs, to which they again [_]ed five francs for some extras, total 165 fcs. I then called up[_] [28] Balduino in his Counting house, Banco, or Scanno as they say here, in Milan they called it Studio, and with his leave went to his dwelling house in the same square to pay my farewell visit to his lady. The Balduinos lived in the fourth story, for the sake of the fresh air as they pretended, the rooms were neatly furnished, though on the other hand, the only prospect they had from their windows was upon the roofs of the neighbouring houses. They assured me that, from the fifth story, they had an extensive view over sea and land which I readily believed, but did not envy them their lofty and airy dwelling. Mrs. Balduino a lady of about forty, robust, rather good-looking, was very agreeable, and we conversed together freely, soon after, her husband came; he showed me many paintings of his, portraits of his family, also an historical picture planned, and executed by himself, Lady Jane Grey before her decapitation, not without some merit, further several paintings by Rubens, which he had bought in Lima many years back at a public sale, for a mere nothing. They were then dirtied over and looked upon as mere rubbish. Sir Robert Peel had once offered him twenty four thousands francs for four of them, which he had now regretted not having accepted. Some of their relations came in and it was clear to me that they had expected me to dine with them, but I was sorry I could not remain with these good folks, for it was time for me to go on board the Steamer "Charlemagne" belonging to the Company Bazin and Perrier, which was to Convey me to Marseilles. The first thing I did when on board was to go in search of my berth, a lower one, in a comparatively speaking large Cabin. Here I spread my cloak, and arranged my traps, as it was my custom, in order to have everything ready, should seasickness overcome me, I then went on deck, where an elegant saloon was built for the first class passengers, a pretty large party was already assembled. I of course made my bow, and soon became acquainted with an agreeable young French lady Madame Vallon from "La Guadeloupe"; also with two Englishmen Mr. Pool agreeable, who accosted me first, not I, him; and Mr. Ashton somewhat conceited. In course of the conversation, I learned from him that he belonged

to the firm of S. and T. ashto [...] Manchester the extensive manufacturers, whereupon I obser [...] [29] whilst I was partner of Gibbs in Lima, we used to receive large Consignments of Velveteens from his firm, to which he replied in a very supercilious manner, "Yes, I recollect such a firm as Gibbs Crawley & Co.", this was a damper, and I soon put an end to our Colloquy. As soon as the Captain came on board we got under weigh. Genoa seen from the sea side, looks beautiful rising amphitheatrically, and encircled by a ridge of Green hills, towards the west, covered with Country houses. We were still in the bay of Genoa when the motion of the vessel increased perceptibly; bye and bye, one passenger after the other disappeared from the saloon. I also felt squeamish and lay down on a sofa, a french novel in my hands, but erelong I also had to hasten to my berth, and before I had time to undress, the nausea got the better of me. I vomited, but as I had eaten nothing, which I look upon as very good plan, whilst others are of the contrary opinion, I only threw-up phlegm. It was as early as 3 p.m.; nevertheless I turned in, and having slept but little the previous night, passed the present one very fairly, though of course not without awakening once or twice.

Friday, 3rd of January 1845. At seven Oclock I rose, and observing that the motion decreased, went on deck, the weather still cloudy was mild and pleasant we were between the Coast of France, and the islands of Hyeres. For two cups of Coffee with milk and bread, not being included "dans la nourriture", I had to pay one franc. We soon came in front of the great Naval dépôt; Toulon; the entrance to which port is from the South or S. East. From the westward, a long peninsula draws round to the Eastward completely sheltering the entrance, and the port. This peninsula as well as the Coast bristles with fortifications. The town of Toulon we could not see, but its site was indicated by the thick mass of smoke which rested upon it. Henceforward the Coast consists of a continuation of steep green sterile rocks, a counter part of those which I had seen in the high North on the Norwegian Coast but which certainly I had not expected to meet again on the southern coast of La Belle France. At about ten oclock, twelve or fifteen gentlemen, not lady, sat down to an excellent dejeuner a la fourchette to which I did ample justice; towards noon we approached Marseilles. The Telegraph was the first object which we descried [...] the summit of a hill, then solitary country houses on the side of this [...] [30] and all along the coast; to our left that is to say seawards, we had two small islands connected by a mole which I was told served as a quarantine establishment for vessels which arrived from suspicious ports. In front of these two, lies another island Le chateau d'If, where Alexander Dumas has laid the scene of his famous novel "Le Comte de Monte Christi". The faro or Light-house stands on an isolated Rock. We now entered the bay, passed two or three sterile islets, and made our way through a

narrow slightly fortified entrance into the Basin or dock, the first row of vessels consisted of Government steamers. The Captain went on shore with the passports and before his return, none of the passengers was allowed to leave the vessel, which was surrounded by numberless boats paid by the Company, in them not a few individuals presenting cards, and recommending the one or the other conveyances to Lyons, Paris or other places, all the Luggage was taken to the Custom-house, and as this was not opened before two oclock, I whiled away the time walking about in the neighbourhood of the dock, where I was highly pleased with the great activity which prevailed. There was a continual embarking and disembarking of merchandise, the quays and the streets around were filled with packages of all descriptions. The female of the lower classes had a decidedly southern physiognomy, a dark complexion, dark hair, black eyes, frequently a long, sometimes an aquiline nose, all which contrasted singularly with their small white Cap, similar to those, which in the north of Germany, we call a lady's night Cap. Of Turks I saw many, some with big boots, others with shoes and stockings, all with pump trousers a red sash round their waist, an embroidered jacket, and red cap with a blue tassel to it, Turbans were rather an exception. Having obtained my luggage from the Custom house I went to the Hotel Beauveau, which had the advantages of being of all the hotels in Marseilles, the nearest to the dock, thence I went to the Counting house of Mr. Johannes Sieveking to whom I had been strongly recommended by his Cousin my friend Henry of Altona. Henry used to Call him a rough Diamond. Certainly, that he was rough I saw at the first glance, but his resemblance to a Diamond was not so easy to discover. To my question, what was to be seen in Marseilles?, his answer was: the vulgar word Dreck, which means in English, dirt, mud, or mise. His nose was [...] large and ugly and the space between the nose and [...] [31] upper lip was nastily inflamed, he was wrapped up in a big great coat and had white cravat tied slovenly round his neck. He handed me several letters amongst which one from Mr. W. Gibbs who wrote me that he had no objection to my again joining his establishment in Lima, but that this required the concurrence of Hayne and Da[v]y, who might have made other arrangements during my absence, that he had written to them on the subject and that their reply could not be received before the middle of the year. I immediately went to my room in the hotel, and wrote my answer in which I told Mr. Gibbs that though it had not been my intention to stay so long in Europe, I would remain till the receipt of their reply from the West Coast. I dined at table d'hote, and sat near an Englishman from the West Indies who was at Marseilles for the purpose of learning French, he insisted upon our talking this language, and I had thus listen to his bad French, instead of, to his good English; afterwards I went to the theatre which, though a flight of stairs

adorned with pillars led up to it, was upon the whole a miserable building: it was hardly half the size of La Scala in Milan, or Carlo Felice in Genoa, there were two tiers of boxes, and a gallery, in front of the first tier the balcony; below, the stalls, which cost five francs; and the pit one and a half franc, where the Company was mixed and low. I was told, that decent females seldom went to the play, the interior was lighted-up sufficiently by means of an enormous lustre which hung over the pit. The plays performed were: a Comedy "La femine de quarante ans" of which I could not judge as I was unable to understand all that was said, and la Favorite an opera by Donizetti in which Trumpets and drums acted a prominent part, for in 1844 and 1845, no music had a chance of pleasing the audience, if not loud and noisy. The singers were not worth much, if I except la Prima Donna, Madame Heyne Vetter, a handsome woman of about thirty, with fine black eyes, and well known for her love-intrigues. Her best aria she did not sing, the manager begged the audience would excuse her, for she pretended, perhaps she really was, indisposed.

Saturday, 4th of January 1845. I breakfasted in the "Cafe des quatre nations", where a large cup of coffee with milk and bread costs twelve sous, whilst in Genoa, I paid for the same six to Eight soldis, five Genoese soldi, being equal to four French sous. Afterwards I called on Johannes Sieveking in his office; [...] versed a little, but he did not invite me to his dwelling house, [...] [32] Henry had certainly expected he would have done. I learned from him that in Hamburg, the rich and Charitable Jewish Banker Salomon Heyne had died, leaving a fortune of Banco marks 13 to 15,000,000. He also told me of the decease of Charles Maria Weber the renowned musical composer author of the Freyschutz, further, that the whole Buenos Ayrean fleet had been seized by a North American Commodore in consequence of a Buenos ayrean man of war having fired upon a vessel which had taken refuge under the Cannons of a United States Ship, and finally, that Mr. William Pitt Adams British chargé d'affairs in Peru, having asked satisfaction for some insults offered by the authorities of Tacna to Mr. Hugh Wilson British Consul resident there, and this satisfaction been denied to him, had ordered the Captain of the British man of war "Tablot", to throw some shells, and fire a few shots at the town of Arica, which had been done accordingly, whereupon the Peruvian Government had agreed to the terms invited upon by Mr. William Pitt Adams. I had suspected at the time that Mr. Hugh Wilson who was always fond of muddling with Peruvian Politics, had made himself obnoxious to the Peruvian Government, whether this was actually the case or not, I do not recollect at the present moment, January 1870. Mr. Sieveking who was Danish, as well as Mecklenburg and Hanseatic Consul gave me a licence in original and duplicate for embarking for Algiers which document, jointly with my passport I had to leave at La Mairie,

or town house. Having taken these necessary steps, I started by myself for a long walk. Close to Sievekings Counting house was an open place with several rows of trees, whence a street led to other avenues, which gradually descended, and brought me into the open Country. I then ascended a small height on the summit of which stood the Telegraph and the Chapel dedicated to Notre dame de la Garde. From an old sailor, who probably kept watch at the Telegraph I learnt, that in front of the entrance to the dock, lies a sandbank or bar, which vessels drawing more than eighteen feet, cannot pass, from this elevated point, I had a pretty prospect over the sea, the quarantine Ports, the Bay, the dock full of shipping and the town itself; had the day been fine, my sight would have taken in a more extensive range; but as it was denses masses [...] all around the horizon, precluded every distant view. I descended [...] [33] the side opposite to that where I had climbed-up; new houses were in progress of construction everywhere, built of stones found in the neighbouring quarries. I crossed several streets, and came to a circle of houses not yet concluded, in the centre of which stands an Obelisk. From this point commences a wide street recently laid out "Le Prado", which, making a turn at a right angle, runs straight to the sea beach. This new street consists of a wide carriage road, in the middle, on each side of which, walks for foot passengers; again a carriage road on each side, and corn fields forming the outer bounds. The distance from the Obelisk to the sea, is nearly three English miles for it took me about three quarters of an hour. The beach does not extend far; on both sides, to the East and to the Westward, it is confined by the high rocky shore, which I noted when on board the steamer. I stood here for a considerable while gazing at the never ceasing rolling of the waves, the one following the other in endless succession; my thoughts wandered back to the many times that in a similar manner, I had turned my looks upon the waves of the Pacific, in quilca, in Islay, and Chorrillos; a few months ago, I in Company with Baron and Baroness Haugk stood on the beach of the German Ocean at Scheveningen, see page 709 of the II Volume of these extracts, a short time before it was the Baltic at Travemunde; in November in 1843 the Saint Georges Channel at Bray; and thus, I rove from place to place, from clime to clime, myself unchanged.

Coelum non anineum, mutat, qui transmare currit, as Philip Lilie wrote with a slight alteration in my album on the 26th of August 1814, and everywhere do I find evident signs of our Creator's might and power. I returned the same way I had come as far as the Obelisk; Country houses stood here and there, few of them built with taste. At the Obelisk commences "la Rue de Rome", a street, wide and long; otherwise not remarkable for its beauty; where it ends, begins the market place mostly for fruits and flowers; the sellers women being enthroned on their tables. When at the extremity of this market which

is of considerable length, the street ascending, took me to a triumphal arch built of stone, and adorned with many bas-reliefs. Strolling about in this neighbourhood, I came to the extensive Protestant Cemetery in which the graves of the plebeians are marked by a plain cross, painted black; which gives to the whole, a sombre appearance, whilst [] Patricians have of course their tombstones and monuments, surrounded [] [34] not concealed by dark Cypresses, thence, streets and avenues brought me to another market place, airy and well ventilated for butchers meat, Poultry and fish, in front of which, another market for vegetables. Now I asked for my way home, had to recross the fruit and flower market, here I turned off, into one of the principal streets; "La Rue de la Cannebière", and walked in a straight line to the Dock, there I knew where I was. The houses in Marseilles are from four to six stories high, generally plastered over, the windows of the ground floors are frequently secured by iron railings, in the upper stories they are provided with Venetian blinds; there were many handsome shops, and the activity in the streets was very great, everywhere carts heavily laden were being pulled along, men and women hurried to and fro. Besides the white night caps which struck me on the previous day, I saw some women with a coloured handkerchief tied round their head, turban like; others, generally of a more advanced age with a black broad brimmed hat. Ladies of the higher class, I hardly saw any in the streets. I fetched my passport from "La Mairie", delivered it at the steamer's office and was home at five oclock for "La table d'hote". My neighbour was Mr. Pielago, a Gentleman from Habana with whom I had a long conversation in Spanish; he knew the Pantanelli and the Rossi; Frederick Huth of London; Jose Marco of Paris, and several other persons of my acquaintance. Mr. Van Amburgh, the renowned tamer of wild beasts, was also at the table, who I may say here in anticipation met with a tragic fate in January 1848 in the "Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin" in Paris, when entering as he was in the habit of doing, one of the iron cages, in which several wild beasts were kept, these this day, being out of humour, threw themselves upon him [] devoured him in a trice. At ten oclock I went to the theatre where a masquerade "Bal masqué" was to be given; as yet, it was closed, and I had to return at a later hour, the streets were lighted up with gas, so were the shops: also the passages and some of the saloons in my hotel; it was eleven oclock when the theatre was opened, Entrance three francs; both out and inside it was illumined with Gas lamps, and had a very gay appearance, flowers pots stood in rows on each side of the flights of stairs upon which sat women selling large nose-gays. The [] was covered over with boards, so as to be raised to a level [...] [35] stage and the first tier of boxes; on the stage sat a complete military band and round it large mirrors were fastened in which the gay Company was reflected. When I entered, but

a few young men, all unmasked, were assembled. At about midnight, the first girl masked, or rather half masked, of course of that description of females, whom one expects to find at such balls, led in by a young man, entered, and was received with applause; bye and bye, others of the same class followed; they wore fancy dresses, but none of a decided character, to enable one to say what they meant to represent; a few were in men's clothes. At two o'clock three or four more arrived, who appeared to rank somewhat higher; they were elegantly dressed in rich silk and one of them who, as far as I could see her half uncovered face, was certainly pretty, vouchsafed to a few of her numerous admirers her white gloved hand with an air of dignity which might have done honor to a queen. Of all who were present, only one, very stout exposed her uncovered bosom in an indecent manner; there was also a woman of about forty quite at home in this society, decidedly an object of my aversion. For a moment there was a bit of a row, for a man had given one of these poor girls a box on the ear, he excused himself, saying: that she had struck him first, but without loss of time, the Police interfered, and both offenders were quietly marched off. The sounds of French, English, German, and Spanish struck my ear, but not a syllable of Italian; Shottische, Polkas, and quadrilles was danced, if dancing could be called a wild tearing along, the object of which was to bring both sexes into close contact, and to inflame their passions which laudable end was no doubt attained. It passed my conception that the Police permitted such moral-corrupting assemblies; perhaps it was thought that these poor creatures ought also to have their holidays, but if so, why did they choose for this purpose the morning of a Sunday which in all Christian Countries, should be passed in a quiet decent manner. I came home at half past two in the morning. Thermometer in the Course of the day, in the open air 9° Reaumur = 52° Fahrenheit.

Sunday, 5th of January 1845. This morning, when taking my coffee in the "Café des quatre nations", I found here four or five Moors from the opposite African Coast, they looked clean and Genteel, were dressed in blue pantaloons with shoes and stockings, the one in a blue jacket, the other in a blue cloak, their shirt collars particularly stiff and white, all wore th [...] [36] cap with a blue tassel, I was at home till twelve, writing a long letter to Sieveking, and packing up my luggage, then went out into the street and met some of my fellow passengers from on board the Charlemagne with whom I had not been particularly acquainted, but whom, having nothing better to do, and the weather being beautiful, I thought I might as well accompany and take a walk with them, they were: a lady not young nor handsome about forty years of age agreeable and very talkative, she spoke several languages, had been all over the world and was acquainted with the Rossi and Pantanelli; her husband, very quiet,

apparently under his wife's thumb; the third an Italian who did not open his mouth, for he could not speak French. We went up to the Telegraph, whence, the sky being clearer than on the previous day, the view was beautiful and extensive, we descended a convenient zig zag road called "Le Cours Bonaparte" to another hill somewhat lower, where stands an obelisk with Napoleon's bust on the top. Another avenue brought us back to town, here we separated and exchanged cards. The Lady turned out to be a singer: she called herself on her card "premiere chanteuse", her name was: "Madame Albina Stella de Laneuville", her husband the Tenor, a Frenchman; the third, Bianchi the Bass; they were on their way to Mahon, and intended to spend Lent in Algiers, of course in both places in their professional capacity. When I reached the hotel it was time to go on board the steamer "Le [Tage]", which was to convey me to Algiers. Mrs. General Dubois in Vevey had been correct when she told me that during the fine season, this steamer served as a packet between Le Havre and Saint Petersburg, touching at Copenhagen. There was a great deal of bustle and confusion in getting the luggage on board and having it stowed away; there were few first class passengers, and I soon found out that on the Mediterranean steamers the second class were not strictly prohibited as it is the custom in the North of Europe from going aft; one of them, otherwise an agreeable fellow, had even the brass to sit down at meals with the first class. We had to wait for the mail from Paris till nine o'clock, and I whiled away the time with reading an amusing (novel) book, "Les Français peints par eux memes", until half past ten when I retired to my berth, a lower one.

Monday, 6th of January 1845. I washed, shaved, and dressed, exactly [...] [37] same manner as I was in the habit of doing when on shore, went on deck at about seven o'clock: it was a beautiful morning, the sky cloudless, the sun just above the horizon, not land visible, and the motion of the steamer which cut through the water at the rate of nine and a half miles an hour, was hardly perceptible; thus, all on board were well and in good spirits. I conversed with the one and the other, talked with the stewardess a native of Altona, with the first mate, born in Copenhagen, sat down at ten to a good breakfast, at four, to an equally good dinner. All on board flattered themselves, and I was of the same opinion that we should reach Algiers without the slightest inconvenience, for the mate had told me that the sea was generally rough in the Gul[sch] of Lyons, and getting smoother near the Balearic Islands; this time, it was the reverse, for by six p.m. the motion of the vessel had increased to such a degree, that hardly one passenger could keep-up. At half past six I went below, and remained in bed, not only the ensuing night, but also the next day.

Tuesday, 7th of January 1845. I read, dozed, and slept outright, thus the time passed away until

Wednesday, 8th of January 1845, when at one a.m. I awoke owing to the sudden stoppage of the Engine, for we had come to an anchor in the bay of Algiers. I rose soon after, so did many others. At three o'clock Coffee was served with beaten eggs instead of milk which had turned sour. I then got hold of a very interesting book, "La Chûte des Jesuits" by Saint Priest with which I amused myself till half past six, when it being daylight I went on shore with a young Frenchman who had slept in a berth above mine, and found myself in Africa: the boatmen and Porters whom we employed were I think either Maltese or Spaniards, certainly not French. We took up our quarters in the Hotel d'orient, where I obtained a room on the third or the fourth story, not looking towards the sea, for two francs a day. At 8 1/2, the young Frenchman and I put ourselves in motion. The appearance of Algiers was decidedly not European and struck me as very peculiar; the lower and level part of the town in the vicinity of the port had undergone great improvements since the occupation of Algeria by the French. Here was La Place du Gouvernement, a fine large place open towards the sea side; the three other sides surrounded by Cafés of various [_]nds, by the "hotel de La Tour du Pin" formerly "de la Regence", and [_] [38] the main Guard house, here were the "Rue de la Marine", the "Rues Bab al zoun" and "Bab-Ek-Oued"; (Bab, means gate; Oued, river; zoun, fort) lined with arcades and shops full of European manufactured goods. Here were other streets recently constructed in the modern style. La place du Gouvernement was crowded with people, a large proportion of whom were European to judge by their dress, also many French soldiers of the Line in grey frock coats and red trousers, but those who preponderated were: Arabs, Moors, Jews, and Turks who formed such a confused medley, that at first I thought I should never be able to distinguish and classify their different races and Tribes. The lowest class of Arab are the Biskris from the province of Biskras in the mountainous district of Kabylie, to the East of Algiers; they are the common labourers, porters, and exclusive sellers of oil; they are wrapped-up in their wide white cloak, made of cotton, often ragged, generally dirty which is called: the Burnous; a hood is attached to it, which they pull over their head from behind, and tie a cord of Coarse Camel hair round it; their breeches reach as far as the knee; they are generally bare legged, bare footed, or wear sandals. Other arabs are dressed similarly, but without the Camel's hair round the hood, and upon the whole in a cleaner and more decent manner. The Jews, Moors, and Turks dress themselves in what we are in the habit of Calling the Turkish fashion and of which I gave a description page 34 of this volume. Of the three nations, the Jews distinguish themselves by the black handkerchief tied Turban like round their heads, whilst the Turbans of the Turks and Moors are of light and brilliant Colors, again those of the Turks are more voluminous and arranged in a more

graceful manner than those of the Moors. I noted also a few negroes and negresses, the latter clothed in [...] ordinary white and blue cotton cheeks which I known by my own experience are generally manufactured in Glasgow. The females whom you meet in the streets with the face uncovered are Generally Europeans or Jewesses, decent native women do not show themselves in public, those whom I saw were of the lower class, and so completely wrapped up in their white cloaks that it was not an easy matter to say what they were like; from behind, they pull a white hood like that of the men, but of a thinner texture over their head, as far as, and even over the eye brows; over the lower [...] of the face, including the nose, and up to the eyes, they tie a wh[...] [39] cotton handkerchief fastened behind, so that only the black piercing peepers remain visible, much in the same manner as the Lima Ladies used to show their one eye, when the "manto" and "La saya" were still in vogue; white wide pantaloons, reaching down to the ankles, and shoes without stockings complete the dress of the women of Algiers; the young Frenchman and I took une tasse de "Café aulait" in "Le Café d' apollon", where everything was in the French style; then climbed-up one of the many narrow streets or Lanes which lead from the lower part of the town to Ka[s]ba formerly the Dey's Palace, now a barrack; thither the French innovations had not yet found their way; the houses built either of brick or stone were invariably whitewashed, their roofs flat, not pointed, and the upper stories without windows protruded so far over the ground floor, that they required being propped-up, thus . The Ground floors served for shops; the sellers were all men, and men who might be called handsome, for though their complexion was not a clear white, on the Contrary, rather sallow, or what we are in the habit of calling: olive Colored, yet this defect, if defect it could be called, was made up for, by their fine beard, aquiline nose, black eyes, and arched eye-brows; they sat on the ground upon mats crosslegged, some occupied with sewing; I saw a few with their head shaved which I suspected was the general Custom their artificial bald if being concealed by the Turban, or by the small red cap called the fez. Short [...] eached the top, we came to one of the small gates which, like the back [...] mud wall which encircled the town, still belonged to the period of the [French] dominion; outside this gate our eyes were immediately struck with [...] easing sight of material progress never wanting wheresoever Europeans take-up their permanent residence in a foreign Country, be it as conquerors like [...] French in Algeria, or as peaceful settlers like the English in Australia [...] this progress showed itself in the shape of wide, recently constructed roads [...] good repair which descended from the uplands to the Coast. In the [...], I saw some French infantry whose uniform was new to me, I believed them to be natives of Africa which they were not; an attempt it is true had been made

to form regiments of arabs or moorish infantry but it was failed, these were the famous zouaves well known for their daring deeds and wild untamable habits. Their uniform consists of a blue jacket without collar, an embroidered waist-Coat with scarlet breeches [_] leather leggings, white linen gaiters and shoes, with the fez [_] [40] attached to it on the head. On our return from the Kasba through another lane we saw a girl, her face uncovered, pretty, rouged, and gaily dressed standing at the door of one of the moorish houses, her vocation could easily be guessed. I should have liked to have had a nearer look at her, but as my companion hurried to his breakfast, I followed him as far as the door of a Coffee house, where we separated, and I went to deliver my letters of introduction, firstly to Monsieur Chapuis a Belgian, to whom I had a few introductory lines from Napoleon Duverger, brother of Egide, with whom I dined in Brussels on the Oct. 10th 1844 last, see page 719 of the second volume; having exchanged a few words with him, he ordered his clerk a jew, or Israelite, as they say here, dressed in the Turkish fashion with a black turban, and who spoke both French and Arabic, to show me the way to a certain Parodi, brother of Don Pedro in Lima to whom Balduino of Genoa had given me a letter; this Parodi was a miserable Italian but had succeeded in making money, as I was told. By myself I found my way to La Rue des Consuls where I delivered my letter from Sivecking & Co. from Marseilles to Mister Hoskjoier, who as well as his partner Mr. Wallich, received me with great politeness. Somewhat later I went out through "La rue Bab-El-Oued" which runs in a Northerly direction, till I reached the open country. Here I found [_] same vegetation which I had left behind in South America; hedges [...] green pencas called aloes; Cactus of that species which produces [...] (Figues de Berbérie), fig-trees leafless at present; also mules and [_] the latter of a smaller size than the Peruvian, carrying bricks and [_] in large hampers made of reeds, and cudgelled unmercifully by the Biskres just as the negros do in Peru. Saddle bags, Spanish alforjas [...] used, made of reeds, and when well filled, the Biskri sits upon them [_] exactly like the negro or cholo there; both natives and French [...] employed constructing new roads and buildings fortifications at a con[_] distance from the Old moorish wall, so as to give room for the enlargement of the town; many new houses in the European style, I saw in progress of construction, also the port was being improved and secured by new moles. I met two women who called my attention by their strange attire; they were dressed in black, but to the hind part of their head they had [_]ed heaven knows how, a round hollow filigree tube mad [...] [41] silver, whence a gauze of light yellow color, like a veil, hung over the head reaching to the waist. I addressed a woman who passed-by asking her who they were, she replied in Spanish that she did not understand French, whereupon I spoke to her in her own language, when she told me that

these two women were Jewesses, and to judge by their dress probably married women; further on, two natives sat crosslegged on a small mound overlooking the sea; they smoked their pipe, and the elder one particularly looked very respectable with his long white beard, and handsome features; he wore a turban, the wide blue jacket, the embroidered waist coat, the red sash, the wide blue breeches, grey worsted stockings, and low shoes, all which constitute the Turkish costume. His Companion was probably an Arab, he also wore a turban and was wrapped up in his white Burnous. Hereabouts that is to say to the North of Algiers stood an old fort called "fort des vingt quatre heures". With the laying out of a Botanical garden the commencement had been made. I returned, traversed the town and went out on the other side through Bab-a-zoun, many Moorish women completely covered-up sat here on the ground selling oranges, near them a blind Biskri very handsome with aquiline nose white teeth and black beard, his staff lying before him: he perorated in an energetic manner, and to my inquiry what he was about I received the reply that he was giving an account of his misfortunes and asking alms. For a short distance I walked along the sea-shore, then retraced my steps and was back in time for dinner, which I took in Company with the young Frenchman my Companion in the morning, and an elderly Gentleman of the same nation pleasant in his conversation, who had also been a fellow passenger; he treated us with a cup of Coffee in "le Café de la Bourse", and it being now about six oclock, I hastened by appointment to Mr. Chapuis who was waiting for me in his shop, with him I went in the dark, for the lighting-up of Algiers was as yet in its infancy, and, through muddy lanes to two Coffee houses frequented by natives. I found them sitting listlessly crosslegged on mats, smoking, sipping their Coffee, and occasionnally conversing a few words, to our presence they seemed to be completely indifferent and took no notice of us. In one of these coffee-houses were three Moorish musicians, two played on an instrument, like a very small guitar, the other on a violin with two cords. Mr. Chapuis and I were of course immediately [...]ed with Coffee in very small cups with sugar without milk [...] [42] much sediment, not at all to my liking, its cost was two sous a cup. We had still time to go to the "Cercle" or club, similar to the reading rooms which exist nearly in all the towns of Europe. Monsieur Chapuis played Billiards, I read the French papers, for none in other languages were kept here, and left past ten oclock, when Monsieur Chapuis had the attention to see me home.

Thursday, 9th of January 1845. I took my breakfast, a large cup of coffee with milk and a loaf; cost – twelve sous in the "Café d'apollon", then started again on a journey of discovery, came to the market place crowded with sellers and buyers. On three sides it is surrounded by arcades. In the centre stand a

fountain and some orange trees; of native women I saw but a few, and these completely covered-up as already described: the French, resident in Algiers pretended, that all the moorish women met with in the streets were, expecting those of an advanced age, *femmes galantes*, that is to say either kept mistresses or girls of the town. I followed one of them, and ventured to accost her, with the words *parles-tu Français*, her answer, I did not exactly understand, I thought I heard the words “*vas*”, “*vas*” and taking these for a repulse I turned about on my heels, and left her; at all events, I had obtained my object which was to rectify the incorrect and partly incomplete idea which on the previous day I had formed of the dress of these women; they wear a shift completely covering their bosom, up to the neck, without sleeves, then a rose coloured vest again sleeveless, also a scarf of the same colour, above this a very thin yellowish gauze veil, and to cover all, a white cotton shawl answering to the hooded cloak of the men; stockings grey or white pulled over their white pantaloons, up to the knee. Occasionally, when they arranged their upper garments the bare-arms and arm-pits became visible. Also the young Jewish girls had no sleeves to their shifts and gowns from the shoulder as far as the elbow the arms were covered with a transparent white mousseline. Like yesterday, I descended the narrow lanes, and was delighted with the different oriental Costumes so new to me, which met my eye at every step; above all, I liked to see the men in their shops, the door open working at their different trades, more frequently doing nothing, smoking their pipes, or drinking their Coffee. [...] the [...] of shaving of course the head was [...] [43] of the passers-by: the “Israelites” differ from the Moors [...] Turks not only by their black turban, but also by the sombre hues of their clothes, whilst the two other nationalities are fond of gay colors, red and green for their jackets, red or blue for their pantaloons. The Greeks wear neither Turbans nor Burnouses; a blue jacket, a red waistcoat, blue wide breeches, and boots, and the “*fez*” complete their attire. The Biskris and Kabyles who are the mountaineers, as well as the Bedouins from the plain, and the arabs in general, are invariably wrapped up in their wide burnonses, of them the three first mentionned are undoubtedly the labouring classes, and everywhere did I see them with their jackasses laden with rubbish, chalk, or stones; they as well as French workmen, were busily employed at the new fortifications, also in pulling down old and building-up new houses. Though it rained now and then I prolonged my stroll inside and outside the town till past one when I went to Mr. Chapuis shop; he and I entered a carriage of which there are many in Algiers, and which, the drivers being exclusively French, resemble the European omnibuses, though smaller and less convenient. We drove through “*Bab-a-zoun*”, out of town, in a southerly direction following a road at a short distance from the sea, until we reached “*le Café des platanes*”,

opposite to which extending as far as the sea, is a nursery garden, the "Jardin d'acclimatation", for the rearing of various descriptions of trees indigenous in more southern climes. I saw here banana trees with fruit, whose trunks had however not yet reached the thickness of the "platanos" trees which grow in Peru. In this neighbourhood, the country is called: Mustapha, we left the carriage, and continued our walk through by-ways, crossing an old Roman high road, until we reached the limits of what the French call "Le massif d'algers". This includes the town itself, and a narrow belt of land encircled by a ridge of hills stretching in a half circle from sea to sea. To the south of this ridge extends the plain "la Metidja" Eight leagues in width, bound again by a chain of mountains, the lesser atlas, to the south of which, not visible this day owing to the hazy state of the weather, the greater Atlas rise into snowy peaks. To reach the hill where we took our stand, we had to wade through [] heavy mud, whose nature clayey and adhesive gave evidence of the richness of the soil; behind the hill where we stood and which, like a promontory, projected into the plain we had the camp K[]ba. Before us at some distance a fortification Called "L[] [44] maison carrée", from the camp of Kouba, we took a road which, passing the village of the same name, brought us to another village Birmandres. The vegetation in this vicinity was luxuriant; the ground, where, not brown with mud was green with soft grass; and Cactus, aloes, wild olive-trees, and other evergreens, with whose name I was not acquainted, grew in such profusion, that I could hardly persuaded myself that I was at the moment in the 37° North Latitude, on the 9th of January. We went a few steps out of our way, to have a look at Moorish cemetery surrounded and shaded by olive and other trees; the greater part of the tombs were indicated by a mere stone, upon which sometimes a crescent was engraved, where a marabout, or priest lay buried, there, a larger monument of bricks, of no great height and flat at the top was erected; at each end stood an empty earthenware pot into which, once a week the Moorish women, relatives of the deceased, are in the habit of pouring water; what the object of these pots was I did not learn. At Birmadres, we found ourselves on a high road which ran along a ravine, carefully cultivated, and producing all kinds of vegetables. We followed this road for sometime, then crossing a hill after a smart walk emerged into another high road close to the town where Monsieur Chapuis feeling tired, we again entered one of those already mentioned omnibuses which besides us two, was occupied by a French soldier and by a Moorish woman, who familiarly nodded to us, Mr. Chapuis and the soldier conversed with her in arabic, though I think both knew very little of the language; the soldier slapped the woman on the thigh which she took in good part; but on no account would she allow him to undo the handkerchief tied over the lower part of her face. Country houses surrounded

the town, those owned by the French had windows towards the street, those owned by moors had not; having changed my clothes in the Hotel for I was extremely dirty, I met monsieur Chapuis in his shop at six oclock and went with him to his dwelling house close-by, where we immediately sat down to dinner; we, that is to say: Mr. Chapuis, his wife, his two boys, Napoleon and Scipion, Mr. Simon the owner of the house, Mr. Henry, Chapuis's clerck, Mr. Brennier professor of the Arabic language in the college of Algiers, and myself; we had an excellent dinner, not served however in the English genteel style, and lots of Champagne. Mr. Chapuis, a [...] European manufactured goods was a very good kind man of [...] [45] of his acquaintance with "La haute Societe" of algiers; his wife was insignificant, she rose at every moment to take away the p[...] Napoleon and Scipion were dressed à la Turquie, with a superficial [...] Gold embroidery. Napoleon "l'European", nine years of age, very lively, "un peu espiègle"; Scipion "L'africain" four years old, the very reverse, I called him Jacques Bonhomme. Mr. Simon a wealthy man, and that was all. Monsieur Henri an agreeable young man with whom I had much conversation, he offered himself to accompany me to a Turkish bath, also to the one or the other of the many handsome Courtizans with whom Algiers abounded, to both which proposals I acceded, I must however do myself the justice to say that I agreed to the latter, merely for curiosity sake, and with no other interest. Mr. Brennier was undoubtedly the most agreeable of the party. A moor dressed in his National custome, who was Napoleons teacher in Arabic, came in, sat down with us, and even took some glasses of Champagne, a proof that he did not strictly observe the precepts of the prophet, and the Koran, he spoke but little French, and conversed with Mr. Brennier in his native tongue.

Friday, 10th of January 1845. It was a beautiful, clear, cloudless day, thermometer in room 12° Reaumur = 59° Fahrenheit. Till eleven oclock I climbed about in the part of the town inhabited by the Moorish population, in which I took a particular interest; the lanes which intersected each other in every direction were beyond measure tortuous and intricate, sometimes they ended in a "cul de sac", frequently, they were spanned by low arches, and now and then, the high houses protruded so far from both sides, as to touch each other: this was all I had to add to the observations made by me in the Course of the previous days. For a short while I returned to the hotel to write my diary; then, induced by the beautiful weather, again went out, and walked up and down the arcades of "La rue Bab-azoun" crowded with people. Besides the Turks, Moors and Arabs in theirs respective Costumes, there were quite as many Europeans, French soldiers, Infantry of the Line, and Zonaves; also military men of higher rank. French ladies their face uncovered, and a few Moorish women. I entered Mr. Chapuis's shop; whilst I was there, two respectable looking Moors came in

to buy some red cloth; their dress consisted of low shoes, white cotton socks up to the calves which were bare, red pump breeches down to the knees, a red scarf, a light green jacket embroidered, and silver buttons at their open sleeves, a [_] shawl perhaps a Burnous, rolled-up over their shoulders [...] [46] and a handsome Turban, though it was getting late at Monsieur Chapuis's recommendation I still took [...] Ik through "bab-El-oued", into the open Country, turned off to the left, and [...] a gentle hill "Bou-zarah", upon which some French residents of algiers had built their Country houses, when more than half way up, I came to an ancient Roman road, the pavement of which was so well preserved in some places, that one might have thought it had been recently laid, in other places where it led over the live rock, it was in less good condition. Here, thought I, do I stand on a spot trodden about two thousands years back by the Roman Legions, who, the Conquerors of well nigh the entire then-known-Globe were unable to vainquish the German Tribes from whom I am descendant. I met here a French farmer a very rational man, with whom I had a long talk, he showed me, how his green wheat and Barley were already above ground, he told me that at the time he was selling the "tunas", "a un sou" each, but that in the right season, they were abundant and very cheap. The olive trees grew for the greater part, wild, few being grafted, green pease ripened the whole year round, and finally, the leaves of the Pencas which, by the bye, blossom every year, when tender, cut into pieces, served as fodder for the goats; one of his neighbours was a Marabout; another, the son of a Mufti, two were Jews, and only one French agriculturist besides himself lived on the hill. This conversation detained me so long, that it grew dark before I had reached the summit. However from where I was I enjoyed a beautiful view, at my feet lay the hospital du Dey as large as a small town, thence to the right, many houses extended towards the city rising amphiteatrically from the Port and the Bay, whose waters were hardly ruffled by a light evening breeze; behind the Kasba lies the "fort de L'Empereur", further on the hills covered with Country houses which encircled the "Massif d'Alger", and at a still greater distance "La maison Carreé", shone upon by the horizontal rays of the setting sun; then the black chain of the lesser, and at the verge of the horizon, the snowy ridge of the larger Atlas; it was a beautiful prospect. I returned to my hotel, and having dined with the old Gentleman Mr. Regnault de la Barreze, my companion on the first day, started at half past eight with Monsieur Henri for our projected nocturnal [...] We ascended the Moorish quarter, into which, were it [...] [47] firm reliance on the vigilance of the excellent French police, I should not have ventured after sunset. A Moorish boy immediately offered us his services with the words: "voulez-vous une jolié fille", which we declined; in two or three houses, at a grated window, a considerable height above ground,

we saw a female sitting; Mr. Henri knocked at the door, but was refused admittance because we were two, in another place where the door stood open, and where we entered, the inmates were so frightfully ugly, that we immediately walked out again. At last we came to another house, where the two girls were certainly handsome, the Elder, of about twenty five years of age, whose name was Sheriffa, was really beautiful, she sat crosslegged and did not rise when we made our appearance; whilst her companion perhaps not above fourteen years of age, with rosy cheeks, fair, and somewhat stout jumped about like a child; as soon as we were seated, a cup of coffee in the Moorish style as already described was handed to us, then Monsieur Henri withdrew with the younger of the two, I remained with Sheriffa, but besides us, there was a black servant wench, no doubt an inopportune witness, when a “tete a tete” had been anticipated. This however gave me time to look round leisurely, and to impress into my mind every detail of this, to me, novel situation: the room was small and white washed; silk curtains took the place of a door; the bed was of iron, its curtains of white Cotton tissue; a few wooden benches stood round the wall. Sheriffa had beautiful black eyes and eye brows; these probably dyed a little; her hair was black, her nose straight a little aquiline, her mouth and teeth I did not note particularly, but, for that very reason they were probably in accordance with her other features. Her hands, the nails of which were dyed with henna, were a little brownish, otherwise prettily shaped, so were her feet and legs, bare as far as the knee, her dress was extremely becoming, a colored handkerchief was tied gracefully round her head, her arms were bare with the exception of a wide sleeve of transparent muslin embroidered with silver stars, hanging down as far as the elbows. Her bosom covered with muselin of a somewhat thicker texture; over this, she wore a thick cotton shawl, which however she laid aside at our request, a scarf round the waist, which by the touch I thought was of silver, but which Mr. Henri assured me, was of a costly Gold tissue; round her neck she wore pearl necklaces, on the fingers of her right hand many diamond rings, bracelets round the wrist and similar gold or gilt [...] round the ankles, she spoke but little French, thus our conversation [48] could not be lively. All on a sudden, a violent, and continual rapping at the street door, made itself heard, now she was all life and activity; the black woman disappeared, she jumped upon the bed, the Curtain fell, but annoyed as I had been with her previous indifference and calmness, as much displeased was I with her present haste and hurry, and when she called out “depeches-toi”, I gave her five francs and left her the same as I had found her. Monsieur Henri also complained of his fair enchantress, for she likewise had desired him “de se depêcher”. Thence we went to Turk[...] vapour bath, at the door, we delivered to a moor, the master of the establishment our valuables; that is to say, our money, watches, and I, my

spectacles; we then entered, undressed, and with a handkerchief tied round our loins, went to an adjoining room, in the midst of which stood a large brick stove with boiling water; upon the edge, where the heat was supportable, we lay down, and in a few minutes I was in the most profuse perspiration, a quarter of an hour perhaps twenty minutes did I remain here stretched out without stirring, then I descended, and laid down on the floor, when two young robust Moorish fellows commenced kneading me, French “*massé*”. They pressed and squeezed the body all over, but not with that energy and violence which I had expected, and which I had read was the Custom in other places, Constantinople for instance: now and then, as if to keep time to the operation, they gave a slap on the side which resounded loudly, this being done, they scrubbed me all over with a piece of rough skin which they did beautifully and I think did not leave me a piece of my old skin; hereupon my whole body was soaped, hot water thrown over it, which produced a most agreeable sensation; finally I was wrapped up heaven knows in how many cotton Cloaks, so that only my face remained visible, and requested to lay down on a thin mattress in another room, when a cup of Coffee was handed me. Monsieur Henri with his long beard, and a somewhat sallow complexion looked exactly like a Bedouin, I myself felt completely knocked up, my heart palpitated violently, and it lasted at least half an hour before I had fully recovered myself. We dressed, paid each twenty five sous, our valuables were returned to us, and accompanied by Monsieur Henri, who covered me up with his cloak to prevent my catching cold, I reached my hotel at [twelve] O'clock. [49]

Saturday, 11th of January 1845. Having arranged with a certain Mr. Adol[fo] Flores, to whom Monsieur Chapuis had recommended me, to start jointly on the following day for a trip to Bledah situated at the foot of the lesser atlas, I took a walk by myself in a southerly direction through Bab-a-zoun; for some time I followed the same road on which I had driven the other day with Monsieur Chapuis; then I had been *pleased* with the Country, *today*, seen under the influence of a bright sun, I was actually in love with it; [...] was covered with flowers and grass; the new green corn and Barley stood a few inches high; vegetables grew in abundance; the various trees previously [...]merated afforded an agreeable shade, the hills sprinkled over with country houses, on the one [...] blue mediterranean on the other side, altogether, formed a beautiful landscape. Before reaching “le café des platanes”, I turned off into a foot-path to the left, which brought me to a chaussée along the sea-Coast, here I met three Moorish females not so completely covered up as they generally are, probably they had not expected to meet a foreigner so far out of town; they sighted me, shrieked, and ran off, but afterwards turned back to look at me, just as I looked at them; further on, I came to the Camp of Hussein Dey consisting

of rows of low barracks; next I crossed the wide and shallow river El Harrach over a stone bridge; on the other side of it, a cavalry soldier kept watch; and reached at last, La maison Carrié, a blockhouse garrisoned by native cavalry not by French, for which reason I did not ask permission to enter. These were the Spahis; their uniform consisted of a blue or green wide jacket without Collar, red waistcoat, blue pump breeches, and boots; on their head a turban or a fez. I returned the same way I had come, as far as the Camp of Hussein Dey where I rested a few moments in a public house, then struck across the Country to the camp of Kouba, through Birmandres, Mustapha Supérieur and back to Algiers; having dined with Mr. Renault de la Barreze, I directed my steps to the Moorish quarter and followed one of those boys who presented themselves at every turn, up a steep stair-case, to a narrow hole, room it could hardly be called, where three Moorish women, one of them certainly pretty were sitting in a row, but they looked so stiff, so much like painted dolls, that I turned my back upon them, gave ten sous to the boy, and went back to my hotel. I read in Galignanis messenger the message delivered by Mr. Taylor the President of the United States in which he strongly [_]mends the annexation of Texas. [50]

Sunday, 12th of January 1845. The following is an exact copy of an extract from "Le guide en Algerie, par Quentin", and of my original remarks: "Les Mauresques se couvrent les joues de rouge" – to this I suppose Sheriffa owed her blooming cheeks "parsemies de quelques mouches" – these she had not. – "[_] les sourcils, et les joignent au moyen d'une ligne noire", true as [...] Sheriffa. – "Se Stigmatisent le millieu du front avec une croi [...]" this was the case with some of the old women of last [...] autre preparation leur peint en jaune les ongles et le bout d [...] monseieur Adolphe Flores said, that they dye their toes [...] closely at Sheriffa's feet, but did not note that her toes [...] avec l'[ecorce] de je ne sais quelle plante, elles se brunissent les [_] et la pointe de la langue"; this was perhaps the reason why she would not allow me to give her a kiss on the mouth. – "a l'exception de leur cheveux leur corps est religieusement épilé, et glabre comme une pervenche", true. – "du reste, tatouées aux bras, aux jambes, et la poitrine comme nos vieux grenadiers", this tatooing I have not seen, but I am assured that it is the case. – "puis lorsque cette toilette est achevée, elles restent étendues sur une natte de jone, ou sur une peau de mouton, les pieds nus, et accroupies a la Turque"; thus I found the Covey of last night. – "En attendant la nuit, elles passent la journée à jouer avec un petit miroir"; I think I observed a small looking glass lying under the bench upon which Sheriffa was sitting. – "elles doivent se trouver admirablement belles à en juger par le charme qu'elles éprouvent à se regarder". – I awoke at six oclock when the Gun was fired in the port, rose, and paid my bill, in which I was charged for my room

two francs daily, for each dinner 2,50c, for one dozen of oysters 1,50c, for a wax candle one franc, and to the servants seventy five centimes per diem. At seven o'clock I was at the diligence office in "La place du Gouvernement", where I had to wait for half an hour till my companions Monsieur Adolphe Flores, and another Gentleman came; meanwhile I amused myself with looking at the many people who passed-by, all in a different attire, even the Moors did not deprecate the burnishing of their shoes, brisk little Biskri boys continually called out; "Cirer Mossiou" "Cirer comme La Glace", hardly were they idle for a single moment. Half past seven was the hour fixed for the departure of the Coach, but as it had to take a lo [...] about way to reach the su [...] Companions and I [...] [51] walking through the many lanes to the Kasba, and to the open country; the days in the week when the musulmans are in the habit of going to the "Mosque" are wednesday and Fridays, thus on this day Sunday, the Christian [...]bath, moorish artisans were at work, the doors open, in a school room [...] of small moorish boys were sitting on mats on the floor, crosslegged [...] their lessons, perhaps their prayers, continually moving their [...] and fro, in the same manner as the jews repeat their prayers in [...] at some distance from town, we passed the new [...] being constructed, further on many workmen were employed [...] the "Fort L'Emperor" which had suffered severely not only from the bombardment by the French in 1830, (it was from the hills of Bouzarah that the first shells were thrown) but also by an accident, a large proportion of the wall having been blown-up owing to the inadvertency of a soldier of the Moorish Garrison. It was at Torre chica, not far from Algiers to the South West, where the French landed on the 14th of June 1830; the cause of the war and of the consequent conquest of the country was the following: in 1828 the then French Consul in Algiers Monsieur de Bourmont had a conference with the Dey on the subject of some Corn which the consul claimed for some reason or other, the discussion grew warm, and the Dey in his anger threw his fan at the Consul. The Government of Charles the tenth already then tottering to its fall readily availed itself of this opportunity to commence a war of aggression, in hopes, that by this means, it would regain its lost popularity with the French nation, fond of military glory; it turned out differently. On the 14th of June 1830, the French landed on the African Coast, as already said, and only one month later the July revolution hurled the Bourbon dynasty from the throne, raising to the same the Citizen King. The decisive victory of Isly was gained, Abd-El-Kader captured, and the Conquest of algeria completed. When the diligence came up, we entered-it; there were five passengers besides us, amongst whom a Monsieur Desmoulins, who, resident in the Country since 1831, was full of anecdotes, which he readily communicated to his attentive listeners; as late as 1839 and 1840, there was little security in the Country,

though the communications between algiers and Blidah were protected by “La maison Carrée” and other forts; yet, nobody ventured to travel from the one place to the other without a strong military escort. “Maréchal Bugeaud”, the im[_]d state of the Country was mainly [52] owing; he instead of waiting for the arabs to attack, attacked them, and followed them up till he had driven them to a great distance from the Capital. The number of French troops occupying algiers in 1844, was calculated to come-up to 90,000 men. The road over which we drove in a South Westerly direction was by no means in a good condition, owing perhaps to the heavy rains recently fallen, neither was the Country so pretty as that in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. We passed over an extensive plain almost without a single tree, and covered with a low dwarf palm trees which, Monsieur Desmoulins assured me, it was extremely difficult to eradicate, for its roots go deep into the ground and spread far. Many a French agriculturist, he told us, had spent his small Capital of 2000 or 2500 francs, before he had been able to clear a small piece of land and earned the product of his labours, and thus, only few patches of ground were either fit for pasture or under cultivation, whilst on the other hand, close to algiers the soil is so fertile that sometimes one field yields four crops of potatoes annually. The first place through which we passed was Dely Ibrahim where the diligence stopped for a few minutes, of which I availed myself to enter a newly constructed church; the inside was neat and clean, but few people were hearing mass. We next, came to Doneira, a place founded by the French, it was surrounded by a narrow wall and a Ditch. Its inner area, though the streets were planned, was far from being covered with houses, horses being changed here, we had time to sit down to a very good “dejeuner a la fourchette”, like a dinner excluding soup it cost 45 sous and five sous to the waiter, my companions were in high spirits, and remained at table full an hour from 11 to 12. From Doneira we gradually descended into “La plaine de la Metidja” quite as uninteresting as the Country we had come through, a few villages and camps lay at considerable distances from each other: to the left we had the lesser Atlas, some of its summits covered with snow; to the right the hills along the Coast, amongst which, one considerably higher than the rest, goes by the name of “Le tombeau de la Reine” or “de la Chretienne”, a Spanish queen being, it is said, interred there. Above the low palms rises occasionally a white monument with a cupola and shaded by a few trees, the burial place of a Marabout: Marabout does not exactly means a P[_] this name or title is given by the musulmans to any man [_] [53] their creed, who distinguishes himself by unusual sanctity or rectitude of Conduct. In this plain, Camels, of the kind with one hump, were grazing along the road side, asses were mostly used as beasts of Burden, mules less, oxen and horses served for drawing carts; sometimes I noticed splendid saddle-horses;

the saddle used by the natives are extremely high and behind thus:

Ladies, of whom we met a few, ride on side saddles. We drove through Bouffarick, before the occupation of algerie by the French, the Moors were in the habit of holding every Monday a fair on this spot. During the war time, it was found necessary to protect the fair by French troops, thus an encampment was formed; the encampment attracted more people and the town of Bouffarick arose. Just in the same manner many of the old towns in Germany owe their origin to a Roman camp and consequent Colony, I need only mention as an example Cologne, "Colonia Agrippina", owing to the state of the stagnate waters in its neighbourhood, Bouffarick is unhealthy and was not likely to become of importance, it was surrounded by a narrow wall like Doneira, then followed Beni Merod and at about three oclock we reached our journey's end Blidah, encircled by an old and by a new wall. We took up our quarters in the Hotel d'orient, where I obtained a very small room; by myself I walked about in the town and its environs till six oclock, and occupied myself with writing, until bed time. Blidah's population appeared to me quite as mixed as that of Algiers. Here however the natives preponderated, there were many spahs and zouaves; the town, the streets of which were not paved had a strange appearance, more than the half lay still in ruins, the consequence of a severe earthquake which on 24th of may 1825 totally destroyed it; from the midst of these ruins, houses built in the European style, were fast springing up; there were Cafés, Restaurants, Billiards, and all kinds of French shops, also a Catholic church with the Cross on the top, a musulman Mosque with the Crescent. One house I believed was built in the fashion of Andalousia, it consisted of the Ground floor and one story, round the inner yard ran arcades which sustained the upper story, in the centre of the yard was a fountain with bubbling water. I Climbed about among the hills at the foot of which Blidah lies, and from which a scanty river flowing over a wide stony bed found its way to the town; there was nothing of interest. Before me, the town with its white houses, at a distance in the plain, Beni Merod and Bouffarick, and [...] off, the hills of the massif d'algers; thermometer in my room 13 1/2 R. = 62 1/2 F. [54]

Monday, 13th of January 1845. Monsieur Adolphe Flores who had been sent to algeria by his principals in France for the purchase of land, his companion, a broker in landed property (Courtier d'immuebles), and I took a walk through the town, but made little progress, for the broker, acquainted with many people, was stopped at every step; nevertheless we found time to look into the theatre, which though a poor miserable building, had on the previous night been the scene of "un grand Bal paré, masque"; the interior had been brilliantly illumined and gaily adorned, of which ephemeral splendor we still found the remnants, shreds and tattered festoons hanging from the walls. At the request

of monsieur desmoulins, we paid him a visit on a small property, which he possessed outside the town on the way to Bouffarick; for a short distance, the road lined with Orange trees, neither in quantity and quality comparable to those in the vicinity of Lima. Monsieur Desmoulins had a kiln for baking bricks and tiles; the price of the former was sixty, of the latter, ninety francs per thousand; Land was let at ten sous the square mètre, we remained till ten oclock, when Monsieur Flores and the broker returned to Blidah, I preferred walking to Bouffarick, where the usual Cattle fair was being held; my way thither led along the Chaussée which we had come yesterday, through "La plaine de la Metidja". Beni Mered about half way between Blidah and Bouffarick was like all other towns and villages in Algerie surrounded by a narrow wall and ditch, the space within its precincts was still somewhat bare of houses, there were however several block houses called by the arabs, as monsieur Desmoulins assured us: "maisons du Diable"; for though they consisted merely of strong stout beams the upper story projecting considerably above the lower one, the natives, had never been able to make themselves masters of any of them as long as their small garrisons had ammunition and provisions; the upper story was full of loop-holes from which the French soldiers were able to keep-up a murderous fire upon their assailants, and thus, prevent their approach. On the other side of Beni Mered, I saw some Camels grazing, their two forelegs tied together, further on I met herds of Cattle, and flocks of sheep already returning from the fair, nevertheless when I reached the space in front of Bouffarick, I was still fortunate enough to find hundreds, perhaps a thousand or more natives in their white burnous, many with [] Camel hair cord round the hood, just on the point of brea [] [55] and forming one confused mass with their beasts of burden, amongst which as mentioned more than once, Donkeys were the greater number; some of the Arabs were lounging on the soft of the grass, but most walking about, preparing for their departure and loading their beasts. The usual walk of the Camels is slow; I, walked twice as fast, when the Camel lies down on the ground, it puts both its fore and hind legs bellow his belly; when it rises, it first kneels on its forelegs; then lifts itself up on the hind legs, and by a third effort places itself upright on all four; when standing, it is too high to be either laden or unladen; to make it lay down, the Arab merely tabs the well trained Camel with a small stick on the knee of its forelegs; and in the same manner, it gets up when gently beaten on the hock of its hind legs. Amongst the great number of arabs collected here, I saw a few soldiers, French Infantry, Zouanes, and Spahis, one or two European Civilians and only one female, a French woman; there were rows of tents in which moors were offering for sale, European manufactured goods, such as foulars, Prints, white and grey cottons upon which I read the word Manchester, also various kinds

of drugs. From three high poles tied together at the top hung a dead sheep just slaughtered, for sale of course. I felt more tired than I usually did after such a short walk and went to the "Café mazagran", where I took a cup of coffee, and waited till the diligence passed by in which I took an outside seat and was back in Blidah at 3 p.m. I again went out, now northwards, and after half an hour's walk over the same, level, uninteresting country, came to a place called Joinville, as always surrounded by a wall and a ditch. It consisted of no more than about fifty houses, and a woman whom I accosted, told me that, as there were no regular troops, the militia mounted guard. At five o'clock I was again in my hotel where I dined by myself, not at table d'hôte which was not the Custom in Blidah, as little as in Algiers. The rest of the day I remained in my room. Thermometer 14° Reaumur = $63 \frac{1}{2}$ Fahrenheit.

Tuesday, 14th of January 1845. Notwithstanding the bad state of the weather, for it rained and blew incessantly, Monsieur Adolphe Flores and the broker rode out to the plain of La Chiffa to the west of Blidah, there to look at some land. I by myself, walked in the direction of Joinville, but on this plain where there is no trees under which to take shelter, it was impossible for me to remain any longer, the pelting rain driven into my face by a strong west wind, obliged me to return to town, my companions also came [56] back, wet though. Monsieur Flores was well pleased with the reception the Arabs had given them; they had invited them to their ten[] and treated them with milk and baked biscuits for which their interpreter had warned them on no account to offer a remuneration. I remained at home the whole day with the exception of a momentary visit to a "Cafe" close by, which was so completely thronged with frenchmen, that for a moment I thought myself in France, not in a small unknown place in Africa.

Wednesday, 15th of January 1845. I paid my bill, for a bedroom for three nights, one breakfast, one dinner, a wax candle, and two francs for the servants, fifteen francs. The time fixed for the departure of the diligence was seven, it did not start till eight. We were inside, Mr. Flores, the broker and myself, a jew who spoke a little french, dressed à la Turque, and Arab in his white Burnous, a French peasant in his blue blouse, an ordinary Frenchman, a young French officier, and another young Frenchman of a gentleman-like appearance. We stopped at Bouffarick and again at Doneira at which latter place my companions took their breakfast. I preferred walking on by myself; owing to the late rains, the road was beyond conception muddy, nevertheless I strode along bravely, and about half way was overtaken by a French soldier with whom I entered into conversation. In a public house on the road side, we rested for a few moments and refreshed ourselves with a bottle of ordinary wine cost six sous and a loaf of good white wheaten bread two sous, and he, being a rational fellow, I kept Company with

him until we reached the town. On the 12th instant, journeying to Blidah, I gave a description of the Country through which I passed I will only now add, that as soon as the roads ascends from the plain the ground begins to be hilly and undulating, what the French call “accidente”, but not before passing the hills, which form the boundary of the massif, can the Country be called pretty, being well cultivated, covered with trees, and studded with Country houses. In the Hotel d'Orient the room I previously had, was occupied, another was given me in the fifth story from which I looked on the one side upon the blue mediterranean; on the other, upon the white amphitheatre of Algiers. I called upon Mr. Chapuis in his hotel, walked about in the streets, which here always afforded me much pleasure, dined by myself, conversed with Mr. Renault de la Barreze, and, at a [] hour went out with two of the waiters, one of whom h[] [57] promised to show me a Moorish dance, the other had joined us uninvited. This latter was one of those god-for-nothing fellows to be found everywhere. He was Flemish by birth, had been made prisoner by the arabs, lived with them for some time, had been circumcised, and taken an arab woman for his wife, whom he had abandoned as well as his two children. We went to the Moorish quarter, but in the “Cafe grec” where we entered and took Coffee, musicians the[r]e were to be sure, but no dancers. One of the musicians played on the guitar, the second on the Violin, the third on the Tambourine, the audience was scanty. Thence I went to the “Cercle”, where I spent the rest of the evening reading “La Revue des Deux mondes.”

Thursday, 16th of January 1845. Monsieur Renault de la Barreze and I paid a visit to one of the Mosques, the largest in Algiers, close to our Hotel. It was built of brick, whitewashed; here and there, a marble slab was fixed into the walls, for the sake of ornament. The porch at the entrance was sustained by marble pillars, which had formed part of an ancient Mosque, occupying the site of the present place du Gouvernement, and demolished by the French, shortly after their conquest. At the gate, we mentioned our wish to see the mosque, to a Moorish porter who understood French: he exchanged a few words in Arabic with another moor who handed to each of us, a pair of slippers which we had to put on, and to leave our shoes outside. In a small open place surrounded by a wooden railing, many Moorish women who are not allowed to enter the sacred precincts, covered-up as usual, were squatting on the ground; the interior without the slightest ornament was white washed and divided into various passages by a number of pillars connected with each other by arches, some plain and almost pointed thus: , others more ornamented in this manner: , the floor matted; the ceiling consisted of mere wooden rafters; a small niche or recess distinguished from the rest by wooden carving, was the place from which the Mufti addressed his audience. Some brass lamps lighted,

hung down from the ceiling, and a small Cupola raised a little above the otherwise level roof covered this spot, from one of the angles of the roof rises the Minaret, a square tower upon whose flat roof stands another similar square tower of smaller dimensions; on the top of this are placed three gilt balls, the one above the other, and the whole is surrounded by a crescent, a wooden rail runs round the open space of the flat roof of the first tower, not occupied by the bases of the second. [58] Thither, the public crier ascends on Fridays and other Moslem feast days and calls the faithful to prayer pronouncing in a loud voice: God is great; I declare that there is but one God, I declare that Mahomet is his apostle come to prayer. Come to worship. Simultaneously with these summons to prayer a small white flag is suspended from a beam attached horizontally to a pole erected in a corner of the wooden rail. The drawing herewith gives some idea of the figure of a minaret and in appendix under N° 1 will be found a copy of the above words in the original arabic, as well as in a french translation. When we left, our shoes were returned to us, and we paid one franc to the Moor who had taken care of them. Having breakfasted upon a cup of Coffee in the "Café d'Apollon", I went to the steamers office where I secured my passage to marseilles on board the steamer "Le tige" to sail on the 20th, its cost was 105 francs, maintenance 12,50 landing in Marseilles 2 francs, 50 centimes. Then I walked down to the port where I had not been since my arrival; though, but few vessels were in the port, much actively prevailed; I saw sailors of almost all nations, amongst whom Greeks with their tight jackets and red caps; Spaniards to be known by their sugar loaf shaped hats. The row of buildings probably custom house stores which line the streets along the port, were with few exceptions Government property; though, the weather was unfavorable, for it rained at intervals, I could not withstand the temptation to stroll about in the Moorish quarter. I saw there a negress in a violent rage screaming at the highest pitch of her voice using improper, not to say indecent gesticulations. She was the Counterpart of what I had so often seen in Lima, a Jewish woman entered a large Moorish building into which, though the door stood open, I did not venture to follow her. She was very richly dressed; her clean black shoes very neatly fastened over her white stockings; round each of her ankles, hung a wide Gold ring; her gown was black velvet or satin splendidly embroidered with Gold, and the filagree tube attached to the hind part of her head was of an excessive length; from it, was suspended a transparent gauze veil through which shone a wide ribbon of Gold tissue nearly touching the ground, her face was uncovered. I entered the Kasba which except its [...] extent, offered nothing

of interest; the many buildings which const[.] [59] the same, are encircled by a wall; even the Mosque had been converted into a barrack. On my return to the French part of the town, I called on Mr. Chapuis who was kind enough to accompany me to the Moorish bazaar, where only Moors and Jews were the sellers, their shops are raised somewhat above the ground, so that whilst they sit, they are on a level with the buyers who are standing before them. The moors are no doubt very good-looking, much more so than the Arabs, and in their wide dresses, have an extremely respectable appearance. They are expert in embroidering in Gold and silver, also in making lace of the same precious metals, for myself, I bought a gold embroidered purse, three and a half francs; for my wife, two gold, and Coral bracelets, Eighteen francs; in another quarter of the Bazaar earthenware made in the Country such as Lamps, pots, Jars, Jugs, etc., also Burnouses were exposed for sale. I had to go to the Police office to acquaint them of my departure on Monday next, paid a visit to Mr. Chapuis, and was in my room till dinner time; thermometer $10\frac{1}{2}$ Reaumur = 55° Fahrenheit. I dined with Mr. Renault de la Berreze who seemed to take pleasure in my company, in the same manner as I was pleased with his conversation; he told me amongst other things, that he remembered having seen Robespierre, when he La barreze was a child eleven years old; this being the wedding day of Miss [W]ilhelmina Reincke with mister anderson of Altona, I ordered a bottle of Champaign, the first glass we drank to the health of the new couple; the second, to that of my Companions daughters; the third, to that of my wife; and so on; the result of which was, that I took more wine than I ought to have done; after dinner we went to a "café Chantant" in the ground floor of the house where the circle was up stairs, on the stage or platform sat three French women, two young gently looking; the third, less so, they and a man sang alternately, which being over, another individual the actor, the "Comique" made his appearance. He merely by altering the shape of his hat; his hair and looks represented various characters such as: "l'hypocrite, l'avare, l'anteur sifflé, la vieille femme, etc., etc., which he did very fairly and gave general satisfaction.

Friday, 17th of January 1845. Having fixed upon this day for a long walk into the Country through Bab-El-oued, I did not allow myself to be deterred by the unfavorable state of the weather bad as it was, but started at nine O'clock, when outside the town, I kept close to the Coast. [60] The waves tossed about by the strong wind beat violently against the rocky shore, and the spray blew high into the air, the aspect of the sky was threatening, the heavy clouds hung low, even the hill of Bou-Zarah with which I had been so much delighted on the evening of the 10th January looked dark and sombre; nevertheless, as far as "La pointe Pescade" where a new fort had been recently erected, close to some old fortifications on a rock washed by the sea on three sides, I was cheered

by the sight of cultivation, of trees, and of houses, but thenceforward, both houses and trees became scarcer, the weather grew worse, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew so violently that it was impossible for me to open my umbrella; nothing daunted, I marched-on, and ere long came to an extensive plain overgrown with thorny bushes and dwarf palms, "épaisses bousailles" as my map says. Here and there it is true the ground had been cleared and a little green corn stood a few inches high, but so scantily and poorly did it grow, that I thought it could hardly reproduce more than the seed. The Bou-Zarah hills change their name into "Colines del Djerba", perhaps a corruption of the Spanish word yerba. I passed "pointe Caxine", and hoped to reach the next point "Les Ruines", which ruins are said to date so far back as the time of the famous Barbarossa who the son of a renegade of Lemnos became a noted Pirate towards the end of the 15th, and made himself master of Algiers and Tunis in the beginning of the 16th century, and after a short tyrannical rule, was defeated and killed in 1518 by the Spanish troops under the Command of the Governor of Oran. But as the weather grew worse and worse, and I had been on my legs no less than four hours, for it was now one O'clock, I thought better to return to algiers; I had gone so far; that it took me full an hour before I came in sight of the first house on the hills, perhaps I had exposed myself to some danger, but this thought never had crossed my brain; at four O'clock I was in my room in the hotel, wet through, I stripped myself of every particle of my clothing, and for some time lay down in my bed. At five O'clock, I went to "Cercle"; at six, to Monsieur Chapuis where I dined with the family and the clerk Monsieur Henri, everything was nice and good; I showed them my drawings of Lima Costumes, and passed the evening in a quiet and pleasant manner. I [] tired at eleven O'clock. [61]

Saturday, 18th of January 1845. This was the second day of the year 1261 of the Musulman era, which I need hardly say begins with the hedgira or flight of mahomet from Mecca to Medina on the 16th of July 622 A.D., it was a feast day with the musulmans, El achòra, when they celebrate a number of Patriarchs mentioned in the old Testament such as: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, etc., which they do, by lighting a great number of small candles, and Monsieur Chapuis to give me some ideas of the religious rites of the Moors, had offered himself to accompany me this morning at a very early hour to the school of his sons arabic master, where he expected, I should see something or other interesting to me. Accordingly at 5 1/2 a.m. through the pitch dark and deserted streets I went to his house, thence with him and his two boys to the school room, already on our way thither, in some of the Moorish shops many candles were lighted; the school room was partly illumined when we came; half an hour later, completely so. From the Ceiling a neatly, ingeniously carved wooden

frame was suspended, and a great number of small lighted candles stuck into it. Accordingly Monsieur Chapuis's sons when they entered, had to take off their shoes, and to walk in their stockings upon the mats, which we had to step over taking care, not to touch them, and then took our seats on Chairs ranged along the wall. Mahomet the master was even barelegged and barefooted. He commenced to incense the room, but, as few pupils had hitherto made their appearance, my Companion and I went out again for half an hour, or so, and looked in at another school room, likewise at an apartment built on the roof of the Grand Mosque, both similarly lighted up; in the latter, about twenty five Moorish boys with two or three (Moorish) grown-up men, one of whom had the politeness to invite us to enter, were sitting crosslegged in a circle on the matted floor, the boys placing their hands before them, and rocking themselves incessantly, some backwards and forwards, some sideways, and all singing in Arabic to a plain melodious Rhythm. We returned to Mahomet's school where now about twenty boys were assembled, some with a red, some with a white fez, others with a red hood, all sitting in a circle, Chapuis' boys, as if belonging to them chanted like those in the Mosque, with the difference that their master sang with them. All on a sudden, this rather lively melody and continuous rocking ceased; Mahomet pronounced in a solemn tone, a few words; [...] the boys fell in again, and both he and they passed frequently their [62] hands over their eyes which, as little Napoleon afterwards explained to us, refer to the legend of the Angel Gabriel having restored the sight to the blind Patriarch Jacob; when monsieur Chapuis and I left, the master and the boys were still occupied in this manner; but we had enough of it, and preferred visiting two Jewish synagogues, the one in the market place, La Place de Chartres, the other, an old building near the Bab-el-Oued gate; the inside of a synagogue is without ornaments, in this manner ressembling a Mosque. In the Centre stands a pulpit, round the same, benches; a gallery at some elevation above ground runs along the wall, and is occupied by the women concealed behind screens, in the wall is a recess covered with a curtain, which contains I suppose the tabernacle; every Jew when entering put his hand behind this Curtain; in the same manner as the Catholics dip theirs fingers into holy water, "todo el mundo es Popayan". The Jews when reciting their prayers, either walk, or stand; or sit. When standing or sitting they continually move their body to and fro, in the same manner as I had seen the Moorish boys do. At eight oclock we returned to Mr. Chapuis's and partook of a nice breakfast, Coffee, Chocolate, bread, butter, and cakes; a woman entered his shop to make a purchase she was Moorish, very genteelly dressed and spoke French pretty fluently; "Cela me gêne", said she, pointing to the hankerchief on the lower part of her face, with a good French accent; Monsieur Chapuis told me that she was the mistress

of a French officier high in rank, which accounted for her proficiency in the language. At a later hour I accompanied little Napoleon to a saloon in which Monsieur Bregnier, paid by the French Government, gave lessons gratis in the Arabic language to ten or twelve Gentlemen, mostly French Officers. I took my seat near them, and for some time listened with attention and pleasure to Mr. Bregnier's lecture on the rules and niceties of the Arabic language. The pupils read and translated the Koran. My passport was to be certified at the Danish Consulate, then to be viséed at the Police office, and more than an hour was taken up by my going from one office to the other, at five oclock, I went by invitation to Mr. Parodi's, but as he was not present when I entered the room, I had to tell the ladies, that he had invited me to dinner; this was rather an awkward beginning; the ladies however were polite, and when Mr. Parodi came, about half an hour [_] all went on well. He was a man without the slightest [_] [63] he had kept a coffee house in Cadiz, settled in algiers, immediately after its occupation by the French, and was now the owner of a row of houses which yielded him an annual income of 74,000 francs; his sister a Genovese woman, was much like her brother; his daughter Constance a tall gauky of thirteen; his niece Catherine about twenty five the best looking and most agreeable of the party; of his clerk, I hardly took any notice. Dinner was good and abundant, the plates were changed, forks and knives not; we had first common Bordeaux wine, next superior claret, and lastly three bottles of Champagne which Mr. Parodi made squirt about in a most vulgar manner. The conversation was carried on in four languages: in Spanish, with Parodi; in French, with Miss Catherine; in Italian, with Parodi's sister; and amongst themselves, they exchanged some words in Genoese, the readiest way to spoil any language one may happen to know. Miss Constance played on the piano the tune of "Mon rocher de Saint Malo", which brought to my recollection my dear daughter Enriqueta, who was in the habit of singing this song very sweetly, miss Constance did certainly not excel on the piano. At nine oclock Mr. Parodi accompanied me to the "Café Chantant", whose owner a good natured Greeck from Smyrna, a friend of Parodi's sat down with us; we had some singing, the Comique delivered a laughable speech, and the time passed away pleasantly enough till eleven oclock. The two female singers were paid every evening sixteen francs, and the money they collected by going round with a plate in their hand, might come to ten francs more. I had taken a cup of Coffee and three glasses of Punch, Mr. Parodi would not allow my paying for them, and again the greek would not allow Monsieur Parodi to pay, I of course resisted, but was silenced with the words: "Los amigos de un amigo, son amigos".

Sunday, 19th of January 1845. The weather was beautiful, "la Place du Gouvernement" was thronged with people, more so than on week days; often

had I to push and squeeze my way through the crowd, which in a great measure consisted of sailors, who, this day (Sunday) had obtained leave to go on shore. Above all, there were red fez, also not a few painted, sugar loaf hats from the Spanish main. I entered a Catholic Church in "La Rue de la Kasba", which had originally been a mosque, [] built in the shape of a rotunda and its interior, but little ornamented [] [64] the Congregation consisted for the greater part of people of the lower classes mostly sailors; when I ascended to the moorish quarter, I of course found the moorish artisans at work as usual, and their shops open, but I must confess, that I was not a little surprised to see, that in the French quarter under the Arcades of Bab-a-zaun, and of Bab-El-Oued, the European shop keepers, French with few exceptions made not the slightest difference between the week days and the Sundays; if there was a difference it lay in the increase of their sales, for the number of purchasers, at all events, of promenaders and loungers was no doubt greater than usual; at twelve oclock, I called upon Monsieur Renault de la Barreze, we lunched together, then directed our steps to the Kasba where my Companion inquired for an "officier" of the Zouaves, whose acquaintance he had accidentally made. This officer, a Captain whose name was Gros[n]el had the kindness to show us round, and on learning that I was resident in L [...] gged me to remember him to Monsieur L'ange Richon, with whom I was well acquainted. Monsieur Richon was at the time partner of Montané & Co. in Lima, and when this firm liquidated, he removed to Bordeaux where he is well known, as a merchant of responsibility. The inner yard of "La Kasba", where we stood, the "Capitaine" told us, was the same in which during the time of the Dey's rule, the decapitations had taken place, and the water from the pump close-by served to wash away the blood; the pavilion was pointed out to us, where the dey and Mr. de Bourmont the French Consul had held their last conference, where the fatal blow with the fan so pregnant with important results, was given; near the pavilion, were the apartments which had been occupied by the Dey's wives, not far off, his treasure vaults; on the whole, the buildings which constituted the Kasba were irregular and tasteless, however a few marble pillars, and a small and graceful marble fountain surmounted by a crescent, made an exception to the General rule. The last Dey, the son of a shoemaker, had made himself so odious by his cruelties, that for the last ten years of his reign he had never ventured into town, and when going to his Country house, now, the hôpital "du Dey" outside of the gate "Bab-El-oued", used to be escorted by a strong body guard of Janizaries. Monsieur Renault de la Barreze and I, surveying the [...] the elevated point, observed a Moorish lady promenading on th[] [65] roof of one of the Moorish houses. We were however too far off to distinguish her dress. We then went into the open Country through the Kasba gate, passed the new

fortifications, and descended towards the sea in the direction of the "hôpital du Dey", came to a Moorish Cemetery in every respect similar to that which I had seen on my first excursion with monsieur chapuis on the ninth instant; here I found again the earthenware pots the object of which is unknown to me standing upon the oblong monuments built of bricks, also the plain tombstones with a crescent cut into them; of Arabic inscriptions I hardly saw any. Next we entered a Jewish Cemetery, here on the Contrary the sepulchral monuments were covered with hebrew characters: the Corpse of an old Jewess had just been lowered into a deep hole dug in the earth, as it is the Custom with us Christians. I saw an old white bearded Israelite wiping his eyes; probably it was the widower, a few steps further on lay upon a bier, the body of a young jew wrapped up from head to foot in gay colored silk garments, and thus without being placed into a Coffin, he was to be interred; meanwhile some of his Coreligionists were digging the grave apparently without taking any notice of the dead body. The Cemetery of the Christians, which we did not visit, is not far from the Hospital, which has these words inscribed above the gate: *Hopital de la Salpêtrière* and between the same and the sea "*les Condamnés militaires*", military delinquents were at work repairing the road, and securing the same against the inroads of the sea, by constructing a new quay. For these poor fellows, even the Sunday brought no rest, nor respite from their labours; they were uniformly dressed in a suit of brown clothes, and each of them had a cannon ball with a chain attached to one of his feet; during my stay in Algiers, I frequently saw troops of them marching through the streets, guarded by a body of soldiers. On approaching the gate of Bab-El-oued I persuaded Monsieur de la Barreze to ascend the few steps which lead to the Botanical garden, the gate of which was open, probably because this was a Sunday. We remained a long while pleased with the splendid weather, the pretty view of the Mediterranean and the excellent manner in which this garden was laid out. It rises in terraces the one above the other, the walks were kept in good repair, were lined with many descriptions of evergreens, also mulberry trees were planted and served to prop-up the [...] one stemmed Cactus Called in Peru "*G[_]ones*" which hitherto I [66] had not seen in Algeria, Geraniums were in great number all in blossom, the Garden was ornamented with two or three pretty fountains with the bust of the King Louis Philippe I on a pedestal, and with a small Obelisk on two sides of which were inscribed the names of great Victories gained by Napoleon the I, on the third side, the names of the Capitals taken by him, and on the fourth upon a black ground in white, were engraved the designs of his well known two cornered hat, of his sword, and of the Cross of the Legion of Honor below which the words: "*son genie avant rêvé cette conquête*". Having returned to algiers, and taken a bottle of beer in "*le café de la Bourse*" we separated, I, by myself walked up and down the "*Place du*

Gouvernement" for more than one hour, it was crowded to excess, the Moorish population forming rather a small proportion particularly the Moorish women were wanting. On the other hand, a great number of military men of all ranks, French ladies, Spanish women always to be known by the gay colored handkerchief tied round their head, also many Spaniards, Mahonese, and Maltese, which latter, with their brown faces, black [] pointed hats, and a blanket thrown over their shoulders, looked ten times more savage and treacherous than any of the natives. Europeans in the dress of civilians were also to be found; the language mostly spoken was of course French, I heard likewise Spanish and Italian, Generally in an abominable hardly intelligible patois, sometimes a mixture of all three languages perhaps "la Lingua franca" used all over the Mediterranean. Even the sound of my native tongue struck my ear, I turned round, and saw three or four young men conversing about Hamburg. Several Bedouins performed tours de force; four of them for instance formed a living column or pyramid, upon the shoulders of him who might be looked upon as the basis, another placed himself and stood straight and upright, upon the second stood the third, upon the third, the fourth, and then, the lowest one, bearing this great weight, walked along slowly, the three others preserving the nicest equilibrium; a military band was playing, and "le tout ensemble" well deserved the epithet which Mr. Renault gave to the life in algiers, namely, that of a continual masqarade. Towards evening I spent an hour in the cercle, and paid a visit to the "Bains Maures", which, from seven in the night till noon, were open [] men, the remainder of the day for women. This time I was tr[] [67] more or less in the same manner as I had been the other day when Mr. Henri accompanied me. At present however the Kneaders exerted themselves with more energy, also my head was soaped and well washed, but the heat was less, consequently I recovered myself more quickly; a negro, black as Coal, lay alongside of me, and was manipulated just as I. My intention was to finish at the Cafe chantant which was so crowded that I could with difficulty find a seat, and hardly had I sat down when I was accosted by a Frenchman who belonged to the Police, and remembered my face having a few days back signed my passport; he asked me whether I should like to see "un bal sauvage" and "un bal de femmes"; on answering in the affirmative, he offered to take me thither. Without loss of time, we two and another frenchmen a friend of his left, and went to the Moorish quarter where he knocked at one of the small moorish houses up to which led a steep stair-case, the steps perhaps one foot and a half high, the door was immediately opened and we entered a small room, the walls of which, of great height and white washed, were sustained by four pillars forming in the centre a small open place, the only [] which was empty; all round on the floors sat many moors all men, amongst whom, in front, two elder moors turbaned and white bearded, these gave some money to

another moor, probably the owner of the house, recited prayers, holding their hands before them palms open, turned upwards, threw some incense upon burning coals placed in a fire pan, then retired into a corner of the room; whereupon their places were taken by two younger men. Six drums consisting merely of a skin stretched over a wooden frame, were brought in and some Moors playing on them with their hands and fingers, began to make an infernal noise; all on a sudden, two young fellows jumped into the open place, the one was dressed in the usual Turkish manner, the other wrapped up in his white Burnous, both had long black hair, which I need hardly say, is contrary to the General rule, without moving from the spot, they commenced to shake and to move their body from the knees upwards, also their head forward, backwards, and sideways; their hands and arms upwards and downwards, all in a violent wild unnatural manner, keeping time with the music, their black hair flowing about like a knot of snakes; the drums were beaten with more and more rapidity and the more rapidly they were beaten, the more rapid were the contortions of the [...] men; even the [...] of the [...] did not keep quiet [68] perhaps, he could not resist the example, perhaps he thought right to accompany them, he being the landlord; they went on in this manner for a quarter of an hour or so, when another young moor about twenty five years of age jumped in; he had no bornous, and his features gave evidence of the great excitement in which he was; he contorted himself like the two others, though, not quite so violently. A few minutes having elapsed, the owner of the house brought in a piece of red hot iron, which the last comer put into his mouth, taking hold of it with his teeth; after a few more contortions he licked it with his tongue, which being done, the drums were again beaten, if possibly, still more furiously, suddenly they ceased, I lost sight of one of the so called dancers, of him in the Burnous, the second appeared to be in a state of the utmost exhaustion [...] leaned upon one of the standers-by, the sight of the third was shocking; he began to writhe, fell into convulsions, uttered hideous sounds like the barking of a dog, two men held him by the hands, another one threw a handkerchief over his face and during this most revolting scene the spectators remained quietly sitting crosslegged, without being in the least affected, I and the Frenchman Could not stand it any longer, and begged the Police officer to withdraw with us, which he did. "Le bal des femmes" was a different affair: the room was like that which he had left; the spectators moors, amongst whom a few French, sat, or stood around; the inner circle was formed by five or six women squatting, leaving a small empty space in the centre for the dancers, on which to show off, one of the women danced, if dancing her performance could be called, to the music of a very small guitar played by an old man; she walked a few steps forward, then returned to where she had come from, moving the middle part of the body, mainly the posterior

at the hips in a most indecent manner; in each hand, she held a handkerchief which, at every turn she threw over her arm, in a way meant to be graceful. When she had done, another of the women sitting in the inner circle took her place, and, in any one of these who, I need hardly say were common public girls, moved through the rows of the men, she never escaped without several kisses, with which she put up with great complacency; none of these women were pretty, their eyebrows were painted black, the cheeks red, the nails yellow or brown; they were gaudily dressed [] silk a scarf of gold or of silver round their waist; [. . .] [69] mover which when dancing, a [] striped garment nearly touching the ground, was fastened; their bo[] as ostensibly covered with a transparent Chemise, but left open to such a degree, that all that ought to have been concealed, was visible to the gazer's eye, the arms covered as far as the elbows with a thin "mousseline", and their hair tied up behind fancifully [?] silk colored handkerchief. One whilst dancing, smoked her paper cigar with the greatest insouciance, the police officer had procured me a seat on a bench. After a short time, I rose when a young moor occupied the same together with one of the women, hardly had this been observed by another man belonging without doubt to the establishment, when in a very angry tone, he made the man rise, and pulled the woman away saying that this was not [?] for her; another moor remonstrated, they had high words and [. . .] Frenchman and I apprehending a row, left; at the door, the owner asked for money, which we did not give him. I was home at midnight.

[70]

Monday, 20th of January 1845. I bade [] to Monsieur Parodi, to Monsieur and Madame Chapuis, whose eldest [] Napoleon gave me a few words written in Arabic which I have affixed in appendix under Number 2; also to Mr. Renault de la Barreze who on parting, favored me with two kisses; in my room, I was occupied with writing, and thus the day passed, till 4 p.m. when it was time to go on board the steamer "Le Tage", a strong wind blew and the weather was by no means so pleasant as on the previous days, Thermometer 11° R. = 57° F. We were but few first class passengers amongst whom I noted with pleasure Monsieur Adolphe Flores who, I learned now, was "voyageur" for the firm of "Gros, Didier, Roman & Co., Lyon, Paris, et l'alsace"; at six O'clock we got underweigh; though it was very cool I remained a few moments on deck to have a last look [] Algiers, so picturesquely situated leaning against a hill, in the shape of a triang[] for which the port is the basis; the Kasba, the ap[]. To the right the large hôpital du Dey is a prominent object, whilst to the left extend the hills sprinkled with Country houses, and "la maison carrée" closes the prospect; erelong the motion of the steamer increased, the sea was rough, the rocking not to be borne. I hastened below and to bed, threw up a little warm lemonade, the only nourishment I had taken, and passed a shockingly bad night.

Tuesday, 21st of January 1845, was quite as bad a day as the night had been. I did not stir and took nothing else but another glass of lemonade. Monsieur Flores was the only passenger who kept the Captain Company.

Wednesday, 22nd of January 1845. No change for the better, even the Captain 49 years of age and 42 at the sea, also the stewardess felt somewhat squeamish. I myself attempted to read, but in vain. The only thing I took was a cup of Coffee, a piece of bread and a small glass of cognac. I vomited little, but the nasty taste in my mouth, and the dirty saliva were quite as bad as I had experienced them to be during my passages to and fro the west Coast of South America; of course I did not rise.

Thursday, 23rd of January 1845. The sea went down a little, the rolling decreased and at Monsieur Flores's urgent request I got up at ten o'clock, having taken a cup of Coffee and a bowl of broth, I felt a little stronger, however, the utmost I could do, was to remain on my legs for nearly two hours. We were now in the bay of [R]osas, near the Spanish Coast [] I saw for the first and last time the snow Capped P[...] [71] again had to lay down on a sofa, and though at a later hour I was desirous to see the sunset, for on both, the previous and this day the sky was cloudless, I was too weak and unwell to get up, and partly reading, partly dozing, I passed the time till midnight, when dressed as I was, I laid down upon my bed.

Friday, 24th of January 1845. I awoke at four O'clock owing to the sudden cessation of the steamer's motion. We had arrived in the harbour of Marseilles after a long passage of eighty two hours; from Marseilles to Algiers our passage had [...]sted more than forty two hours, it had been made in thirty six. [...] from algiers to mahon is sixty; from Mahon to marseilles sixty five, together: one hundred and twenty five leagues, equal to three hundred and seventy five English miles. I rose at six o'clock, took the first Com[...]le meal, Tea, bread, and butter, and went on shore. The Custom house officers were very strict in their search expecting every body to be a smuggler of cigars; at the hotel Beauveau, I obtained my old quarters and with the exception of a pleasant walk with Mr. Sieveking, the whole day till dinner time was taken-up with the necessary steps relative to my passport, several times I had to go to the Prefecture, to the Mairée, to the Danish and the Sardinian Consuls, to the Police, and so on. After dinner, whilst I was writing in my room, Monsieur Flores brought me a few introductory lines to his brother "an avoué" (a lawyer) in Nice. It was as late as midnight when I retired to rest. In the forenoon, when Mr. Sivecking and I walked out together, he took me to the western part of the town upon the whole inhabited by the lower classes. Many streets ran up hill, and they as well as those, which traversed them, were without exception narrow, the houses high. In a market place I observed an antiquated building with a Palace like appearance; Mr. Sivecking told me that he believed that this had been the residence of René King of Provence, the famous Poet and painter, and father of Margaret of Anjou Queen of England. The Cathedral was a wretched building without a steeple; it looked more like a barn than anything else; gradually ascending, we came to the summit of a hill from which the prospect over the bay was similar to that from the height of "Notre Dame de la garde" on the opposite, the Eastern side of Marseilles; many labourers were working here at a new road, and Mr. [...] that the Government intended building additional docks [72] in this vicinity, which plan was soon carried into effect.

Saturday, 25th of January 1845. At five O'clock the "facture des messageries de Messieurs Lauzin, Cours Bonapar[...] N° 12", came to fetch my luggage. In good time I myself was at the office, and at six o'clock the diligence started; my seat was in one of the corners of the body of the Coach, my companions were artisans and peasants who conversed among[st] themselves in the dialect of the Country, of which I could not understand a word; one of them, was a young woman with a babe eight days old on her lap; it was a fine, clear moonlight morning; we left Marseilles by the Triumphal arch, and drove northward [...] excellent chaussée which had its occasionnal ups and downs. To the left we had for a long while a ridge of hills dotted over with Country houses [...] the right at

a greater distance, some heights, which form the Coast, [...] which I discerned a ridge of mountains “les basses Alpes”: the road ascended more steeply than it had done hitherto. We passed the small river arc, and the town of Aix lay before us, prettily situated in a plain; the steeple of its Cathedral is built in such a manner, that at the distance at which I saw it, it had the appearance of being perforated; we entered under a gate, the town being surrounded by an old ruinous wall, and drove up a fine wide street with two rows of trees, and very handsome houses. We stopped at the Coach office, had time to take a cup of coffee, and at two O'clock I continued my journey in the same diligence; of those who had come with me from Marseilles, only one remained, a “chauffeur”, or stoker on board of a steamer; the other four seats were occupied by the members of a French family with whose peculiarities I became pretty well acquainted in the course of the thirty six hours that we were together: the father, an elderly man, monsieur Carron, was “Capitaine de la troisieme Compagnie des Canonniers Veterans”; he had served under the first Napoleon in Spain, Portugal, and Germany, wore the ribbon of the Legion of honor, and could be very agreeable when he pleased, but was, upon the whole, a dreadful Grumbler, and in his small circle, a true despot; his wife, of a certain age like himself, never said anything in Opposition to the will or inclinations of her Lord and master. She carried with her a basket with a cold fowl, bread and other provisions, upon which the family, who seemed [...] in rather reduced circumstances, made their dinner. The old [...] [73] looked closely after the shillings and pence, or, to speak more correctly, after “Les sous” and “liards”. The elder daughter's name was Caroline, though she was neither pretty nor lively, I liked her best, for she seemed to be a good and rational young woman, the other Claire thirteen years old was the spoiled child; frequently she got up from her seat to give a kiss to her father. From Aix onwards, the road was uninteresting; how the country looked to the right that is to say: southwards, I can not say, for as the sun shone from that quarter, the ladies had pinned the Curtain; To the left the Country was sometimes level, sometimes hilly; the corn was a few inches above ground, the vines required pruning; the fields were separated, not by green hedges, but by stone walls which always give an arid appearance to the landscape. Olive-trees grew in abundance, also some apple-trees. In the Course of the day we passed through several small places of which Brignolles has a great name for the excellent prunes which are, produced and cured here. Dinner was taken in Le Luc, the Captain and his family as already said, remaining in the Carriage. Shortly after, it grew dark, I fell asleep, and slept soundly without awakening at the various places where horses were changed.

Sunday, 26th of January 1845. At three o'clock I roused myself for a moment but was still too sleepy to look around, and was glad when at 6 1/2 the Guide

("le Conducteur") requested all passengers to alight, for we were at the foot of La grande montée d'Étérelle. It was as fine a moonlight morning as that of the previous day, at first I felt rather cold, but by walking fast, each kilometre or five eighths of an English statute mile took me exactly ten minutes, I got warm, and regretted when at nine O'clock the Coach overtook me, and I had again to enter. To my left the country was little cultivated and covered with larches; the Basses alpes already seen on the previous day, I again discerned at the verge of the horizon, this day snow capped. To the right, when the hills allowed me, I had an occasionnal glimpse of the Mediterranean; we now rapidly descended towards the Coast, on approaching Cannes, a town which till 1844 had never been visited by the Cholera, we were delighted with the many neat and gay Country houses which reach to the very gates of the town, clean, pretty, and regularly built, in its neighbourhood Lord Henry Bro[u]gham possessed a Country seat. The []tation gave clear proof that the Climate is here more temp[] [74] than about Marseilles, owing probably to the Coast being sheltered against the North winds, by the above mentioned mountain Chain. The Orange trees, not of great size, were covered with fruit; peach, and almond trees stood in blossom. The next place in our route was Antibes a fortified town, not [] cheerful-looking as Cannes; half way between the two places, the soil is of a Rocky nature and produces abundance of Olive-trees; whilst at the two extremities of the road that is to say, near Cannes, as well as when approaching []ntibes, we drove between Country houses, Orange, peach, almond, and fig trees, the last of which however without leaves or blossom. At some distance before reaching Antibes, we had to our left the town of G[]e, prettily situated on the side of a hill, its white houses spreading [. . .] and to the left. A long mole Called "La Galoppe", with a light house [. . .] point, stretches far out into the sea from the port of Antibes, the []ch family alighted here, the stoker remained, and an elderly valetudinarian joined us. I soon found out that he was an Englishman, and we two chatted pleasantly together until our arrival at Nice, from Antibes until we reached the river Var which formed at that time the boundary between France and the Kingdom of Sardinia, we drove through a level well cultivated Country; vines planted in straight lines answered the purpose of hedges for separating the Corn fields, the already mentioned fruit-trees were perhaps not so plentiful as on the other side of Antibes; olive trees abounded. We passed the small town of Cagnes built upon a steep rock; crossed several small rivers, the names of which are not found on my map, one of them, over a handsome chain or suspension bridge and stopped on the French side of the long bridge which spans the shallow and wide var. Our passports were visé by a French employé who was very polite towards me, and made the observation that, to me as Consul no charge out to be made anywhere for the visé on my passport,

already then I doubted that this observation would hold good all through Italy. We passengers had to alight, and to walk over, in the middle of the bridge, two posts, the one, painted: Red, white, and blue; the other: white, blue and green, marked the limits of the two respective Countries. On the Sardinian side the passports were again vised, and the luggage slightly examined, a drive of about three quarters of an hour brought us to Nice; at some distance before reaching this town pretty houses showed themselves, scanty at first [...] increased in much number where nearer the town; a short avenue [...] [75] oranges trees turned off from the high road to the gate of many of them. Besides, the already mentioned fruit-trees, rose bushes, and the yellow acacia trees were in blossoms, soft green grass, and young corn covered the ground; of ice and snow there was no vestige, and for a certainty, the aspect worn here by the month of January differed widely from what we are accustomed to in the North of Europe, and easily accounts for the great influx of strangers, the weak and the infirm, the sick and the Convalescent, who regularly hasten to this favored spot at the beginning of winter; we drove between, a marble cross on the one, a marble column on the other side, and a few steps further on found ourselves in the town itself, that is to say, in the so called English quarter recently built with wide streets and handsome large houses. The Coach took me to the Hotel des Etrangers where I got a small cold room in the third or fourth story looking towards a promenade; the small garden in front of the house was a pretty little spot, a Jewel in its kind: there were orange trees, all classes of evergreens, many Geraniums, the yellow acacias, Rose bushes all in bloom; at half past five in the dark, I took a walk to the quay, which, as well as a terrace on the level roofs of a row of houses, gave me a favorable opinion of this part of Nice. In the Hotel, I had an excellent dinner in Company with three other Gentlemen, which filled up my time till seven o'clock, when I went to the theatre, small, but very pretty; the opera "Jane Shore" was given; the music and singing afforded general satisfaction, also I was well pleased; even the author was called for, he appeared on the stage and made his bow. At eleven o'clock I was in bed.

Monday, 27th of January 1845. Thermometer 8° R. = 55° F. Having breakfasted, I went to deliver Mr. Adolphe Flores's letter of introduction to his brother Jean the lawyer, who received with much politeness, and a nephew of his, offered to show me what was most worth seeing in Nice. Together we went to a handsome open place La Piazza Vittoria, next to the gate which opens upon the road leading to Turin and Genoa, also ascended a very pretty high hill situated about the middle of the town; on the summit, the ruins of an old Castle still existed, the view hence extended over the neighbouring sea, and surrounding Country, to the south lies the wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean; westward, at our feet, the English quarter of the town; further

on the Coast, and the road which I had come on the previous [...] but concealed by a thick haze. To the North the prospect was [...] [76] by [...] half circle of hills, on whose summits a number of villages were discernible; my youthful guide gave me their names, the most remarkable is: Cimella or Cimera, with pretty considerable ruins of an old Roman town. Between these hills and where we stood, the old part of the town, apparently an intricate maze of narrow and tortuous streets; behind these, hills, the frequently mentioned Chain of “Les Basses alpes”, on the summit of one of which mountains to the North East, the fortress Montalban. Eastward we had the port, and the Bagnio where the Galley slaves are confined; still further-on, in the same direction, but hid to us by a promontory, Villa Franca, a free port. Having descended from this height we came to a terrace, on the level roofs where I had been on the previous evening; alongside of the same is a promenade with rows of trees, Called Le Cours. Having separated from my Companion, I by myself visited both the new and the old part of the place; in the latter I found some signs of activity, here is the market place, here are shops of all descriptions, here people passed each other hurriedly and with looks of men of business, whilst in the other quarter, ladies and Gentlemen, for the greater part of English, loitered about as if they had nothing to do, which was really the case; some were driving in handsome Carriages, some I saw on horseback, others bestrode mules; nurses with little Children walked about, enjoying the fine weather, everything had an English appearance. It was now half past two, I had still time to pay a visit to Mr. Flores and to accompany him to Monsieur Regnault Danish Consul, who had called upon me in the morning and was desirous to hear of a nephew of his who had left for the west Coast, and Consigned himself to Canevaro of Lima, but of whom I could not give him the slightest information; he having arrived after my departure. At five O'clock I left in the mail Coach, “La Mala Corriere”. This coach drawn by three horses, had room for four passengers inside and for one more with the “Conducteur” in the Coupé. Besides me, there were two passengers, an elderly, and a young man with whom I conversed now and then in French. Hardly were we out of town when the road ascended perceptibly, darkness soon set-in, which of course, prevented my seeing anything of the Country; the two light houses, the one upon La Galoppe near Antibes, which has a fixed light, the other on the mole of Villa Franca, which has a revolving light remained visible for a very long time. Nice [like] Marseille was founded by the Phoece[...] who gave to this Colony the [...] [77] of Nicaa, or the Victorious, to commemorate a victory gained here by them over the natives Ligurians. We passed through the independent principality of Monaco, and arrived at ten O'clock at Mentone, again in the Sardinian territory, where my luggage was searched more strictly than [...] had hitherto been the Case in the Course

of my journey; I was told that this strict search was considered necessary, to prevent the introduction into Sardinia of contraband articles landed at the free port of Villa Franca; the next place of some importance which we passed was Vintimiglia, where the younger of my companions left; I now fell asleep and did not awake till,

Tuesday, 28th of January 1845, at Port Maurice. Here we were joined by another traveller who, however, was obliged to leave the Carriage at Oneglia, which town we reached at half past seven; Oneglia is the birth place of Andres Doria, here also in 1796 General Buonaparte took the command of the French troops until then commanded by Sherer, and led them thence from Victory to Victory, until the peace of Campo Formio put an end to this, perhaps the most glorious of all his Campaigns. At Oneglia, a respectable good-looking Gentleman and his wife, a young and pretty woman entered the Coach; they had secured the seats Numbers one and two, those looking towards the horses; whilst the elderly Gentleman and myself had Numbers three and four with our back to them. I soon became acquainted with the new-Comers, but, for a Considerable while could not make out of what nation they were, for they spoke French, German, and English to perfection; at last, they turned to be Mr. Christ a German of the firm of Spiess christ & Co. of New York, and his wife, a native of the same place, who I learned afterwards, was the daughter of a rich tailor. Mr. Christ told me that I had done wrong in Coming from Nice as far as Oneglia at night time, for he assured me that this was one of the prettiest roads to be found anywhere; from Oneglia onwards as far as Savona, the road is again rich in natural beauties; it runs close to the sea, more than once, it has been found necessary to cut it through the live rock, wheresoever the hills to the left recede a little, so as to leave room for tillage; the ground was cultivated, and the vegetation luxuriant; Orange trees became scarcer and olive trees more abundant, there was however one plague which infected this lovely Country: beggars, were everywhere to be seen, swarms [...] them surrounded the Coach whensoever it stopped; it seemed as [...] [78] had made a business of begging, not that necessity drove them to it. I still recollect a handsome lad about fourteen years of age, with a splendid set of white teeth, and an expression of good nature mixed with a little roguery in his Countenance; he tried hard to look sedate and miserable, but in vain; it was impossible for him to suppress the Devil lurking in his eyes, and the pretty smile playing round his mouth; we passed through many small places, the names of which is unnecessary to enumerate, I will only mention Noli, in some repute for the out of proportion large number of fishermen living there; we crossed many small rivers which, in the present season were dry and shallow, and prevented no impediment to our passage, in the spring, when the snow melts in the mountains; they

frequently swell to such a height that the communication is interrupted, until they again fall to their usual level. On inquiring why the Government did not build bridges over them, the following reason was given to me, which I considered ridiculous and improbable: the Sardinian Government are afraid of disobliging the Savoyards, because, if this route was always transitable, the road over Monet Cenis would be neglected; thus Savoy which extends between this mountain and France would suffer greatly by the diminution of traffic. We breakfasted at a small place called Diano where the Gentleman from Nice left, and a French Gentleman who hitherto had been in the Coupé, joined us, he was very polite to be sure, but from the very beginning I took a dislike to him, for I soon discovered that mistress Christ rather listened to his talk than to mine. He told us that his father “un Commissaire des Vivres” in the French army, under Napoleon the I’s rule, had made a very large fortune, and that he, the son was in the habit of laying out for white kid gloves only, not less than fifteen hundred francs annually. We dined at six Oclock at Savona; Politics came on the tapis the three others took the French side, I the English. The dispute continued in the Carriage, whilst we were driving along in the dark, and I remember perfectly well, that the Frenchman and I did not keep always within the bounds of moderation. He went so far as to Call the Duke of Wellington a “Couillon” and I, was not loth in throwing back this ugly epithet upon his beloved, and admired Emperor, thus my [antipathy] for him augmented. Again many villages lay on our [...] [79] amongst which Cogoretto, the birth place of Christopher Colon. We entered Genoa through the suburb of San Pietro di Arena, the same through which I had come on my journey through Milan. The moon had risen at eleven Oclock, it was now a beautiful night, at twelve o'clock the Coach stopped at the Post office whence, we four walked to Feders hotel at the Corner of La Piazza di Branchi; I obtained here a nice large room looking however not towards the sea, but on one of the narrow lanes of which I spoke at the time of my last visit to Genoa. It was half past two, when I went to bed.

Wednesday, 29th of January 1845. After having breakfasted in Il cafe della Costanza, I called upon Vighi and Balduino, paid my visit to Mr. and Mrs. Christ who occupied two splendid rooms looking towards the sea. The Frenchman Came, and on Mr. Christ expressing a wish, that I should accompany them on a stroll through the town, I did so. The Frenchman who gave his arm to Mrs. Christ serving as our Cicerone. We ascended the handsome flight of steps which lead to Acqua sola, thence to another terrace somewhat higher room which point, the weather being beautiful and the sky clear we had a fine prospect in every direction, over the town and the port towards the sea. To the right the light house, and more westward La Riveira del ponente by which is

meant to the Coast which from Genoa stretches Westward; that to the East being called La Riveira del Levante; then Northward inland the chain of hills, on their summit, the old fortification which encircle the whole town between which and the height where we stood, the space was filled-up with many new buildings amongst which the Church of Carignano was the most remarkable. Here we remained for some time, I, inhaling at long draughts pure delicious air. Then we descended, and went to Il Palazzo Ducale where I was impressed with the grandeur and beauty of the saloon del "Gran Consiglio" quite as much as I had been on my first visit. To annoy the Frenchman, I observed that the present statues of plaster, now occupied the place of the splendid marble Columns destroyed by the French soldiers during the period of the Revolution of 1793, this assertion though a truth was treated by him as a gross falsehood, and again a dispute arose between us. Other apartments used at present as Municipal offices were shown to us but presented nothing worth noticing. I left the party, and by myself, carried out the plan which when last here, the bad state of the weather [...] prevented me from doing. I ascended the walls at the eastern [...] [80] and walking westward crossed the acqua Sola, and reached the highest point where a fort is constructed. From here I descended, passed il albergo dei poveri, which, I suppose answered the purpose of an English alms house and emerged into the street which runs along the port. I took pot luck with the family Balduino. After dinner Mr. Balduino accomp. me to La academia delle arte, where in various large saloons many young men were taught gratis drawing and modelling. Here I saw something which I had not seen previously, nor have since seen again, namely a man in the prime of life standing stark naked on a pedestal, statue-like, to serve as a model for the young painters and embryo sculptors. He was a handsome man, well shaped, with a fine black beard. Balduino told me, that, for one evening's standing, he received one franc more or less; it was high time to hasten to the theatre, where Mr. and Mrs. Christ, the Frenchman, and I, had taken seats in the stalls; the opera represented was Marie de Rohan, which was by no means to my taste, though once or twice I was pleased with the good acting; I got soon tired of the ballet, and left before the Comic ballet had commenced; it was nearly eleven O'clock, but for me, the day was not yet over, Balduino had had the kindness to procure me a ticket for a ball in the Casino; thither I went. A suit of apartments well lighted-up, was filled with ladies and Gentlemen, amongst the former, I did not see a single one, who deserved the epithet of handsome. They were dressed in the same style, as ladies of the higher classes dress themselves for a ball all over Europe; some of them were adorned with Jewels, others were without them. The principal saloon was rather small, for two quadrilles only could be danced, or eight Couples could waltz at a time, though in all this

crowd I knew not a single human being, I amused myself well enough; I looked at the dancers, then for a long while, at a game at Chess strenuously contested by the good players, finally I read the papers, and to my great astonishment found in a Genoese paper, a detailed account of the exertions made by miss Amalia Sieveking of Hamburg, for the amelioration of the situation of the poor. The service was very good, at the conclusion of every dance, first rate and abundant refreshments were handed round, I was home by three O'clock.

Thursday, 30th of January 1845. The weather continued as favorable as I could [...]. Thermometer in room 9° R. = 52° F. I breakfasted en fam[...] [81] with Balduino with whom I, afterwards drove in an omnibus to the suburb of Saint Pietro di Arena, where a friend of his possessed a stone quarry, of great value on account of its proximity to the town. Thence we ascended the often mentionned ridge of hills, close to the southern extremity of which, not far from Il faro, Balduino possessed his Country house which was plainly, not to say poorly fitted-up, but the views from this point as may well be conceived was very extensive and beautiful. We returned on foot, entered il Palazzo Doria which lies at the western end of Genoa it being occupied by its owners, the apartments were not shown to strangers, we therefore contented ourselves with admiring the splendid marble pillars in the vestibule, to which a wide flight of stairs of the same material leads-up the garden with the view on the port and the sea, was laid out in the old Dutch style with straight walks and stiff closely-clipped hedges. In the large hospital which we next visited, I found the same profusion of marble stairs and pillars, as in the palaces of Genoa. We passed through two airy saloons, the one for male the other for female sick; each patient lay in his or her clean bed, on an iron bedstead, even the saloon were paved with marble. We were shown to a room, where the clean bed clothes were kept, all in excellent order. In this hospital there was room for nine hundred to a thousand sick people; close-by is the foundling hospital, in its outer wall is a hole wide enough for the body of a newly born infant to pass through, this is provided with a door which shut in the day time, stands open at night to receive in a small box or cradle placed inside the opening, the off spring of sin or misery. I called upon Vighi with whom I had to settle my account for expenses incurred by him, on a small box shipped for me to the West Coast, in which I was surprised to find the high charge of 3 1/2% against sea risks. In my room I tried to write my diary, but was prevented doing so by various calls. Mr. Christ, Mr. Go[mm]ersall who cashed for me a bill of £10 on Gibbs's. Balduino and his son looked-in, and the latter accompanied me to the steamer Leopold II for Naples, where I entered the saloon, a pretty numerous party of ladies and Gentlemen, the greater part of whom English and North American were on the point of sitting down to dinner, and I, of course joined

them. I also observed the Frenchman with whom I had been thrown together the [...] two days; he however took as little notice of me as I of him [82] and we behaved as if we had never seen each other before. Dinner over, I went below to my berth, laid down, and slept very fairly untill

Friday, 3rd of January 1845. When I awoke at six O'clock we were at anchor in the port of Leghorn, our passage from Genoa having lasted just eleven hours. The boatmen who took me on shore asked two fcs. for my fare, after a great deal of Haggling on my part, they contented themselves with one and half francs, and I learned afterwards that had paid them double of what was their due. Again a little later when I was taking a cup of Coffee in Il cafe S[ui]zzero, a huckster came in and offered some silk handkerchiefs for sale. I, having lost my pocket handkerchief bought two at five francs fifty centimes each, and . . . was taken-in. More fortunate was I in the purchase of Alfieri's tragedies nicely printed and bound, with engravings, for which I paid six francs, and which, all assured me, was a good bargain. By myself I strolled about the town, but, having with me neither a guide book, nor a companion who could give me some account of what I saw, I was unable to form a correct idea of this essentially mercantile place. Close to the port, I observed high extensive brick walls, no doubt they inclosed the Custom house stores, and the bounded ware houses. In this vicinity, the narrow streets gave signs of much commercial activity; further-off they were wider, and more tranquil, a few were intersected by Canals, these again spanned over by stone bridges; all were well paved with flag stones (French, dalles) the houses were with few exceptions four or five stories high. I found my way to the Railway terminus where for two paoli, equal to one and seventh of a franc I took my seat in a second class carriage for Pisa. My companions were: an English Lady and a Spanish Gentleman, who seemed to have become acquainted with each other, on board the steamer from Naples. She was about thirty years of age, good looking, wore spectacles, and was rather a blue stocking during the twenty five minutes we were together in the train till we reached Pisa, we conversed pleasantly. The road leads through an extremely level swampy Country; on both sides the land was flooded. From the terminus in Pisa, the Lady, the Spaniard, and myself drove in a cab to La Piazza del Duomo, an open place, where the four more interesting buildings of the town stand close to each other, the first we entered [...] the Cathedral [...] of which, three in number are [...] [83] all covered with bas reliefs. Above them are four rows of pillars, the one above the other, a very wide passage, the nave, leads from the principal entrance to the high altar; the two narrow aisles, one on each side are separated from the same by splendid marble and granite columns, of which there are in all seventy four; on the ceiling above the high altar is a fresco painting representing God almighty, of Colossal dimensions, but in his

features I found no trace of the Divine majesty, the unmistakable expression of which should, in my humble opinion, not be wanting in any attempt, fable and imperfect as it always will be, which we, poor mortals may make to paint, or to delineate what cannot be painted, nor delineated, the invisible creator of the universe. The building of this church was commenced in 1063 and concluded in 1118, near the Cathedral is the battisterio of a circular shape, its exterior is overladen with pillars and other ornaments, the interior is plain and Chaste; seven or eight marble columns placed in a circle divide the church in the centre, or [?], and the outer passage; the pulpit, likewise of white marble rests upon several small pillars of the same material, a few of them standing on pedestals in the shape of small marble Lions; the large baptismal font is of variegated marble. Our guide sang a few words which resounded in a very sweet and melodious manner, exactly the same as was the case in the Berlin museum, see page 678 of previous volume, owing, both here and there to the perfectly circular form of the building. Il Campo Santo, or Cemetery we visited next, it is a parallelogram 450 feet long, 140 wide; in the centre is a yard of the same shape, round the same runs a wide corridor closed in, on the one side, by the outer wall, on the other, by sixty two arches resting, partly on thick massive, partly upon light airy pillars, which separate it from the inner yard. The floor of this corridor is, one may say, paved with tombstones covered with inscriptions, and with the likenesses of those who lie below; the inside of the outer wall is covered with fresco paintings, many of which are obliterated by time, in those which can still be distinguished I found nothing extraordinary. This corridor is filled with antique statues, many of which mutilated, with sarcophagi adorned with bas reliefs, with a few modern statues, and other curiosities amongst which the only one which struck my fancy was a hollow four legged animal with the head of a bird, cast in bronze, and brought hither from Egypt. In 1845, only [] of the highest rank were allowed to be buried here and even [] [84] them, a special permission from the Grand Duke was required. The leaning round tower, in my opinion the most interesting of the four wonders of Pisa was the last thing which we visited, it was built in the year 1174, its height is 56 mètres, its diameter 18. Some guide books say that it is of marble, by which is to be understood, not that the entire tower is of solid marble, but that the structure beneath, either of brick or clay is covered with marble slabs. The basis up to the height of several feet, is massive, then graceful colonades formed of narrow arches wind up spirally in seven turnings to the platform which covers this tower, empty with the exception of seven bells, which hang immediately below this platform, and which are rung every day; they have given to this tower the name of "Il Campanille", or the bell tower. In each of the seven turnings is an opening which serves as a landing or resting place for

such, I and my Companions for instance, as ascend the stair case which leads to the summit, from which elevated point, we had, as may easily be conceived, a very extensive prospect over the surrounding level country, only to the Eastward, we observed a chain of hills which contains marble quarries. To the westward, we could follow the Course of the Arno towards the sea, and at a distance, we descried the island of Gorgona it was fm. the spot where we stood, that Galileo Galilei, the great philosopher of the 16th Century, made the experiments upon which he founded his principles of gravity, whilst the swinging of the great lamp suspended in Il Duomo, led him to the invention of the pendulum. The inclination of this tower which is twelve some say fifteen feet, from the perpendicular, without its solidity having suffered from this considerable inclination, has given rise to long disputes between the learned. Some pretend that it is caused by the Gradual giving way of the ground on one side, whilst others are of opinion, and Förster in his hand book gives very cogent reasons for this view of the question, that the two architects William of Inspruck, and Bonano of Pisa, built the tower purposely in this leaning position. La piazza del Duomo, and even the streets swarmed with beggars, an unmistakable sign of the decline of Pisa, which has dwindled down to the rank of a provincial town with 15,000 inhabitants, whilst in the middle ages, with a population of 150,000 it was, for many years the powerful and successful rival of Genoa. In the long contest between the Guelph and Ghibelines, [] was always the steadfast adher [. . .] the latter [. . .] importance in the same [] [85] as the Imperial influence decreased in Italy; it received its death blow in 1506 when, after several fruitless sieges, it fell at last into the hands of the florentines. On our drive to the terminus we observed the fine streets, handsome houses and the bridges over the Arno, but life, there was none; we returned to Leghorn where we separated, I hurried through the town to the steamer, where I was at four oclock; at five, we sat down to a good dinner and as soon as we had done I hastened to my berth and bed and slept pretty soundly.

Saturday, 1st of February 1845. I rose at three oclock a.m. when we were in the port of San-Stefano in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany on the Northern side of a small promontory. Our captain "monsieur Olive", a pleasant little, elderly man had thought prudent to take shelter here, because being unable to make much progress against a heavy sea and contrary wind, he apprehended that he should not be able to reach Civitta Vecchia before nightfall, which port he did not venture to enter in the dark; the "Virgile" a steamer from Marseilles to Naples lay alongside of us, Saint Stephano is a small place prettily situated on the side of a hill, all around are other heights, on their summits isolated towers amongst which one fort of more extent and importance than the rest overlooks and commands the town. At the usual hour we sat down to dinner,

my neighbour was a pleasant North American; afterwards I got acquainted with a Mrs. Morland, also with her husband, a particularly well informed Englishman. When they had retired to their berth I remained-up for sometime reading Alfieri's tragedies, his Felipe is surely inferior to Schiller's Don Carlos, on the other hand, his Polynice pleased me well; it was as late as half past one when I lay down, the steamer was just getting under weigh, but hardly had I slept a little when a tremendous wave struck the vessel; much crockery and glassware came to the ground and was broken, several passengers rolled from their sofas, there was a general uproar, a Dutchman called out from his cabin, "nous sommes perdus", whilst an Englishman who had his berth below mine, and I had a hearty laugh together, and ere long I was again fast asleep.

Sunday, 2nd of February 1845. At five O'clock I went on deck, when I found to my great surprise that we were again in San Stephano's bay whither our Captain had thought proper to return after the steamer [...] been struck by the wave, all the Frenchman and the Dutchman [86] went on shore to continue their journey by land, in reality they were frightened, their pretext was the fear of a prolonged passage to Civita vecchia. About noon, some women from San Stephano came on board, they resembled the Spanish women whom I had seen in Algiers; their features were expressive their noses straight, theirs eyes black, a colored handkerchief was tied round their head, otherwise their dress had nothing particular consisting of a gown of Manchester print. An entire boat load of them when returning on shore, was upset, fortunately were drowned. I, occupied myself with reading and writing, and gradually became acquainted with all on board, the English though reserved, were always very polite. Alfieri's tragedies kept me awake till an early hour of the next day.

Monday, 3rd of February 1845. At three o'clock we had weighed anchor, and without being awakened by the motion, had arrived in the harbour of Civita vecchia at eight O'clock. This harbour is small and well sheltered two entrances lead into it, herewith I give a sketch of it; many formalities

had to be gone through before we passengers were allowed to land; firstly "La visita di Pratica", or sanitary visit came on board; next the Captain went on shore with all the passports, and only after he had come back, it was our turn. A Prussian Gentleman Mr. Proebsting and I took a boat

together, and walked through the town which in fact presented nothing worth noticing. Its old part consisted as is always the case, of narrow streets and high houses, whilst in that, more recently constructed, the streets were wider and

the houses had a more modern appearance. We continued our walk into the open Country poorly cultivated, but the hedges were already covered with the fresh green of spring, we entered the cemetery where we noticed a strange inscription which I copy: "Guilio Busi qui si riposa guai a colui che di Svegliarlo osa": here rests Julio Busi, woe to him who to wake him ventures. On our return to town, we met many of our fellow passengers anxious to be conveyed to Rome, also some of the Frenchmen who had landed at San Stephano; they had had to pay dearly for their having aba[_]d the steamer. From Stephano they had had to proceed [_] [87] Orbitello, six Italian miles distant. Eighty seven Italian miles are equal to one hundred English statute miles, thence, in a miserable two wheeled carriage, to Rome; four of them had had to launch out 270 francs. At half past twelve we were back on board of the Leopold II which had now a deserted appearance, besides Proebsting and myself, only two Englishmen had remained, we four soon became acquainted, dined at five oclock with the Captain, took tea and punch together, and retired to rest at ten Oclock. At half past two in the afternoon, we had left Civita Vecchia and with a strong Northerly breeze in our favor, we cut through the water without any perceptible motion, overtook the "Virgile" which had left Civita vecchia before us, and

Tuesday, 4th of February 1845, early in the morning were fast approaching the bay of Naples. However before I had risen, dressed, and made my appearance on deck, we were already in the port itself, so that I had lost the magnificent spectacle which, according to all accounts this bay presents. Nevertheless, as the day was foggy, and disagreeable, I consoled myself with the idea that this loss was much less than it would have been, had the day been clear and sunny. Naples lies close to the sea, and rises gradually, not so steeply, as Algiers up the side of an eminence which is crowned by the fort of Saint Elmo. To the left or westward, upon a rocky ridge, which projects into the sea, stands Il Castello dell [U]oro, whilst to the right, or Eastward, in the centre of the old part of the town, rises the steeple of a church which, owing to its great similitude to the steeple of Saint Michaels church in Hamburg attracted my particular attention. I learned afterwards, that this church is sacred to the memory of Conradin, the last of an illustrious race; in the same direction at a short distance from the town the Vesuvius, this day enveloped in clouds. The usual tedious formalities being complied with, we passengers landed; I went to the "Hotel du Globe", but all the rooms looking towards the sea being occupied, I did not remain there, and was induced by one of the many hangers-on on who always lounge about in the neighbourhood of an Hotel, to take-up my quarters in a private house Number 11 Strada di Piliero, at Salvatore Mistretta's, where I obtained a very small room for one and a half franc daily; certainly a very

trifling expense, but whether it was cheap, is another question, for the accommodations were few, and the comforts less. [...] should I have remained above the first twenty [...] if the owner [...] [88] the house had not assured me that some other lodgers would leave within a day or two, when he would give me one of their apartments, better than my present one. Having arranged these matters, I engaged the landlord's son who had been a Gendarme, to show me the way to the different persons to whom I had letters of introduction. The weather, as already said, was unpleasant, the streets, paved with large stones, were dirty. I had expected to see at this my first walk through Naples something striking and extraordinary, but, all seemed to me common place; I looked out for the ragged, half naked Lazzaroni of whom we hear so much, out I saw none who answered the description given of them. There were to be sure many ragamuffins; such as are to be found in all large towns, also many gigs which answered the purpose of the London Cabs, hurrying to and fro, and great care had to be taken not to be run over by them; also a few private carriages, not so many as in Milan; Charles Ropsy had furnished me with letters; firstly to Doctor Schnars, who lived in the house of a German apothecary, N° 76 Strada Carolina and who received me in a very civil manner. Secondly to a painter Mr. Gotzloff N° 5 largo Capilla (Largo means in Naples the same as Piazza in other Italian towns), who, as well as his wife, seemed to be nice people; thirdly to Signorina [R]osselli [R]ebussina singer in one of the theatres, whose dwelling we could not find out; to the Banking house of Furze & Co. Strada fontana Medina, I had a few lines from Gibbs; to that of Meurikoffer Sorvillo & Co. largo del Castello from C. H. Donner; and to Collaretta, Strada montelevado, from Balduino of Genoa; but the reception which I met in all three houses was very cool, by no means such, as to make me incline to repeat my visits. The letters which had been waiting here for me, were of little interest, one was from Mayer of Saint Gallen who informed me of his having purchased on my account the two cases white handkerchief I had ordered when I was with him; the other from Anthony Gibbs & Sons who had purchased some prints for me and added that Mr. William Gibbs had received my letter from Marseilles, to which he would attend. I confess that I returned rather disappointed from this my first excursion through the streets of Naples, the more so as this being the last Carnival-day, I had expected to find some signs of this popular amusement in which [...] fond of indulging but [...] [89] seen no trace of it. By no means discouraged, I started afresh, and was this time more fortunate, I came to the market place where the vociferations of the various people [?] their different articles for sale, such as fruit, flowers, fish, meat, vegetables, fowl, game, etc. were really stunning and overpowering. I next met a man belonging to the lower classes with his face blackened and his body

stuffed out to an extraordinary size. He sat upon a Chair placed on a two wheeled Carriage drawn and followed by a number of blackguards, all hallooing, and making a devil noise; continuing my perambulation I stumbled by chance upon La Strada di Toledo, this and La Chiaja, are the two principal streets of Naples, in the former the Carnival play as well as we call it in Peru, was being carried-on. Two rows of Carriages drove up and down, the one in one, the other in the opposite direction; there were the already mentioned Gigs, hackney coaches of larger size, private carriages of various descriptions, and above all, the Royal Carriage completely open, painted green and Gold, drawn by six white horses mounted and led by postillions dressed in the same Colors, and occupied by the King himself and some members of his family. The Royal Carriage was followed by two or three similar carriages, less elegant, and of Course not drawn by six horses; in them sat various gentlemen in black dominos, their faces covered with a mask of iron wire. The great diversion consisted in throwing sugar plums (French dragées) at each other, that's to say, those in the carriages hurled them with a large spoon, funnel-shaped, against the ladies and Gentlemen who lined the windows and balconies of the houses, as well as upon the innumerable passengers on foot, who crowded the streets and amongst whom I found myself; those in the houses and in the streets returned the Compliment. I was told that with the exception of the Royal family, but few went to the expense of real sugar plums; by far the greater proportion contented themselves with small bits of Gypsum representing the "bombons" which were so hard, that if thrown with violence, they actually gave pain, and this accounts for the iron masks and, as far as I could judge, by Gentlemen only, for I saw no lady wear them. I had been frequently warned of the light fingered gentry, who are extremely dexterous in Naples, however in the crowd, in which I was mixed-up, the care which I took, was not of no avail; I felt a pull at my pocket, the handkerchief was gone, and on looking round [...] it was impossible for me stranger as I was [...] [90] the Napolitans safety sake put their handkerchief in the head and put their hat upon it. This driving up and down is what the Napolitans call Il Corso, it lasted till past five O'clock when I went to [...] otel del Commerzzio strada Florentini where I dined with Proebsting and another German Emile Kayser, the dinner was good and cost six and a half Carlin. Kayser and I went together to Il Cafe di Europa a very elegant establishment at the Corner of La Strada di Toledo and La Chiaja; then looked in at the German apothecary's, whose shop seemed to be the General rendez vous of all the Germans in Naples. Finally, I having returned to my lodgings, requested the ci-devant Gendarme to show me to San Carlo Theatre where I took my seat in the stalls, in a convenient arm chair, price six carlines. The interior of the house was splendidly fitted-up, in my

opinion, in a style superior to that of La Scala in Milan, or Carlo Felice in Genoa. There were six rows of boxes; the Royal box was exactly opposite the stage adorned with very rich red velvet and gold drapery, between the same and the stage were fourteen boxes on each side, both in the first and second tier, the interior of the boxes was lined with red, the exterior painted white with Gold in profusion, to each box was fixed a bronze candelabre with five branches, which were no lighted this evening, over the pit hung an enormous lustre as was still the Custom all over Europe in 1845; the opera given, *Maria di Rohan*, was the same as that Which I had seen in Genoa, under the name of *Le Conte de Chalais*, here I was confirmed in my previous opinion that its music is not of the first class; in some of the scenes the acting was very good especially in the seventh scene of the third act between Marie and Chevreuse it was excellent. The ballet was indifferent, the female dancers by special Royal Command wore dark green breeches as far-down as the knees which they took great care not to show, and this his majesty had attained the object he had in view: that of preventing the exposure of what he considered, ought to be concealed. The comic ballet "*La abadesa*" was the same a[_] in Genoa, and here as little as there did I remain to see it.

Wednesday, 5th of February 1845. I breakfasted in Il Cafe di Europa where a cup of Coffee Cost 18 grani, 23 of which are more or less equivalent to a franc, thence I went to the German Apothecary's, and not finding him at home, I by myself walked down the street of La Chiaja full of [...] at the end of which I ca [...] [91] handsome walk along the sea shore called La Villa reale adorned with statues. To its right runs a wide carriage road, lined with a row of fine large houses. The weather being favorable, I determined upon walking to Puzzuoli, the ancient Puteolana, two and a half Italian leagues distant from Naples in a Westerly direction; I followed the road close to the sea, which was really beautiful. To my right I had a ridge of sandstone hills with a quarry here and there; Country houses, Orange and Lemon trees; also now and then a penca with the bluish green leaves, looking seawards, I had to my left La Somma and Vesuvius, this day unclouded, snow Capped, and emitting volumes of smoke, from the foot of which stretches towards the sea the white houses of Portici, Resina, and Torre di Grecco. To the left of Vesuvius, I distinguished, near the verge of the horizon, a chain of snow covered mountains; another ridge not so far distant to the right of the Volcano gradually slanting down to the plain; in the bay, the Island of Capri partly concealed by the projecting land and trees; in the foreground Naples-itself with Il Castello del Novo at the extremity of the Rocky ridge; having passed the small town of Marcelino I continued my walk till I met some boys who, be it said "en passant", were always asking for alms, and who informed me, that I had necessarily to turn off

from the high road because further on it was under repair. I did so, and reached a large stone quarry in the mountain Pausilippo; where many labourers were at work, one of whom with a lighted torch conducted me through a subterranean passage which he told me, was 3516 palms long, a palmo being equal to about eight English Inches, and of which, I have only to say, that in some places, it was propped-up by beams, in others, sustained by arches cut in the rock. On my emerging from this long passage, I found, myself close to the sea-shore, in front of the Island of Nivita upon which stood a prison for Political offenders; close to it and connected by a bridge lies another Island with a Lazarreto and a quarantine port for vessels with an unclear bill of health. I next came to another small place Bagnoli where I engaged a cab which for five Carlines put me down at the entrance of Puzzuoli, the road leads between the sea to the left, and high arid rocks to the right; large blocks of granite dug out from the same were lying about; hardly had I alighted, when [...] offered his services which I accepted. His [...] was [...] [92] Ruggiero, the Italian he spoke was clear and intelligible, and he turned out to be an agreeable, useful guide. Puzzuoli is of little extent, upon the market place stand two statues; the first one [...] is that of a Bishop to whom the town had been indebted for many benefits, the other an antique represents a Roman Senator whose name, the inscription tells us, was: Quintus Flavius Marius Egnatius Lollianus, his head is new and out of proportion, small for the size of his body; the Church is built on the very same spot which was once occupied by a temple dedicated to Augustus, and from its walls, the Capitals of four Corinthian Columns which belonged to the temple, protrude. From the point upon which Puzzuoli is built, ruins of ancient masonry work laying in the sea are visible, some archaeologists are of opinion that they are the remnants of the pillars of a bridge, which under the reign of Caligula was built across the Bay from Puzzuoli to Baja; others assert, that they are the remnants of a mole. At a very short distance from Puzzuoli are the ruins of a temple of Jupiter Serapis built in the sixth Century, and destroyed partly by the gradual lapse of time, mainly by an earthquake in the year 1750; of the altar which stood in the Centre, no vestige has remained, one can however distinguish the spot where it was. Sixteen columns surrounded the altar, twenty six stood at a greater distance, in all forty two, only three were still entire; and some, in a good state of preservation, my guide told me, though Försters hand book makes no mention of it, were made use of in the building of the Royal Palace of Caserta. The whole area is strewn with Capitals, pieces of Columns and pedestals of african and sicilian marble; the discovery of pedestals has led to the Conclusion, that statues were included within the precincts of the temple, but whether they stood upon the Columns or on a level ground is uncertain, the ancient pavement, still entire for the greater part,

was completely overflowed, and a path raised through the water, had recently been made. Thence my guide conducted me to the road called "La Villa Campana", it runs between embankments on both sides into which, horizontal excavations have been dug, which served as sepulchres for the ancient dwellers in the neighbourhood. In the side walls are rows of small niches or recesses varying in number; in one of them, I counted as many as forty, in which the small clay urns were placed [...] for the ashes of the dead bodies, burnt [...] [93] it is well known on funeral pyres. At the time of my visit all these niches were empty, and the urns which once filled them, have no doubt found their way to many museums in Europe, an English noble man resident in Naples, was carrying on at his own expense considerable excavations, thither I went with my guide; one large sarcophagus had been taken away; two smaller ones, their bas-reliefs nearly obliterated still extant in o[...] sepulchre the stucco work was intact and the painting upon the same, roughly done, was still distinguishable. It represented a female figure covered with loose drapery, in a flying attitude; on each side of her a wo[ma]n, the upper part of her body naked, the lower part ending in a fish tail, and fishes swimming about, occupying the lower part of the painting. Another painting was that of a female and a butterfly the mythological emblem of Psyche, the soul leaving its earthy shell; from another sepulchre, many marble slabs had been carried-off, one under which a skeleton had been found served now as a dining table for a peasant who lived close-by. On our way to an old amphitheatre we passed over part of an ancient Roman high Road still in an excellent state of preservation. In 1845 excavations were being made on account and by order of Government, as yet, but little had been brought to light, but from this little, the inference was drawn that this amphitheatre was originally, not inferior in size to the Coliseum in Rome; more than forty rows of seats rise amphitheatrically and encircle the arena, outside round the amphitheatre runs a vaulted hall from which many passages lead to the seats, it is supposed that there were four entrances, of which hitherto the Imperial entrance, and one for the public had been excavated. Beneath the Imperial entrance, there was, and still existed in 1845 a passage, slightly inclined towards the arena, which served for introducing the wild beasts, these were kept below the arena in the floor of which. I myself saw several holes through which the fresh air entered this dark abode, and which were of course closed when the arena was used for any public exhibition. On the level with the large apartments underground, perhaps cages, for the wild beasts, is another vaulted passage which it is believed served for the keepers. Close-by is a small Chapel dedicated to San-Genajo and Saint P[?]ocole, the former, the patron Saint of Naples, the latter, that of Puzzuoli, regarding them, my guide [...]lated the following story: during the reign of D [...] [94] Diocletian, he was not certain

to which of the Emperors the bloody deed was attributed, San Genajo, a Christian of Course, was condemned to be devoured by wild beasts in this very arena; they however would not touch him, whereupon he and six other martyrs, amongst them Saint Procole, were beheaded. On the summit of a neighbouring mountain, where a convent of Capuchin friars now stands; the blood of the holy Genajo, was gathered in a bottle and carried-off by the Napolitans who preserved it (I do not know whether it still exists under the rule of Victor Emmanuel) in the Cathedral, and twice a year, say on the 5th of May, and 19th of September, the great miracle of the liquifaction of this blood was solemnly shown to the believing multitude. The Capuchin friars on the mountain would not remain behind hand, they saved the stone on which Saint Genajo had been beheaded, and though the whole year round it looks like every other stone, on the said dates it sweats blood. The Solftara was the next object my guide thought worth my attention, the Solftara has once been the crater of a volcano, and has preserved its Funnel shape; not only does the sulphur smelling vapo[] issue from a small hole in the ground which on touching it, felt quite warm, but over the whole expanse, light vapors, smoke-like were hanging; pure sulphur is found here. At the time when Murat was King of Naples, and Sicily the great sulphur depôt in the hands of the English, mines of this mineral, as well as of alumn, were worked in the vicinity, but abandoned at a later period, when Sicily again became united to Naples, and both articles could be obtained cheaper; in the year 1072, the Volcano which occupied this spot sunk into the earth and disappeared. It was now time to rest from this days exertions; Ruggiero showed me the way to a common trattoria, Anglice. "chop house", where after having waited a long time, I obtained a very nice dinner, consisting of macaroni, fried fish, a roasted bird, bread and cheese together with a bottle of a very nice wine with a somewhat sweetish taste grown, I was told, on the mount Barbero, and said to be the same with the Falernian wine which Horace so much extols. On the strength of this recommendation, I took too much of it, and its fumes getting into my head actually rendered me unable to write my usual memoranda, I learned afterwards that this wine comes from the Island of Procita, and has thus, not the slightest rig [...] Horace's praises. In an albergo, or inn, I got a room with a very [...] [95] bed for two Carlins, and here, I passed the night.

Thursday, 6th of February 1845. My dear mother's birth-day. When I awoke I still felt the Consequence of last night's [imprudence], nevertheless I got up before seven o'clock took a piece of bread and a cup of Coffee, and just when the sun rose above the Eastern mountains my new cicerone Pasquale a nice little fellow, son of my yesterday's guide and I, started. The weather was not quite so pleasant as on the previous day, the sky being overcast, our route lay

along the bay of Baja in a south westerly direction from Puzzuoli. To our right, we had many ruins, said to be those of Cicero's Villa, on the side of a chain of hills, the very base of which, history says, was washed by the waves of the Mediterranean, in the life time of that great Orator; since then, the sea has so much receded as to leave room for the road of a considerable width; for the last few years my little informant told me, the water was however again encroaching on the land. In front of us we had Il monte Barbero, to its left, Il monte "nuovo", which suddenly sprung out of the earth in the year 1583, when a tremendous earthquake not only laid Baja in ruins, but changed the aspect of the entire Country in this neighbourhood. This monte Nuovo according to Forster's hand-book filled-up Il Lago Lucrena in which the ancient Romans preserved their famous green oysters said to have been fed on human flesh. My guide and I came to a large pond which goes by the name of L'acqua Lucrena, separated from the sea by a long slip of land, and connected with the same by means of a small canal; once a year, about Christmas excellent fish are caught here. We now turned off a little from the sea, and taking a by-road, came to Il Lago d'Averno a circular extensive lake whose waters were so uncommonly quiet, that they reflected not only the sky above but also, all the objects round. It is rich in fish, its depth is five hundred feet. Forster observes that its environs are delightful, to me, they did not appear so, they were surrounded by vine-covered hills, looking dead and arid in the present season. In its whole circumference, I counted only four houses, Virgil commences the description of this lake with the words: "Tuta Lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris", which shows that in his time, the waters of the lake were dark, and the surrounding woods dense; ruins of a temple of Apollo exist on its Eastern shore, they however escaped [] observation. A few steps through some thick bushes brought us [] [96] a cave known as that of the Sybil[], we entered it through a narrow passage, at the end of which another passage, still narrower, turns off to the right; both gently des[]; at the extremity of the latter is a large square of apartment filled with [] cold water, where I mounted on the back of a man who, the water reaching-up to his waist, carried me through it, and put me down on a stone bench raised of course above the level of the water. This man's account was that, only since the earthquake of 1583, the cave filled with water; previously to that event, he said, it was dry, and at the time when the Sibyl had her abode here, mineral waters poured in, every time she was desirous to bathe, he showed me the spot where she used to take her bath, also the stone couch upon which she reposed. Nero's name was mixed up with his narrative, in reality a compound of absurdities. I again mounted his back, and was carried to another smaller apartment to which one can clearly see there was in former times a wider entrance, now choked up with earth, and then, to the innermost

recess both filled with water, but presenting nothing of interest. From the Sybil cave Pasquale and I walked back to the sea shore, Nero's bath were now visited by us, we entered an excavation into a hill; from two openings in the same, hot vapours issued, of such a high temperature, that they obliged me to make a hasty retreat. The ancient vault a little repaired; the ancient stone benches still exist, and now, people from the neighbourhood came hither, stretch themselves on mattresses placed on these benches, and take their vapor baths just the same as their forefathers had done eighteen centuries ago. The Vapours before escaping into the open air float along the ceiling which they have covered with a white crust. We Continued our walk through the beautiful bay of Baja in which many small vessels were at anchor mostly owed by Procita people, then passed numerous ruins of the town of Baja, those of a Palace which tradition says, had been Julius Cesar's, and came to a series of ruined temples all of bricks. It seems probable to me that these as well as the previous buildings which we had passed, were originally either partially decorated with marble, or entirely covered with thin marble slabs; but at the time of my visit, no vestige of this material was to be found. The first of the ruins were those of a Temple of Diana of which hardly the half of a rotunda existed; the second, those of a temple [_]ted to Mercury, originally consisted of three parts: of the [_] [97] and the last, little had remained, the middle one was of circular shape and of this, only the roof had fallen-in. Here a splendid echo made itself heard, every word, every step was given back with the greatest distinctness. The third were those of a Venus temple circular, twenty seven yards in diameter, and of considerable height, inside were four large vaulted recesses at equal distances from each other, towards the sea, a broad entrance, at a considerable elevation above ground, six wide openings which may have answered the purpose of windows, two fallen in, four well preserved. Leaving behind us these ruins, in reality of little interest, we followed a road which, gently ascending, led through a plain, covered with vineyards. We passed the Castle of Baja entered the village, once a town of the same name, and reached Bauli where I rested a little and took some bread and Cheese, we continued our walk, at a distance I distinguished L'acqua Morte, and L'acqua Lucrena. Boys and girls, also grown up men and women pestered me at every step asking for alms, and wheresoever a door was to be opened, sure was I to find some one who did this service for me, though in all probability he or she had shut it a moment before, just when a stranger was seen approaching. Thus we reached Le Camerelle di Nerone, subterranean apartments, said to have served as prisons under the reign of this Tyrant, of which by far the greater part were filled-up with earth and rubbish, and finally La Piscina mirabile certainly marvellous in as far it is difficult to conceive how the edifice can ever have answered the

purpose of a Piscine or fish pond; it measures 216 feet in length 77 in width and its inner arca completely dry is occupied by 48 pillars which form five rows of beautiful arches. The remnants of a pipe or tube probably an ancient aqueduct is the only thing which gives some indications of its pristine object. Near the sea shore whither we now descended I saw the ruins of a tumb, believed to be that of Agrippina, Nero's mother, at all events, the port of Baja exactly answers to the description which Tacitus gives of the spot where she was killed by order of her son. Pasquale now declared that our this day's work was done, and accordingly, we and two other passengers were rowed over to Puzzuoli in about half an hour's time. From Puzzuoli I walked to Bagnoli the same way I had come on the previous day, then turning off to the left, and following the high road, planted with rows of trees, came to a place called Fuori Grotto, where [...] ling somewhat tired, I engaged a cab which I should certainly not [98] have done, had I known how near I was to Naples; Fuori Grotto, as the name might well have taught me, lies outside the famous Pausilippo grotto which in its time, no doubt a great undertaking, has now lost much of its extraordinary character, since tunnels have become so common in all Railways, for in fact, it is nothing but a tunnel less long than many of them but higher and wider; it is cut through the mountain Pausilippo, is 970 feet long, 55 wide and 70 feet high, it is well paved and receives no other light but that through the two entrances, one at each extremity; the lamps which are fastened to the walls are so few and small, that they rather render the obscurity visible, than contribute to dispel the same. When emerging from its Eastern outlet I found myself in La Strada Villa Reale, the Cab stopped at the commencement of La Strada Santa Catarina, whence I walked to my lodgings; I was on the point of laying down for a while, when I received a large batch of letters which meurikoffer sent me, they were from Lima 22nd of Octobre 1844 and from Altona 30th January. Sieveking wrote me that Caroline Tesdorff, the step daughter of lawyer Stuhlmann was engaged to marry Von-Hostrup of Hamburg. As far as regards Peruvian politics, Elias and Figuerola had given-up their command, and Menendez was again President, his Government went by the name of the Constitutionnal, whilst Ramon Castilla, who, after the victory over Vivanco, had not yet abandoned Arequipa, was at the head of the "Suprema Junta del Gobierno", and all depended upon him. Dominiconi who had been my Italian master, and whose wife kept in Lima, a school for young girls, had made love to some of her elder pupils amongst whom, to Caroline Pfeiffer, whereupon, Charles Pflucker had had sufficient influence with Government to have him sent out of the Country at two days notice. I took my dinner in Il Cafe di Europa, met there Mr. Gotzloff, went with him to the German Apothecary's, and alone, to Doctor Schnars's, the Correspondent of the Augsburgs allgemeine

Zeitung; I gave him an account of my excursion to Pozzuoli and Baja, and learnt from him to my great regret, that I had not seen everything worth seeing. He said that if he were in my place, he would certainly return thither which I therefore decided upon doing on Sunday next.

Friday, 7th of February 1845. At noon, I engaged a cab for the musée Bourbon commonly called: Gli Studii. I was told that the fare was only one Carli [...] the driver insisted with the greatest insolence, upon one and an half [...] [99] which I, as resolutely refused to pay. In the midst of our dispute Kayser passed-by, and to him an ancient resident of Naples it was an easy matter to quiet the vociferous claimant. I went to the gallery of pictures regarding which I will limit myself to one or two remarks. I was no admirer of landscapes, as little as of the paintings by the masters of the Old German and the Dutch schools. Moreover, all such pictures which hung somewhat high, I could not distinguish, consequently the number of those which I devoted my attention was comparatively speaking small; but, this reduced number still contained many master pieces especially those, which the property of Prince di Salerno were kept in two separate saloons. I do not give a detailed description for two good reasons: the one, the promise made on the 22nd Oct. 1843 in Hampton Court; the second, the principal one, my ignorance of, and total want of acquaintance with the first principles and rudiments of the fine arts. I merely noted two paintings by Domenico Gargiulo, the one because I bought a copy of it, which is hung up in my drawing room in Lima (March 1870), it represents Massaniello, hardly twenty years of age, with a girlish face, and smoking his pipe; the other, on account of its hideous truthfulness, it gives an idea of la Piazza di Mercato in Naples at the time of the plague in 1656; Corpses are lying about in the midst of human beings, a child is sucking the breast of his dead mother. At two o'clock the saloons were closed and all visitors had to leave, I walked slowly back, along La Strada di Toledo thronged with people and Carriages, nearly as much as Cheapside in London. By half past two, I was in l'albergo reale, where I met Doctor Schnars and other German Gentlemen who were in the habit of dining there, I sat down with them and was pretty well satisfied, the dinner cost including drinkmoney to the waiter, four Carlines, whilst on the previous day I paid in Il Café di Europa seven Carlines. By myself, I now took a long walk down to La Strada Piliero, from West to East along the sea, then turning to the left, crossed "il largo di Carmine", and went as far as a Railway terminus, a little out of town, then returned, and entered the Church di Carmine, the same whose steeple I had particularly noticed when on board the steamer; this Church was built by the mother of the unfortunate Conradin the last of the Hohenstauffen beheaded in 1268, by the Ruthless Charles D'Anjou. Forster says: that on the very spot where the youth's head fell, a small Chapel

was originally erected, and his corpse deposited there, whence his mother [] it afterwards transferred to the said Church di Carmine. The interior [100] of which is profusely rich; the Ceiling is not vaulted, but gilt, the high altar stands under a dome, alongside the two aisles, are six chapels on each side with an iron railing in front, and these Chapels correspond to six arches resting upon pillars of variegated marble which form the Nave. Thence I wended my way to Il mercato or market place, the scene of Massaniello's revolution in 1647, and entered a small, plain church white washed; its dome painted green, with gold where a few people of the lower classes were saying their prayers, further on I came to the very centre of Old Naples, very narrow streets, high houses, a great deal of noise and ragamuffins in abundance, here I saw a vendor of macaroni, whom I had heard so much of. He is no doubt a strange creature in his way; upon a table is placed a large dish of macaroni, fire underneath, occasionnally he pours boiling water upon them; a large ladle is at hand, but only for form sake, for he serves his customers not with the ladle, but with his fingers, neither does he pour the sauce upon the plate, but dips the plate into the dish; then strews, always with his fingers a little grated Cheese over the savoury mess. The Consumers are troubled as little as he is with the forks and knives, they take-up the macaroni with the fingers, lean their head backwards, and let them drop into the open mouth. I have in my large portfolio a colored lithograph which gives a very good idea of this macaroni scene, and is only so far incorrect as to give to both sellers and purchasers a fair complexion of which the Napolitans cannot boast. Upon the whole I saw in the streets, few people respectably dressed, ladies, I may say, none. The Coffee house where I had breakfasted in the morning was so crowded, that I could not get a seat, and was obliged to go to another to have a cup of Coffee, having returned to my lodgings, the landlord true to his promise, informed me, that another room, whose occupant had just left for Palermo, was now at my disposal, at the same price which I had hitherto paid, say: one and half franc daily, it was larger, and more convenient than that which I had had hitherto, I removed to it without delay, and remained at home the rest of the day.

Saturday, 8th of February 1845. This being a fine clear day, I determined upon walking-up to the fort of Saint Elmo; the last streets before reaching the same were not paved, and washed linen was hanging across the streets, to dry, the same as I had seen in Genoa; Swiss soldiers in white uniform and in the pay of the King of Naples, garrisoned this fort, the uniform [] the native Napolitane infantry Soldiers, was similar to that of the [] [101] a grey surtout coat (Capote) and a red pantaloon; the Cavalry, blue jackets red pantaloons and helmets. A Corporal at the gate of Saint Elmo allowed me to enter, and in the twinkling of an eye, I had somebody at my elbow who, for a few grani was ready to serve

as my guide. Of the portico which runs round an inner square yard Forster's hand-book says it is built in a simple handsome style of architecture, it consists of sixty two marble Doric Columns forming as many arches; thence my guide conducted me to a room from the balcony of which I had an splendid prospect. At my feet lay the garden of the Convent, then Naples itself, whence the confuse hum of thousands and thousands of busy human beings reached my ear, its numberless flat roofed houses gradually descending to the edge of the this day quiet and placid bay. A little to the left a streak of thick fog concealed Portici, Resina, and Torre di Greco, whilst mount Vesuvius from whose crater a column of smoke rose straight-up into the blue sky, then bending southwards impelled by the northerly breeze, the somma and the Chain of mountains to the right and to the left, could distinctly be seen in the clear sunshine. Having paid off my voluntary Companion, a Carthusian friar, twenty four of whom dwelt in this Convent, and who in their brown cloacks resemble the Capuchins, whom I had hitherto seen, led me through two painted vestibules into the church, through which he hurried me so rapidly that notwithstanding I endeavoured to impress on my mind all I saw, it was impossible for me to preserve a clear idea of the same. The ceiling I recollect, was painted and gilt; the pillars which separate the aisles from the nave, the walls, the floors, everything is inlaid with variegated marble, the bannister which, as is always the case surrounds the high altar and separates it from the nave, is richly adorned, not only with this material, but with Lapiz lazuli and black agate; behind the high altar is a painting by Guido René, representing the adoration of christ by the Shepherds, much extolled in my hand-book, as well as a dead christ by Spagnoletto, one of the four paintings on the side walls. On each side of the two aisles are six Chapels, and one, at the end of each, screened off by metal railings from the Church. The monk accompanied me to a spot whence the view to the Westward was not inferior to that which I had had from the room to the Eastward; my eye wandered over the Orange trees which filled the Convent's garden, over the town, the bay, the island [] Capri, and the Western shore dotted over with houses. I returned [102] home, and at twelve oclock went with Doctor Schnars to the office of Baron de Rothschild, to whose firm, Bauer's circular letter of Credit was directed; we had to wait a considerable while in a small room where many Gentlemen were reading, and to which room Doctor Schnars told me, all those, who are recommended to the house, had access and might remain as long as they liked amusing themselves with the many newspapers Italian and foreign, paid for the Baron. When he was desoccupied, I was requested to enter; he was busy opening letters and asked me in German whether I was a German, on my answering in the affirmative he invited me to dine with him on the following day, and when I excused myself

saying, that I was going into the Country, he continued: come on Monday, but no, I am compromised to dine at the Duke's. Here, the vanity, which is but too common, viz.: that of the boasting of ones acquaintance with people high in rank peeped out, and finally Tuesday at six o'clock was fixed upon. It was still early in the day, by myself I walked along la Strada Piliero, as far as Il largo di Carmine and the terminus where I had been on February 7th, and continuing in the same direction came to a new cemetery, which leaning against a hill, was prettily laid out, however it is still required cleaning and levelling. The late rains had done some injury, it was filled with Rose bushes in blossom, with laurels, and all kinds of creepers and evergreens; those in the humbler ranks of life had, as it is always the case, their low mounds with a plain black cross, whilst those who could and would pay for it, had their white marble monuments commemorating the dates of the birth and death, perhaps also the deeds of the deceased. Amongst other inscriptions, the following pleased me particularly: *Compiuto Il viaggio terrestre, ci ritroveremo en grembo di Dio*. A few edifices of larger dimensions, were, I suppose the property of certain brotherhoods; the view hence is very pretty, over the town, the bay, and the plain, gradually rising towards Vesuvius, which, always smoking, I never tired of admiring. Slowly did I walk back to town, dined by myself in l'albergo Reale, and at a later hour went to Mr. Gottzloff, where he, Mr. Kayser, Mr. Kaskel from dresden, of the firm of the same name, mentionned [on] Bauer's circular letter of credit, and another German Gentleman played at whist, the other left at ten oclock; I, remained and Mr. Gotzloff [...] advice regading the excursions which I ought to make in [...] [103] but, I found that everything was connected with so many difficulties, that I really became disheartened. Thermometer in my room Windows shut stood at 12° Reaumur, equal to 59° Fahrenheit. In Naples the North wind is called Tramontana, the South wind, is called Sirocco, the East wind Levante; the west wind Libeccio.

Sunday, 9th of February 1845. This morning I remained in bed much longer than I was in the habit of doing, for I revolved in my mind the various informations which I had obtained from Mess. Shnars and Gottzloff with regard to Naples and its environs, its antiquities and curiosities. I considered what I ought to do, what steps I ought to take in order to make if not the best, at least, a good use of time which my stay in this Capital might last, and after all my deep ponderings, I rose without having been able to form a plan to my entire satisfaction. On looking out of my window, the port lay straight before me. It is of small extent, not the work of nature, but made by human hands more or less of a quadrangular shape. On its South Western side, it is bound by the great mole which projects from Il Castello Nuovo in a South Easterly direction as far as the light house, where it takes a bend. To the North East, it is

confined by a smaller mole “Diputazione di Sanita”, to the North West La Strada Piliero is its boundary, and under the same and arched passage forms the communication from the outer port; to an inner s[h]eet of water on the border of which the custom house stands. I devoted this, and the next day to another excursion to Puzzuoli, accordingly, I took the road already partly known to me along the Chiaja, and la Strada Santa Catarina, at the end of which was the stand for cabs to Puzzuoli, I knew that the fare was from one to one and a half Carlin, whilst the drivers asked from six to eight Carlines, of Course I refused to pay this extravagant demand, and resolved to walk-on. When at the western extremity of the beautiful promenade La Villa Reale, whence on Wednesday last I had followed the road along the sea shore, this day, I kept more to the right and soon came to the entrance of the Grotto Pausilippo. To the left turns off a path which leads to what is called Virgiles tumb; of this, I took [] notice passed through the Grotto, and at the other end in the Village [] Grotto, found a carriage on the point of starting for Puzzuoli [...] veral passengers in it, I obtained a seat for one Carlin. On [] [104] arrival, little Pasquale was already waiting for me, his father Giovanni came, and I arranged with the two, that Pasquale should be my guide for this and the next day, on my paying him eight Carlines. As far as Il lago d’Averno, Pasquale and I went the same way as Thursday last, but when reaching this point we struck more inland, leaving thus the said lake to our left. Across the same, I now saw the insignificant ruins of the Apollo temple which had, last time escaped my observation, also the entrance to the Sibyl’s grotto, L’acqua Lucrena, and behind the sea, a little further-on, we passed the remnants of an aqueduct over which in times long past bye, the waters had been conducted to “La Piscina mirabile”; then under a splendid arch, now called Il arco Felice, formerly: La Porta di [Ceuna], measuring in length about eighteen yards and six in width. Forster’s handbook says: that it is a triumphal arch built of marble, of this material I saw no trace; it is constructed of brick and Doctor Shnars was of opinion that it was the boundary of the Cuma territory. Pasquale and I ascended to the top, whence, though the height is trifling, and the sky was rather Cloudy, yet the prospect was pretty enough, all around extended the plain covered with vines, towards the North East its boundaries were: the mounts Angelo and Barbero, behind them, at some distance Vesuvius, this day wrapped in clouds, whilst to the South west where the town of Cuma once was. Ruins peeped through here and there. More to the westward Il Lago Licola, il Lago Patria, and the sea, could be distinguished. We descended, passed part of a well preserved Roman road, and continuing our walk, the next object worth my attention was the ruin of the Commonly called Giants temple twenty nine feet long, twenty four broad which bears this name, because a colossal statue of Jupiter Stator, now in the

Napolitan museum, was found here. Forster says, that some vaults are still extant, I merely saw the remnants of a few brick pillars. We next directed our steps to the Sibyl's cave, before reaching which I had a view of the beach of Cuma, where according to Virgil, Eneas landed with his fleet, this beach was barren, in front lay the island of Ischia, to the left rose Il monte, more properly speaking, the promontory of Procita which in my opinion cannot be any other than the Cape Miseno noted in the sketch of the environs of Naples, see page 194 of this Volume, and if my [_] does not deceive me, it was here at Cape Miceno where [105] Younger Pliny lay at anchor with his fleet, when his uncle fell a Victim to his curiosity by approaching too near Vesuvius at the time of its eruption which destroyed Pompeyi and Herculaneum in the year 79 A.D. This Sibyl's cave is said to have been the real one in which the Sibyl used to dwell. It has a subterranean connection with that, visited by me on Thursday last, above are several vaulted apartments built of brick, and, one or two caves still well preserved dug in the live rock. We descended a few steps and entered an extensive cavern serving now as a vault for storing empty wine casks, we had to light our torches, ascended other steps, but soon found that our further progress was stopped by a quantity of earth which had fallen in; we returned to the high road which we had left, about the Giant's temple, and soon came to Il lago Fusaro, anciently Il Tartaro. The road skirts this lake, to our right we had Il monte Procida, in front La Torre Gavet, garrisoned by a few soldiers; at the Southern extremity of the lake, the Styx is said to have flowed. The spot where it once was, is at present occupied by cultivated fields, in the lake lies a small island upon which stands Il Casino Reale or Royal Country lodge, famous for the oysters caught and sold there. From the shore, we called a boatman by the classical name of Caronte, who without loss of time made his appearance and carried us over, and back for three grani. In Il Casino, Pasquale bought for me one dozen of oysters for fifteen grani, he pointed out to me the dwelling of a Sibyl, whom he called la Sibyle Baco, of whom for a certainty I have never heard, nor do I believe anybody else has ever heard of her before, also a cross road which Eneas followed when after having left his fleet, he descended into Il averno, or the infernal regions. It amused me much to hear little pasquale descant on the infernal regions, on the Elyseum, the Styx, Charon, the judge Minos, and his two colleagues, all which he believed to have really existed; neither did he put the slightest doubt in the descent of Eneas. At last, we emerged into the high road close to the ruins of Diana's temple, where I had been on Thursday last, Pasquale took me to a house or hut, where upon a ricketty table, a dirty table cloth, and a dirtier napkin, a bottle of very poor wine, a lemon, bread, and Cheese were served me, and oysters opened; I made a good lunch and had to pay twenty grani. Refreshed and restrengthened, we

resumed our walk, passed the different ruins, also the Castle of Baja, but instead of continuing the road [...] as I had done on Thursday we turned to the right and walked [106] along Il mare morto, which we had to our left, to our right were many ancient tombs, one of which, the present owner had desecrated by converting it into an oven; hereabouts Pasquale told me, the ancients placed the Elysian fields. Following this road for some distance, we reached the sea beach at the small place called Miniscola, at the very foot of the mount Procita, whence we two, for two Carlines, a scudo or a Spanish dollar having been asked, together with seven seafaring men, young and old were conveyed to the Island of Procida. The boat was impelled both by sails and oars, close to the beach, the surf was very rough, and it cost the men much trouble to get into the open sea; the passage took us three quarters of an hour. As soon as we had landed, Pasquale conducted me to an albergo, not first rate for a certainty, where I agreed to pay six Carlins for dinner bed and Coffee next morning. Having made this arrangement, I left Pasquale, and strolled out by myself. Here, for the first and last time, in all my travels, the boys ran after me yelling and hooting, until a gendarme who accosted me with a great politeness, dispersed them. The street along the sea, was filled with sailors, it must be borne in mind, that this day was a Sunday; all wore the often mentioned red Caps, a few, glazed hats. The island is very narrow, thus the town, not so small as I had thought, extends, from the side where I had landed, over a small ridge, the backbone of the island, to the other side, the streets few of which run level, are narrow, the houses high white washed, some with Balconies. On my walk up to the Castle, I met many people returning from Church. The guide book says that the females of this island have preserved their original Grecian dress of which I saw nothing on this my first day in Procida, they all wore the usual gown, in the French fashion made of cotton prints, only, round the head, a colored silk handkerchief was gracefully tied, the two ends hanging down behind over their shoulders; their faces were oval, their features particularly handsome; back hair, black expressive eyes, a Grecian nose and a small mouth. On my return to the Hotel dinner was ready consisting merely of a large plate of macaroni, bread, Cheese, and a bottle of wine. I wrote my memoranda and was in bed by nine O'clock. Pasquale and two other men slept in the same room with me.

Monday, 10th of February 1845. When I awoke this morning in my hum [...] the island of Procida, the first thing I did was to throw [...] [107] glance at the sea and the sky, the former looked angry, the latter lowering. The inn keeper, as well as many mariners assured me, that with this rough sea, and the Sirocco blowing right into our teeth, a passage over to the island of Ischia, would be rather dangerous. Little Pasquale made the very sensible remark, that with

such a thick and foggy atmosphere, as we had this day, it would be impossible for me to have a fine prospect from the summit of the mountain Epomeo, the ascent of which was the principal object I had in view in visiting Ischia; thus à Contre coeur I had to give up my plan, and having requested the daughter of the landlord to put on her Grecian dress I resigned myself to return to the mainland. The Grecian dress, of which so much is said consists of nothing else, but of a green tunic open before, and richly embroidered with Gold across the shoulders. The sea was so decidedly against us, that the boatmen found it impossible to make the small place of Miniscola, and after a rather rough passage, the sails half spread, and the spray wetting us, frequently we landed at at the very narrow rocky beach at the extremity of the promontory Procida. We climbed for a short distance over stones and rocks the waves often washing over our feet, ascended a number of steps cut into the rock, reached the summit, passed a church, and descended on the other side. After a short walk, we found ourselves again on the high road near the ruins of Diana's temple. Soon after a cab with one person in it overtook us, I took a seat in the same for one and half Carlins, paid my good little fellow Pasquale and, at half past eleven oclock, was back in my lodgings in Naples. Sieveking on my departure from Altona, had begged me to procure him a collection of Volcanic minerals in order to enlarge the little museum which he was forming, and had given me a note of what he required; I now looked for this note, but could not find it, it was lost, which annoyed me beyond measure. The weather, cold and disagreeable in the morning, had gradually improved, and I went out in search of Mr. and Mrs. Christ, and of my two English fellow passengers from Civita vecchia. The former had not yet arrived in the Hotel di Roma, and the latter had not taken up their quarters in Il Hotel Corcelle, where they told me, they thought of alighting. Both these hotels were in La Strada Santa [...] a fine street along the bay, which at the Western extremity [108] joins la Villa Reale. Here I found Mrs. Gotzloff promenading with her two children, I accompanied her for a short time, then went to dine at l'albergo de la Villa, where I met Doctor Shnars who was good enough to take charge of the purchase of minerals for Sieveking, and I may say in anticipation, that in due time, my friend was highly pleased with the Collection which I had procured for him. After dinner I strolled about in La Strada di Toledo, and was induced by the Cheapness of kid gloves, which I found in the shop of a certain Rafaelo Cervio N° 161, to purchase one hundred dozens at 21 Carlins per dozen, which, via Genoa, I consigned to the house of Gibbs in Lima; by a mere chance owing to a great scarcity of Gloves, when they arrived, I gained a trifle on this speculation. At the northern extremity of La Strada di Toledo I came to a wide flight of stairs ascending which, I had before me the Royal Palace Capo di Monte, to the right La Spe[cola] or Royal

Observatory, neither of which did I enter, for it was late, the Gas lights in La Strada di Toledo were lighted, and it was seven oclock when I reached my lodgings from which I did not stir for the rest of the day.

Tuesday, 11th of February 1845. This day, when as usually I took my cup of Coffee in Il Cafe della ancla di Oro, I observed a young man whom by his looks, I believed to be a German, and by the handbook in his hand, to be in Naples like myself on an excursion of pleasure. I therefore, made bold to accost him. I was not mistaken, he was a young lawyer of Cologne; his two Companions were a Frenchman and an Italian, and we four put ourselves in motion to visit Churches, we went to as many as seven, which was a very bad plan, for, in the evening when I tried to put to paper what I had seen in the Course of the day, I had of all a confused idea, the one mixed-up with the other, and not only did I find great difficulty in disentangling and separating Chaotic mass accumulated in my brain, but, what was worse, I could not be certain as to the correctness and exactness of the following few notes. From Il largo del Palazzo a few steps lead Up to the small handsome porch of the Church of San Francesco di Paula, formed by a few massive marble Columns; the Church is built in the shape of a rotunda, in the centre is a Cupola an imitation of that of the Pantheon in Rome. Thirty two granit [...] between them stand eight statues of S[...] [109] six small altars and the high altar, above which latter a painting by a modern artist who was remunerated for the same with the title of Baron. It represents the holy Francesco di Paola at the bed side of a sick man whom he had cured, may be, he had resuscitated a dead one. San Fernando della Trinità Maggiore is built in the usual style, the nave with the high altar at its extremity, the aisles with smaller altars along the walls. It is remarkable on account of the profusion of Florentine mosaics with which it is ornamented. La Santa Trinità is an extensive building; it is as wide as it is long, rich in columns of variegated marble as well as Florentine mosaics; of aisles, there were more than two; how many, I did not recollect. In Santa Chiara, many ancient sarcophagi are preserved in lateral Chapels five of them which belonged to the family of Anjou, for a long time the rulers of naples, of large dimensions and beautiful workmanship stand behind, and on both sides of the high altar. In this church the round marble pillars are deeply fluted, and about half way up, are divided into two halves by large round knobs; my Companion, the lawyer from Cologne, said, that pillars like these are the Characteristic of the Norman Bysantine style of architecture. The Interior of the Church of San Dionisio is white washed, the effigies of warriors in a postrate posture as if dead are sculptured on the walls in bas reliefs, whom at what they represend, I did not learn, outside the Church of Saint Paolo maggiore stand two Columns which once formed part of a temple of Castor and Pollux, and in two recesses of the interior wall, the

remnants of two statues were still extant with a latin inscription to the effect, that even the mute bodies, (I suppose by these words Castor and Pollux are meant) heard the voice of Saint Peter, and on hearing it, fell to the ground. Further on, that in the honor of this miracle, Saint Paul has an equal share with Saint Peter. In the building of the Cathedral, many pillars have been employed, brought hither from the temples of Apollo and Neptune, the baptismal font is of Basalt, its basis of Porphyry. The subterranean Chapel of the holy Genajo contains a few pillars, once part of an Apollo's temple; the marble statue of its founder Oliver Carraffa in a kneeling posture, and the bones of the Saint brought thither by the said Carraffa. From the Churches, we directed our steps to the Gli studii where my companions went to the collection of paintings, I, to that of busts and statues. On entering, the immense [...] actually bewildered me and in some measure [...] [110] enjoyment. I did not know whither to direct my looks and still less where to fix my attention. Not being a judge of sculpture, I was unable to discover the master pieces which deserve a close examination. There were busts of Tiberius, of Caligula, of Nero, Otto, Titus, all placed on pedestals, another of Tiberius with part of the upper body; further the bust of Homer, the blind bard; of Socrates always recognizable by his pug nose, of Plato, of Zeno and other Philosophers; of girls and boys whose names have not come down to posterity, of Herodotus and of Thucydides, also the busts of these two last historians out of one block back to back; statues of Julius Cesar, of Augustus, of Marcus Aurelius, of Marcus Nonius Balbus father and son; equestrian statues of the two latter found in Herculenum; of Aristides; of the Captive Phrygian Kings; these three last I admired above all. Several busts and statues of Jupiter, one bust of Jupiter Am[m]on with the [Rams] horns; another Colossal bust of the same god with part of the body, which was found at Cuma most likely in the Giant's temple, see page 104 of this volume. Busts of Juno, of Minerva, of Bacchus, both the Grecian, the youthful and Jovial God, and the Indian serious, and bearded; statues of Venus Vencitrice and Amor made of Porphyry; Apollo and Diana of more than human size; further statues of Hercules, of Flora, of Ganymede, a colossal Antinous, Gladiators, dying warriors, etc., etc. Diana who was worshipped in Ephesus as the symbol of fruitful nature appears in a form so different from that in which the Chaste [C]ynthia is generally represented, that I thought proper to give an exact description of the same. Her statue stands straight upright without the least Grace in her attitude, the face and the hands are of black marble, upon the forehead, she wears a diadem in the shape of a mural crown. From this diadem a veil hangs down made of a somewhat transparent Oriental stone, the upper part of her body is bare, and many teats hang down from the bosom; the lower part of the body is swaddled-up like an Egyptian mummy, and from the region

of the belly and the stomach protrude various rows of heads of Goats, Rams, and Stags, three or four in each row. There were likewise many Hermes or Termini Pilasters, columns, Bas reliefs, etc., etc. The Hermes or Termini answered both with the Greeks and the Romans, the purpose of landmarks and mile stones; they consisted of the [...] god or [...] Demi god placed on a pedestal [...] [111] shape . A separate apartment was devoted exclusively to the statue [...] Venus, many of which represented her, as the sea-born Goddess, here I found the Original of the Venus Calypegos (aux belles fesses) [...] of which I had seen in Stuttgart (see Page 801 of the 2nd Volume), I learned that the head, one arm and one leg, were of modern workmanship; a magnificent large basin of Porphyry which forms part of the Collection, must not be forgotten. When Gli studii were closed I left, and went to pay a visit to Mr. fleischer the Danish Consul who lived N^o 29 Strada dei Fiorentini, to whom I presented myself as Danish subject and Consul in Peru, I met with a very friendly reception, even with an invitation to spend the evening with him which I could only accept conditionnally, being as previously said compromised to dine at Baron de Rothschild's. I had still time to call upon Gotzloff, and upon an architect Mr. F. G. Hitzig, recently arrived, to whom I introduced myself at Gotzloff's recommendation for he and I had the same object in view viz. that of seeing in Naples and its environs everything worthy a stranger's attention. At six oclock, I drove in a cab to the Baron's dwelling house, Il Palazzo di Policastro, on my arrival the servant showed me to the large drawing room comfortable and elegant in every respect, a fire was blazing in the Chimney place, the first seen by me in Naples, for a few minutes I was by myself, the first who joined me was a polite French, elderly Gentleman Monsieur Gerard, next came an Italian who spoke French, the third who entered was the Baron. We four sat down round the fire and the Baron addressed me several questions in French, badly pronounced regarding Peru, and from their tenor, it was very easy for me to draw the conclusion, that he was a man of little general information. He appeared to me somewhat like the Jew Isaac Hesse of Altona, though not so stupid, the last guest was a young Frankforter evidently a jew or of Jewish extraction who seemed to be on very intimate terms with Mme. de Rottschild, the Baroness, who herself did not make her appearance till nearly seven oclock; she was a woman of about forty, a native of Hamburg, rather stout but good looking still, only her aquiline nose gave to her features a not to be mistaken Jewish cast. She was very agreeable, addressed to me a few polite words, and at the Baron's request, I had to lead her to dinner table, we sat in the following manner: [...] the foot of the table the Baron, the Italian, the [...] [112] [...] under, a fine little boy, Monsieur Gerard, the Baroness at the head of the table, I, an empty chair, and the Frankfort Gentleman. Dinner

and wines were exc[] in a superlative degree. Champagne was handed round four times, six servants in livery attended, two of whom in green “the Jäger and his boy”, the Baroness took the lead in the Conversation in a pleasant easy manner. Compared to her, Mrs. Isaac Hesse had the ways of “une parvenu”. Mrs. Zarthmann even when she laid herself out to please and to be agreeable, did not come up to her. French and German were generally spoken, occasionally a few words of Italian, when leading the Baroness in, and again when going to the drawing room, I conversed with her in Spanish, with the English language she was likewise acquainted. The King, the Royal family, the Court etc. came on the tapis, but in the most natural unaffected manner, there was no boasting of their intimacy with them, the Baron mentioned that on the day after to morrow he was going to Rome probably on account of some financial operation, when his lady, with the greatest simplicity expressed her sorrow at the necessity of his separation, though, only for a fortnight. After dinner I took my seat on a sofa near the Baroness who pleased me much, we conversed in four languages English, German, French, and Spanish, all she did was without the least affectation, and I regretted, when at the entrance of a certain Marquis and his lady, I had to make room for them; next, came a German and a Spanish General Toledo. When the Marquis and marchioness were gone the two latter, the Baroness and I played a few rubbers at whist. Then a Liefland Baron came, finally when the host had retired and probably gone to bed, an Italian Duke joined the party, now the conversation was carried on in French in which I took no share, and having asked leave from the Baroness to pay her my respects before my departure I left at about eleven O'clock. After dinner we had Coffee; when whist was played, tea; and at a later hour Lemonade and Ices. Doctor Shnars told me that whensoever the Rottschild invited the King and family to a soirée, they endeavoured, and probably succeeded, to surpass in splendour the fêtes which their guests were in the habit of giving. Mr. Christ computed the fortune of all the Rottschilds at one thousand millions of francs.

Wednesday, 12th of February 1845. At a little past nine O'clock, I was [] [Mr. Hitzig's], with whom in conformity with the previous day's arra[] [113] I drove to an establishment called San Genajo dei poveiri, an alms house, from one of the yards belonging to the same, we descended in to the Catacombs, large subterranean vaults in which the dead of Naples have been interred since the remotest antiquity; when this Custom fell into desuetude, and when it was finally abandoned, I did not learn. It may be asked who were they who made use of the Catacombs for their burial places? The following account of the history of Naples will be the best answer to this query; for, by it, will be seen, who were the various occupants of the town since its foundation. At the first

dawn of history, we find that the southern part of Italy which extends to the straits now called of Messina, was overrun by savage tribes, the Ausonians, the Brutti, Lucanians, and others. In the next period, Colonist passed over from Greece and founded several towns, for instance, Farentum on the eastern, Parthenope and amalfi on the western Coast. New settlers from the island of Eubœa aggrandized and beautified the town of Parthenope, whence arose the name of Paleopolis the old town, and Neapoles the new town mentioned by Livy, the former name Paleopolis has been lost in the Course of time, whilst the Latter Neapolis has been preserved to the present day. The Romans, who since the foundation of that nest of brigands destined to become the mistress of the world in the year 753 B.C., had for five centuries waged incessant warfare against their immediate neighbours, finally subdued them, extended their conquests Northward and Southward, and in the year 272 B.C., made themselves masters of Tarentum, soon afterwards of Neapolis and the Country as far as the straits, they passed the straits and in Sicily, came for the first time in hostile contact with their powerful neighbours and rivals the Carthaginians, the three punic wars ensued which brought Rome to the brink of ruin and ultimately laid Carthage in the dent 146 B.C., the word Italians was hardly known, all were Romans. The name of Cives Romani, Roman Citizens, and the enjoyment of the rights of Roman citizens were the highest aspirations of the Conquered nations, and the greatest reward granted them by the proud Senate of Rome. Years, centuries rolled-on, the Republic changed into Empire, and the Roman Empire rose gradually to the highest pitch of power and extent. It declined in 395 A.D., the final division of the Empire into the Eastern and the Western took place, and in 476 [...] Rugian [114] [...] Romulus Augustulus, the last Phantom Emperor of the West, and formed the new Kingdom of Italy, which denomination had hardly been known hitherto. Naples formed part of the new kingdom, and when after a reign of a few years Odoacer was overpowered by a Theodoric, Naples acknowledged the authority of this great King of the Ostrogoths; but the Greek Emperor in Constantinople Justinian I thought, that he had a better right to the sovereignty over Italy, than a barbarian conqueror, and after the death of Theodoric availed himself of the dissensions which had sprung up amongst his descendants, to attempt the reconquest of this Country which was commenced by Belisarius, and accomplished by Nar[cus], a delegate authority under the name of Exarch was established at Ravenna, who governed as Lieutenant of the Greek Emperor, about the same time, the Lombards, originally a German tribe to the Eastward of the lower Elb invaded Italy, conquered the northern part of this Country, and in the following centuries, warred incessantly against the Exarchs. During these contests, several small independant duchies formed themselves, whilst Naples and other towns

preferred a Republican form of Government. Another nation appeared on the stage: these were the Saracens, who came over from Sicily. In 967 the Emperor Otho I subjected Benavento to the German Empire, and for the next century, Germans, Greeks and Arabs struggled for the supremacy in this most beautiful country. This confusion and anarchy induced some Norman adventurers to try their luck on the disputed soil, and in the year 1047, the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, a poor Baron in lower Normandy arrived with their followers. Robert Guiscard in all probability, this was originally the same with the English wizzard, Conjuror, or wise man, one of the sons, clever and bold, gained over part of the inhabitants by persuasion and fair means, others after a short ineffectual resistance yielded to his and his followers bravery and in the Course of a few years his authority over the Country was firmly established. He then entered into negotiations with the Pope, declared himself a faithful son of the Church, and in 1060 received the Papal permission to style himself Duke of Apulia and Calabria, his youngest brother Roger passed over to Sicily and subjugated this island, after his death, his son Roger II, Guiscard's descendants having become extinct, annexed the entire Southern Italy including the hitherto few Republics of Naples, Amalfi, and Gaeta to his Sicilia [...] Pope Anacletus II the title of [...] [115] of Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily which countries he promised to hold as Papal fiefs. Two years later, he took the name of King of the two Sicilies, Palermo being his residence. With William II, grandson of Roger II, died, in 1189, the last legitimate male descendant of the family of de Hauteville, Henry VI son of the famous Frederick Barbarossa of the family of Hohenstauffen who had married Constance, daughter of Roger II, claimed the right to the succession and obtained his object in both Countries, in Sicily, at the expense of torrents of blood. He was succeeded by his son Frederick II, who, a minor at his father's death, became one of the best, if not the best of all who ever held sway over these united kingdoms; though, a German Emperor, he spent by far the greater part of his life in Italy, and made Naples his Capital. On the death of Conrad IV, son of Frederick II in 1254, the Pope Urban IV, to whom the neighbourhood of the powerful Hohenstauffen could not be agreeable, granted the kingdom of the two Sicilies to Charles d'Anjou brother of Luis the Saint of France who passed the alps at the head of a powerful army, in 1266. He defeated Manfred the natural son of Frederick II, who valiantly defended the rights of his nephew Conradin, Conrad IV's son, at Benavento. In 1268, he gained another victory at Tagliacozza, Conradin, a Youth of sixteen or eighteen fell into his hands, and perished on the Scaffold in Naples. In the same year, Sicily threw off the French yoke, owing mainly to the machinations and intrigues of Giovanni di Procida, a nobleman of Salerno, and staunch adherent of the Hohenstauffen. On the 30th of March 1282 on Easter Monday, the dreadful

massacre of the French known by the name of Sicilian Vespers took place in Palermo; Peter III King of Aragon married to Constance, daughter of Manfred, was called in by the Sicilians, he arrived, and was hailed as their King, since which time till the war of the Spanish succession in the beginning of the XVIII century Sicily remained annexed to the Spanish Crown. In Naples, Charles d'Anjou and his successors maintained themselves. In 1307 Charles's great grand-son, Charles Robert, was elected king of Hungary which election and the consequent union of the Hungarian and the Napolitan crowns gave rise to continual disturbances until the year 1420, when the queen Johanna II adopted as her successor Alphonso V of the house of Aragon in Sicily, who in 1458 passed the straits and expelled Luis III of the house of Anjou. The great grand son [...] Alphonso, Ferdinand II was attacked by Charles VIII of [...] [116] considered himself the legitimate representative of the house of Anjou, and Ferdinand II's second son Frederick III was dethroned, and driven out of the country by Ferdinand the Catholick of Spain, in conjunction with Luis XII of France, who allowed himself to be completely duped by his cunning ally, and since 1504 Naples like Sicily, was part of the Spanish monarchy, both Countries were governed, nay oppressed by Viceroyes, and sank deeper and deeper in moral degradation. Massaniello's revolution in 1647 was a momentary spark, immediately swallowed up and lost in the surrounding darkness. At the end of the war of the Spanish succession by the peace of the Utrecht in 1714, Naples and Sicily were separated, the former came to Austria, the latter to Savoy. In 1717, Philip V of Spain reconquered Sicily, but in 1720 was obliged to cede it to Austria. Thus the two Sicilies fell into the hands of the Hapsburgers, whilst the Dukes of Savoy were compensated for the loss of Sicily by the island of Sardinia. The family of Hapsburg however did not remain long in possession of this united Kingdom. By the peace of Vienna in 1735, it was made over again to Spain for the Infant Don Carlos, who in 1759 on his accession to the Spanish crown under the name of Charles III conferred it on his third son Ferdinand, who reigned under the title of Ferdinand IV. His long rule was interrupted by the revolutionary wars towards the end of the previous century, by the establishment of the Parthenopean Republic by the reign of Joseph, the eldest brother of Napoleon I, then by that of Murat, as Joaquin I, but after this glorious episode, Ferdinand returned, he now took the title of Ferdinand I, was succeeded by his son Ferdinand II, after whose death Francis II mounted the throne, from which he was hurled in an ignominious manner in 1860 by Garibaldi the successful popular leader. Since when, both Naples and Sicily form an integral part of the new Kingdom of Italy, governed by the Constitutional King Vittore Emmanuele (March 1870). From this long digression I return to the Catacombs. Mr. Hitzig and I were shown to a small Vault said to have served as a place of secret worship for the, at the time persecuted Christians. The altar

and a Chair used by the Bishop, or him who directed the religious meetings, both cut into the rock still existed. Here likewise the bones of the holy Genajo, our guide assured us, had been deposited for many centuries after having been brought from Pozzuoli, where as rela [...] the Saint [...]. From this [...] th [...] [117] of the holy man were transferred to Benavento, and finally to the Cathedral in Naples. From this first vault, we penetrated further in, to other vaults, which [...] for a considerable distance below the town of Naples. In 1845 the excavations were by no means completed; along the walls, upon some of which we could trace paintings representing human beings, are horizontal recesses; the one above the other, they are cut into the rock; in these the corpses of the dead, no vestiges of which had remained, were deposited. We came to smaller apartments, which may perhaps have answered the purpose of the family vaults of the present day. Below these Catacombs, were other similar ones to which we did not descend, but reentered our cab and drove to the Railway terminus, where we arrived at half past ten. We intended to take the train for Resina, thence to ascend Vesuvius, but as it would not leave till twelve, we preferred devoting this day to a visit to Pompeii, the road thither leads along the sea Coast, it is well paved with large square stones in the same manner as the principal streets in Naples and Genoa, we passed through Porti[?], Resina, and Torre di Greco, which three places are connected with each other forming one uninterrupted row of houses. Further on lies L'anunziata thence, a little inland to the left, Pompeii one stood, it was buried by the ashes of Vesuvius in the year 79 A.D. and rediscovered in 1748, since when excavations have been carried on, in the later times with increased activity. When I was there, part had been brought to light. The first house to which our guide conducted us lies outside the town, it is known as that of the rich man Diomedes, whose Bulwer represents in such a graphic manner in his beautiful novel, the last days of Pompeii. In the extensive caves of this house, amphoras or clay vessels in which [wine] had been kept, dating from Diomedes time still existed. We walked along the street Called that of Sepulchres, lined on both sides with Sepulchral monuments well preserved, we entered the town through a gate, where perhaps the Roman Sentry was found, who as Bulwer relates in his novel, did not leave his post though the ashes fell thick round him, because his order was to remain until relieved, and thus fell a Victim to his strict obedience to military discipline. The streets are narrow; a North American Encyclopedia says that the carriage road measures fifteen, the foot pavement on each side three feet in width, in the former the ruts caused the heavy weight of the Roman Carriage[...] carts [...] clearly distinguishable the [...] [118] floor are built of bricks of smaller size than those used at present, the roofs have fallen in, but the walls still standing, have preserved their fresh Colors; deep yellow and brown seemed to have been the favorites of the Pomp[?], in 1845

they were much in vogue for painting the walls of newly constructed museums for instance, the Octagon in Donner's Country seat in Altona and Thorwaldsen's museum in Copenhagen. It actually cost an effort of my mind to persuade myself that all I saw around me was not a work of modern days, but had been constructed twenty centuries back, and been concealed from human eyes for nearly seventeen hundred years. The first house we went to, was that of Sallust so called, because a statue of this elegant writer was found here; who is the Latin scholar; who has not read his, conspiracy of Catilina, and the War against Jugurtha? The statue has been removed to the museum in Naples, thither also have been transferred many surgical instruments found in the second house, that of a surgeon, the third is that of Baker, the fourth that of an oil seller, in the former, the oven, in the latter, the earthen vessels in which the oil was kept, were still extant. The object of the fifth, a Brothel, was clearly indicated by the rough design of the private parts of a man cut, into the outer wall. Another house is that of Pansa, the most extensive of all excavated until then:

a, shops; B, Entrance; C, yard, (Atrium); D, Cistern for rain water (Impluvium); E, Parlour (Tablinum); G, Perystile (Perystilium), the dots represent Columns; F, Reservoir for fishes; H, Dining room (Triclinium); I Garden, on both sides were a number of smaller apartments such as Bedrooms; J, (Cubicula), apartments for women (Gynaeca), Rooms for slaves, all these connected with each other by means of passages (Fauces), went under the name of wings (alae). The public bath consists of five apartments, one of which served as a receptacle for fuel, another for a hot bath; the forum, an open place of oblong

shape, is surrounded by many public buildings, such as: several temples, The Basilica or Justice hall, an extensive establishment for washing, and three large covered apartments, an exception to the General rule, the object of which, unknown to me; continuing our walk we [...] to the theatre, to the B [...] [119] amphitheatre or arena. The two theatres were of different sizes but built in the same plan of which the sketch herewith gives an idea:

a, The amphitheatrical seats for the spectators; B, the stage on which the Chorusses took their station, and moved about. Mr. Hetzig who gave me these particulars, was not certain whether it was the Custom with the Romans as it was with the Greeks, to have an altar placed in the

center of the stage; C, another stage smaller than the previous one to which a few steps led up, and upon which the actors performed. D entrances for the Chor [...] entrances for the actors, the learned are not agreed on the following points, firstly, whether the actors and Chorusses remained separate from each other during the performance, and secondly, whether, if they ever mixed with each other, the actors descended to the Choruses, or the Chorusses ascended to the actors. The arena is, as far as I could judge, of smaller dimensions than either the modern one in Milan, or the ancient one in Puzzuoli. It measures two hundred feet in length, one hundred and twelve in breadth, is of oval shape, as all Arenas are, and has been completely brought to light; the lower rows of the seats which rise amphitheatrically separated from those above them by a partition of stone, are of the same material and were destined for the authorities of the town; the rest, none of which well preserved, some restored, are of earth; there are two entrances, a smaller one for the Gladiators; the wild beasts were kept here in narrow Chambers close to the Arena, not beneath the same as in the amphitheatre in Puzzuoli. Statues, paintings, utensils of all descriptions, mosaics, in short everything movable with exceptions, has been transferred from Pompeyi to the Museum in Naples, only the amphorae in Diomedes cave, the Earthen vessels in the Oil vender's store, and other similar articles of little value, as well as columns broken and entire lying about in the streets, were not included in the order for general removal. Fortunately also, it was impossible to strip the walls of their fresco paintings and of their rich stucco work, otherwise these likewise would have gone. It was late, and the weather cold when Mr. Hitzig and I had finished our this day's task, for, though a very interesting one, a [...] [120] our [café] in "Il Café di Europa", then separated; I went to bed at an early hour.

Thursday, 13th of February 1845. The greater part of this day Mr. Hitzig and I spent in Le Musée Bourbon or Gli Studii. The first room which we entered was that in which the Egyptian antiquities found in Pompeyi, Herculenum, and Stabia were kept; the ancient Egyptians it is as well known, were in the habit of embalming their dead, they then wrapped them-up in broad bands of Linen and in this state, now called mummies, deposited them in boxes, which were divided in two parts, the upper part forming the lid: Four or five of these boxes had been opened, the mummies stripped of their bandages and the skeletons both male and female, laid bare, were placed in the lower part of the box, covered over with glass, whilst the lids stood leaning against the wall. The second saloon was filled with statues and busts, both of bronze and marble; in my original diary, I find several remarks on the contents of the 2nd saloon which I noted down on this day, however to avoid repetition, I prefer including them in the account which I give of Gli Studii on the 17th of this

same month, see Page 130/33 of this volume. The third room which we visited, contained the famous Farnesian bull (Il Toro Farnese), so called, because it was originally the property of the family Farnese, and a colossal statue of Hercules, both found in the baths of Caracalla in Rome. As regards the bull, the fable runs thus: Lycus King of Thebes married Dircé after being divorced from his first wife Antiope who, beloved by Jupiter, had become mother of twins Amphion and Zethus; these, her sons to punish Dirce for the cruelties she had exercised upon their mother tied her to the horns of a bull, which story is the subject of the Group sculptured out of one block of marble by Rhodius Apollonius and Tauriscus. The bulls forms the centre, behind the same to the left, stands the mother Antiope in a quiet commanding attitude. She orders her sons to arrest the bull in its wild Career. On the same side, but more in the foreground stands an athletic young man, who, with one hand takes hold of one of the bull's horns, with the other, turns its head slightly aside, in front of the bull a little to the right, Dircé lies on the ground, the upper part of her body naked, whilst the lower part is covered by a garment tied round her waist, with one hand she wards of the bull's uplifted forefoot; behind her stands another youth occupied with [...] [121] slab upon which this group stands is ornamented with bas reliefs. Hercules of marble [...] leans upon his club, the Lion's skin is thrown over his shoulder, these are statues of less value than the two preceding ones, the one that of Tiberius, the other, a male figure, carrying a man on his shoulders; whom this represents, I did not learn. Along the walls of this room are placed many marbles slabs with inscriptions, some entire, others broken. The fourth and last saloon which Mr. Hetzig and I visited, was that containing utensiles and other objects made of Bronze found for the greater part in Pompeyi; my guide book says that there are of them not less than sixteen thousand, to enumerate them is thus quite out of the question. I will only say there is a superabundance of household or [...]telary family gods, "Lares", further, pots, vases, candelabras, surgical instruments, beautifully wrought helmets; Dice, some of them loaded, Counter-m[...]ks for playing; very pretty small steel-yards, the weights in the shape of heads, scales, metal mirrors, a small bell, a larger bell which sounds the hours, consisting of one piece of metal stuck against a metal plate. Seats, a Curule chair, a neat kitchen apparatus, a spur not antique, for the general opinion is that the ancients were not acquainted either with spurs or stirrups etc., etc. At two oclock Gli Studii closed, when Mr. Hitzig and I thought of visiting the so called Virgil's tomb. On our way thither in the promenade of La villa Reale we were joined by a young Berlin Gentleman, Mr. Bete; an acquaintance of Hitzig; together with him, we walked to the entrance of the Pausilippo grotto, where turning off to the left, we climbed-up the mountain, whence as it may well be conceived, we

had a very pretty view over the town, the bay, and the environs, the Somma, the Vesuvius and the two ridges of snowy mountains to the right and to the left, enveloped in clouds forming the background; here we were met by the Custode, who merely for opening the door asked from each of us three; one Carlin, which we refused to pay and accordingly were not let in, which after all was no great loss, for a heap of stones piled up, though dignified with the name of Virgil's tomb, has not the slightest authenticated claim to this honor. After having dined by myself in L'albergo Reale, I called upon Doctor Schnars; hardly was I there, when Il Caballiere di Lucca, a great mathematician, and two [_] Italians entered. With di Lucca I [...] sometime in French [122] on the subject of the Canal, which at the time some of the first Engineers in Europe, intended to cut through the Isthmus of Da[_] or Panama; afterwards, when they conversed in Italian, I kept silent, but understood very nearly all they said, when they were gone, some German visitors came in, whom at a later hour I accompanied to Il cafe di Europa, much in vogue at the time, and this evening crowded to excess.

Friday, 14th of February 1845. The weather being fine and the sky clear, Mr. Hetzig and I resolved upon carrying out our long projected plan of ascending Vesuvius; at the Railway terminus, we took our seats in the second class carriages for Resina, cost one Carlin each. In the same carriage with us sat a gentleman and his lady, the latter very young, very fair, with rosy cheeks, and by no means Italian-looking. However, they conversed in the language of the Country, and I made bold to address them, a proof that I had made some progress in this tongue. On my telling them that it was our intention to ascend the Volcano they asked leave to accompany us, to which we readily assented. I learned in the course of the day that they were from Vicenza, that his name was Neri, a Count, by profession a military man, that she was a Baroni from Venice. He spoke both German and French, she understood the latter language without speaking it, both were agreeable in their conversation, at Portici we alighted and walked a very short distance to the entrance of the excavations at Herculaneum, on the top of which town the present Resina is built. Guides, were immediately at hand and offered their services. We selected a young man Guiseppe, Figlio di Salvatore, who, for twenty Carlins compromised himself to accompany Hitzig and me to the summit of Vesuvius, he finding the horses required for the purpose; Neri obtained his service for himself and wife for two Carlines less. Guiseppe appeared to be an intelligent fellow; according to his account, it was not the Vesuvius but the Somma which in the year 79 A.D. in the first year of the reign of Titus overwhelmed Pompeyi with the ashes and Herculaneum with Lava; the lava he said stood seventy nine feet high; it of course became as hard as stone, and out of this lava, the square blocks were cut

with which the streets in Naples and the road as far as L'annunziata are paved, excavations in Pompeyi were carried on with comparative facility, for it cost no great labour, [...] hilst at H[]laneum the contrary was the [...] [123] the excavations in the hard lava stone had progressed but little, we entered each carrying a lighted torch, we descended, here were the remnants of a Theatre, which seemed to be larger than those in Pompeyi, otherwise built on the same plan. Stucco work was still preserved, and colors could be distinguished here and there; various spots were pointed out to us whence columns and statues of the two Balbus had been removed to the Musée Bourbon. The French guide book mentions a public edifice with a Portico, a tomb with a pedestal, etc., etc., but of all these, I kept no recollection, and I confess that, one thing with another, this subterranean or rather sublavian visit disappointed me; the torches threw their light only to a short distance, thus, little could be distinguished at one glance, and I, at least, was unable to form a clear comprehensive opinion of what I had seen. As soon as we were again in the open day light, we mounted the horses which were waiting for us; outside the town, the ground immediately begins to rise towards Vesuvius, the road winds up through the midst of Vineyards which Salvatore told us, produce the vine high in repute called *Lachrymae christi*, having left these vineyards behind, we continued our ascent upon the lava, which thrown up in the eruption of 1810, had grown stone hard, whilst all around, the ground was covered with lava of a more porous nature dating from later eruptions, exactly like the dross of iron foundries, which name, Dross "Scoria", or scum "Spuma" is given to it by the Italians. Next, we rode up a zig-zag road to the summit of a hill which, now covered with trees was, as Salvatore assured us, thrown out by the Somma at the time of the grand eruption in 79. Here an observatory for the purpose of watching the future phenomenas of the Vesuvius was in progress of Construction. A little further on, we passed the house where a friar, who called himself a Hermit had taken up his abode, and, in about three hours from Resina, reached the spot where it is the Custom to alight, and to leave the horses, because according to the opinion of the people of the Country, horses cannot possibly ascend higher, this may be so as regards the Italian beasts, but I am confident that Peruvian mules would, with great ease, carry the traveller much higher-up. Salvatore told us, that, not long back, a German Tourist had been attacked by brigands, severely wounded, and robbed of everything, since [...] by order of the Neapolitean Government a few [...] [124] soldiers were keeping watch on the mountain. One of the latter accompanied us, so did contrary to our desire a man from the hermit's house, who in a basket carried some bread, Eggs, wine, Oranges, and a glass, we had now the last ascent before us, about twelve hundred feet high, it took us three quarters of an hour, and

could not be called difficult, for the rock was cut into natural steps covered with snow at this time of the year, I myself, always at the head of the party, reached with ease and without great exertion the small plain on the summit of Vesuvius from which rises a Cone of no great height, and on whose top is the Crater; I wondered how the Countess, delicate as she was, managed to get up, for not only had her husband declined to hire a sedan chair which Salvatore offered him, but even, when she sat down for a minute or so, he bade her rise and move on, without the least consideration. Hardly had I made a step or two on the small plain just spoken of, when I heard a subterranean noise which has always, and very properly been compared to the discharge of distant artillery, and at the same moment I saw pieces of flaming stones thrown up from the crater to the height of twenty or more feet. We approached the Cone, the ground upon which we walked sounded hollow under our feet, and slight vapours pierced through it, every where; it is strewn with pieces of lava not so hard as that which covers Herculaneum, not so porous as the Scum above mentioned, but the windings of the liquid mass which has gradually hardened in its progress, can easily be traced. At a short distance from the cone, we rested for a few moments and partook of the refreshments which the man of the basket, had brought with him, and who had calculated rightly, that we should need them. We proceeded still nearer; the flaming stones which, together with the smoke, are thrown up, when seen close by, are red hot pieces of lava which frequently are not yet extinguished when they reach the ground. The guide called me to follow him, which I did, though the smell of sulphur, the yellow color of which is seen everywhere, was so strong as almost to impede my breathing. We climbed over heaps of loose pieces of lava and took our station upon a ridge to the south of the Cone near the crater. The subterranean noise ceased, the red hot pieces of lava fell before, behind, and around us, fortunately, none touched, nor inj [. . .] [125] a sublime spectacle, which I shall never forget. Salvatore and I, called our Companions to join us, Hitzig and the Countess did not venture to do so, the Count did, but, for a moment was entirely lost to all of us, for a sudden puff of wind blew the smoke downwards and completely enveloped him. Willingly should I have remained here longer, but it was time to return; we hastened back over the loose lava, to where Hetzig and the lady were waiting for us, then walked over the plain, a scene of unparalleled [w]ildness and sterility, and before commencing our descent, were conducted by Salvatore, to a crater in miniature which had opened two or three days ago. It was hardly larger than three or four times the size of my fists, but the inside, red hot emitted columns of smoke. Salvatore told us that, everytime a new crater burst open, be it ever so small, the old lava in its neighbourhood is lifted up and breaks. We descended, not the rocky steps, but ran down in about ten

minutes, a sandy slope to the spot where we had left the horses, we remounted, and rode back. Before us lay quiet and placid, the beautiful bay of Naples, along its shores, L'annunziata, Torre di Greco, etc.; then Naples itself, green fields filling up the interval between these places and the mountain ridges. In Resina, we took a carriage, and drove back to Naples on the Cool of the evening. I who sat with my back to the horses hardly for a moment withdrew my eyes from Vesuvius, and now for the first time since my arrival observed above the Cone, a reddish low light, no doubt, the smoke reddened by the fire below, not distinguishable in the day-time, but visible in the darkness. We dined together in L'albergo Reale, and Hitzig and I took our cup of Coffee in Il Cafe di Europa. This day, in a great measure reconciled me to my stay in Naples, nevertheless I could not accustom myself to the filth of the town and of the lower classes, a set of impudent beggars, Cheats, and Thieves.

Saturday, 15th of February 1845. This day was in every respect different from the previous one, and I derived from the same hardly any pleasure or information, with Mr. Hitzig I called upon Count Neri and wife and being received by them in a very civil and kind manner, we agreed to make several excursions together. We drove to the railway terminus, and the train having just started, we took a carriage, which thanks [...] good management of the Count [...] [126] extravagance, cost us no more than six Carlins to Portici and back to Naples. In the Palace of Portici, few objects were really worth seeing, the saloons and rooms of various sizes were differently, some shabbily furnished, the greater part were paved with slippery polished red bricks, others with mosaics either antique, brought thither from Pompeyi, or modern. A small cabinet paved with modern mosaic, the walls and the ceiling inlaid with white and colored China pleased me well. In the centre stood a table the slab of which was made of a polished petrified wood, in another apartment upon the slab of a table were painted some of the prettiest landscapes in the Kingdom of Naples, also Neapolitan Costumes. In a third saloon, I was rather astonished to find portraits of several members of Napoleons family, amongst whom, Murat was certainly the handsomest, there were, two likeness of him, one full sized, the other, the bust. The Garden is extensive with many fine walks, orange trees, a few statues, also a small garden house in the shape of a fortress. There were preserves of a pheasants, which we however did not see, for the exclusive use of the King, for it was occasionally his majesty's pleasure to have some of these birds let loose in order to be fired at, and killed by his Royal hands. Six kangaroos from New-Holland interested me more than anything else; the hind legs and feet of these animals, are of an extraordinary length, whilst the forefeet are uncommonly small; thus, they almost invariably sit upon the former, holding the latter up in

the air; when walking upon all four, they move about, very slowly and Clumsily, but when leaping in bounds of from six to Eight or more feet, their keeper told me that dogs cannot overtake them, but I have doubts as to the correctness of this statement, the females as every body knows carry their young ones on a pouch under the belly. Meanwhile, the weather had changed for the worse, the morning had been fine and clear, now the sky was overcast and it rained whilst we drove back to the town. Hitzig and I having dined together, called upon the Gottzloff's, but were not admitted, the lady being indisposed, and in bed and the husband, having accompanied Baron de Rottschild to Rome, there to give him his advice in the purchase of pictures. The remainder of the day I was at home. The rain impelled by the Sirocco Wind beat against the [...] and Comfortless I was [...] [127] with myself and the whole world, and a strong resolve was required before I could make-up my mind to stay up longer, and to write my memoranda.

Sunday, 16th of February 1845. I went to a barber's shop close by, where, being well shaved, I experienced something new to me, the barber put a little bit of soft soap upon my nose, then with his hand and a little water, made a tremendous lather with which he soaped my face and head all over, and cleaned them thoroughly it is true; though, I, by no means admired the operation, for it is no pleasure to have another man's big hands; rubbed over one's face. Then went to Mr. Hitzig, who proposed to me to accompany him to various Churches to which I acceded, though I had already previously visited them, for he, being an architect, I was sure to learn something from him and in this my expectation, I was not mistaken. The Tribunals or Basilicae of the ancient Romans, were plain buildings in this shape: in the round niche at the one extremity, the judge took his seat. The columns represented by dots in the sketch herewith were the only ornaments, in the otherwise unadorned hall.

Columns, Mr. Hitzig, told me are invariably round, whilst pillars are angular and in this, the main difference between Columns and pillars consists. When Christianity gained the ascendancy in the Roman Empire, the Basilicae were frequently converted into Churches; out of the niche, grew the Choir and there, the high altar was placed. The columns changed into arches, and the three passages formed by these arches became the nave, with one aisle on each side, now it was also thought proper to give a different figure to the plain parallelogram of the Basilica; it became a Cross, either a Grecian one, N^o 2, where the arms of the cross cut each other in the middle, or a Latin cross, N^o 1, where this is done near the upper end. At the point where the branches intersect each other, a cupola was added in the roof and we have now the Churches

taking these forms: the next alteration consisted in the addition of side Chapels, and consequently the Cross shape of the entire building was again lost it being merely necessarily in a Christian Church, that the Nave and the transept should preserve the figure of the cross, next page is the sketch of a church, with [...] the high altar, N^o 2, at its extremity, two smaller altars each at one [...] [128] of the transept, N^o 3, and four Chapels; each with its corresponding altar, along the wall of the aisles, N^o 4; sometimes two lateral aisles are added of which I saw one instance in the York Minster, another in Il Duomo of Milan. Mr. Hitzig and I went to many churches, my description of which I postpone until the 17th instant, when I again visited them, see page 133 of this volume. We had just finished our round, and were consulting what to do, when, I suddenly felt a slight pull at my handkerchief, which I carried in the outside pocket of my paletot. I looked up, and saw a boy with my handkerchief in his hand start off at full speed, [and] I ran after him bawling out, "Ladro! Ladro!". We both ran along the very muddy streets, many people saw our career, none stopped the thief; he gained upon me but fortunately for me, ran against a Policeman who took hold of him; in a second, I was alongside of them, and stated my case, the boy asserted that he had found the handkerchief on the ground, the falsehood of which, I immediately proved, by making the policeman observe, that the handkerchief was dry, whilst, it would have been wet, had it be lying on the ground. Hereupon, the young fellow received two sound boxes on the ear, and we three marched off to the Police office where I had to give my declaration, the handkerchief was returned to me, I gave the Policeman a gratification of five grani, and walked home; the rain continued to fall in torrents, and as there were no gutters in the streets, they were overflowed; here and there stood moveable light iron steps which were placed where the water had collected deepest, in order to facilitate the passage. Having dined, I went to deliver the letter of introduction which Charles Ropsy had given me to the professional singer Signorina Rossella Ribussini, Strada Monte Olivetto N^o 89. She was at dinner; but hardly had I sent in the letter, when she came out, and begged me to enter, assuring me that she had finished her meal. The apartment to which she conducted me, was large and neatly furnished. She excused the absence of her husband, who she said, was indisposed and in bed. We sat on the sofa and I remained about half an hour, getting on very fairly with my Italian. She was I think, about twenty four or twenty six years of age, small; thin, pale, with a large mouth, but

fine [] teeth, [. . .] [129] eye brows and a prettily shaped nose. She told me that she sang in Il Teatro Nuovo, and recommended me to go thither When the opera Leonora would be performed; and she, as prima Dona sing the first part. I was well pleased with my visit, and thought of repeating the same. When walking home, I again felt somebody pulling at my coat pocket, but this time, I had nothing in it, for when I thought of it, I, like the Napolitans put my handkerchief upon my head, under the hat. In my room, I was occupied with writing, until my ink was used up; a “brasciere” which I ordered to be brought in, raised the temperature to $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Reaumur = 51° Fahrenheit.

Monday, 17th of February 1845. At the usual hour, that is to say, as soon as I had taken my cup of Coffee in La ancla di oro, I was at Mr. Hetzig's, in Il Hotel del Commierzzio, where he introduced me to a friend of his, Mr. Persius, Royal architect from Berlin, a red ribbon in his button hole, both Gentleman were very pleasant, and I considered myself fortunate in having made their acquaintance. The weather continued rainy; we, therefore dedicated this day to a prolonged visit to gli Studii, as well as to various churches, of both the one and the other, an account will be found further down. It was as late as six oclock, when we had finished, whereupon we thought ourselves entitled to a good dinner of which we partook in l'albergo Reale, oyster and a bottle of light Colored Lachrimae Christi, somewhat like Champagne forming part of it; we then looked in at il Cafe di Europa where I left my companions, being compromised with Doctor Schnars who introduced me to a soire at a certain Mr. Scholls, the party consisted for the greater part of German and a few French Gentlemen, Mr. Heath, probably of the well known firm of Heath, Son & Turze of London, was the only Englishman, Italians, there were none. We conversed, played whist, and I was at home by eleven oclock, when I still stayed up some hours in order to bring to paper all I had seen in this day and of which the following is a recapitulation:

Gli Studii: A saloon was filled exclusively with statues and busts cast in bronze or Brass, amongst which we found many master pieces, as for instance; the statues of Marcus Calatorius and of Maunnius, both with very expressive countenances, they are dressed in the Roman Tunica and the Toga, the latter the upper garment descends in easy, natural folds, whilst the Tunica fits closely to the body, the shape and contours [. . .] are clearly seen, the statue of [. . .] [130] the famous Roman leader who penetrated to the Elbe and Weser during the reign of Augustus, in sacerdotal robes, vies in beauty and perfection with the two previous ones. Mercury in a sitting posture, stooping a little, is another of those statues, which nobody can pass-by without being struck by its wonderful imitation of nature. The statues of the Discob[]li or throwers of quoits pleased me above all, you see how they follow with their eager looks and

with their bent-body, the disk which has just escaped their hand. Much less to our liking were the statues of three female dancers, on account of the stiffness of their garments. Several statues and I believe, also some busts had preserved their eyes made of white, the pupil of black glass. A Colossal head of a horse, was well known to me, for I had seen many copies of it either in Gypsum or in plaster. The entire body of the horse of which this head formed a part, was in existence till the fourteenth century, when a certain Bishop by the name of Carraccioli committed the Vandalism of ordering the destruction of the body, because the Neapolitans, looking upon the same as the emblem of the ancient Parthenope, worshipped it with a religious, in his opinion, sacrilegious fervor. The statue of a horse, of natural size was, according to the French catalogue one of the four horses of Nero's triumphal Chariot, of bronze, of course, a pretty horse in miniature has its bronze bridle inlaid with silver. Alexander on horseback of diminutive size is likewise a piece of excellent workmanship, the same may be said of an amazon on horseback as well as of a small dancing Faun; and of a drunken Faun of human size, sitting on an empty wine bag. A small Fortuna in the attire of Isis, is an extremely pretty little figure, worked with particular care and neatness. She carries upon her heart the winged Universe inlaid with silver standing upright thus: , an attribute frequently found with the Egyptian statues, though, In the right hand, she has a rudder, in the left a Cornucopia. A sister statue to the preceding one, is another small fortune standing upon a globe which appeared to me, not particularly graceful. My Companions who knew better than I, thought highly of it. With a small Venus covered as high up as the waist, and apparently occupied with adorning herself, they were actually enchanted on the account of the extreme loveliness and perfection of the naked parts of her body. [...] [131] small Hercules throttling a snake, known as the serpent strangler, is the only statue which dates from the middle ages, it is so well done that one might believe it, to be antique. [...] a pedestal his twelve deeds are cast in bas relief; two young bucks (darius) their horns just sprouting are in every respect an excellent imitation of nature; amongst the busts, that of Ptolemy Appione attracted our particular attention on account of the unmistakable expressed of pain in his Countenance, particularly about the mouth. There are busts of Democritus and of Heraclitus the laughing and crying Philosophers, of Plato, of Scipio Africanus the Hero; and of the monster Emperors Commodus and Caracalla. The latter of these two is easily recognizable by the ominous deep wrinkles between the eyes, just above the nose. On my first visit to Gli Studie on the 11th instant I mentioned, that one apartment was exclusively dedicated to *marble* statues of the Goddess of love; see page 111 of this volume.

M[rss]. Persius and Hetzig could not cease admiring the many beauties which had been produced here in the Cold stone, I learned that the *Venere Vincitrice*, or the conquering Venus bears this surname because she is represented as treading upon the helmet of Minerva, she is also known as the *Venus di Capua*; the small amor, standing near her, is new, and does not belong to the Group. The *Venus Galypegos*, notwithstanding the perfection of those parts from which she derives her name, is ranked by Winklemann amongst the statues of second class, her right leg and right hand, half of the left arm as far as the wrist, her breast and head are modern, having been restored by albaccini. Generally the statues of Venus represent her in the well known attitude of *Venus di Medici*, they are called *Anadyomene* rising from the sea. Of the many marble statues and busts which fill another large saloon, it will suffice to enumerate a few, such as; *Minerva from Agina*, an *Agrippina* in a sitting posture with an expression of the deepest sorrow in her countenance, may be, she thinks of the deeds of her grandson Nero, Tacitus, if we believe the French Catalogue, calls her the wife of Germanicus, the ornament of the Roman Empire, of the true blood of Augustus, the model of ancient morals; a *Marcus Aurelius*; a *Colossal Antoninuss Pius*, *Julius Cesar*, *Caligula*, *Trajan*, and if I remember correctly, *Lucius Verus* are in the dress of warriors, the *Curass* over their breast, adorned with slightly raised work, and a sword hanging by their left side, the arms bore [...] [132] naked, behind, a mantle hangs over his back; a *Faun* carrying a small *Bacchus* is a pretty little thing. Two *Ganymedes* are likewise fine manly figures, each has an eagle alongside of him, one of them moreover, a little dog. A bust of the *Odious Caracalla*, is a master piece in every respect, Winklemann says of it, that even *Lysippus* could not have produced anything more perfect. Of river Gods, there are several detached [_]ds, their mouth open; probably they formed the extremity of conduits for the water to run through. A strange custom, a “pendant” to the green breeches of the female ballet dancers spoken of, page 90, was in 1845 prevalent in *Gli Studii*; not one figure whether of marble or bronze, which represented a naked man or a woman was without a fig leaf roughly done, made I believe of iron plate, zinc, or some other metal, perhaps also, of wax. This day two rooms closed on my previous visit, were opened to the public, the one containing a splendid pavement of mosaic found in *Pompeyi* in the house called that of *Faun*. Mosaic, it is well known, consists of very small pieces of variously colored stones carefully and artistically placed together, and joined by cement, imitating paintings. This represents a battle between the Greeks and Persians, it is supposed, that near the *Nissus*, the *Victorious Alexander* on horseback, the defeated *Darius* in his Chariot. Into the secret room, only such were admitted as could present a special license and this my Companions had procured, here, was a Collection of paintings and

of statues in bronze and other materials extraordinary, nay unparalleled in its kind, representing objects as indecent and obscene as the most Corrupt and vitiated imagination of man can devise. The representation of the unsophistical indulgence of the natural sexual desires was too innocent a piece of workmanship for the debauchees of those times, when Juvenal and Martial wrote their satires, the cravings of the most unnatural and revolting lust in man, woman or beasts, must be painted on Canvass, cut in stone or cast in Bronze, that future ages might know what the Romans then were. The male private parts in stone or metal meet the eye at every turn provided with wings or other excressences. It seems to have been the favorite apparatus to be fixed on the Ceiling or side walls from which lamps were suspended.

Churches: The numbers of Churches which we visited was really extraordinary, my Companions, both Architects, took a particular interest in them, [...] exception, the Churches of Naples like all Roman Cath[.] [133] Churches, are built in the shape of a Latin Cross, see the explanation I give on the subject page 127 of this volume. The exterior of a San Geronimo resembles the churches which the Order of Jesuits was in the habit of constructing, its interior is beautiful; the nave is separated from the aisles, not by the clumsy heavy pillars frequently found, but by six handsome granite columns on each side; the Ceiling is richly gilt. The Interior of San Paolo is profusely ornamented with Gilding and paintings, the ceiling of the nave is flat, whilst that of the aisles consists each of four small cupolas, each cupola between four corresponding pillars. In the Cathedral of San Genajo, the pillars which form the nave and aisles, high and graceful, pleased my companions, the granite columns which once formed part of an Apollo's temple and which had served in the construction of these pillars, can still be seen; on the right side when entering, is the Chapel of the Saint, near the door of which stand two Columns of Porphyry. San Antonio, distinguishes itself by the uncommon width of the nave. Jesu Nuovo and Santa Maria Maggiore are the only churches in the form of the Grecian Cross. Santa maria di Constantinople, contains the tomb of the Virgini dell Sacro Coleggio di D. D. The Churches of Dei Fiorentini and Saint Nicola were not to the liking of my companions they would do, they said for methodist meeting houses, not for Roman Catholic churches. San Dionisio Maggiore was filled with an audience attentively listening to the sermon of a favorite preacher, who gesticulated violently, and moved to and fro in the pulpit, so that the perspiration ran down his forehead. In this Church, a Chapel devoted to San Vincenzo Ferreri Apostolo é thaumaturgo, who, to judge from the great number of offerings presented to his shrine, must have been an extraordinary worker of miracles. There were hands, feet, legs, arms, heads, in short every part of the human body wrought in Gold, in silver or wax; also the

effigies of little children made of the same materials, see what I say about such offerings page 829 of 2nd Volume. In front of this church, as well as in the open place before San Paolo maggiore stands an obelisk with the respective Saint on its top, that of San Domenico maggiore is erected on the very spot where in former times stood a gate, the boundary of Naples, in the direction towards Puzzuoli. Santa Maria di Caravaccio was about being built, its form was to be a strange one, that of an egg. [134]

Tuesday, 18th of February 1845. Thermometer at 8 a.m. outside my room 9 1/2 Reaumur = 53° Fahrenheit. With the Count and Countess di Neri I spent this day in visiting the Royal palace of Caserta. When we arrived at the station, the first train had left, and we had to wait till 11 1/2 when the second train started, this detention was very disagreeable, for want of time prevented us from extending our excursion to the famous aqueduct of Madelone which, though the place of this name is the last station before reaching Caserta, is itself full two Italian miles further distant; regarding it, a French handbook which the Count had with him, gave the following information; it was constructed under the reign of Charles III of Spain in the years 1752/59 according to the directions of the architect Vanvitelli, the same who built the palace of Caserta and the museum in Naples; it provides Naples with water, its length with all its windings is 27 Italian miles in which are included 2952 palmas, the extent of the perforation of two mountains, as well as the space from one mountain top to another, the depth between the two, being filled up by three row of arches, the one above the other, the lowest row consisting of 19, the middle one of 27, the highest of 43 arches; these difficulties being overcome, the waters rushing through an artificial grotto, form a Cascade, then descend to the Palace of Caserta, whence they continue their easy course to the Capital through the level uninteresting plain over which we, that is to say, the Count, the Countess, myself and an Italian Duke who was our Companion in the second class Carriage, steamed along on this day favored by the most beautiful weather. When approaching the Palace, to the right some hills came in sight, upon the summit of one of which stands the old Palace Casa irta high-house; the present Palace is an extensive square building, through the centre, dividing it into two halves runs a splendid Colonnade which opens into the park, and exactly opposite, one Italian mile off, are the grotto and Cascade above mentioned. At this distance, I could hardly persuade myself, that what I saw, was a water fall, it seemed immovable, and looked like the white façade of the building, the height of the fall is 360 Palmas, each Palmas equal to Eight English Inches; the waters collect in a small pond, divide, flow on both sides of a pretty lawn or grass plot, they reunite, fall over a flight of twelve stone steps, again encircle a grass plot, descend seven other steps, form a cascade, once more surround a lawn, and [...] last pond [...]

considerable size on a level with the [...] [135] the Palace, flow quietly on, to fulfil their destiny, that of supplying the Capital [...] the limpid element. On both sides of the succession of water and la[...] alternately, a wide grave [...] th leads up to the grotto. We of course went thither, and when standing on the top of the same we were at an elevation corresponding exactly to that of the roof of the palace. On returning from the cascade we passed the so called English Garden with fine promenades, stately trees, amongst which a majestic Cedar from Lebanon, the papyrus reeds on the side of a lake, then an artificial grotto etc., etc. All this was pretty enough, but by no means superior to what is found everyday on the estates or country seats of many private Gentleman or Nobleman. The same must be said of what we saw on the opposite side nearer the Palace, some houses in which wild beasts had been kept of which only two tamed bears remained; a wood rich in evergreens and in which our guide made us observe a beautiful oak-tree which he said, was more than two centuries old, he added, that there had been two more of them, but that during the reign of King Murat they had been cut down, to serve as masts for his men of war. Here, were likewise a lake and a pond with a small house and a little Castle upon an island, all, as I have already intimated, hardly worth a traveller's attention. Our dinner, we took in a miserable public house, where the Count to whom, he being an Italian, I had thought advisable to leave the management of everything, displeased me by his excessive closeness though we were three, he asked only for two portions of everything we took, he refused a bottle of good wine which the waiter offered, and at the same time, did not leave a single drop in the bottle of the ordinary table wine, the price of which was included in the Cost of the dinner. It was four oclock when we had done, we had still time to spare before the train started, and availed ourselves of it to go over the Palace, which the King having returned to town was now open to visitors. This Palace is considered to be the largest in Europe, it measures in length 746, in width 578, in height 127 feet. I counted on each side of the Colonnade, both towards the Cascade, and in the opposite direction, seventeen windows, in all sixty eight. The Columns of the Colonnade which consists of one wide centre passage, and two narrower lateral passages, are of Giallo antico, a much valued yellow marble. Some of them formed part of a temple of Jupiter Serapis in Puzzuoli, see page 92 of this volume, on one side a flight of marble stairs unequalled in Europe, leads to a landing place where [...] into two other flights marble of [...] [136] splendid Vestibule ornamented with many Columns of variegated marble. Here we entered the Royal apartments through which we walked hurriedly with a disagreeable Cicerone at our elbows [...] apartments which dated from Murats time, were magnificently fitted-up; of the remainder, the same could not be said, many were carpeted, it is true, and

none was so shabbily furnished as those in the Royal Palace of Portici, but the epithet of Royal as it is generally understood, could not be applied to them. In one room for instance I noted two miserable chests of drawers with ordinary brass handles and locks, and stone slabs, the Theatre is small, the chapel richly adorned. The aisles are divided from the nave, by low massive arches from which rise slight graceful columns, and these sustain the side galleries for the Royal family, that for the King himself is in front of the high altar. Mr. Hitzig told me on a later occasion, that this Chapel is built on the same plan as that in the Royal place of Versailles. The Count, countess, and I returned to town by train; having separated from them, I went to my usual haunt Il cafe di Europa where I met M[?]. Persius, Hitzig, and others. Whilst we were quietly conversing, I giving them an account of my this days doings, there suddenly arose a great hubbub, some one, a Calabrese who had the outward appearance of a Gentleman, whilst taking his dinner, had put a knife and a fork into his pocket, which being observed by a waiter, the stolen things were taken out of his pocket, the Police was called in, and the fine Gentleman walked off to Prison. Together with some Germans I went to Il Teatro di San Carlino, where we could no obtain a box; my companions left me, whilst I was satisfied with a seat in the pit, for which I paid seventeen grani, say: 15 Grani entrance, and 2 grani for a cushion to sit upon. The house was small, the performers ranked low in the general estimation. Usually they spoke only the Neapolitain patois, this evening however they did not, the pieces given were a little comedy in good Italian, of which I understood nearly every word, and another piece in which a boy thirteen to fourteen years of age was the principal performer, he acted a Lazzaroni, a young Venitian, an Italian boy, and a French boy, all which he did very fairly, and I went home well pleased.

Wednesday, 19th of February 1845. The Count and Countess remained at home, M[rss]. Persius and Hetzig went to Caserta, the young lawyer from Cologne, with whom I had visited the Musée Bourbon on the 11th instant, I had lost sight of and thus without a Companion for the day I [...] [137] glad to meet in the morning in Il Cafe di Europa, a French Gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at Mr. Scholls, he was a lawyer by profession and his name mondaroux Verta[m]ey, resident in Paris, rue Hautefeuille N^o 14. He travelled for the benefit of his health, for he suffered from a weak Chest. Together we went to Gli Studii, where we spent several hours in the saloons which paved with beautiful antique mosaic found in Pompeii Herculaneum and Stabiae were filled exclusively with Grecian and a few Egyptian antiquities, with vases, and urns, the vases also called Etruscan are made of particularly fine clay; they are well burnt, neatly finished, elegantly and gracefully shaped, so that in modern times they frequently serve as models in the earthenware

and China manufactories, both in England, and on the Continent. They are painted light brown and black, the former is the ground color, but the black is laid on in such a manner, as to produce the contrary effect, the black seems to be the ground Color, and the brown figures painted on the same, and these the drawing of which is far from faultless, on the Contrary stiff and angular represent all kinds of subjects, such as religious ceremonies, sacrifices, libations, etc., battles in which the Combatants are both, on foot and on horseback, Centaurs and Amazons. A scene repeatedly represented, consists of a man and a woman sitting upright upon two different couches, another figure playing the flute to them, the instrument is held not sideways as flute players do now a-days, but straight forward, like the Indians in Peru and Bolivia, when playing on the "Quena-quena" representations of Conjugal endearments we also found, but without any admixture of Obscurity. Male figures show their private parts without any covering, there was a painting of a Satyr mounted on a Leopard; that of a boy holding a bull by the horns; of a male figure dragging a dead Boar along the ground; of a female on horseback; of a man three headed with a sword and a buckler; of [] Combat between a griffon and a horseman armed with a lance; some male figures were painted with white dots on their brown bodies, probably they were meant to represent a different nation. We found but a single picture of a camel which led us to the conclusion, that these animals of the East, were but little known to the Greeks and Romans, besides the vases and urns, there were candelabras and Candlesticks of the same clay, and similarly painted, flat plates with the pictures of fishes, and of sea monsters, some urns black all over and fluted (Cannelées). The articles of Egyptian workmanship are in every respect inferior to the Grecian, the [...] [138] so well burnt, the shape is less elegant, they are painted white with black, and these painting represent sphinxes, uncouth monsters, men on horseback with enormous helmets and shields. Amongst these Egyptian articles, we found some goblets, the lower part of which in the shape of animals heads was rounded, so that they could not stand upright and the guests were forced to empty them at one draught, in the same manner as in modern times at the orgies of King George IV, the Glasses are said to have been without a foot. In the galleries which contain the collection of pictures, we did not remain any length of time, and I will only note a few which pleased me most, though from this, the inference is not to be drawn that they were really the best. By giulio Romano the favorite disciple of Rafael, La madona della gatta (the virgin of the Cat), by Raphael himself, a most lovely family; Maria magdalena, once by Titian, and again by Albano; by Girardo della Notte, the Lord's supper at Emmaus, Christ is in the act of parting the bread. This picture enjoys a great renown on account of the light thrown by the burning candle which stands on

the table upon the persons sitting round. The portraits of the entire Farnese family beginning with Pope Paul III, next two Cardinals, then Alexander Farnese the famous General in the reign of Philippe II; the same whose statue is in the Palace of Caserta, here he is represented treading upon the vices and crowned by a figure personifying virtue. In the Gallery called that of the Duke of Salerno, were many fine pictures by modern masters, one portraying Ugolino and his three Children in the tower, dying of starvation, shocking, dreadful, not beautiful. By Venceslao Peter, a Lion overpowering a tiger which has killed a deer; the one animal stands upon the other, the deer lowest, the Lion uppermost, to me, the ferocious expression in the face of the two wild beasts seemed to surpass the bounds of nature, others who knew better, said that there was no exaggeration; a blind Homer reciting his poems to a peasant man and woman, I admired most. We saw also in the same saloon, models of ruined edifices still existing in Pompeii and Paestum. Towards two o'clock, we left Gli Studie, and my Companions being tired, we took a cab which put us down at the end of la Strada di Toledo, at the foot of two wide flights of stairs, ascending which we found ourselves at the entrance of the park, and Royal Palace of Capo di Monte. This Palace has nothing particular about it, it contains numberless large apartments [...] with red bricks carefully rubbed with wax and [...] [139] very slippery, their furniture was more or less elegant, and the walls were hung with modern pictures of which however I soon got tired and preferred casting my eyes out of the windows upon the park and the pretty country around. The park is planned in the style of the famous French ornamental gardener Lenôtre; stiff, but grand, the walks are wide and straight, the hedges high and Clipped, whilst walking about in the Garden we met, and became acquainted with a party consisting of a Gentleman, his wife, and an elderly lady, who amongst themselves spoke Danish, with us French, and who, as I afterwards learnt from my Consul, were Norwegians, he Mr. Rehder a military man. Having dined by myself in L'albergo Reale, I went to take my Coffee in Il Cafe di Europa where I met monsieur Mondaroux Vertamey, three North American Gentlemen, my fellow passengers on board the steamer Leopold II just arrived fm. Rome, and a German Carl Wehle, who tried hard to persuade me to accompany him on his trip to Malta. The Frenchman and I finished the day with listening to the performance of La Norma, an opera which was at that time a great favorite of mine, in Il teatro di San Carlo. During lent, ballets were prohibited in the dominions of the King of Naples.

Thursday, 20th of February 1845. It was a beautiful day, the sky cloudless, the sun shone bright, thermometer in my room windows open 13° Reaumur, equal to 61° Fahrenheit. By appointment, I met M[r.] Hitzig and Persius in Il Cafe di Europa, they named me their Cash keeper, each of us contributed a

certain sum to our common purse, and we set off for our excursion to Salerno, a cab conveyed us to the Railway terminus, thence the train, we in a second class carriage, to Nocera. As far as Pompeii, the road was known to me, I had already mentioned on a previous occasion that it skirts the sea shore as far as L'Annunziata, then turns a little inland. Our Companions were an elderly English lady, and her daughter, rather pretty, with whom, as my Companions were little acquainted with the English language, I kept-up the conversation till they left us which they did at Pompeii. We continued on the Rway., passed the small river Sarno, the country being always level, and uninteresting reached Nocera, where the Railway ceased; we then took a carriage, had to the right a chain of mountains which on turning southward forms a peninsula, and ends in the promontory [...] Ila Campanella, we drove along its Northern [...] passed [...] [140] insignificant place La Cava, further on Vietri, so called on acct. of its many glass manufactories, (for, Vetro is the Italian word for glass). Between these two places, we noted to our right, a small valley crossed over by two narrow viaducts, and having left Vietri behind us, soon reached the Coast, and shortly after, Salerno a town with ten thousand inhabitants, where we arrived still in time to visit the Cathedral, before it grew dark. This Cathedral was built by order of Robert Guiscard in the eleventh century, but my companions were of opinion, that its architecture had been modernized and spoiled in later years. Outside the same, is the atri[...], a square yard surrounded by an antique Colonnade, the doors of the Church are of bronze; both the nave and the aisles are of uncommon width, the two pulpits, one opposite the other, are sustained by small Columns of Grey, Elba granite, near the larger of the two stands a strangely shaped Column of variegated marble divided into three parts which indicates its Saracenic origin, it may have served for a candelabra. The pavement was for the greater part mosaic, several sarcophagi stood here and there, the bas reliefs with which they were adorned represented profane objects, the Espousals of Bacchus, a festival of the same God; the rape of Proserpine etc. In one sarcophagus, our Cicerone told us, that the remains of Margaret of Anjou, the widow of Henry VI of England are deposited; this however, does not agree with the statement of Miss Strickland in her work "Lives of the Queens of England", where she says, that Margaret of Anjou having died at "Le Chateau de Dampierre" on the 28th of August 1480, was interred in the Cathedral of Angers, in the same tomb with her parents. Another sarcophagus, according to the same Salerno authority contains the bones of Pope Gregory the VIIth, the famous Hildebrand, which is correct; his statue in marble lies upon the lid. The altar in the Vestry is ornamented with handsome Carved Ivory work, in the Crypt we were shown to a Chapel in which the pillars which separate the aisles from the Nave are beautifully

inland with Florentine Mosaic, in which the white predominates giving them a light and Cheerful appearance. In the centre, stand two statues of the Evangelist saint Mathew back to back, bearing the greatest resemblance to each other, to him this Cathedral is dedicated, and his remains are said to rest beneath. A lateral Chapel is that of the martyrs fortunato, Cayo, and N.N., who our cicerone said were decapitated at the time when the Saracens held their sway in the South of Italy upon a block which is preserved up to this day [...] [141] stands before this Chapel. I, as cash keeper paid the usual gratification to our Cicerone, we then walked through the streets of Salerno, narrow but well paved with large, square blocks of lava, and I by myself climbed up a pretty high hill, just behind the town at the risk of being blown down by a fierce North wind, for the beautiful weather of the morning had Changed for the worse, the prospect, however, which I enjoyed from this elevated spot, well compensated the toil. Close behind me were the ruins of an old Castle; before me lay the town and the bay, to the right the view was confined by the chain of rugged mountains ending in a promontory, whilst to the left, I could follow for a long distance the winding of the Coast to the Eastward, and the road to Paestum; inland, I saw the Calabrian mountains the snowy tops of which shone upon by setting sun, wore the rosy tinge of which the travellers in Switzerland, are so fond of speaking in raptures their sides dotted over with cheerful looking white houses. I was home at six Oclock, just when the soup was put on the table, a fine fire was blazing in the Chimney place; the dinner however was poor. For some time, we conversed pleasantly, and after my Companions had retired to rest, I remained till 10 1/2 writing my memoranda.

Friday, 21st of February 1845. In the Hotel della Vittoria I found for the first time in Italy, a clean and decent water closet. From the window of my room I looked down the narrow streets of the town, and had a pretty view upon the mole projecting into the sea; upon the mentionned yesterday Chain of hills; somewhat nearer, upon the white houses of Vietri; more to the right, upon the ruined castle, on the top of the mountain, in front of which I had taken my venturous station on the previous evening. Having broken our fast with a cup of poor Coffee, we three left in a carriage for Paestum, or rather for its ruins, for, of the ancient town of this name originally called Poseidonia, destroyed by the Saracens in the IXth Century little exists. The frozen road afforded nothing of interest, it leads through a level Country at a short distance from the sea which we had to our right, to our left, mountains, some of which, were snow capped; here and there we saw pieces of ice perhaps two inches thick, we often alighted to warm our feet, and the four Italian miles, equal to about as many English miles, from the river S[aa]le which we passed on a ferry, to Paestum, we walked on foot. The handbook says that the [...] [142] existence, we however saw

nothing of it except a few miserable huts, perhaps because we did not go far enough. The ancients have celebrated Poseidonia for the odour of the roses which here blossomed twice a year and for its mild balmy Climate; we for a certainty saw no roses, and temperature was extremely cold, owing to the biting North wind, we were also told that in the summer season, the Climate here, is very unhealthy. The natives whom we saw loitering about, were wrapped-up in cloaks of an ordinary brown colored cloth, others, in sheep skins, the fleece turned outside, black buffaloes were grazing on the pasture land, very different from the heavy, grey, horned Cattle, which I had hitherto seen in the environs of Naples. Our only object in Coming thither was to examine the pretty well preserved ruins of three Greek temples, in which my Companions, as Architects took a great interest; also I, though understood little about it, was well pleased with obtaining some insight into the architecture of such edifices. The adjoining sketch is that of the temple of Neptune (Poseidon)

Doric Columns three steps lead row on the top of which rest the Frieze, which I have indicated by extremities upon the Frieze, the B.B. are the four Corners which inclosed the area, still inner temple, supposed to have

the dots represented up to the first exterior Architrave and the A.A., and at the two Frontispiece or Gable; have remained of a wall further raised, of the been always uncovered.

The Columns forming this inner temple are indicated by C.C., they also sustained an architrave, and upon this architrave stood originally a row of small Columns, of which on the one side only five, on the other, three, still exist. Temples built in this manner are called by architects Perypteros on account of the outer, and Hypaeteros, on account of the inner Colonnade C.C. The second Temple in Paestum believed to have been dedicated to Ceres, is a pure Perypteros, because the inner Colonnade, which, as just said, gives the name of Hypaeteros is wanting, and only the outer one exists. This is its figure:

Colonnade of

of the inner wall x.x. there is no vestige, and the spot a; the actual temple can only be recognized by the slight elevation of the ground upon the outer Colonnade B.B. the architrave and Frieze have been preserved, also the frontispiece of this shape:

the 3rd Temple goes by the same name of Basilica, three steps lead up to the outer Doric Columns, at equal distance from each other and supporting [] architrave and [143] two steps more, to the inner raised ground. Of the wall []urrounding this inner ground, which, as already said, is the temple itself, the Corners still remain, also three Columns, the

appearance of which in this inner ground was considered by my friends to be against the rules of faultless architecture and induced them to believe that this Basilica, see the affixed sketch, must have been built when the art was in its decline. * * indicate two Capitals which are lying on the ground.

Of the walls which once encircled the town of Paestum, there are still a few ruins consisting of large square blocks of stone. Of the amphitheatre there is not the slightest trace, the high road and cultivated fields on both sides occupy the place, where it once stood. We were told also, that of a Theatre some ruins were still extant, but these, we did not

see. It was now past three O'clock, we went to a public house, much more decent, than the appearance of all we had seen hitherto, had led us to expect. Here, we consumed some cold provisions which we had brought with us from Salerno, and without any further delay, remounted our carriage, and drove back, we had some straw put in to warm our feet, shut-up the windows as closely as we could, and thus, without suffering from the Cold, but also without seeing anything of the Country, reached our hotel in Salerno, in the neighbourhood of which place, our landlord told us, both prints and Cloth are manufactured. We dined and taking our landlords advice, engaged a boat with four boatmen to row us to Amalfi, it was a beautiful moonlight night, the wind had lulled, the Cold was less intense than in the morning; Persius had his own big cloak with him, I borrowed one, Hetzig a blanket from the landlord and in this manner together with a large fire-pan with burning coals placed in the middle of the boat, we had no reason to Complain of the Cold temperature, on the Contrary, the two hours which it took us to reach Amalfi were as delightful, I may say romantic, as any I have ever spent. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, the high rocky coast indented with numberless small bays and Creeks, houses painted white distinctly seen in the Clear moonlight, some in these dark recesses others sprinkled all over the mountains side. Shortly after having left Salerno, we passed through a narrow Channel, between the main on the one, and a cluster of rocks on the other side, and without any accident having be fallen us, we arrived at amalfi at about midnight, where the host of Lalbergo dei Capuccini received us with more than usual [...] I could not understand the [...] [144] as my interpreter, and it was really interesting to see the brown weather beaten expressive countenance of these men, accompanied by no less expressive gesticulations, in eager converse with the placid quiet landlord, he arranged with them, that if the weather was favorable

on the following day, they should row us in the Salerno, whereupon we retired to rest.

Saturday, 22nd of February 1845. The weather had completely changed since yesterday, it was comparatively warm, but the sky was overcast and it rained occasionally. Amalfi in the middle ages an important Commercial Republic, numbered in 1130 as many as 50,000 inhabitants, in 1845 it had dwindled down to the rank of an inconsiderable unimportant provincial town. It is beautifully situated close to the sea, its houses straggling up in the most irregular manner, a narrow valley, which more properly may be called a gulley. Wheresoever we turned, a strange queer looking building of great interest to my Companions was sure to be seen, perched on the top of a mountain. and these mountains sometimes overhang the road and the houses built below, sometimes they rise straight-up like a wall, then again they gently slant backwards, forming terraces, invariably covered with vineyards. Though, the weather as already said, did not favor us, all three enjoyed this walk exceedingly and I thought by myself, how I should like to spend here a week, or a fortnight in the fine season, and to ramble about in the environs. On leaving Amalfi, we walked a few steps northward to another small place. Turning inland the ascent of the Gulley commenced; to our left, on the top of a hill, our guide pointed out to us, a house in which she assured us, Massaniello was born, somewhat higher-up follows the Church di San Micaele dell Angelo, and again above this Church the ruins of an extensive Castle once owned by Queen Giovanna or Jane, of whom I read in Förster's handbook, that she was the grand daughter of King Robert of Naples; that she governed the kingdom as Regent; that she was a cruel sanguinary woman and was assassinated by her nephew Charles Durazzo about the year 1350. Of the three buildings, Mr. Persius promised to give me a sketch, which he did a few days later and this pretty little drawing will be found in appendix under Number 3. We passed to our right the romantically situated village of Scala, met many Country people carrying fire-wood on the head, the women much better looking than the Neapolitan women of the lower classes whom I had hitherto seen. We kept to the [...] [145] continuing to climb-up our steep ascent, reached Ravello rich in remnants of Saracenic architecture which Persius and Hitzig valued above all. We entered the Church di San Pantaleone in which the nave is separated from the aisles, on each side, by a row of pillars and Columns, two Columns and one pillar alternately. There are two pulpits both of marble, the larger that to the right is inlaid with Gold and Colored mosaic, it rests upon six small marble Columns, whose shafts are sculptured spirally, the white stone and the Colored mosaic alternately; each of these Columns rises from the back of a Lion. Also on the pulpit stand three similar spiral columns, one on each corner, one in the middle with a marble Eagle

on the top. The marble steps which lead up to the pulpit, are inconveniently steep. The exterior wall or solid bannister of the steps, of the same material, is again inlaid with mosaic mostly representing birds, and here, this inscription is to be read: "Ego magister Nicolaus di Bartolomeo di Foggia marmoreum hoc opus fecit", the year 1010 or thereabouts which the Guide told us was to be found somewhere, escaped our search. The smaller pulpit to the left which does not rest upon columns is ornamented with mosaics which represent two huge green Dragons, each devouring a human being. As soon as we had seen all that was worth seeing in this Church, we walked back. In Ravello the ground was partly snow Covered, partly frozen, but before we reached Amalfi, it commenced raining which prevented our walking up for my great distance, another Gulley, that of the mill, said to be more picturesque than that which leads to Ravello. It is narrower, a mountain torrent, rushing through, forms several small water falls, and puts in motion various mills, in which macaroni is made, an article for the manufacture of which Amalfi has a great reputation; this is all I can say of this mill Valley. We had for dinner, excellent macaroni, good fish, but poor meat, which being dispatched, we had nothing better to do than to return by land to Salerno. Our intention had been to be rowed to Scaricatojo thence to pass over the mountain ridge to Sorrento, but both the one and the other was pronounced to be impracticable, the former, on account of Sirrocco which had set in, the latter, owing to the snow which our landlord assured us, Covered the passes over the mountains. We engaged Guides and donkeys, and put ourselves in motion at two oclock. It rained almost the entire distance to Salerno, our feet got very cold and we walked [...] much as we rode. The road follows all the [...] the [146] Coast, and on the other side, we had an uninterrupted ridge of hills, at first we passed through continual plantations of orange trees, then suddenly came upon a cluster of Lemon and Orange trees which emitted a delicious fragrance. We rode through the Villages of Atrano Menore and Atrano Maggiore, behind which latter place the Country is barren. Here and there the road, not wide enough for carriages, had fallen in. Further-on, we came to a miserable place Citharro; now it grew dark, it rained, the road was very muddy, I by myself walked on through "La marina di Vietri", thence through Vietri itself where the road which we had come falls in with that from Nocera, and at three quarters past six reached "l'albergo della Vittoria", none of us in good humour, and all with wet feet. Persius recommended a bowl of punch which he declared necessary to warm ourselves and no doubt we all three took much of it, as a proof of which, I need only mention that our conversation turned to religion, a topic I carefully avoid when I am in my right mind.

Sunday, 23rd of February 1845. I was called at four oclock and a dreadful headache from which I suffered, gave evident proof of the excess to which last nights libations had been carried. At five oclock we entered the diligence, a miserable shaky omnibus, nevertheless I managed to sleep a little, as well as in the train from Nocera to Naples; on my way from the terminus to my usual Coffee house, L'anela di Oro, I had to pass through labyrinth of old Naples, and after having taken a cup of hot Coffee and a glass of soda water, and rested for half an hour in my lodgings, I was well enough to pay a visit to the Signorina Rossello Rebussina; she, her husband a bearded Italian and a number of Opera singers were rehearsing a new Comic opera in the presence of the Composer; they were dressed in their everyday's clothes and appeared to be in excellent spirits, the Composer played on the piano, and occasionnally corrected the singers. From the house of la Signorina Rossello Rebussina I went to Mrs. Gotzloff with whom I remained a long time, her husband had not yet returned from Rome; she an Italian by birth, extremely fair, and brought up in a German family, spoke a German quite as well as I, nevertheless not she, but I, took the lead in the conversation. Hitzig and I dined together in l'albergo del Commerzzio, and finished the day in Il Teatro nuovo, a small house with very narrow inconvenient seats in [...] [147] given, the scene was laid in Prussia in the reign of Frederick the great. The actors men and women appeared on the stage wrapped-up in furs, and icebergs were seen at a distance. My friend la [R]ebussina sang as "La prima Dona", she had a fine voice and put me in mind of the Rossi of Lima.

Monday, 24th of February 1845. The first thing I did this day was to make a purchase of several paintings in a pictures shop opposite Gli Studii. Persius and Hetzig who accompanied me, gave me their advice, and I bought the following: five Oil Copies, the originals of which were in the museum, viz.: three by Raphael, the holy family, La Virgine della Seggiola, and another Virgen by Domenico Gargiulo a Neapolitan painter, the portrait of Massaniello, who though he has a pipe in his mouth resembles more a girl, than a youth, and by Giorgone of the Venitian School, the portrait of Conradin, this last which looks to me much too manly for Conradin, who had not yet reached his twentieth year when he was beheaded, hangs at present (March 1870) in my parlour in Lima, and is much admired by all who pretend to know anything of the art of painting. My purchase included also seven views of Naples and mount Vesuvius extremely well done in Acquarella or "Gouache", they hang in my dining room. Finally five excellent Colored lithographic engravings of Neapolitan costumes which I preserve in my large portfolio, they cost me, one with another sixty Scudi or Spanish dollars. By myself, I entered the museum, and went to those rooms which I had not visited hitherto, one of them contained the mosaic and

fresco-paintings; of the latter Förster in his handbooks gives a detached list, of the former I will enumerate but a few: a Cat devouring a partridge, Ducks eating lettuce; flowers; two masked actors; Fishes; An amor riding on a panther, bridling it with a garland of Roses. Two Columns inlaid with mosaic are remarkable because if Förster is to be believed, they are the only two antique Columns which have ever been found inlaid in this manner, they were dug out in Pompeii. A suite of rooms, some of which were paved with antique mosaic, was crowded with Curiosities and antiquities of all descriptions, of which as may well be conceived not many were recollected by me, when in the evening as it was my Custom, I put pen to paper. Here goes what I remembered: of Dante, a bronze bust; considered to be an excellent likeness; a marble bust of the same; two busts of Dukes of Tuscany; one of Pope Paul III; a Colossal statue of Maecenas; several marble busts of Charles Vth; A Bronze bust of the first King of [...] a large baptismal font of [...] [148] Of stone, a Turkey standing upon a pig (a queer idea!); much Carved wood work; handsome bas reliefs in Alabaster, representing in several compartments the entire history of the passion of Christ found in Naples upon the tomb of Stanislaus, King of Poland; Carved work in wood and Ivory; of yellow amber a large goblet upon which the picture of a battle is cut in relief; dishes, a box with Chessmen, draughtsmen, and dice, all of the same material; a silver gilt box; a vase of Sardonyx necklaces of agate; small glasses of rock crystal; insignificant petrifications; Corals, Chinese Idols and drawings; some trifles from the South Sea Islands; East Indian Idols made of bronze; a Mexican Idol. Of greater interest than the preceding ones was to me, a great variety of glassware found in Pompeii, amongst which, a few pieces of window glass, which is extremely scarce; Tear glasses, which it is well known, were used by the ancients for preserving the tears shed at the death of a near relative or friend; an oil and vinegar glass. Sepulchral urns generally of clay; a handsome blue bottle; a black and white urn, a large blue urn ornamented with beautiful white cuttings, the three last, of glass; much common pottery ware; in one pot some burnt beans; in another, burnt barley still existed; of baked clay a fine Lion holding a spout in his mouth; faces or masks of the same material which answered the same purpose of the Lion's spout. They were fastened at the end of a conduct and through their wide open mouth, the water flowed out, and generally fell into a stone basin where it was collected for the use of the public. Further, of the same baked clay, small sarcophagi in which the ashes of the dead were deposited; statues and bust of Gods and Goddesses entire and mutilated etc. From the Catacombs of Rome many objects used by the first Christians who held there their secret meetings, had been transferred thither, Crosses, lamps, manuscripts, and divers other things. Finally, from the middle ages a dagger worked by Benevenuto Cellini,

and worn by Alexander Farnese, and from modern times, a Medusa's head by Canova. The last apartment contained objects of considerable value such as Gold ornaments, necklaces and bracelets, Rings and Earrings, Candle-sticks, Silver spoons, Cups, stands with dishes; all these for the greater part antique, a large Onyx, on one side of which a medusa's head, on the other, the apotheosis of Emperor Adrian is engraved. Of Gems and cameos, there was a great number made of precious stones representing for the greater part busts and entire figures of gods and Goddesses, of demi Gods, Heroes, and other persons mentioned in the mythology of the Greeks [...] well known to the ancients [...] [149] Kings and Emperors of great renown. The difference between Gems and Cameos is the following: with the gems, the object represented is cut into the stone in the same manner as seals of the present day are engraved, whilst with the cameos it is the reverse, the object instead of being cut into the stone, is slightly raised above the stone's surface. Having fixed upon the next day for my departure to Palermo, I of course required some money to settle my accounts, when looking for my letter of credit to Meuricoffer I had to search for it, a long while, and when I found it at last, I observed to my great annoyance that on the blank half sheet, I had made some notes in pencil, this I tore off; but on my presenting the other half sheet upon which the letter of credit was written, Mr. Meurikoffer, immediately observed that the other half was wanting, and that a letter of credit in a mutilated state was not in order, I agreed with him that he was right, told him how it had happened and added that if he entertained the slightest doubt of the correctness of the letter, he need not give me any money, whereupon he immediately ordered his Cash keeper to pay me what I wanted. He gave me for a receipt of four hundred Banco marks, the value of the same at the exchange of forty two Ducats, Eighty Cents, the hundred marks, whilst at Rottschild's I had received 42.90. I was told here, that Mr. Christ and wife had arrived and went immediately in search of them, they lived in "l'hôtel de Russie", and both gave a very cordial reception. I dined at L'albergo Reale in Company with three North American Gentlemen, my fellow passengers on board the Leopold. After dinner, I paid a long visit to Doctor Schnars, who this time was more communicative than he had been on previous occasions. He told me, that he was married to a daughter of the well known merchant F. M. Mutzembecker in Hamburg, that he was on bad terms with his wife, that he was separated from her, and was in hopes of obtaining soon a judicial divorce, Dor. Biesterfeld in Hamburg, was his lawyer. I also learned from, him, that the opinion of learned men as to the meaning of the beautiful mosaic in Gli Studie, see page 132 of this volume, had of late undergone a decided change, that the battle was at present believed to represent not to the Victory of Alexander over Darius, but one of the many victories which Marcellus

gained over the Gauls led by their Chief Windomar in the years 512 to 533 U.C. I finished the day at Mr. Scholls where, as usual conversation and Whist playing took-up the time, the weather was shockingly bad, the wind blew high, it hailed and rained, it [] and lightened. [. . .] [150]

Tuesday, 25th of February 1845. The weather was nearly as bad as last night. Thermometer in my room, windows open, 13° Reaumur = 61° Fahrenheit. For a considerable while I remained in my room busy writing a few observations, I have hitherto omitted to make; many artisans and tradesmen who in the North of Europe do their work within their houses the doors shut, carry on their trade in Naples in the open air. For instance: in one street opposite Il Castello Nuovo Blacksmiths were continually hammering away at their iron bedsteads and nearly blocked up the thoroughfare, in the same manner copper smiths were at their work. In other streets, money-changers had their stalls in the streets, so had the venders of Macaroni, of pastry, of meat and fish raw and cooked, hot and Cold, Vegetables, fruits, etc. The sellers of oranges and lemons had a particular kind of booth usually an image of the Virgin with a candle burning before it, placed on the top; near the post office, a few men shabbily dressed, had their station, each of them sat at a separate table pen in hand, paper and ink before him; these are the private secretaries for such, [as] are unable to write. I myself saw on one occasion, a young girl of the lower classes dictating a letter to one of them. I finished a long letter to my wife, also wrote to Meurikoffer in Naples, and to Siveking in Marseilles through the intervention of which two houses I forwarded to Siveking in Altona, the box of minerals which Dr. Schnars had had the kindness to procure for me. It was now near four o'clock. I dined at l'hotel del Commerzzio with Hitzig and Persius, the former treating us with a bottle of champagne, I then bade them good bye; Hetzig intended to leave next day for Rome, Persius had to remain, for he had just received an order from Berlin, to procure for the Museum there, a cast of the Group of the Farnesian bull, with Mr. and Mrs. Christ, I went to the theatre San Carlo, the lady went with some friends of hers to a box, her husband and I, to the pit, it was a gala night, all the Candelabras in front of the boxes were lighted. The opera, I due Foscari was performed and many of the singers sang well, especially Collette who acted the Doge, had a splendid bass voice. When I walked home with Mr. Christ we saw the flames rise high above the crater of [] Vesuvius, it was a beautiful sight; also the weather had completely changed for the better, it was a delightful night.

Wednesday, 26th of February 1845. The morning broke quite as fine as the [. . .] always indispensable when [. . .] [151] on the point of starting for another place kept occupied till noon, when I went on board the steamer Palermo, bound for Palermo, passage first class cost five scudi. Salvatore, the ci-devant Gendarme

accompanied me on board and expressed the hope, that I would again take-up my lodgings with him on my return from Sicily. The steamer was filled with passengers of whom I may mention, a sickly Genteel English Gentleman Mr. Gardner, his wife, and miss Austin his sister in law, also with several Germans the acquaintance of some of whom I had made at Mr. Scholl's, they were: Mr. Roesseling an elderly Gentleman, Doctor martin Herbertz, Mr. Carl Dyrssen a Physician; these three from Cologne; William Arndt an apothecary from Berlin, all except Roesseling, young men; with them was a Milanese Cesare Perdelli. After some preliminary talk, we agreed that we would jointly make our journey through Sicily. It was past two oclock, when we got under weigh, and the bay of Naples which I had hardly seen on the day of my arrival, when it will be remembered the weather was very unfavorable, now presented itself to me, in all the beauty for which it is so justly and far famed. To the Westward, the bay is confined by the Islands of Ischia and Procida and the promontory Miceno; Baja and Puzzuoli situated where the Coast recedes a little, cannot be seen. The small island of Nisita was clearly distinguishable with its large white prison house, then follow the mountain Pausilippo, Il Castello del [U]ovo projecting into the sea, the masses of white houses and Churches rising amphitheatrically to the ridge of mountains which are crowned with the Convent of Calmadoli, the fort Saint Elmo, and the Palace Capo di Monte; to the Eastward, along the sea shore extend the repeatedly mentioned towns of Portici, Resina, Torre di Greco, L'annunziata, and at some distance Castellmare, behind them, green fields rising towards La Somma, and the never-to-be-tired-of smoking and flaming Vesuvius. The snowy ridge of mountains of which the highest San Angelo and which run out into "La Punta della Campanella", close the view in that direction. On their sides, and along the Coast, I discerned the pretty places of Vico, Meta, Sorrento and Mazza. A little to the Westward of the "punta della Campanella" lies the rugged island of Capri, with the two towns of Capri and Anacapri, the entrance to the famous "grotta Azzurra" was pointed out to me by one of the passengers, but I was unable to distinguish it. The sea was so smooth that neither I, nor anyone else suffered the least from sea-sickness [...] the time passed away pleasantly, till five Oclock whe [...] [152] to a good dinner laid out on deck. It was not over abundant, but everything was nice and clean. Bye and bye the wind changed from North to West, and was of course less favorable. Libeccio is the name given to the South West Ponente to the West wind. I went below, read, took tea, and laid down towards nine oclock, not in my berth, but on a sofa.

Thursday, 27th of February 1845. When I rose at six Oclock I had to Call for water, also the evening before I had to ask for sheets; with the exception of yesterday's good dinner and the pleasant Character of the Captain, there was

surely much room for improvement, on board of this steamer. I went on deck, it rained, the wind blew strong, right into our teeth, miss Austin had passed the whole night on deck near the rudder, sheltering herself with an umbrella against the pelting rain and I found her still in the same position. I felt a little squeamish, but fortunately, escaped the actual sea sickness, for on our approaching the Coast, the sea became quieter, consequently the steamer's motion less. We had in front of us the mount Pellegrino, on the summit of which stands the Sanctuary di Santa Rosalia the Patroness of Palermo. It is a steep reddish looking rock, at the foot of which a few green fields sprinkled with some white houses, slant towards the sea. We turned round a point, and found ourselves in the bay of Palermo which though not so extensive as that of Naples, is not without its beauty. The white houses of the town extend along the bay, and are surrounded by a chain of mountains forming a half circle which to the Westward terminate in the already mentioned abrupt rock Pellegrino, whilst to the Eastward it ends with the Cape Zaffarrano. Great were the Confusion and the turmoil, before we could get on shore, there was a squeezing and pushing, a calling out in different languages; the one looking for his trunk, the other for his hat-box, everybody caring for himself, and not minding his neighbour, the agents fin. on shore presenting cards of the different hotels, and the boatmen hallooing, and haggling with the passengers, all one with another, was a scene which would have afforded me much amusement, if I myself, had not been obliged to take an active part in it. The luggage was opened on board, and slightly examined, the four Germans, the Milanese and I at last obtained a boat, and the boatmen agreed to put us and our luggage on shore, and to carry it to the hotels which we might indicate to them, for ten Carlines. We landed at la Marina, a fine quay, covered with Gravel. At the gate of the town [...] searching the luggage of [...] [153] for the purpose of extorting a fee, but as I did not meet his wishes, he obliged me to take everything out of my trunk and to put it on the ground. Of course, he found nothing subject to the excise duty, but had attained his object that of annoying me. On board, we had been recommended to the hotel della Fortuna, but its exterior looked so dirty and nasty, that we did not even enter it, then, we went to the Hotel della Frinacria, whose landlord asked such extravagant prices, that I, for my part thought of no use bargaining with him; finally Arndt, Herbetz, and I obtained rooms in the Hotel des quatre nation[_]; Arndt and I, one jointly for six Carlins, Herbetz, one for himself for four Carlins daily, the others remained at La Frinacria. We met again, but already at the outset, the evil consequence of many headed party made itself felt. We lost an hour in Consulting and discussing what to do, and when at last we sallied forth at two oclock, no fixed decision had been come to. The principal street in Palermo Called La Via di

Toledo runs from one extremity of the town to the other, about in the middle, it is intersected by another similar street, La Strada di Macovedo, and where they meet is La piazza di cuatri Canto[_], a circular open place in whose centre stand the statues of the four Spanish Kings of the Austrian line Charles V, Philippe II, Philippe III and Philippe IV. The streets are generally well paved with large square blocks of stone, but, have no gutters; the houses high and large, are white washed and flat roofed; few are without small iron balconies, some have them both in the first and the second stories; from the upper windows, washed linen, was hanging out to dry which gives no favorable idea of the Gentility of the inmates, as little as of the vigilance of the police, everything was done with the doors open; milliners were at their work with open doors, I was shaved, the doors open and I saw a woman darning her stockings, sitting in the middle of the street. The streets were well filled with people but of genteel looking women we hardly saw any. Here the same as in Naples, the ladies of the higher classes rarely shown themselves in public; when they go out, they do so in their own carriages. The Cathedral is dedicated to Santa Rosalia; it was built in 1183 under the reign of William II, its exterior is extremely irregular; Förster's handbook says: that the style of its architecture is [?] Arabic. Its interior does not strike the beholder either by its splendor or magnificence, the walls are whitewashed, eight pillars on each side of the [...] arate the same from the lateral aisles and each [...] [154] granite Columns are walled up, the aisles are not covered by one vault or flat ceiling, as I have seen in other Churches, but between each two pillars is a small Cupola, thus eight on each side which have a pleasing effect. Four sarcophagi of Porphyry and ornamented each by six Columns of the same material are placed in as many lateral Chapels, the first contains the mortal remains of King Roger II who died in 1154, the 2nd, those of his daughter Constantina † 1198; the third those of Henry VI her husband, German Emperor † 1197, and the last, those of Frederick II, Henry VI's son, who died in 1250. Our guide told us, that in the same sarcophagus with the a[_] of Frederick II, were also preserved those of Peter III of Aragon [who], as will be seen by abstract of the Napolitan history, see page 115 of this volume, married the grand daughter of Frederick II, and was the first King of the Aragonese line. Of this Forster's hand-book says nothing, and I therefore do not vouch for the correctness of the statement. Constantia of Aragon, the spouse of Frederick II lies also interred within the precincts of this Cathedral, which is manifest by the following inscription engraved upon a monument erected in the very wall of the Church "Sicaniae Regina fui Consta[_] conjunx augusta hic habito, nune Fredericoe tua obit Catanie MCCXXII". From the Cathedral, we directed our steps to La Piazza Reale adorned with various kinds of trees amongst which I recognized the wild

pepper tree, which, under the name of molle abounds in the valleys of Peru, in front of the Royal Palace stands the statue of Philippe IV, on a high pedestal; the bas reliefs upon the latter make known to the world, his many virtues. The Palace is a large quadrangular building three stories high; in the centre, is a square yard round which runs a Colonnade, on the ground floor, as well as inside of the first and second story. From the roof of the Palace, we had an extensive view over the Chain of mountains which encircles Palermo, and which, seen from on board, seems to rise immediately behind the town, is in reality some distance off, and the space between them and the town, is occupied by extensive and richly cultivated fields, we distinguished near the Cape Zaffarano, many Country-houses which go by the name of La Bagheria; in that direction, when the weather is clear, Mount Etna is visible. Thence, we walked out into the Country through the new gate, La Porta Nuova; both to the right and to the left, a colossal human figure is sculptured into the exterior wall. On the top of the gate stand twelve Columns six of which face the [...] [155] six the town. Il Palazzo della Qizza Forster says, dates from the time when the Arabs held their sway in Italy. There are columns and mosaics from the tenth Century; in the Centre a fountain similar to those found in Pompeii, the doors, the windows, the Vaults, have pointed arches, which in architecture is looked upon as something unusual. I recollected that when conversing with Ropsy on the wonders of Italy, he recommended to me, to give my special attention to this Palace, but I must Confess that I saw nothing striking in it. Our last visit was to the Convent of Capuchin friars, a visit which I shall never forget. The friar who showed us round, an agreeable elderly man with a sil[...] beard told us that a vault of the Convent had the property of preserving the dead bodies deposited in it, the Corpses do not putrefy, but dry up; accordingly, all the Capuchin friars who die, as well as the Corpses of such of the Palermese male or female which are to be preserved in this mummy like state are placed in the vault, where they remain for eight months; when taken out, [...] are completely dried-up. The Friars, and some of those who are not friars, wrapt up in a dark brown linen cloak, are ranged upright along the walls of the wide halls of the Convent, and there, they stand; a ghostly spectacle, an imposing "memento mori". Every one has the mouth open and the nose fallen-in; some had a few locks of hair, others had not. Several of the laity lying in their Coffins were placed at the foot of the upright rows; the women not in brown cloaks, but differently robed, also in their coffins were screened-off by a railing iron wire; upon a high shelf stood the skull of a Bey of Tunis, who died more than two centuries back, close to it, a black Cat stealthily moving about, the only living creature besides our party in this abode of the dead contrasted strangely. I walked up and down the large corridors absorbed in thought, without feeling

the slightest aversion to what I saw round me, but this was not the Case with some of my Companions, whose nervous system was probably more delicate than mine, they quickly made their exit. When I had rejoined them in the open air, we returned to Palermo, traversed many narrow dirty streets until we emerged in La Strada Macovedo which took us to La Via Toledo, and after repeated inquiries, we at last discovered a trattoria or Chop-house recommended to me by Ropsy, the name of which, from La Villa di Milan had been changed into that of La Trinacria. We ate a la carte, it cost little, but was bad, Arndt and I [...] home, he to bed, I stayed up writing until 11 1/2 [...] [156]

Friday, 28th of February 1845. Arndt and Dyrssen of whom I had of course never heard before, were however not complete strangers to me, both were acquainted with some friends of mine, which circumstance naturally contributed to quicken our intimacy. Arndt had served as apprentice in the druggist's shop of the apothecary Siemsen in Altona, and had entered this situation immediately after the death of Siemsen's young wife Theresa Elmenhorst; Dyrssen was related by marriage, to the son of Professor Struve of Dorpat, who the son of Director Struve the head of the Altona College which I frequented for more than five years, had married Emily Wall, a playfellow of mine in my Childhood. Of the family Elmenhorst frequent mention has been made in the first volume of these my extracts; also the name of Struve and Wall will be found though not so repeatedly as that of Elemenhorst; Dyrssen was likewise acquainted with one and the other of Charles Ropsy's travelling companions in Italy, Lane, one of them of whom Charles had often spoken to me, had died in October last. Arndt and I took our Coffee jointly in our room, then, went over to La Trenacria to pay a visit to Don Cesare Perdelli and Doctor Dyrssen, they [...] well lodged and had a beautiful view from their balcony, upon the bay, the light house, and Monte Pellegrino to the left, to the Cape Zaffarano to the right. The weather being as favorable as we could desire, Thermometer 11° Reaumur = 57° Fahrenheit, we determined upon making an excursion to the neighbouring town of Monreale; Dyrssen was not inclined to make one of the party, we others that is to say: Roesseling, Herbertz, Arndt, Perdelli, and I left in an open Carriage, at somewhat past nine oclock, and drove out of La Porta-nuova; to the right, we had the sea from which we were separated by a ridge of barren hills upon which grew nothing but Cactus and Pencas, here called aloes; on the other, the left side, we had a rich and fruitful plain, which on account of its extraordinary fertility has earned the name of La Conca di Oro (the Golden Shell), it was covered with fresh green grass, and sprinkled over with Orange, fig, and Olive trees, mulberry trees were less abundant. This plain rises gently and loses itself in the ridge of surrounding mountains. The road we drove over ascends perceptibly; just before reaching

Monreale a town which though according to Förster, has a population of Eight thousand souls, is built most irregularly, and present [_] of interest, except the Church Santa Maria Nuova which [...] [157] remarkable medieval building, the doors are of brass, and on entering, we all were struck with the extreme elegance of the granite Columns which separate the nave from the aisles. They are slight, nothing heavy, and each is adorned with a tasteful capital, where they cease, the Choir commences, shaped in pointed arches, the indisputable proof of Saracenic Architecture. Behind the Choir stands the high altar, the side walls are of marble inlaid with mosaic, the wall which occupies the space between the top of the Columns and the ceiling, as well as that part of the side walls which corresponds in height with the same, are gilt, and upon this gilt ground scenes from the Old and the new testament, mostly from the lives of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, are represented in mosaic. There are no lateral Chapels, and only three altars; that already mentioned at the end of the nave, and one at the extremity of each aisle, the Ceiling is flat and gilt. In the aisle on the right side stands an antique Porphyry sarcophagus which was empty, and I did not learn whether it had ever contained the remains of a mortal being, or if it had, whose they had been. Close to it, is a marble monument erected in 1575 to the memory of William II, the good, King of Sicily and founder of this church. The exterior of this Church deserves close attention especially the back part which, differing from the usual style of architecture, is rounded off, and in such a manner that the end of the nave projects over the aisles which are of less length, thus: . Upon these rounded walls a few small slender marble Columns, which are ornamented with the figures of arches in solid masonry work, can be traced. These arches intersect each other in this shape: , and below them, small windows perforate the wall, and admit light into the interior. Roesseling, no great pedestrian remained in Monreale we other four, the three Germans on foot, the Milanese on a Donkey set off for the abbey di San Martino, belonging to the Benedictine monks. The road thither, continually ascending, leads over a barren plain strewn with stones and rocks of such height as to impede every prospect, it brought us to a very pretty avenue of Cypresses, which leads straight-up to the gate of the abbey, a large magnificent pile, it was just twelve o'clock, the monks were at dinner, and though we rang and knocked, we had to wait more than hour in the cold open air, before we were admitted. The Vestibule supported by Granite Columns, and 2 red marble flights of stairs, leading to [_] apartments with a Bannister of white alabaster and adorned [158] red marble columns, are similar to the Vestibule and stairs in the Palace of Caserta, but of smaller dimensions. The abbey is built in the shape of a Grecian cross, and abounds in fine wide corridors which in the present season were bitterly cold. In the library, Latin

manuscripts well and neatly written, dating from the tenth and Eleventh Century, also one Chinese and one Arab manuscript were shown to us. The drawing room gaudily painted and well furnished, had in the opinion of us visitors, rather too gay an appearance, for such grave and reflective persons as Benedictine monks are expected to be. Other apartments contained many antiquities and Curiosities huddled up together in such a delightful confusion as to put me in mind of Rödings museum in Hamburg, well known for its want of order and arrangement. Here were: ancient arms, Busts, statues, Bas reliefs, vases, lamps, Bronze Idols, etc., found in the neighbourhood. Minerals, the skin of a Boa, a stuffed Lion, and various monster-births of animals and human beings. Förster's handbook says that in this Collection, the Goblet in which the poisonous draught was handed to Socrates is preserved, but if it exists, at all events, we did not see it, little as we had been pleased with the Chaotic mass, of which I have [?] been able to enumerate a few constituent parts, still less did we find any reason to admire the Church to which we paid our last visit with its white washed walls, heavy massive pillars, and organ standing behind the high altar, a locality which this instrument does not occupy in any other church with which I am acquainted. We hastened back to Monreale, and jointly with Roesseling who was not in the best of humour for having had to wait so long, reentered our carriage in order to return to Palermo, but, "Chemin faisant", it struck us that we had still time to visit Il monte Pellegrino one and a half miglia from Palermo; accordingly, we drove outside the Walls which surround the town to the foot of the said mountain, 1936 feet above the level of the sea, where we alighted. The road winds-up in Zig-zag, Roesseling soon got tired, and remained behind, every time we turned round we had a pretty view over Palermo, the sea on the one, "La conca di Oro", on the other side, to the left of our ascent we saw a pretty valley well cultivated, intersected with roads, and dotted over with houses extending as far as the next ridge mountains. At four oclock precisely, we had commenced our ascent, and already at five, we stood before the grotta di Santa Rosalia, without a moment's delay, We hastened [over] the rocky and sto [...] [159] to a ruined temple. One and a quarter of a miglia distant, from which point We had been told, we should have a splendid prospect over the Country, unfortunately, it was fast getting dark, and a thick haze lay all round the horizon, thus we could hardly form an idea of what we should have seen, if we had come hither at an earlier hour, and on a clear day. In a cave close to the ruins, lay the broken statue of Santa Rosalia. We still managed to have a look at a grotto which, partly natural, partly excavated by human hands, is of no great length, but of considerable height. It has been converted into a Chapel, these are two altars at the foot of one of which is a statue of the saint, covered with a golden or gilt garment; his corpse is said to

have been found on this very spot in 1625, whence it was transferred to the Cathedral of Palermo. Forster says: that Santa Rosalia was the beautiful niece of William, the good, King of Sicily, that at an early age she retired from the world and followed the life of a Cenobite. We descended the mountain, we remounted our carriage and had a fine drive back to town, the sky was clear, the stars out, and though the temperature could not be called warm, it was by no means so cold as to make me regret the want of my big cloak. We took our dinner in the dirty nasty trattoria di Garofano (the Pink) recommended to us by our Coachman and by Forster's hand book, Rosseling who had been in bad humour the whole day long, did not cease complaining of the miserable fare which was placed before us, the others made "bonne mine à mauvais jeu", and having filled our bellies walked home to our respective hotels.

Saturday, 1st of March 1845. It was a beautiful day, what we should call in the North of Europe, a warm spring day; our entire party met, and two Questions were eagerly discussed, the first, whether we should make our journey to Catania straight through the island, or whether we should travel along the Coast as far as Girgenti, there to decide upon our further proceedings, the second how to employ the present day. The first was soon arranged, for though we were sorry to lose the opportunity of seeing the splendid ruins for which Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum is renowned. Yet we all agreed, that if we were to go so far out of our way, it would be quite impossible for us to reach Rome in time for the holy week. The second, though of less importance not so easily settled, the one [...] one thing, the other another, the one went out, the other [160] came in, thus it was eleven O'clock before we had made-up our minds to reascend Il monte Pellegrino, for none of us were satisfied with the indistinct view which we had had on the previous evening from the ruined temple. Before setting out, I had to take my trunk to the steamer's office, to be forwarded thence to Messina, the whole party had to have their passports viséd for Catania. In both offices we wondered at the want of Cleanliness or, to speak more correctly, at the actual dirt which we saw everywhere. The Coffee houses and trattorias were still worse in this respect, even in the principal street La Via di Toledo washed linen was hanging out to dry, and in the narrow streets cords were strung from one side to the other, upon which rags, for some of the linen, was so full of holes as well as to deserve this name, were exposed to the rays of the sun, and to the scruting of the passers by, also macaroni was hanging out for drying, the two principal thoroughfares were well filled as said above, but not a single person seemed to have anything to do, all walked leisurely, or stood about in Clusters conversing, very different from the hurried steps and eager busy looks of those whom one meets in the great arteries of London; friars of all descriptions abounded, and beggars met our eyes whithersoever we turned

them. We noted many handsome private carriages and horses, also herds of tall mules and oxen, of Goats whose horns are of an extraordinary length, flocks were driven through the streets, the same as in Naples; they provided the Palermese with milk, and in all probability the milk given us with our coffee both in the hotels and in Coffee houses was goat's, not cow's milk. At about noon we were ready to set off, and ordered donkeys. This mode of conveyance new to all of us we thought at first very amusing, but by and by we found out that it was the reverse, for these stubborn and Lazy animals continually required whipping, so that our arms soon got tired; I managed better than my Companions, owing probably to the experience which I had gained in my long Peruvian travels on mule back. We rode first to La Villa Budera situated out of town, and belonging to a Russian Princess, the house itself whose exterior had nothing remarkable, was not shown to strangers, but the garden prettily laid out afforded us great pleasure; it was full of Laurels, lemon, sweet and bitter orange, of Cypresses and other descriptions of trees, none of which lose their foliage. Arndt the apothecary, and Dyrssen the Physician bo [...] delighted to find here growing in the open air [...] [161] which in their native country, are carefully reared in hot houses. Roses, Geraniums, Iris, Violets, and many other flowers were in blossom. From La Villa Budhera, we rode to Mount Bellegrino, and ascended to the ruined temple, which I think we should have accomplished quite as quickly if we had been on foot, even now though favored by a clear sky and bright sunshine, the prospect did not answer my expectations, our looks roamed over the town to the bay, thence to the ridge of heights which terminate in the Cape Zaffarano with the Cluster of houses, la Bagheria at its foot, again over the sea to a distant chain of snowy mountains, whilst in the opposite direction to the westward a similar chain closed in the horizon. By seven oclock, we were back in our Hotel where our landlord gave us a very fair dinner at four Carlins per head. Whilst at it, the owner of the Jackasses, the guide who had been with us, and the vetturino or coachman who was to take us to Catania came in and with all three we had to haggle and to Bargain for a length of time quite "a la Napolitaine", our landlord serving as our interpreter, for neither I, nor even the Milanese could understand the patois of these people. This amused us vastly; we ordered two or three bottles of good Marsalla wine and thus, it was ten oclock before we were aware of it. Ten oclock was called in Palermo Le quattro; for here, as well as in Naples, it was the Custom to begin Counting the hours of the day with sunset which is now in the month of March at six oclock, our way of counting the hours from midnight and again from noon was called: alla Francesea.

Sunday, 2nd of March 1845. Our party except the Roesseling engaged an open carriage for the temperature was mild and the sky cloudless, and we drove out

of town over a well cultivated not very extensive plain, to the Monastery di Santa Maria di Gesu at the foot of the mountain of the same name. Close to it stood a brick edifice, a house certainly it was not, rather a look out, a stair-case led-up to a platform surrounded by a bannister apparently for the sole purpose of affording to the lovers of nature and its beauties a somewhat elevated point, from which to take in at a single glance, the rich plain which lay before us, bathed in a glorious sunshine, like a smooth carpet checkered with all shades of green, and closely dotted over with trees and a few houses. We also observed a few brick pillars in each of which, as we were told, a leaden or iron tube was walled up and this tube [...] a pump both for irrigating the land and for supplying [...] [162] and beast with the necessary water to drink. The water was brought in subterraneous pipes from the mountain Saint Giro near that of Santa Maria di Gesu. To the right of the plain lay the placid bay encircled by the white houses of Palermo, overtopped by a few church steeples; a little more inland, Montreale at the foot of a hill and the back ground formed by a ridge of Western mountains; whilst we stood here enjoying this beautiful prospect, the sounds of the Church bells in Palermo calling to mass reached our ears, mixed with a shriller twinkling of the small bells tied round the necks of goats and sheep, flocks of which traversed the Country, it was a delightful moment; but gradually, a strange feeling of deep sadness came over me; had I been myself I should have wept, only the presence of my companions restrained my tears. Was it the softness of the Climate, the resemblance of the vegetation which I saw before me with that left behind in distant climes, which brought back to my recollection, the banks of the Rimac, and above all the image of my dear wife? When driving back to Palermo, we passed a pond to which the high sounding name of Il mare Dolce was given, crossed a small river Il Oretto nearly dry at the present season, over a high bridge with pointed arches, built according to Forster, by Giorgio the Grand Admiral of Roger II in the year 1130, and alighted at the Botanical garden which pleased us above all. Lemon and Orange-trees abounded, I again noted the Peruvian Molle, in Italian, falso pepe; also palm trees, some of the kind which bears the date. When back in Palermo, my Companions went to lunch I preferred strolling about in the town; I entered several Churches, none of which presented anything of interest, except graceful and slight Columns either of granite or marble which take the place of the massive pillars so frequently found in other churches. Having purchased a pair of spectacles for seven Carlins, I returned to my hotel, where a Vetturino soon made his appearance; with him, I, for my Companions generally chose me for their spokesman, concluded the agreement that he should convey us right through the Island, to Catania for 340 Carlins equal to 34 Ducats, he paying for the nights quarters only. The following day at noon was fixed for our departure,

and next Friday noon, for our arrival in Catania, consequently the journey was to last ninety six hours. The Vetturino invited us to go with him to his house where he was to show us the Carriage and horses; but quite "à la Italienne", neither Carriage nor horses were there. Thence we walked to [...] [163] garden Called: Villa Giulia, at the end of the quay, or La marina, this garden, not large, was however very pretty, one spot was devoted to the memory of renowned Sicilians, where monuments were erected in their honor under the shade of Cypresses. The well kept gravel walks lined exclusively with orange and lemon trees, were crowded with promenaders dressed in light clothes, no great coats were to be seen. Ladies, there were but few, and pretty faces, hardly any. After my companions had left me, I remained here an hour or two, walking about, and thinking of distant friends. La marina seemed to answer the purpose of Il Corso in other Italian towns, for handsome carriages drawn by fine horses were driving up and down. I met here Mr. Flores, my Algerian acquaintance. At five o'clock I was at La Frenaccia where an excellent dinner was served. At a later hour Hersbertz, Flores, and I, went to the principal Theatre San Carlino, an opera was given, but the house was so crowded, that we could not gain admittance. Next, we went to San Fernando which was shut-up, and finally to that of Santa Cecilia where French actors performed to a scanty audience. The two plays given were: *Le mariage devant le tambour*, and *Les ressources de Jonathas*; the latter, the best of the two. After the play was over, we walked-up and down la via di Toledo in search of a Coffee house, but all were shut-up, and it was half past twelve o'clock, when we reached our hotel.

Monday, 3rd of March 1845. It was a cloudy day, Thermometer 13° Reaumur = 61° Fahrenheit. We, that is to say: Herbertz, Arndt, Perdely, Dyrsen and I, lunched together, and started at about one o'clock for our Journey to Catania; our carriage, drawn by three black horses, was an open one; it had three seats, each seat for two persons. The two lined seats could be covered and were generally so during our journey to shelter us against the heat of the sun. On the first seat sat the driver and one of us, below the carriage, a net made of strong cords was fastened, and into it our luggage consisting of a few packages of little weight was placed; before starting, lots were drawn, who should occupy the seat near the driver for the first half day. It fell to my share, which I was not sorry for, I recollected the Good older days when mail and stage coaches were the only conveyances all over England and when the outside passengers usually gave the preference to the seat on the box, near the Coachman, generally, a communicative fellow willing [...] able to give every detailed information about the Country through which one [164] drove, about the seats in the neighbourhood, about the Character of their owners, Gentlemen or Noblemen, about their families, means, circumstances, etc., etc.

I, of course did not expect our Vetturino to be such a beau ideal of the English Coachman in the first quarter of the present century, but I hoped to obtain some information from him, in which I was not altogether disappointed, for, he gave me the names of every river, of every place, even of those of the least importance through which we passed, many of which are not to be found on the otherwise so very correct map of Stieler, hardly were we outside the town when we struck right inland, the road continually ascended or descended so that we made but little progress, I suppose, not much more than a German mile per hour, hills and mountains were to be seen whithersoever we turned; the land was neither well, nor carefully cultivated, here and there a Vineyard, trees were scarce, that kind of Cactus which bears the Tuna or prickly pear, the bluish penca or aloes, a few olive, some almond trees, the latter in leaf and blossom, the first place through which we passed was Labade; the second, Misilmeri which of more importance than the previous one, is prettily situated at the foot of a hill, next, Ogliostro, which, being left behind, the road ascends perceptibly, and cactus and aloes cease to grow. Upon the summit of a hill we noted an old Castle called della Diana, at the foot a cluster of a miserable houses Cefala, built a spring of mineral waters. At six O'clock we reached the public house I belli Trati, where we got two bed-rooms, one with three, the other with two beds, and an indifferent supper, Eggs, and hard fried fish, the lodgings as well as all those to which our Vetturino took us were of the very lowest class, which, if we had reflected a little before making our arrangement with him, we might have foreseen, because, as their Cost was included in the sum we paid him, it stood to reason that he would prefer the house where the accomodations were cheapest, consequently, worst.

Tuesday, 4th of March 1845. We rose at half past four, took some black Coffee and started afresh at six O'clock in the Cool of the morning. The country was hilly, the road ascended in many windings, cultivation and vegetation similar to those of the previous day, the peasants whom we met, were generally dressed in brown velveteen Jackets, pantaloons or breeches, on their head they wore something like a long night Cap hanging down behind. We also met criminal offenders tied together, just in the same manner [...] Peru I had seen the poor Indian recruits brought down to the [...] [165] there to engross the ranks of the Voluntary and Valient defenders of the glory and honor of the Republic of Peru. Mules, fine beasts laden, and accompanied by muleteers, were another Peruvian feature in this Sicilian landscape. Shortly after having left I belli frati, we had to our right two places, the first Mezzujusso, the second Vicari. The inhabitants of the former, though they belonged to the Greek Catholic Church acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, but their priest were not bound to Celibacy. At 9 1/2, we stopped at a public house in manganaro, the Counter part

of I belli Trati where the horses feasted upon their provender, and we fasted upon soft boiled eggs. On the other side of manganaro, We passed Paluma and at some distance from the road, Lalaga. The Country continued uninteresting, and gradually our whole party fell asleep. When approaching Valle Lunga which is prettily situated, the country improved, there were green fields and again a greater abundance of trees, almonds, olive trees, Cactus, and aloes. When driving through this town, we could form some idea of its poor condition; the streets were not paved, the houses, if houses they could be called, of mud, the roof slanting; nevertheless, there was a church. Our Vetturino stopped outside to feed his beasts. We had to content ourselves with black Coffee, neither milk nor butter was to be had; I walked ahead for the distance of about a German mile, when the carriage overtook me, and without anything further worth noticing we reached at seven O'clock our this night's quarters in a public house in Lanero, our supper was beyond conception bad; it consisted of tough veal, artichokes boiled in oil, both not eatable, I contented myself with a good deal of very good bread, one soft boiled egg, some Bolo[nese] sausages and two or three glasses of good marsalla wine, the sausages and wine we had brought with us from Palermo.

Wednesday, 5th of March 1845. The public houses at which we stopped were seldom if ever visited by travellers which accounted for the poor accommodation which they afforded, the beds were however much cleaner than we had expected, and without Vermin, though my Companions said, they had found some fleas, I, had not. Arndt had taken upon himself to look after the making of the Coffee; this morning it gave him more trouble than ever; the toasted Coffee berries were not ground in a hand mill but bruised in a mortar. The small cups in which the black beverage, [] served in the kitchen, were extremely dirty and required more [166] than ordinary wiping, as a general rule all knives, forks, plates, etc. had to be cleaned before being used. The sky was clear, but a strong wind blew, and the weather was by no means so pleasant as it had been on the previous days. At a short distance from Lanero, we, for the first time saw [] Mount Etna also called monte Gibello, clearly before us; it was covered with snow, and as far as we could judge, from both sides, say: from the North and from the South, the ascent is gentle and gradual. We drove through Santa Catarina a town with two churches, and of more importance than any of the places we had come through, since leaving Palermo, then drove to and through the river Salso, where the luggage hitherto kept in a net below, was transferred to the top of the Carriage to prevent its getting wet. To our surprise, this river, though it carried a considerable volume of water, had no bridge, whilst many other water courses, some dry, others very shallow, we had crossed over high bridges; a necessary precaution no doubt, for it is

well known such rivers, when the snow melts in the mountains, rise to a great height. On the other side the road reascended, we passed through “bella Rosa” over another small river and at half past twelve, halted at a public house, at the foot of a mountain upon which Castro-giovanni lies. Here, we remained a few moments to take macaroni, to the preparing of which the Milanese gave his attention. Over the gate way of this public house, I read the following words which I copied for their quaintness: *Oggi non si fa Credanza, dimani si, Venite dimani, / Che troverete cosi.* Anglice: Today, no credit is given, to morrow yes, come tomorrow, and you will find it so. Then telling the Vetturino to wait for us on the highroad, which runs between two mountains, upon the Northern of which two the town of Calatascibetta; upon the Southern, the said town of Castro Giovanni is built. We climbed-up the latter, an ascent both steep and high, and when there took our station near a Convent of Capuchin friars, from which elevated point, more or less in the centre of Sicily, we had a very extensive View over the great part of the island, much more mountainous than any one of us had believed it to be. We descended on the opposite side remounted our carriage and drove on; Etna, we had before us, and looking back we saw the two towns, on their respective mountain tops, distinctly defined, and standing out in [...] western sky soon after the sun se [...] [167] eight oclock, quite in the dark, we arrived at Leon-Forte, a town of some importance; it lies exactly half way between Palermo and Messina, say one hundred and fourteen miglia from each. Sixty miglia I learn, make a degree of Latitude, consequently the Italian miglia is longer than an English statute mile, an exactly equal to an English nautical mile. The public house, outside the town, where the Vetturino wanted to put up for the night being filled with Visitors, we were not admitted, whereupon, with the assistance of two Gendarmes, we obtained fair lodgings and a fair supper in a inn, in the town itself, L'albergo del Leone. Leonforte is situated in Il valle della Notte, the North Eastern part of the island; soon after leaving Palermo, we had traversed Il valle di Demone, the North western, and midway, we had been in Il valle di Mazzara the Northern part.

Thursday, 6th of March 1845. We started at seven oclock, the wind had lulled, the weather was more agreeable than on the previous day, the country was more Cheerful, it was better cultivated, trees were less scarce. We passed a solitary column which, if I may believe the Vetturino, was all that remained of the temple of Santa Helena built by the Saracens; next, we saw on the summit of a hill the town of azcarro; further on San Felipo d'argiro, and at noon stopped at Ragalbulla 130 miglia from Palermo. Here we refreshed ourselves with tea. At 1 1/2 we drove on again, descended to 2 Consecutive rivers both of which we passed over bridges, the one I believe is called Sanso, the other Scimetto. From the last river we had to ascend, and wound slowly along the foot of Etna,

which was laying to the North East, but of which owing to the cloudy state of the weather, nothing was to be seen. The barren country was strewn with large pieces of lava and Rock. At seven o'clock we were in Aderno one hundred and forty seven miles from Palermo where we remained for the night. Aderno is considered to lie at the very foot of Mount Etna, which mountain measures at its base fifteen German miles in circumference. The peasants whom we had met in the course of the last two days, were dressed differently from those seen in the beginning of the journey. They were wrapped up in big brown cloaks with hoods attached to them, which they pulled over their head like the arabs or bedouins in algeria. Such as were on horse or mule back, used what I should Call, half a rein, at least, the rein was fastened only to one end of the bit of iron placed into the animal's [...]th, when the rider wanted to lead it [...] opposite direction, he [168] pressed tightly the rein across the neck, which sign was as clearly understood and implicitly obeyed, as if the rein fastened at the other end of the mouthpiece had been pulled that way. At our supper, we had good maccaroni and fish fried in oil, the latter not eatable. A Catania Gentleman kept us company, he complained bitterly of the taxes which the Napolitans Government levied upon the Sicilians, and which he said were consumed in Naples in maccaroni, he gave little hopes as to the possibility of our ascending the volcano, at this season and when we retired to rest, he whispered into my ear, that if I would give him a gratification he would procure me the landlord's daughter, a plain big bellied woman, my answer was: Non capisco, niente di questo. Anglice: I understand nothing of what you say.

Friday, 7th of March 1845. We rose at as early an hour as two in the morning; with our usual black Coffee, we fared this morning worse than on the previous days, for sweetening the same, the old woman of the house brought a little ordinary brown sugar in her very dirty hands, which so completely disgusted me, that I, at least, left my cup untouched. In the dark we passed through Bianca Villa and La Todera, and reached Paderno at daybreak. The Character of the Country had Completely Changed, with the exception of Etna wrapped up in clouds, no more hills or mountains were to be seen, the country was Completely level. At first, trees grew occasionally, bye and bye, the ground was covered with enormous pieces of lava, thrown-up in the eruption of 1669; further on, we passed some green fields, saw also a few cactus and olive trees, but upon the whole, it was a scene of desolation. At Eight oclock we arrived in Catania, and by mutual consent drove to l'albergo della Corona, Strada del Corso, whose owner was Giussepe Abade universally recommended to us. We arranged with him about our lodgings, assailed him with a thousand questions, regarding Etna and Syracuse, and after having taken our first good breakfast since leaving Palermo, excellent Coffee with milk, bread and butter, We engaged a Valet de

place and put ourselves in motion. The various works by human hands here in Catania, which Our Cicerone as in duty bound, recommended to our attention, were to say the truth, far from interesting; but the effects of nature brought about by her ag[ent] of destruction; the neighbouring Etna, to see which I merely needed keep my eyes open, were grand and wonderful. Catania derives its name from "Kata" Etna, [...] the Etna which [...] course of time was corrupted into Ca[...] [169] Forster says in his hand book, that it numbers 60,000 souls, which I believe to be a great exaggeration. It is pretty regularly built, the streets cutting each other at right angles, are paved with square lava blocks; they have no gutters, and this want is remedied in the same manner as in Naples and in Palermo by portable small iron bridges which are placed where the water has collected. The houses, some of which are of lava, resemble those in Palermo, they are high, white washed, and have balconies; also here washed linen was hanging out for drying; also here, all kinds of artisans and tradesmen, such as Coopers, Cabinets makers, Iron bedsteads makers, hatters, shoemakers, tailors, fringe makers etc., were busy at work, either in the open air or at least with their doors open. Here and there people of the lowest classes were, as it is politely said in Lima "Espulgandose" without heeding the passers by; in fact, I found great similarity between the habits of the Peruvians and those of the Sicilians, the latter I should say standing still lower than the former on the scale of culture. Of ladies of higher rank we noted but few in the streets, they wore over their dresses made of prints or mousseline, a black silk overcoat which covered them completely from head to foot without however concealing their face; the women of lower classes had over the head a Cape of ordinary brown cloth which reached further than the waist. The Benedictine Church and Convent were the first which we visited; the former is a modern building, and requires no particular notice, in the centre of the Convent are two gardens kept in excellent order, each of them surrounded by a Colonnade or Portico, found in the interior of all convents in the centre of one of the two, a monument called Tabernacle, has been recently built, in it the statue of Saint Benedict was to be placed, taken by itself it is a tasteful structure, but does not correspond to the Colonnade, whose arches are round, those of the Tabernacle pointed. On a level with the convents second story, a pretty flower garden is laid out, to which we ascended. From this spot we had a fine prospect over the town to Etna; round the garden lay large blocks of lava. At the time of the eruption of 1669, Etna burst open near the village of Nicolosi which was of course completely destroyed, the stream of lava rolled down in a straight line towards the town, but when in a sight of the Benedictine convent, it turned off without doing the slightest injury either to the Convent, or to the town, and flowed into the sea, forming a promontory still to be seen. Forty seven years later, Catania [...]

not so fortunate, then no Saint intervened [...] behalf which [...] [170] given to understand had been the case in 1669, and was destroyed by an earthquake with the exception of the Corner wall of the Convent still in existence. In 1840 and 1843, the two last eruptions took place, both towards Bronte, to the west whilst Catania lies south of the Volcano. In the Cathedral I saw nothing worth of interest, unless I may consider so a poorly executed painting of Mount Etna's eruption in 1669. The museum of Prince [Bicosi] was one of the Lions of the Place to which our valet thought obligatory upon him to conduct us. It contained it is true a great variety of Curiosities, but none of them different from those I had already seen in other Collections such as: a small obelisk with Hieroglyphics, small statues, sarcophagi, antique lamps both of Bronze and clay, Greek and Etruscan vases, two or three Priapus worthy to find a place in the secret cabinet in the Naples museum, a light colored polished agate inlaid with the figure of a black pig, carved ivory work, mediaeval arms and Cuirasses, fossils, Corals, shells, monster-births both of men and animals, amongst the latter, a newly born donkey with one eye in the middle of the forehead, like cyclops, all five rejoiced when we had done with this hodgepodge, and when again in the open air, favored by the most beautiful weather, we could admire the large masses of lava which we saw every where. We walked la Strada dell Etna which intersects Il Corso, and gradually ascends in the direction of the mountain. We trod upon lava, the ground was lava, the small stones along the road were lava, the enclosures of the fields were lava, in fact, whithersoever we turned, there was lava, and nothing but lava. We had a very good dinner, took our coffee in a neighbouring Coffee house, and returned home; it was a mild starlit night. Thermometer in the balcony 10° Reaumur = 54° F. In the stranger's book, I found the name of Geffken, no doubt the clergyman from Hamburg (28th July 1829,) and of Semper "architecte Danois aout 1831", of course, Gotfried, Charles's younger brother.

Saturday, 8th of March 1845. We were called at five O'clock, but as the landlord pronounced that the weather did not allow the ascent of Etna, we decided upon riding to Syracuse; beasts were brought, and accompanied by two guides, stupid fellows, we left at about seven o'clock, again favored by the weather. For a short distance we rode the same way which we had come from Palermo, the snow covered Etna unclouded we had to our right. We [...] turned [...] left and followed a newly made macadamized Ch[...] [171] with stagnant ditches on both sides, which account for la aria Cattiva (the bad air), for many months in the year, the plague of Catania. We passed a wide river the Guaralonga in a ferry, the Country was not everywhere under cultivation. Of trees the Olive and cactus abounded, now and then I observed a few tall "Pacayales", in Italian, "Carube", in German "Johannes Brod Baum". In Peru, the interior flesh of this

fruit which to me appears nothing better than sugared Cotton, is eaten when flesh; in Sicily, they allow the fruit to dry, and eat the whole, both the inside and the pod leaving only the pips. As we proceeded, the ground over which we rode was in our opinion of a Volcanic nature, and we came to this conclusion, perhaps an erroneous one, from the many pieces of lava which lay about everywhere. We left the high road to make a short cut, and found the country more carefully tilled. The young wheat and barley were just above ground, and their fresh light green contrasted prettily with the dark hue of the Olive leaves. At about 12 1/2, we reached the small place of Villamonde where the horses were fed, and we took some bread and wine. After having left this village which lies on the high road, we again struck off into byeroads, which bore a great resemblance to the Peruvian roads with which I am so well acquainted. They were stony and rocky, and the lava made way for a weather-and-rain worn granite; at 4 p.m. we arrived at another place Obrieto, as insignificant as the previous one where the horses had again to be fed. When we alighted, we all felt extremely stiff and fatigued, I preferred walking, and striding on at a rapid rate on a newly made chaussée, reached Syracuse at the same time with my Companions on horseback, the sun had gone down I remounted, there was just light enough for us, to distinguish Il Porto maggiore apparently land locked. We rode over four consecutive bridges leading over as many ditches filled with sea water, under four gateways, and entered the town, the first appearance of which was far from prepossessing. We took-up our quarters in the hotel del Sole, as clean, neat, and expensive as l'albergo della Corona in Catania, and after a good supper, retired to rest.

Sunday, 9th of March 1845. The ancient Syracuse Called Siragosa by the modern Italians, was originally a Greek Colony, being founded by Settlers [...] Corinth in the year 736 B.C. [...] [172] two or three centuries its form of Government was that of a Republic until the year 500 or thereabouts, when Gelo raised himself to the Royal dignity. Of his successors, Dionisius gained the most lasting, though not the most enviable renown. In 215 B.C. the Romans, under the command of Marcellus besieged the town, its defence lasted nearly three years, owing partly to its fortifications, mainly to the genius of Archimedes, who it is well known, when at last in 212 the town was taken by assault, was so absorbed in his mathematical studies and calculations, as not to hear anything of the uproar and confusion which filled the streets. A Roman soldier entered his apartment; Archimedes begged him not to blot out the circles which he had drawn on the floor; the answer was a blow which put an end to the existence of this extraordinary mathematician. Thenceforward Syracuse formed part of the Roman Empire until its dissolution, and afterwards, up to the present date. Its fate had been the same as that of Sicily, see the

historical account of the two Sicilies page 112-116. When Syracuse was at the zenith of its power its population numbered, if the statement of our this day's Cicerone, Salvatore Perdelli, an intelligent fellow, is to be believed, 1,300,000 souls, according to a North American Enciclopaedia 400,000, which smaller number I am inclined to consider correct. It then inclosed within its precincts five towns. Viz.: Ortygia, on an island, Acradina, Tyche, Neapolis or the new town, and Epipole or higher town, see the sketch herewith:

[173] In course of time Syracuse has dwindled down to an insignificant place with 14,000 inhabitants, and occupies at the present day solely the island Ortygia, Its port is safe, and large enough to give shelter to hundreds of vessels. The fortifications, the ditches and bridges owe their existence to Charles V, who as King of Spain also ruled over this Country. The interior of the town differs hardly in anything from Palermo or Catania, the houses are high, the streets narrow and dirty, and the women wrapped up in their brown, or black cloaks, according to their rank in society, just as in Catania. The first place to which our guide conducted us was: to Neapolis. Here were many stone quarries which have furnished the stones for the Construction of houses in ancient and new Syracuse. Our guide stated: that they had also been used as prisons, and that after the defeat of the Athenians under Alcibiades and Nycias, 60,000 of them had been confined in three quarries by the Victorious Syracusians, not less than an equal number of Athenians having been slain on the field of battle. Such relations of Cicerones must, it is well known, be well investigated, before any credence be given to them. In one of these quarries, is the cave now called the ear of Dionysius, formerly La grotta della Favella, and its dimensions according to Förster are in height 58, in width 27, in length 210 feet; above, it terminates in a narrow Channel through which every sound is carried from below into the open air through the upper aperture; there Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, had a small apartment where, as history

states, he used to listen to the conversation of the prisoners below. We amused ourselves with raising the echo in this Cave; every noise we made, resounded again and again, and the report of a musket which our guide fired off, ran round the walls in repeated thunders louder and longer than the famous echo in the Lurley rock on the banks of the Rhine, see page _ of the second Volume of these extracts. The next quarry to which Salvatore led us, was only remarkable on account of the strange and fantastic shapes which had been formed by the Cutting and digging out of the stones, it went by the name of Grotto delle Corde, because Rope or Cord makers were in the habit of working in them. Close-by are the ruins of a large Theatre according to Forster, the largest of which the record has come down to us from the ancients; it was capable of holding 80,000 spectators, its diameter was 116 feet, it is cut into the live rock in the shape of a horse shoe, the sockets into which it was the Custom to fix the poles [_] sustained the awnings drawn over for protecting the spectators [174] against the rays of the sun still exist, and our Cicerone did not fail to point them out to us. We also read, but not understood, a Greek inscription, engraved in the Wall. Above the theatre is a grotto which Forster Calls a Nymphaeum, the use of which he confesses himself to be ignorant of. In its side walls, excavations have been made in the shape of niches, empty at the present day, here we stood on a height considerable above the level of the sea, and had thus, the sky being clear, a very pretty view over the theatre down to Syracuse with the small port on the one, the large port on the other side. Still higher-up than the Nymphaeum, we came to the Podium an open place cut into the rock provided with a parapet from which the people of the lowest classes of society could witness the performance in the lower laying Theatre. Close by, our attention was called to a few stone steps, the only remnants of a temple dedicated to Jupiter Liberator. For a short distance we ascended a road, the sepulchral street, so called on account of the niches excavated on both sides, which, it is well known served as tombs for the Greeks and the Romans. This road leads to ancient Tyche which name is derived from a temple of the goddess Fortuna, thence to Epipoles, in which direction the mountain Euryalus now Belvedere, was the limit of old Syracuse. We turned back, and came to an amphitheatre rather small, but in a fair state of preservation. On the one side, the seats are cut in the rock, on the other, are made of bricks. This amphitheatre has two principal entrances, one at each end, and ten smaller ones, five on each side; also eighteen Vomitories or narrow passages which lead from above to the various rows of seats; besides these vomitories two passages the one above the other served: the highest for the Gladiators to enter the Arena, the lower for the Corpses to be dragged out on a level with the arena, consequently lower than the lowest seats, is a vaulted hall or corridor for the use of the

Gladiators and above the highest seats another corridor for the same purpose as the Podium above the Theatre, previously visited by us. In the Centre of the arena a Reservoir or Cistern for collecting rain water, which when it had served for washing off the blood of human beings and of wild beasts which had but too often stained this spot, was allowed to escape through a narrow Channel. A sepulchre Commonly called, that of Archimedes consists of nine small niches cut into the hard rock leaving [...] centre [...] outside remnants of [...] [175] Columns could still be seen. Förster is of opinion that, when Cicero speaks of the tomb of archimedes near Syracuse, he did not refer to this spot; the reason upon which he forms his opinion, he does not give. Somewhat higher up our guide showed us another sepulchre, which he called that of Timoleon to which name it is probably as little entitled as the previous one is to be called that of archimedes. Hitherto we had not passed the limits of Neapolis, we now turned off to Acradina on each side of the road along which we walked, tombs were excavated in the rocky ground, the heavy stones lids had been carried away, the tombs empty of their original contents were filled with water. On our way lay the Church of San Giovanni which dates from the 13th Century, it was originally that of San Marzziano. The Crypt, said to be the most ancient Chapel in Sicily contains the sarcophagus now empty which once held the ashes of the saint; its Episcopal Chair and the pillar upon which he suffered martyrdom. Close to this church, are the Catacombs extensive subterranean vaulted passages into the sides of which recesses, or small Caves are dug; in these the Corpses used to be deposited by the ancients; here also in later times the Christians persecuted by the Roman Pagan Emperor's took refuge. Thence our guide conducted us to the stone quarries belonging to the marquis di Casala. In one of them whose depth was sixty or seventy feet, a garden, one of the prettiest I have ever seen, is laid out, nothing in fact can be more Romantic than this lovely little spot, abounding in all descriptions of flowers, amongst which many roses, all in blossom, intermixed with olive and almond trees, and Papyrus plants growing luxuriantly, and inclosed by the white barren rock rising straight as a wall. Through a subterranean passage delightfully cool, the guide showed us the way to another quarry called La Latonia, the property of the same Marquis also with a garden in the middle, but inferior to the preceding one. The quarries of the Capuchin friars, we did not visit, preferring to have a look at the garden of the marquis di Landolina in which several foreigners have found their last resting place. We saw here the tomb of a German poet, the Count Von Platen who died in Syracuse in 1835 at the age of thirty nine. By this time, we were really fatigued, yesterday's ride was not yet forgotten, and we had been on our legs for seven or eight hours under a warm southern sun, we therefore decided upon returning

to town. Close to the small port [] guide called our attention to the [] of an old wall, the [. . .] [176] of which, when entire approached so near each other, as merely to leave room for the entrance of one gallery at a time. In the small port, we engaged a boat, were rowed under a bridge to the large port where we landed. Close by is the fountain Arethusa so famous in ancient mythology, now desecrated into a tub for washerwomen. After dinner which was very good we had time to pay a short visit to the museum, as well as to the Cathedral. In the museum is a much admired marble statue of Venus, unfortunately in a mutilated condition. The head is wanting, her body is the perfection of beauty. With her right hand she holds a light drapery which covers her loins. This statue was found in the quarry of the Capuchins. Of the Cathedral, I will only say, that it has been built on the very spot where an ancient Minerva's temple stood, and that: the Doric Columns of the temple immured in its present walls can still be seen. They have a great resemblance to the fluted doric Columns so carefully examined by me in the temple of Neptune at Paestum with the only difference that the fluting of the Columns of the Minerva's temple which measures about one foot is much broader than that of the Columns of the Paestum temple. It was now getting dark, and time to think of our return to Catania, all five fatigued as already said, were anxious to go by water generally a large boat called *una speronata* was used for such passages, but as this was a Sunday, the boatmen were unable to find the authorities without whose written license, they were not allowed to convey foreigners out of town, they therefore, not to lose their fare, proposed to row us to Catania in a small boat which was to be done clandestinely, without our being observed by anybody. Perdelli and Herbertz thought, this was exposing ourselves to too great a risk, and preferred returning by land. We three others agreed to the proposal, at half past six we followed the boatmen silently to the small port where the boat was ready, in it they had placed a mattress for us to lie upon, I in the middle but as the boat was very small, both Dyrsen and Arndt, one on each side of me could not help sliding down, and thus, I was completely wedged in, and ere long, found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. We were hardly out of port when Arndt was already sea-sick; I also felt occasionally a little nausea, however Dyrsen and I kept up pretty well, enjoyed the mild evening, and admired the starry sky, and Phosphoric light of the sea. Thus, we went on till about midnight when [] had already [. . .] upon which the small [] [177] of Augusta lies; when suddenly a strong wind sprung-up; the sea hitherto quick, was roused, and many a wave broke violently against the bow of our little skiff. Now, the boatmen declared, that it was impossible for them to reach the beach not far from Catania where they had promised to land us; they proposed to take us back to Syracuse. Next they said they would put us on shore at a small place

called Brugola against both which plans we decidedly remonstrated. Our conversation was carried on in a low voice, the men rowed as quietly as they possibly could, in short, our little trip was like that of a party of smugglers, though no contraband was on board. Everytime I had to speak to the men, not always in the mildest terms, I had to sit up, which effort made me vomit and feel poorly. At least it was settled that we should return as far as Augusta, there to be landed, where upon I arranged myself as comfortably as I could and slept pretty soundly till

Monday, 10th of March 1845. At half past five, when the day broke, and we were close to the beach of Augusta, we went on shore, made for the town and entered a Coffee house which was open at this early hour. Here we took some Coffee and settled with our boatmen to whom we paid three dollars, with which they were not satisfied, and threatened to take us to the police office, but we laughed at their threat, for we knew that they had broken the law in bringing us hither. Next, we asked for mules to convey us to Catania, and obtained them without difficulty. We engaged two beasts, for all three were of opinion that one of us would always be glad at intervals to walk in order to stretch his limbs. We thus started at half past six accompanied by a guide, no saddles were placed on the back of the mules, instead of it, large stuffed pillows, in the same manner as I had seen them in Peru on the back of mules which carried loads, and are called there "aparejos". It was a soft and convenient seat, but no human being could possibly span it, so broad was it, and our legs had to dangle down on both sides of the animal's neck. Spurs of course were out of the question. The beasts guided by the half rein previously described, moved on steadily and safely, but slowly to be sure; in the bay of Augusta lies an island upon which a castle has been built which at the time served as a prison. Immediately on leaving augusta, the road was very bad, but on both sides the land [] well cultivated, the fresh green of the [...] just above ground [178] looked Cheerful. Of trees, there was no scarcity, Olive trees predominated. Further on the ground was more stony, and lined on both sides with rich pasture land. At about four miglie from Augusta, we saw the town of Brugola where the boatmen had proposed to put us on shore; then, turning off to the right towards the sea, we passed another small place Agnuma, where a few vessels were lying high and dry upon the beach. Further on our beasts had to made through heavy sand, until we reached the mouth of a small river. This we crossed in a boat, and to our surprise met on the other side travellers like ourselves, a Lady and a Gentleman, the former little favored by nature. I accosted them; they told me they were Swedes. We continued our ride, the road again turned inland; we passed the river Guaralonga, and came on the same Chaussée which on the previous day we had followed from Catania to

Syracuse. We were still since nine miglie distant from the former and arrived at three o'clock in our hotel, Strada del Corso. Two hours later, Perdelli and Herbertz made their appearance, we dined, I made an attempt to write my memoranda but was too fatigued and sleepy, and went to bed at half past nine.

Tuesday, 11th of March 1845. It was a somewhat cloudy, not a rainy day, thermometer in my rooms windows open 13° Reamur equal to 61° Fahrenheit. We breakfasted together as usual, but the mutual ill will which for a day or two I had already observed to be brooding in the minds of my companions, came to an outbreak; they disputed, then quarrelled; I left them, and paid a visit to our landlord who gave me much useful information regarding our accent of Mount Etna, and our journey to Messina. When I rejoined the others, they had made up matters, and were again on pretty fair terms; Perdelli left per diligence for Messina. The exertions required for ascending the volcano in the present unfavorable season of the year, being too much for his Italian indolence. We decided upon starting in the evening for Nicolosi. Thus before our early dinner I took by myself my last walk through this extraordinary place, the lava town as it might be called. Even the hills which lined the port were of lava. A vessel from Belfast was taking in ballast, and flax packed-up in bags; the two flowers, affixed page 182, I culled on this walk. Between 3 and 4 O'clk. we for the present said good bye to our good landlord and in an open carriage [...] then turning a little to the left [...] [179] gradually ascending, we passed over a tract of land strewn with blocks and pieces of lava of all sizes, and reached Nicolosi by sunset. This village destroyed by the eruption of 1669, and since then rebuilt, lies upon the base of the mountain close to two hills, Rossi, which owe their existence to the catastrophe of 1765. At the time of an eruption, the lava seldom, if ever, flows out of the crater; the side of the mountain begins to heave, it heaves and heaves, a mound of earth is lifted-up; the apex bursts and through it, the lava finds its vent. In this manner; the many hills, three hundred it is said, in number, which cover Etna's sides, have been formed and consequently, as each owes its origin to an eruption, not less than three hundred eruptions must have taken place, since the existence, of the Volcano, whilst Förster in his handbook of 1842 says that only eighty are known, eleven before, sixty nine after Christ. The inn where we put-up was at all events superior to those at which we had alighted during our journey from Palermo to Catania. The landlord directed us to Giuseppe Gemelajo one of the principal men in the place, and the only one who procured guides and mules for the ascent of Mount Etna. On our return, we took coffee, and went to bed, our bed room was square; in each of its four corners a bed was placed for each one of us, and hardly had we laid down, when a strange acoustic phenomenon made itself heard, when one of us spoke the sound was heard by him who lay diagonally opposite, not as coming across

the room, but as if proceeding from the wall close to him. Dyrsen was the first who noticed it, and though, he mentioned it to us, when Arndt who laid opposite to me, said a word or two, I actually shook, so clearly and distinctly did the sound seem to come out of the wall close to me. He, who lay in the straight line with the speaker, noticed nothing of the kind; it was only across the room that this peculiarity was observed.

Wednesday, 12th of March 1845. At one o'clock in the morning our guides called us, but added that a strong wind blew, and that there was but little chance of our reaching the summit. We told them to return at three O'clock, which they did, and though none of us had the slightest expectation, that we should be able to attain the object of our journey hither, on my giving the example the three others rose [...] and we left at half past three o'clock on mule back [180] of course in the dark, we had with us two guides and a muleteer. My companions said that they could see some flames on the summit of Etna, I did not see them, nor do I believe, that there were any. When day broke we were in that region Called "Il Piemontese", say: the foot of the mountain, and which, according to Förster's hand book, is well cultivated. We saw no vestige of this cultivation, nothing but lava fields. Il Piemontese loses itself gradually in La Regione nemorosa, or the moody region, where fine oak trees grow, and grass covers the ground, we rode through it until our further progress on mule back was stopped by the heavy, always increasing masses of snow which covered the earth. We alighted from a fine oak tree, our guides who had brought an axe with them, cut large pieces of wood which they lighted, and we warmed the Coffee, Giuseppe Abade of Catania, had supplied us with. Stick in hand, we continued our march, and now the real ascent commenced: it was half past six, the day fine, the sky clear, Thermomether in the shade $2\ 1/2^{\circ} = 37^{\circ}$. In about ten minutes time, we passed "La Casa de la Neve", which serves as a refuge; now, it was filled with snow. A little further on we reached "La Regione Nevosa", also called "La Regione Discoperta", that region where the snow seldom melts, and where, according to Förster, it lies upon ashes and lava, now it was frozen, of course slippery, nevertheless the ascent was not particularly difficult; I was always ahead of the party. Looking to the left we distinguished easily, for they appeared to be close-by, the towns of Paderno, Bianca villa and Aderno which we had passed on our way from Palermo to Catania. Further up, we left on one side a hill of considerable height, Il Montaguicolo, then a second house "La Casa degli Inglesi" entirely buried under the snow, still, it offered some shelter; there, we rested a little, ate some cold fowl and beef, and started afresh at half past ten. We passed between Il monte Fromento, and Il monte Filosofo, and had right before us a black Cone, the summit of Etna, Il Monte Ghibello; now, the climbing commenced. Hitherto, comparatively speaking we had ascended

easily and leisurely; I was put in mind of my expedition up the Volcano of Arequipa in may 1825, which I think however was connected with still greater difficulty than this up Etna. The first fifth part of our ascent of Monte Ghibello [...] snow and ice under our feet; [...] [181] next two fifths, our path lay through innumerable small loose pieces of lava which gave way at every step. Now and then, we threw ourselves down to rest and to recover our breath, for the very last part, the ground was covered with sand, ashes, and pulverized sulphur. More than once we were on the point of being smothered by the sulphurous smoke which the wind blew into our faces, bravely we climbed on through the midst of this thick smoke, and at about noon, stood on the summit of monte Ghibello, and on a very narrow ridge between two craters, the new before, the Old behind us. From both, smoke issued; from the former, an immense volume, which rolling slowly to the south west, rendered it utterly impossible to us, to form the slightest idea of the Crater's shape. Our guides told us, that from this, flames were occasionally seen to rise, from the other, only smoke. The wind blew with formidable violence, I fixed my stick firmly into the ground, and leaned against it, for I apprehended that otherwise I ran some risk of being blown into one of the two gaping mouths, I sat down upon a small mound of earth which felt so hot, that within a few moments, I could not bear it any longer, and had to change my seat. We had brought some wine with us, and by myself I drank to the health of my wife in Lima, and of my friends in Altona. The thermometer which I sheltered with my body against the wind and the rays of the sun, stood at $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Reaumur = 37° Fahrenheit. In no direction whatever had we any prospect, so completely were we enveloped by smoke. We held out about twenty minutes, then commenced our descent, which was very easy. A German Baron Waltershausen who spent several years in observing Etna and its phenomena, states that its height up to the Cone is 10,000 feet, that the cone itself measured 100 feet; which height has increased since then 200 feet, owing to the eruption of 1843, then also, the new crater was completely rent asunder, and, opposite to where we stood, no distinct ridge inclosing the same has remained. Quickly were we at the foot of the Con[e], looking upwards, the sky was of a sea green Colour, before us, the clouds which had been gathering the whole day long, now lay all round the mountain sides like a thick unpenetrable belt. We rested again at La Casa Degli Inglesi, thermometer 2° below zero Reaumur and descending over the icy crust, entered this mass of fog which was of such extent [...] it lasted full an hour before [...] [182] sudden, as if a curtain had been drawn away, the fine green fields, the trees and houses lay spread out in our sight. We continued our descent, reached the spot where we had left the mules, remounted them, and through a heavy rain, the first we had experienced since we landed in

Palermo, rode back to Nicolosi where we remained only the necessary time to dry ourselves, then drove to Catania, in our hotel, Giuseppe Abate, had been waiting for us with a good dinner, we were all very sleepy, nevertheless, as we had decided upon proceeding to Messina this very night, none of us went to bed, and at half past eleven o'clock an extra post Carriage stood at the door, it was covered, but only the two who sat facing the horses had something firm to lean against, the two others were without this convenience. By lot, one of the two latter seats fell to my share, but, little commodious as it was, I slept fairly, till

Thursday, 13th of March 1845. When I awoke about daybreak; we were driving along the sea, which we had to our right, a ridge of mountains to our left, it was again a fine day, during the night we had passed two stages, the first Ari Reale ten miglia from Catania, the second Giarrìo, ten miglie further on. At half past six we arrived at a place of little importance, Giardini, where in a miserable public house, we took some coffee, and bread, then started on foot, for a visit to the town of Taormina situated on the summit of a hill or mountain of considerable height. The ascent was rather steep, and as we had not recovered altogether from our yesterday's fatigue it was not easy matter to reach the summit especially, as the day was warm and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. The town itself with about four thousand inhabitants offered nothing of the slightest interest. The streets were dirty like those in the greater part of the Sicilian towns which I had visited hitherto, the houses small, white washed, with balconies, the roofs somewhat slanting, an ancient Greek theatre just out of town attracts visitors thither; the Custode who bristled with Ancient lore, and overwhelmed us with his information, the correctness of which I am not inclined to guarantee, told us: that the Greek theatre had been Romanized, and converted by the Roman Conque [...] amphitheatre. Of the seats, in the shape of a half circle [...] [183] rose amphitheatrically, and which surrounded the stage, partly cut in the rock partly made of bricks, no vestiges had remained, merely the place which they had occupied, could still be seen. In order to understand the following description, it will be well to turn to page 119 of this volume where a sketch of a Greek theatre is given. At the extremity of the seats marked on the sketch with the letters A.A., we saw the remnants of a wall which served to sustain a terrace for the populace; see my observations on the subject when in Syracuse Page 174. Several entrances

could still be distinguished. Between the lowest seats and Greek stage, or Roman amphitheatre, marked B in the sketch, ran a low passage which our custode said, used to be occupied by the orchestra. On the stage B it was evident that there had been two small altars; to the other stage C, the principal entrance was in the middle, where in the sketch E.E. indicate the entrances for the actors. On each side of C, the smaller stage, the ruins of two large vaulted buildings, which to me, seemed out of proportion compared to the small size of the stages, existed. They, the custode said: had been used by the Greeks as a wardrobe for the dresses of the actors; by the Romans, for keeping their Cars and harnesses. Tired as we were, the Custode invited us to climb somehow higher, to a point whence, he assured us, we should enjoy a delightful prospect, and certainly, he was right. Before us, we had the Mediterranean of a beautiful deep blue Color; thence, to the left, the Calabrian Coast, here and there the snowy mountains in the background, more westward the white houses of Reggio; further-on in the same direction the waters losing themselves in the once famous straits of Scylla and Charybdis. On the Sicilian shore, we descried a promontory with a Castle in the summit, thence, inland, Forza di Agro, and closer-by at our very feet, the Church of San Pancrazzio which we learned, had been built on the very spot once occupied by a Greek temple; from here, a row of tombs excavated in the hard stony ground extends to the church of Saint Paul and Saint Peter, said to have been the first Christian Church in Sicily. Turning round we had now our right a Barren rock Il monte Venere, to our left, another mountain with Castle Molla on its summit, again a mountain the highest point in the neighbourhood, with a Saracen castle. Somewhat lower down the Chiesa di Santa Maria, and at the foot of the two last mentioned, lay prettily situated the small town of Taormina. From Taormina extend inland the [...] [184] of arches, all that has remained of a Naumachia or arena for Naval fights. On a neck of land of a curved shape which projects into the sea, some modern fortifications are erected. Here also stood the town of Naxos which was levelled to the ground by Dionisius I; its inhabitants who escaped this destruction fled up-hill, and founded the present Taormina. We remained here a considerable while, much pleased with the view, for, high as we stood, our sight ranged over a very great extent of land and sea, all with the exception of Mount Etna and its immediate vicinity covered with clouds shone upon by a bright and glorious sun. We descended to the high road where we remounted our carriage, and continued our journey to Messina. The same as before, the sea was to our right, mountains and hills to our left, leaving however sufficient space for cultivation, for Corn and flax fields intermingled with pieces of land covered with the yellow flowers of the mustard plant, with Cactus and Olive, with Lemon and orange trees. At the present season, the many streamlets

which from the mountains find their way into the sea, were either dried-up, or very shallow, nevertheless, one of them had still so much water as to wet our luggage placed in a net below the Carriage as already said, which gave rise to a violent altercation between ourselves and the postillion, to whose inadvertency this accident was owing. We changed horses at Forza di Agro 41 miglie, again at Scaletto 15 miglie further on; for these last two stages, we gave our postillion, each time five Carlins drink money, which extraordinary fee made him drive on, at a furious rate, so that, we reached Messina 61 miglie from Catania at half past three O'clock. We alighted at La Vittoria, the best and most expensive hotel in the town, arndt and I took a room together, cost three Carlines for each of us daily. The first thing I did was to engage a valet de place, in order to obtain my trunk which I had forwarded hither from Palermo per steamer. I had to go to a superior Custom house Officer; next, to a Mr. Smithson agent of the steamer's office, who though, he was at dinner, rose, and referred me to his clerk with whom I went to the Custom house, and here, after paying a fee of one Carlin, my trunk was delivered-up to me. On my return, my companions had already dined, I went to the table d'hôte, excellent but dear, eight Carlins, besides myself, three Italians and three English [...] Americans sat down, the latter and I kept up the conversation [...] [185] rejoined my friends who like myself were much too sleepy to go out, and, by nine O'clock, were all in bed.

Friday, 14th of March 1845. At ten o'clock, I had finished bringing up my diary. When I engaged a valet de place to show me the way to the various persons to whom I had letters of introduction, the first which I delivered was to the firm of Jager & Co. from Sivecking & Shuster of Altona. Mr. Jager the head of the firm, an elderly man, received me with great politeness, and invited me together with my travelling Companions to dine with him on Sunday next, which kind invitation I regretted was unable to accept, we having decided upon leaving on the following day for Naples by the mail steamer. When Mr. Jager heard that this was our intention, he tried hard to dissuade us from trusting ourselves to such a miserable craft, to which I replied, that I, by myself, could of course not determine anything; but that I would speak to my friends. I then requested him to purchase for me some Syracuse wine which, I had been assured was of a very superior kind. His answer was: that it could hardly ever be obtained unaltered, and that its price was excessive, I therefore desisted from making the purchase. Finally I succeeded in getting my pictures, brought in Naples, and put up in a tin plate tube, forwarded to Altona, via Copenhagen, by a vessel bound for Stettin. My next visit was to the firm of Claussen & Co., one of the first mercantile establishments in the place. My letter was directed to one of their clerks Mr. Adolph brother of Adolph, of Copenhagen, unfortunately

he was absent, having left for Naples. Lastly I went to Mrs. [Jaranso] to whom, it will be remembered, her mother, the wife of J. J. Mayer of Saint Gallen, had given me a few lines. She was occupied with her embroidery, and having read the letter, gave me a very hearty welcome. With her and her husband, I remained a considerable while, conversing in German. On my return to the Hotel, it was high time, that we should see something of the town. La Marina or quay which runs along the port, is a very handsome street, the houses are high and broad, and we learned that it was the intention of raising them all to the same height, to a level with the town house which distinguishes itself by its elegant architecture, and by the beautiful flight of stairs which leads-up to it. Parallel to la Marina, runs La strada San Ferdinando, likewise a very handsome street in which our hotel was [_]ted and again, parallel with the two, further inland [...] [186] Il Corso. These three principal thoroughfares are connected with each other by a great number of secondary streets, part of which have their gates where they debase into La Marina. The two churches which we entered, the Cathedral and San Gregorio, afforded but little of interest, the granite Columns which divide the interior of the Cathedral, and which, shocking to relate, are painted over with a brown oil Color, were dug out near Il faro, at the North Eastern point of the Island, and formed no doubt, part of an ancient temple. San Gregorio is only remarkable on account of the spiral snail-like shape of its steeple. The public garden in the middle of the town inclosed by an iron railing, is pretty, but small; before dinner Arndt, good natured but somewhat vulgar and I, took a walk along the quay, in the direction of the Messina light house, dined with the three others, for Perdelli had again joined us. Mr. Jaranso had left his card during my absence. Mr. Stock, Jager's partner also called, and invited myself and companions to spend the evening with him; having still time to spare, and the weather being delightful, we took a boat, and were rowed about in the port, which was rather empty, for, the vessels laden with fruit, especially Oranges which in the beging, of the year take their cargoes to the Northern European markets, had already left. The port is capacious, of its shape I try to give an idea by the adjoining sketch.

The neck of land which runs out into the sea marked with the letter A. B., is the work of nature, though it looks as if made by the hand of man, it reminded me of the two moles of the harbour of Kingstown near Dublin. At its point A is a fortification, San Salvatore, a little higher up follows the Quarantine Establishment C, then the light house D, next a churchyard in which heretics are interred, the Citadel E, and finally, where the neck of land joins the main land, the Arsenal F. We paid our boatmen, took ices in a Coffee house, and at half past seven

Mr. Stock again Came, with whom Dyrssen, Arndt, and I went up stairs, for he lived in the hotel. His room were nicely furnished, his wife, a pretty young lady the daughter of a Clergyman Mr. Wölf of Hamburg lately deceased, was very pleasant, and received us with great amiability. She presided at the tea table, I took my seat near her, and ere long, we talked away like old acquaintances. She told me that one of her sisters married about six months ago, had left for Valparaiso together with her third unmarried sister. One of these two [...] [187] Otha[?]'s, who at the present day (May 1870) still lives in Chile with her husband; and one of whose daughters Charles Eggert married two or three years back. Besides our party several other Gentlemen were present. Mr. Stock offered me a Card to play at whist, which of course I could not refuse, but got up at ten, for I preferred having some more chat with Mrs. Stock, to whom I had to relate a great deal about South America. She told me I was wrong in leaving Messina so soon; at all events I ought to try an excursion upon the Messina donkeys a superior kind which I learnt afterwards are brought thither from the small island called Pantellaria. Herring salad and excellent Negus, were handed round, and when we bade good bye, I was quite in earnest, when I told Mrs. Stock, that I sincerely wished bad weather might prevent our leaving on the following day.

Saturday, 15th of March 1845. We rose at an early hour, but before all were ready, it was six O'clock, when in an open carriage we drove along the high Coast to a point considerably above the level of the sea, which had been recommended to us by Mr. and Mrs. Stock, for the fine view which it affords. Here close to a decayed old Castle stood a Telegraph corresponding to another Telegraph on the Calabrian Coast, not the tiny electric wire of the present day, but a Clumsy structure consisting of large pieces of timber, which moving one way or the other, served mostly for the purpose of giving signals. In one direction, we saw the town of Messina and the port, the straits and the Calabrian Coast, lined with many small places, amongst which San Giovanni and Reggio were the most considerable. Turning our looks westward, we distinguished the promontory of Malazzo extending far into the sea, and other necks of land of less importance. To the Northward, our sight rested on the Liparian Islands amongst which the Cone shaped and smoking Stromboli was of most interest to us; then again, turning round, we saw the country covered with green fields through which run the well kept turnpike road from Messina to Patti a pretty large town on the Northern Coast. Having returned to the hotel, we breakfasted, took our tickets for the steamer, Dyrssen and I bade good bye to Messrs. Jager and Stock in their counting house and at ten O'clock, our whole party was on board the steamer Lilibeo bound for Naples. The situation of Messina is extremely pretty; it extends for a considerable distance round the

bay, and close behind it [_] a ridge of hills, here and there [...] Country house [188] it reminded me of Valparaiso. At eleven O'clock, we got underweigh, we were no more than twelve first class passengers; the weather was beautiful, the sea of the finest deep blue Color. The renowned Charybdis Called now Loryda lies at a short distance to the North west of Messina. Mr. Stock told me that the water is there continually in a triffling motion, like the bubbling of boiling water. Still further North, at the very extremity of the island, stand the light house, or pharo; close to it, a few white houses. Opposite on the Calabrian side the small town of Scylla situated at the foot of the hilly Coast, and recognizable by a round tower. As soon as we were outside the straits, the sea of course widened, again, the majestic snow covered Etna came in sight, and before us lay the Liparian islands. Meanwhile, I had entered into conversation with two young americans with whom I had dined on the previous day; also with a young Prussian Architect Marti[n]s, and at dinner, served on deck, I made the acquaintance of a young Irishman who, at first, reserved and stiff as a stick, opened, as soon as I had addressed a few words to him in English, and became lively, talkative, and agreeable. Hitherto the weather had favored us, but when I awoke from a short siesta, the wind had increased, and blew right against us, so that, the Captain apprehensive, lest the steamers engine could not stem the wind's violence, determined upon taking shelter in the port of Lipari, where we had to touch, to land some malefactors, whom we had on board, dressed in a coarse yellow colored uniform, and guarded by Gendarmes. Some of us passengers went on shore, walked through the town and Climbed up the neighbouring hills, but found nothing worth noticing, if I except the filth of the streets. In July of the previous year, I had gone on shore of many Islands on the Norwegian Coast; I compared in my mind Frederikswuern with Lipari, need I say, which was the cleanest of the two, the one situated in a high Northern latitude, or the other basking under a warm southern sun? We returned on board, a long walk on deck, together with one of the young Americans Mr. Bi[nn]ey, son of a lawyer in Philadelphia, and a game at whist with Arndt, Dyrsen and Herbertz took-up the remainder of the day. At ten oclock I laid down [...] a berth, but on a sophia in the state Cabin. [189]

Sunday, 16th of March 1845. When I went on deck at six O'clock, the sun had just risen above the horizon, it was a fine day, but the wind blew still pretty stiff, so that I was rather surprised when, at about eight the anchor was weighed and we steamed off. The port of Lipari is of a half circular [_]pe, along the shore lies the town encircled by the hills which we had climbed-up on the previous

day. At its eastern extremity is a fort; opposite the same, forming the other end of the bay, a bluff head land close to which we passed on leaving. Shaping our course towards Naples; we had to our right the Islands of Panaria and Stromboli, to our left Salina and behind this latter, Felicuri. I laid down, when I arose, all these islands were out of sight; soon after we dined, I conversed a great deal with the N. American Mr. Davis, and being fortunate enough to overcome the seasickness I slept soundly, till

Monday, 17th of March 1845, at 2 a.m. When the stoppage of the engine awoke all on board, we had arrived in the bay of Naples; every one rose, wrote his diary, conversed, lay down again, and thus, the night wore away. When I went on deck a red fiery column rested on the summit of Vesuvius, a spectacle which I never ceased to admire. Soon after daybreak, we passengers were allowed to go on shore, and though we came from Sicily, an integral part of the kingdom, our luggage was thoroughly searched in the Custom-house which, being done, our party drove to la strada Santa Lucia, where we obtained rooms in number 28 and 31, two houses which communicated with each other. Arndt and I took an apartment in the fourth story whence we had a fine view over the bay, Mount Vesuvius nearly in the front of us. Having breakfasted, I called upon Doctor Schnars, M[essrs.] Gotzloff and Christ, which latter, the Frenchman not being now at her elbows, was very agreeable and talkative; her husband was not in, next morning they intended to leave for Civitta Vecchia. When I rejoined my Companions, our journey to Rome was taken into consideration for an extra post Conveyance seventy five Papal, equal to as many Spanish dollars were asked for four persons, Eighty dollars for five. Perdelli and Arndt said that they could not afford to pay so much; and thus, as is always the case when different interests are to be consulted, no determination was come to. At last, I said I would go by diligence, when all agreed to do the same, we went to the diligence office and secured four seats, Perdelli remaining [...] in the coach which was to leave for Rome on Thursday next. [...] [190] of each seat was eleven Napolitan dollars and six Carlins. This being arranged I called upon Meurikoffer to whom I paid the expenses on Sieveking's box which they had forwarded to Altona, and was handed a letter from Sieveking who informed me that the Danish Government had named me Consul General in Lima, I, having hitherto been only Consul. It was now three O'clock, the weather beautiful, the temperature so warm that, when walking fast, the perspiration ran down my face in big drops. Dyrssen, Arndt, and I determined, late as it was, to ascend Mount Vesuvius; we engaged a carriage and drove to Resina where we took two mules, for Arndt preferred walking and a guide a stupid fellow, very inferior to the intelligent Salvatore of the 14th Feby. who had gone off with another party. It was half past four when we left Resina; an hour later, we had reached

the spot on the mountain where the ascent on foot begins. Now there was no snow, only sand and ashes, and without much difficulty, we climbed up to the extensive lava field which I have already described, and from which the Cone rises. Compared to what I had seen upon and near Mount Etna, what I now saw seemed small and insignificant, the pieces of lava lying about here, were mere Children's toys alongside of the Etnean masses. Vesuvius itself was quieter than it had been at the time of my first visit, the stones were thrown up to a smaller height, the subterranean noise was less loud, but through these were drawbacks to be sure, they were fully made up for, by the hour of the day, or rather of the evening when, the sun having gone down, this scene of desolation was lighted-up by the uncertain rays of the moon in her first quarter, and by the flickering red gleam of torches carried by guides of other parties who were on their way back to town. Thus my present ascent of Vesuvius has always been one of the most pleasing of the many recollections which I brought home from this, my long and interesting journey; though no flames issued from the crater, the volume of smoke slowly rising, looked fiery red, the stones thrown into the air fell to the ground still flaming; the lava field which we trod, not only sounded, it *was*, hollow beneath our feet and rent by many crevices, over which we had to step, and looking down into them, we saw below, the red lava perhaps the mere reflection of lava from a still greater depth. A streamlet of lava rolled slowly along like a fiery snake emitting a heat, which forced us to keep at a []table distance. Often had we to [] [191] and scramble on all fours to avoid falling, for the light shed by the moon was so dim, that we were unable to distinguish the inequalities of the broken ground. At last we left; the descent was easy; we remounted our mules; in Resina the Carriage was waiting for us, and though in my original diary the hour is not given, I suppose it must have been about eleven O'clock when we reached Naples, for Dyrssen and I, had still time to take supper in Il Café di Europa.

Tuesday, 18th of March 1845. We devoted this day to an excursion to Sorrento; accordingly by the 8 a.m. Train, we, that is to say; Herbertz, Dyrssen, Arndt and I left by second class for Castellamare, we passed through Portici, Torre del Greco, and L'annunziata where a line branches off to Nocera, whilst we continued to Castellamare very prettily situated close to the sea with high hills rising perpendicularly close behind the town. Several small vessels lying in the port, some activity prevailed, and oranges were to be seen everywhere; for one dollar and two Carlins "buena mano" or drink money, we obtained a carriage to Sorento and back. The road runs between the sea on the one, and mountains on the other side. Some of which are of considerable height; San Angelo the principal of them is about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. This road resembles that from Nizza to Genoa; from Amalfi to Salerno, from Taormina to

Messina, but in beauty, it surpasses them all. Here Orange and lemon trees grow in still greater abundance. Here, the windings which the road makes appear to be traced by the hand of an artist; here the villages through we passed are so romantically situated, as if their sites had been purposely chosen, the country is upon the whole carefully cultivated, and one terrace rises above the other. More than once, we came suddenly upon a ravine filled, nay crammed with orange trees. Sorento is a small insignificant place with narrow streets and high houses; when paying the bill for our lunch, we deducted what we considered to be an overcharge, to which the waiter quietly submitted, experienced had taught us that prices usually charged in the small Italian inns or public houses were so excessively high, that the traveller could considerably reduce them, without running any risk of doing an injustice to the landlord, whilst on the other hand, if he paid what was demanded, he was sure to be egregiously cheated. We walked a short distance out of town, and ascended a small eminence where we had a fine prospect [] us. At our feet the prettily situated Sorento; along the Coast the white [192] houses of Castellamare, L'Annunziata, Torre del Greco, and Portici, then Naples, not clearly distinguishable, and still further westward the promontory Miceno, and the islands of Ischia and Procida; close-by, and clearly defined, the rugged Capri, and to the right, inland the smoking Vesuvius. I left my companions and walked back to Sorento, for when by myself, I enjoy the beauties of nature to my hearts content much more so, than if I have to listen to the trivial sometimes irrelevant talk of those with me. The Rebussini was right when she told me that a few days fine weather would put me again in a good humour and reconcile me to Naples. We drove back to Castellamare, refreshed ourselves with lemonade and walked up to the Royal garden of Quisisana where we saw nothing worth noticing. By the last train we returned to Naples, I dressed, paid a long visit to the Gotzloff's, supped at Il Cafe di Europa, and was home by eleven O'clock.

Wednesday, 19th of March 1845. Having breakfasted with my Companions in l'albergo l'ancla d'Oro, we went to the Chapel San Severino which is ridiculously small, but which is much visited by foreigners on account of a few excellent marble statues which adorn its interior. The master piece is by a Neapolitan sculptor, Giuseppe San Martino, it represents christ, dead, stretched out on the ground; his head, reclining on a pillow, as well as his face and the whole body, is covered with a veil or garment, of marble of course, but so transparent, and in this the perfection consists, that the lineaments of the face, and the Contours of the body can clearly be distinguished. The second statue which I could not sufficiently examine because it stood too high, is La Pudicizia by a Venetian Antonio Conradini. The third by Francesco Guiroli, a Genoese, goes by the name of il disengannato, the undeceived, why it is called

so, I could not learn, it represents a little angel or genius who looks up into the face of a man who is envelopped in a net; part of which he has pulled off his face. One of the beauties consists in the art with which the thin and delicate meshes of the net are sculptured, out of the hard stone. I now separated from my friends and went to the Counting house of [Fu]rze & Co., where I drew £20 on Gibbs of London, for which, at the exchange of five Scudis 87 cents per pound, with the deduction of one percent commission, and two Carlins postage, I received twenty Napolitan and seventy two Spanish or [Roman] dollars which I thought rather a poor result, it was of [] [193] less than par, for forty eight pence would have given me one hundred Spanish dollars. At a jeweller's shop I bought four brooches, four bracelets, of lava, one Coral, one white lava bracelet, and one Camco for seventeen Napolitan dollars, which when I showed the articles to Mrs. Gotzloff, she considered to be a cheap bargain. As the weather continued favorable, I thought, I may as well employ the remainder of the day in visiting the convent of the Carthusian friars, here called, of Camaldoli; having no guide with me, I lost myself, and found myself erelong near the fortress of [Pezzi] [F]alconi situated in the town itself, I retraced my steps to la strada Santa Lucia, crossed la Chiaja over a bridge, ascended, many steps, came to an open place, Il Vomero (the plough share), descended nearly as much as I had previously climbed up, and then ascending for a considerable while a road between two high embankments, reached the convent after a walk of two hours since leaving Santa Lucia. I entered the garden and from a somewhat projecting spot, had a prospect surpassing in beauty, all I had hitherto seen, even that from Santa Maria di Gesu near Palermo. Before me the sea enlivened by many small crafts; to the left L'annunziata, Torre del Greco and other places frequently mentioned, along the sea shore; to the right of them the island of Capri; inland Vesuvius, nearer to me the agglomeration of the white houses of Naples whence, crowned to the Northwards by the fort Saint Elmo, in the opposite direction, the rocky reef with Il Castello del Uovo at its extremity, projects into the sea; a little to the west of this Castle shone bright and clear the small island of Nicita close to where the Pausilippo chain, houses and trees on its crest which is the western boundary of Naples, touches the shore the space between the Pausilippo and the height where I stood was filled up with green fields, to the right of which I was able to distinguish Il lago Agnano, La Solfatara, and, a small place la Pianura hitherto unknown to me. Still further, the bay and Castle of Baja, the Cape Miceno and the Islands of Ischia and Rocida forming the back ground of this little Panorama; which comprises nearly all the environs of Naples, delineated in the sketch, now spread out before me in the bright sunshine. When on the point of leaving, I was accosted by one of the friars dressed in

white who apologized for not having previously attended to me, he having been occupied with distributing [_]ions to the poor, which they did daily in this Convent. He showed [194] me to the Church, a Cheerful looking building containing however nothing remarkable. He then invited me to another nice looking room where he offered me some wine, and conversed freely on many topics; he was a good kind of man, but ignorant in the extreme, Moscow he thought was situated not far from America. When bidding him good bye, he expressed the hope that we should met again in Paradise, then gave me a guide who showed me to a path which steeply descending through vineyards brought me to the high road on the other side of the Pausilippo grotto. In the street La villa Reale, Le beau monde of Naples was out to see and to be seen, on foot, on horse back and in carriages. I dined in La Villa reale, bade good bye to Dor. Schnars, and spent the evening by invitation at Mr. Gotzloffs. He had invited two Gentleman to meet me, both Prussians, the one a painter Mr. Bitter, the other an architect Mr. Marti[n]s, whose acquaintance I had already made on board the steamer "Il Lilibeo", the ices with which we were treated were excellent, but the conversation was uninteresting. At six p.m. Thermometer stood in the open air at 15° Reaumur, equal to $65 \frac{3}{4}$ Fahrenheit, at eleven p.m., $12^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$ Reaumur = 60° Fahrenheit.

[195]

Thursday, 20th of March 1845. Holy Thursday. This day we took our last breakfast in Naples in La[nc]la d'Oro, and were in good time at the Coach office in Il Largo del Castello, the diligence consisted of four compartments, the first, that nearest the horses, of Course the best, for it was open in front, the "Coupe", it was occupied by the Conducteur, the architect marti[n]s, and myself, sitting between the two; the second, by the young americans Bi[mc]ey and Davis; the third, by Dyrsen and Herbertz; the last, by the two servants of the two americans and Arndt. When we left Naples four horses

were harnessed to the vehicle, they were frequently changed on the road, their number varying from four to eight. The postillions were boys, lads they could hardly be called. As long as I kept awake they drove at a pretty fair rate but afterwards they must have slackened their pace, for on our arrival at Terracina the Roman conducteur complained that we were four hours behind our time, instead of arriving at 11 p.m. the fixed hour, it was 3 in the morning when we made our appearance. The high road between Naples and Capua, paved with lava blocks, and kept in good repair runs through an extensive fertile, and well cultivated plain, the young corn was just above ground whilst maples and some fruit trees entwined with vines, here and there sprinkled over the plain, were still leafless; we passed through the various small places with the name of which I am not acquainted, the passports had to be presented everywhere. Capua, famous in ancient history, as the turning point in Hannibal's glorious career does not distinguish itself, except by a somewhat larger size from the other provincial Sicilian and Neapolitan towns visited by me. The streets are paved with lava, the fortifications are insignificant, to the North of Capua the ground is more "accidentee", as the French would say. Though the cloudy atmosphere did not allow any distinct distant view, nevertheless, now and then, we could see a small town or village prettily perched on the mountains side or summits. We crossed the river Carigliano over a handsome chain bridge leaving the town of [R]ufo to our right, picturesquely situated on the top of a hill; then approaching the shore the Country lost again its hilly Character. A chain of mountains, the same which traverses the peninsula from N.W. to S.E. remaining to our right, the sea opened to us, and the strong fortress of Gaëta was clearly visible situated on a far protruding promontory. We then entered the town of mola, drove up a long street, and alighted to take our dinner, certainly not [] rate [. . .] [196] travellers were struck with the regular beautiful features of the women whom we saw in the streets, when we started afresh, it was about 7 p.m.; the moon shone clear, but I, soon fell asleep, and saw nothing of the country until we reached the frontier about 3 o'clock when I awoke, owing to the passports being asked for, both by the Neapolitan and the Roman authorities.

Good Friday, 21st of March 1845. It was 3 a.m. as above said, when we were at Terracina, the first Roman town coming from Naples, it has the reputation of being beautifully situated, but the night being dark, for the moon had gone down, I was only able to distinguish to the left, the foaming sea, to the right, high steep mountains. One hour was taken up with the vise of the passports, with the examination of the luggage, and the Changing of our coach. At four a.m., we were again rolling along; immediately on the other side of Terracina, the Pontine marshes of ill repute begin, I saw nothing of them for

I was fast asleep, until it was broad daylight, when we had again cultivated fields on both sides of the road. Mr. Marti[n]s gave me the following description: the road is considerably higher than the swampy ground through which it leads, these swamps are for the greater part covered with pasture, and upon them particularly in the vicinity of Terracina where the drainage had made little progress, the white flowers called daisies, which are the infallible sign of a wet and turfy soil abound, a few trees which Mr. Marti[n]s believed to be oak trees, grew here and there; towards the sea side he had perceived a rather dense wood, horned cattle grazed in considerable numbers on these swamps; towards their northern extremity they had occasionnally been brought under cultivation. At considerable distances from each other, small huts served as dwellings for Gendarmes, Canals for draining, intersected these marshes, many were completed, some in progress of construction. Förster in his handbook states that these morasses measure in length from Terracina to Nettuno, 36 miglie, in breadth from the Sabine mountains to the sea, 8 to 10 miglie, as regards the length, I think he must be mistaken, for to judge by the time which we took to drive from Terracina to Cisterna the first place to the North of the marshes, the distance cannot be more than 20 miglie. After having [] Cisterna we came to the town of Velletri, where owing [. . .] [197] commanding situation, we had a pretty view over the lower lying plain. Here, the Roman mountains commence and for the first time we saw a few remnants of the once so famous via appia, constructed in the year 313 B.C. by the Censor Appius Claudius Caecus; it extended from Rome to Capua, and consisted of hexagonal stones closely fitting into each other. Velletri is famous for the beauty of its women; there is not the slightest doubt that the Roman peasant women whom we saw on the road are much handsomer, than either the Sicilian or the Napolitan, they wear a most particular head gear; a large piece of white linen or cotton cloth well starched, and folded in a quadrangular shape, is fastened upon the head. It is either flat, or raised in the middle, in both cases, it hangs down behind reaching below shoulders, some have, under the white cloth, two black flaps one on each side to cover the temples. We next passed Gensano, ariccia, and Albano, the ancient Alba-Longa. Just before entering this last named place, we observed an ancient tomb believed to be that of Horatii and Curatii, consisting of a mound of earth, to each of the four corners of which, a cone made of stones, is added. Two of the four were still entire, the two others, in a ruinous state. In the neighbourhood of albano which enjoys the same reputation as Velletri, for its handsome women, lies the papal castle called Gandolfo whither the Pope was in the habit of withdrawing in the month of October. Many Roman nobles have also their Country seats in this neighbourhood. Further on, we left to our right, a high mound of earth

mixed-up, with big stones protruding out of the same, to this the conducteur gave the name of the tomb of Ascanius, no doubt, a misnomer at all events, there is not much probability that this is the sepulchre of Ascanius son of Aceneas and Creusa. Continuing our drive alway ascending I observed two or three heaps of earth, similar to this soi disant Ascanius's tomb, perhaps somewhat smaller and lower. We were now in La Campagna Romana which Mr. Marti[n]s termed very appropriately a field of ruins, it is hardly anywhere under tillage, and serves mostly as pasture land for large flocks of sheep. It is traversed by many aqueduct both ancient and modern. The former of large dimensions, Alas! for the greater part in ruins. Though the sky was cloudy as on the previous day, nevertheless the large Cupola of Saint Peters towering above the number of steeples of the eternal city was clearly [...] [198] the nearer we approached, the greater was the interest I took in everything, but in vain did I look out for the handsome Country houses which generally denote the approach to a large town, even Christiania it will be remembered, is not without them, but Rome has them not. The town is surrounded by a wall originally constructed under the reign of the Poultry feeding Emperor Honorius. Since then, they have been stormed more than once, and though they are always kept in good repair, I doubt they will ever be able to resist the assault of a fierce enemy. We entered Rome through La Porta Maggiore, passed the Church di San Giovanni in Laterano, which derives its name from the old Roman family I Laterani, the owners of the ground upon which the Church is built. The pope is the curate of this Church, and it bears the high sounding name of mater et caput ecclesiarum, the mother and head of churches. A few steps further on, stands la Scala Santa, said to be the very same which in Jerusalem led-up to the Palace of Pontius Pilate and which our Saviour walked up, before being condemned to die. This staircase of considerable height, nobody is allowed to ascend or descend on foot, it must be done upon the knees. The stupendous ruins of the Colosseum came next in sight; I had a glimpse of Trajan's column, and having left these behind us, we drove into the centre of the town to the Custom house where the diligence stopped, and all our luggage was unloaded. In front of the Custom House which was built under the Pontificate of Innocent XII stands a row of ancient Columns of the Corinthian order which it is supposed, formed once part of a temple of Neptune; the luggage was slightly searched, and the Custom house officer who attended to it exclaimed: "peut on être plus honnête" of course, called for a gratification which he received in the shape of two Paoli; the money current in Rome in 1845 consisted of Spanish dollars, called Scudi, they were divided into ten Paoli Romani, each paolo equal to ten Bajocci; the Scudo was worth twelve and a half Neapolitan Carlins, and when I had to draw afterwards, some money

from my Banker, they cost me three Banco marks each, whilst the Spanish dollars remitted from Peru to Hamburg seldom netted more than Bco. Mk. 2 1/2. Dyrssen and Herbertz took up their quarters in the Hotel Cesari close to the Custom house whilst Arndt who had been previously in Rome persuaded me to go with him; we took a cab and drove to Il Palazzo Poli, a large [] [199] building in La piazza of the same name where, in the uppermost story we obtained two roomy apartments fairly furnished for eight Scudi monthly. The owner of such, and similar palaces, frequently poor noblemen are in the habit of letting the palaces to other persons who make a good profit by subletting either suites or rooms, or single apartments. Our landlady was a respectable pleasant woman of about forty years of age with whom we had every reason to be satisfied during our stay in Rome. Arndt and I having rid ourselves of the dirt and dust of the road directed our steps at once to Saint Peters, or San Pietro in Vaticano, it lies on the other side, that is to say on the right side of the Tiber. We crossed the river over Il Ponte San Angelo anciently Pons Aeluis which derives its present name from the fort San Angelo, originally the sepulchre of Emperor adrian which stands exactly in front, and whence [on] a straight line street leads to La Piazza di San Pietro. As I shall of course more than once return hither, I postponed the detailed description, but will not omit to say that the eight small square windows above the Colonnade do in my humble opinion greatly desfigure the façade of this world famed church. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the first coup d'oeil is imposing and grand in front stands the stupendous structure with its enormous Cupola, the beautiful colonnade and the magnificent wide flight of stairs ascending to it; on both sides of this circular place runs a Perystile, an obelisk stands in the centre, a fountain in each of the two half circles formed by the Perystile. The interior surpassed my expectations, though, they had been raised very high by the many descriptions which I had heard of it. Its dimensions are enormous but so perfectly does every part of the building, every object which it contains, harmonize and correspond with each other, that nothing appears out of proportion colossal, nothing out of proportion diminutive, and this very unison of the whole is in my opinion one of the principal beauties of Saint Peters, and also the motive why the visitor, the first time he beholds its vast area, is unable to form a correct idea of its size, at least, so it happened to me. Meanwhile, it will not be amiss to give here an abridged translation of the accounts given of Saint Peters by G. H. Adler in his description of Rome, Altona 1781, and by Ernest Forster in his guide book, Munich 1842. It is generally believed that on the spot where the Church now stands, Nero had his gardens where [] Christians suffered martyrdom, and consequently [] before [] [200] of Saint Peters was laid, the site had an odour of Sanctity, Pope Cornelius

in the years 251/52 ordered the bones of Saint Peter and of Saint Paul who were of the number of martyrs immolated in Nero's garden, and which had been preserved in the Catacombs, to be returned thither, and the Emperor Constantine the great, converted a temple of apollo which then occupied this place into a Christian Church in the shape of a Basilica with the nave and four aisles, see appendix N° 4. German artist also abounded there, they distinguished themselves by their uncouth appearance, their soiled great coats, their long beards and small Caps; Il cafe Greco seemed to be their haunt which they filled with the smoke of their favorite weed.

Saturday, 22nd of March 1845. After having taken my breakfast in Il Cafe Greco, I delivered Charles Ropsy's letter of introduction to a certain Mr. Bravo who received me with extraordinary kindness. He, a native of altona where his parents Portuguese Jews still lived, was a short, rather stout little man with a round face, extremely neat in his dress. He was executor of Thowaldsen's will, also, I believe, private agent for the Danish Government, did many little jobs and seemed to gain his livelihood in a descent, honest manner, and having resided in Rome for many years knew everybody, everything, and was therefore a very useful acquaintance. I rejoined arndt and went with him to see the Sixtine Chapel which when we entered was still empty, so that we obtained a good place where we kept standing during the whole ceremony. Near me stood two young men dressed in black like ecclesiastics, they spoke English, and on my addressing them, told me they were Irish, and answered very politely to my many questions. Behind us, separated by an iron railing several ladies of high rank dressed in black were sitting, opposite Gentlemen and noblemen also the King of Naples. Around the Walls sat the Cardinals in arm chairs at the feet of each, an inferior Ecclesiastic; they were dressed at first in purple, when the Pope entered, the "famigliari" assisted them in taking off this purple vestment, and they now appeared in scarlet with the exception of one of them in white who was of the order of Camaldoli a branch of the order of Saint Benedict to which the Pope Gregory XVI himself belonged. The Cardinals wore on the head a small round red cap to cover the tonsure, when we entered, one of them was saying mass before the high altar. In the singing, the Royal Singers, amongst whom some Eunuchs took part, then followed the litany which diverted me quite as [...] [201] as it had done San Pedro in Lima when all the saints are called upon, one after the other such as: Santa Cecilia, Ora pro nobis, Santa Agatha Ora pro nobis etc., etc. Meanwhile the Pope entered, a man of more than 80 years of age, completely Grey haired followed by several Bishops, he wore his mitre, which as far as I could distinguish is made of a yellow texture entwined with Gold lace; when the ritual required that it should be taken off or put on, this service was rendered him by one of the Bishops. The Pope having

taken his seat, the Cardinals rose, the train of their dresses being borne by the "famigliari", passed before the Pope, and kissed his hand, next the Pope read the Evangelium in a pretty strong and audible voice, which, being over, a foot stool was brought, upon which he knelt down, and blessed the host and Chalice, he then retired, the Cardinals followed and by and by, all left the Chapel which had been well filled mostly with ecclesiastics of all ranks, foreigners I saw but few. We hastened home to Change our dress, for into the Sixtine Chapel, none had been admitted, if not in a dress coat. Dominiconi of Lima had given me a letter to a friend of his Vincenzo Ricci whom Arndt and I found at last in Il Cafe nuovo of which he was the owner, as well as of the other Coffee houses and also of an extensive drug store. He, a man of about forty years of age, was very civil, and accompanied me to Dominiconi's brother in law Federicci, Via del Campo di Marzo, who, like his wife was considerably older than Dominiconi, they seemed to be good natured folks but had not the fine breeding of Dominiconi nor even that of Ricci. I remained with them some time, but of course, did not tell them of their relations improper conduct in Lima; both they and Ricci invited me to dine with them, Vincenzo Ricci's father, an old Gentleman showed me the way to the house of Salomon Corradi a painter to whom I had a letter from Jonas Mylius; he lived in La Strada di repetta close to the river, but was not at home. Next we went to the atelier of old Ricci's son in law a sculptor Nel Viccolo della Frezza. My last visit was to Mr. Charles Kolb, Wurtemberg and provisional Danish Consul to whom I had a letter of introduction and Credit from Semper. He, a merchant treated me with the usual politeness, and invited me to come to his house in the evening, if was not better engaged; in his Counting house I met Arndt, together we went to the Police office to leave our passports and were requested to return on Wednesday next. [...] [202] ascended Il monte Pincio, a hill of insignificant height which forms the boundary of Rome towards the North, it is laid out in pretty walks and planted with trees which exist since the time that Rome formed part of the French Empire under Napoleon I. The ancient Romans called it Collis hortulorum owing to the many gardens with which it was covered, history says that the historian Sallust was the owner of one of these. From la Piazza di Spagna, a fine broad flight of stairs leads-up to this hill, and at its western extremity, a convenient carriage road adorned with statues and with two handsome granite Columns, each with six Rostra or prows of vessels, descends to the handsome open place La Piazza di Popolo, whence la Porta di Papolo, anciently Porta Flaminia opens into the Country, three of the principal thoroughfares of Rome running more or less parallel to each other terminate in this piazza, the middle one exactly opposite the Gate, is called Il Corso, and runs up to La Piazza di Venezia, that to the left, that is to say, nearer the river from la

Piazza di Popolo to La Piazza San Agostino in la Strada di Ripetta, and the third to the right of Il Corso which terminates at La via del Fritone, La Strada Babuino. At the two Corners of Il Corso where the street debouches into the Piazza stand two churches of similar architecture, one on each side, Santa maria di miracolo and Santa Maria di monte Santo and exactly opposite to them on each side of the gate, two other buildings the one the Church di Santa Maria di Popolo, the other, a Government office. These four edifices are connected with each other by public walks which Complete the Circle. At the foot of Monte Pincio tradition says Nero's mortal remains had been interred. The obelisk in the centre of the place covered with Hieroglyphics, stood originally in Heliopolis dedicated to the sun by King Ramesses, and after the Victory near Actium, Octavianus the future Augustus had it removed to the Circus Maximus in Rome, where it remained until the year 1587. When Sixtus V being Pope, it was repaired and placed where it now stands under the direction of architect Fontana, which fact is attested by the inscription of one of the fourth sides of the pedestal, two sides bear the following inscription: Imp. Caesar Divi. F. Augustus Pontifex maximus Imp. XII, C[?]s. IX. Trib. pop. Egypto, in potestatem Populi Romani reducta soli domum dedit. Anglicé: Augustus, hi[_] P[_] Emp[_] for the XII., Cesar for the IX time. Tribune of the [_] [203] son of the Divine Emperor Cesar, after having reduced Egypt under the Dominion of the Roman people, made this present to the sun. On the last the fourth side we read: ante sacrum illius fidei Augustior laetiorque surgo. Cujus ex utero virginaei aug. Imperante sol justitiae exortus est. Anglice: more august, and more cheerful so I rise before the farse of that faith from whose virginal womb sprung the sun of righteousness at the time when Augustus was emperor. The above details of the history of this obelisk differ hardly at all from that referring to the obelisk before saint Peters see appendix N° 4 of this Volume. And thus, if both accounts are correct it follows, that under the reign of King Ramesses there must have been two obelisks in Heliopolis both which found their way to Rome. Nothing can be said against the possibility of this, having been the case, but probable, certainly it is not and I am therefore of the opinion above given by Nibli that the obelisk in front of Saint Peters is not an Egyptian but merely a Roman Copy made upon the model of the original in La Piazza del Popolo. We dined in "Il Lepre", where we met many acquaintances: Mr. Fleischer Danish Consul in Naples with another Danish Gentleman, old Rosseling from Cologne whom we had left in Palermo, Dyrsen and Herbertz also Messrs. Gurlitt and Adolphe, to both of whom I had letters from Adolphe of Copenhagen. The former was a painter, the latter who had left Claussen's establisht. in messina, was on his way to Copenhagen, there to join his brother, whilst the others conversed, I took up an Italian newspaper, and made the following extract. Yearly income of:

The Duke of Northumberland	\$720,000	The marques of Stafford	\$380,000
The Duke of Devonshire	\$575,000	The Duke of Buccleugh	\$355,000
The Duke of Rutland	\$540,000	The Earl Grosvenor	\$340,000
The Duke of Bedford	\$490,000	The Earl Lonsdale	\$335,000
The Marques of Buckingham	\$451,000	The Earl FitzWilliam	\$335,000
The Duke of Norfolk	\$422,500	The Duke Bridgewater	\$290,000
The Marques of Herford (defunct)?	\$400,000		

Sunday, 23rd of March 1845. (Easter Sunday). Last night, thermometer in the open air 7° Reaumur equal to 47° 1/2 Fahrenheit. Though the temperature was rather cold, the weather was otherwise fine, not a cloud being visible. [...] breakfasted in Il Cafe delle Belle arte [...] Il Cafe G[...] [204] Il Cafe nuovo and other Coffee houses in Rome, small, dirty and obscure, in every respect inferior to the elegant establishment Il Cafe di Europa in Naples. On the other hand, prices here were lower than there. Here I had to pay for a cup of black Coffee two and a half Bajocchi, equal to about a quarter of a Bolivian Real, there five grani or three eighths of a Real. Here for a tumbler of Coffee with milk and bread, eight or nine Bajocchi, some what less than a real, there thirteen grani rather more than a real. With Herbertz and Arndt I walked across the bridge San Angelo to St. Peter's, many carriages belonging to the Cardinals and other people high in rank, passed us, all driving in the same direction, they were old fashioned carriages very richly, but tastelessly gilt. The Coachman sitting on his big box covered with a rich hammercloth, and two or three footmen standing behind, each with a cane in his hand, were dressed in the antiquated style, their coats and waistcoats with abundance of gold lace were rounded, they wore breeches white stockings, a small three Cornered hat, and pondered hair. The color of their livery was either scarlet, blue, green or white. We reached the Church in very good time, as yet, few people had made their appearance, so that we could secure to ourselves very good places for standing close to a balustrade which separated us from the seats destined for the Clergy, whilst behind us was a wooden scaffolding for people of high rank. Opposite sat the Diplomatic Corps, also the King and Queen of Naples, the space a little to the right was occupied by the Body guard of the Pope, consisting almost exclusively of young Italian Noblemen superbly dressed, they wore tights, spurred boots up to the knees, scarlet coloured dress-coats with abundance of Gold embroidery, and beautiful white plumes on their three cornered hats. Still more to the right exactly opposite the principal entrance is the high altar

between four spiral shaped bronze Columns which sustain a canopy of gilt brass, which material, under the Pontificate of Pope Urban VIII was removed by the architect Barberini from the roof of the Pantheon in order to construct the Canopy on the top of which stands a cross; the height from the utmost point to the ground floor is 197 feet. More or less the height of a three storied house, if it be taken in consideration that this structure, certainly no insignificant pile, does by no means strike the beholder on account of its size, an idea may be formed of the immensity [...] Saint Peter's. [...] the high altar stood the throne of the Pope [...] [205] a Canopy, and the throne, the Canopy, as well as all the pillars of the church were covered with scarlet colored velvet, with rich gilt lace and fringes. At about ten oclock the Pope made his entrance; he, with the Tiara on his head, sat on an arm-chair placed upon a frame carried by twelve men, he alighted near the high altar, and walked to his throne along a passage left open by the Cardinals, to day dressed in white silk embroidered with Gold, and by many of the inferior clergy, like yesterday in the Sixtine Chapel; the Cardinals kissed the Pope's hand, and various religious ceremonies were gone through, which, as I was ignorant of their meaning, it was impossible for me to recollect. On one occasion the Pope pronounced a few words which were repeated not only by the Clergy, but by everyone of the numerous audience which filled the Church. When then Ceremonies commenced, the Pope exchanged the Tiara for the same Golden mitre which he had worn, on the previous day. Under the same, I could distinguish a white Cap or rag. The Cardinals wore a white mitre upon their small red skull caps mentioned yesterday. The most imposing moment was that, when the Pope returned from his seat to the high altar, and consecrated the host and Chalice; all the thousands who were present fell on their knees, for a few moments a dead silence prevailed then, the trumpets sounded, all rose, the Pope walked back to his throne, the host and chalice were brought him with much pomp; he communicated seated. This put an end to the solemnity; all hastened away, I lingered behind and had now a good opportunity of seeing the Pope close by. His features were void of expression, it was a countenance which said nothing; he made his exit in the same manner as he had entered, the Cardinals, Bishops, and other members of the Clergy preceded the frame; on each side of the Canopy carried above his holiness, walked a man with a large fan made of peacocks feathers, behind marched, or rather limped his body guard in their big boots with enormous spurs, other troops concluded the procession which moved along between two files of soldiers in white uniforms. All were Italians, the Swiss who stood sentry at the public Papal buildings, were dressed in the antiquated uniform of the fifteenth or sixteenth century their wide short breeches like their jackets were striped alternately black, yellow and red, their stockings were yellow, in their hand, they carried a halberd in the open place

in front of the church, a great number of people had assembled, the Pope made his appearance on a small balcony above the principal [...] [206] I could neither distinguish him, nor hear what he said, but I saw the Peacocks feathers in the back ground, and as the troops knelt down, every body else took off his hat, I drew the conclusion that he had given his blessing to the multitude. Now, all was over every one hastened homewards, the heat and dust were very disagreeable, and the many carriages, made the crossing of the streets, many of which without foot pavements, very dangerous; I also made the best of my way to my lodgings, changed my dress, and went to Il Cafe nuovo, where we had to wait for Mr. Ricci who, when he came, appeared in his uniform of the National guard, for as such, he had been on duty in Saint Peters; together we went to dwelling house Via Santa Maddalena, where he occupied with his family the third story in a large Palace. His rooms were carpeted and nicely furnished with the exception however of the dining room where the chairs were very ordinary. At the head of the table in the seats of honor, Ricci's father in law an elderly pleasant man and I, were placed. To my left, La Signora Ricci not pretty but agreeable, to the right of the father in law, Ricci himself, next to him, a Spanish painter, a nice man, a young clergyman the teacher of the Children and the children themselves occupied the other seats. I learnt that in Rome it was the Custom as in Paris to send the infant Children into the Country to a nurse who takes care of them, whilst the mother only pays to her child an occasional visit. Mr. and Mrs. Ricci had placed in this manner their last born, what an abominable habit! Dinner was fair, plates knives and forks were changed at every course, we had country wine, a bottle of fine Bordeaux and two bottles of Champagne one of which, half empty Mr. Ricci carefully corked and put away, which reminded me of Mr. Bosch in Bruxelles, see page 723 of second volume. After dinner the young Spaniard and I conversed with the lady, and had to admire the dancing of the Girls though they certainly did not excel in this branch of their education. With my Italian, I succeeded pretty well, but, when speaking Spanish I frequently mixed up Italian words which annoyed me much. Ricci now went with the Spaniard and myself to La Piazza di San Pietro where he procured us very convenient seats outside the main guard house separated from the crowd by a wooden railing. In front of us played a military band. The entire façade of the Church, the cupola to its very highest point, and the upper part of the two peristyles nearest the Church, were covered with [...] immensity of lighted small lamps [...] which I need hardly [...] [207] splendid in the extreme. As daylight gradually decreased, this mass of fire shone forth with the greater brillancy against the dark blue unclouded firmament lighted-up with the rays of the pale moon, the black towering obelisk in the centre, formed a beautiful contrast. This illumination lasted about an hour,

when all of a sudden, at the utmost point of the cross which stands on the Cupola, I observed a lighted torch, and in one or two minutes, no more lamps were to be seen, all was a glare of torches, the transition was instantaneous as if done by enchantment. I afterwards learnt, that a large number of men are employed in the dangerous task of lighting the torches; the risk which they run, is considered so imminent, that, before they proceed to their respective parts, each of them confesses, communicates, and is absolved of his sins. By and by La Piazza became empty, I also, wended my way home, but more than once I turned back to throw another look upon this magnificent spectacle, seen by me for the first probably for the last time. In il Cafe Greco where I entered for a few moments I read in an Italian newspaper an extraordinary feat of the English press. Sir Robert Peel had presented his budget to the house of Commons, his speech lasted from 4:40 till 7:55 p.m., and at 8:30, it appeared printed in the Columns of "The Sun"; the Editor of the paper having employed eight stenographers for that sole purpose, each of them being relieved every five minutes.

Monday, 24th of March 1845. Thermometer at 8 a.m. in the open air at 6° Reaumur equal to 45 1/2° Fahrenheit. In the forenoon I spent an hour or so with the Conradis who lived at N° 30 Strada di Ripetta close to the Tiber over which river, we had a pretty view from the apartment with Saint Angelo and Saint Peters right in front. They were pleasant people, natives of Switzerland, recently married. I dined at the Federicci's, good folks to whom I was very grateful for the kindness which they showed me, but with whom I should have been still better pleased, if they had no put themselves out of the way on my account. Every thing gave clear evidence that they were not abundantly supplied with the gifts of this world. To reach the dining room, we had to pass through several bedrooms, nevertheless, the dinner was very good, and what hardly ever happens to me, I almost ate too much; amongst the vines of the Country, that of Orvieto brought on the table in a bottle partly wrapped-up in fine straw, was of a superior quality. Besides old Mr. and Mrs. [...] this party consisted of the Director of a lunat[] [208] asylum, of an old lawyer with his daughter, of the daughter of the Federicci's and of Ricci, which latter was no doubt the most agreeable of all. He had the queer habit of never uncovering his head, even within doors he always wore a cap. This evening the far famed fireworks, La Girandola were to explode from the Castle di San Angelo. Of Course Ricci did not fail to procure me a place from which I could see them at my ease. He took me to a house in the open place in front of the Castle, La Piazza di Ponte, and here in a small room in the uppermost story, I obtained a seat at an open window. This garret was of so diminutive a size, that eight or nine persons who were there, completely filled it, and two young men who came

too late, climbed at the imminent hazard of their lives out of the window up to the roof, where they took their station, I still shudder when I think of the risk they ran. I think it was about half past eight o'clock, when the first canon was fired from the Vatican, another cannon shot responded; in a trice, the whole castle vomited forth an innumerable quantity of fury rockets so suddenly as if done by magic, to enumerate the various changes of these fire works which lasted about half an hour, is out of the question. At one moment the façade of the Castle was lighted-up, and in the centre appeared in red an angel holding the Papal arms, at another moment, serpents of fire encircled the edifice, now, whilst the windows in the centre were of a beautiful Emerald green, the rest of the building shone forth in bright scarlet, then again, nothing but fire wheels were to be seen, reports like cannon shots resounded, and the whole concluded with a quantity of Rockets from every corner of the edifice, perhaps in a still greater abundance than at the opening, but with the difference that they were of all colors, red, blue, green and yellow, amongst the various persons in the garret, were two Englishmen, a Frenchman and his lady, and they, as well as I did not know how to impress their admiration. We were wonder struck even the Romans confessed that his year, la Girandola had been more splendid than on other occasions which they attributed to the presence of the King and queen of Naples. I hastened home, and brought to paper something of what I had seen; last night's illumination of Saint Peter's and this night's, fire works, were in my humble opinion, in their way, quite as wonderful as the Capuchine convent with its rows of skeletons near Palermo, as the ascent of the Vesuvius by moon-light, as the Thames tunnel, [...] [209] on the 13th of August 1824, see Volume I of these extracts Pages 48/50.

Tuesday, 25th of March 1845. Arndt and I met Dyrsen and Herbertz in Il Cafe delle Belle arti. Their intention was to make this day an excursion to the neighbouring Tivoli whilst we preferred to see the pope going in state of the church "Santa Maria Sopra Minerva", so called because it is said to be built upon the basis of an ancient temple dedicated by Pompey to this warlike goddess. Accordingly we went to the open place in front of the Church. "La Piazza di Minerva", which as well as the adjoining streets was strewn with sand. It was crowded with people come hither for the same object as ourselves. Grenadiers in white uniform and Cavalry maintained order; the Cardinals and other high dignitaries of the Church appeared the one after the other in their antiquated carriages spoken of before; whenever anyone of these big wigs passed, the soldiers presented arms; all entered the Church; at last, his Holiness came in on old fashioned coach much gilt, resembling that of the Lord Mayor of London, he was received with military music, and such was the throng that rushed after him into the Church, that this building was in a moment filled to overflowing, unable to see anything, I left the Church, and not finding Arndt in

the Crowd, wandered by myself about the streets of Rome of a considerable while. The streets between Il Corso and La Strada di Ripelta, and other streets, which like this latter run along the river, are built with great irregularity; the houses are high and intermixed with Palaces of large dimensions the women whom I met both of the higher and lower classes of society were generally good looking; amongst the latter, scarlet seemed to be the favourite Color, red jackets being much worn by them. There was at the time always to be found at the doors of the Coffee houses a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, rather pretty, not a little impudent, who attracted my attention with her rid jacket and who, merely by asking alms gained on all probability, a good livelihood. Beggars of the male sex abounded in Rome, many of them mutilated, others of an advanced age were what might be called privileged beggars, wearing a big metal plate on their breast to denote that this was their profession. I saw for the first time a veritable pilgrim, he was wrapped up in a wide dark-green cloak, his hat was of the shovel shape, like those used by Canons, attached to it were two white shells the symbol of his wanderings, women of the town did not show themselves in public in Rome. At all events they did [...] [210] as little was I pestered here with proposals of an indecent Character, such as had been frequently made to me at the door of Il Cafe di Europa in Naples with: "voulez-vous une jeune demoiselle", or in the Moorish quarter in Algiers "preferez vous une Mauresque ou une Juive". La Piazza di Colonna open towards Il Corso is formed on its three other sides by Il Palazzo ch[_], by Il Palazzo Piombini. And by the Post Office, an elegant modern building, together with another public office; in the centre stands a marble Column of the Doric order upon which the victories of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, over the Germans and other nations, are sculptured in bas reliefs, originally the Emperor's statue of gilt bronze stood on the top. Pope Sixtus [_] had it removed, and replaced it with that of Saint Paul; the stone pedestal bears the following inscriptions: the first; "Marcus Aurelius Imp. Armenis, Parthis, Germanique bello maximo devictis triumphalem hanc columnam rebus gestis insignem Imp. Antonino Pio patri dedicavit. Anglicé: "Marcus Aurelius the Emperor, having vainquished the Armenians, the Pathians and the Germans in a great war, dedicated this Triumphal column, famous for the deeds acomplished to his father the Emperor Antoninus Pius. The 2nd; Triumphatis et sa[_]a nune sum, Christi vere discipulum fereus, qui per [crius] predicationem de Romanis barbarisque triumphavit. Anglice: "now I am triumphant and robust, bearing the really pious disciple of Christ, who by preaching the Cross triumphed over the Romans and barbarians. The third: "Sixtus V Pont. max columnam hanc ab onmi impietate expurgatam. Paulo apostolo aenea ejus statua inaurata in summo vertice posita DD.A. MDLXXXIX, Pont IV". Anglice: "Sixtus V high Pontiff dedicated (this word is wanting but must be understood in the Latin

text) this column, purged of all impiety to the apostle Saint Paul, having placed on the top his statue of gilt brass 1587. The fourth: "Sixtus V Pont. max. columnam hanc cochlidem Imp. Antonino dicatam misere laceram ruinosamque primae famae restituit MDLXXXIX" Anglice: "Sixtus V high Pontiff restored to its original fame, this spiral column dedicated to the Emperor Antonius Pius, much mutilated and ruinous in the year 1589. Close to La Piazza Colonna is la Piazza Monte Citerio, in whose centre stands an obelisk much repaired, upon two sides of which, the same inscription is engraved as on the obelisk in La Piazza di popolo; on the third and fourth side the following is to be read: "Pius VI Pont. max. obeliscum regis [...] [211] quem ignibus VI, et temporum vetustate corruptum, Benedictus XIII PM ex aggesta humo amolitus reliquerat, squalore detersa cultuque addito, urbi coeloque restituit anno MDCCXCII, sacri principatus ejus XVIII. Anglice: "Pius VI [?] Pontiff in the year 1792, and the 18th of his holy reign, restored to the town, (by which Rome is meant), and to heaven, the obelisk of the King Sesostris, having cleansed it from its filth, and devoted to worship, that obelisk which the Emperor Augustus had placed in the field (probably the field of Mars) as an index of the hours, and which, being injured by six conflagrations and by the length of time, the Pope Benedict XIV, high Pontiff had abandoned; after desinterring it from the earth, which lay heaped upon it." And "quae cleres olim signabat pyramis horas fracta dehinc lapsa streta jacebat mene antiquum renovata deus, nun[c] fronte superba denumerat, nun[c] sexti tempora fausta Pii". Anglicé: that Pyramid which in ancient times designated the fleet hours, afterwards lay broken and prostrate, now, its ancient beauty being renovated, now with front erect, now it enumerates the happy time of the sixth Pius." I next visited the Foro Trajano also called the Foro Ulpio, a short distance to the Eastward of the southern extremity of Il Corso. Il Foro Trajano is much smaller than it originally was, and lies considerably lower than the streets which surround it. It is encircled by a modern wall, of its shape, I endeavour to give an idea by the sketch herewith: □ indicates the spot where the Column of Trajan stands; it is of marble of the Doric order, its height is 118 feet, inside a winding

staircase of 184 steps leads to the summit, where the Empor. Trajan's statue stood originally, and was removed under the Pontificate of Sixtus V who replaced it by a bronze statue of Saint Peter, 23 feet in height, beneath the Column, the ashes of the Emperor Trajan, inclosed in an golden urn are said to have been interred which was an extraordinary distinction paid to his mortal remains for at the time, it must have been under the reign of Adrian, burials within the precincts of Rome were strictly prohibited. Trajan's victories over the Germans

and Dacians are sculptured in bas reliefs upon this column in twenty six windings from the base to the top; I need hardly say, that this Column served as a model for the famous column [...] [212] inscription is engraved: *Senatus Populusque Romanus imp. Caes. Divi. Nervae F. Nervae Trajano Aug. Germ. Dacico Pont. max. Trib. pop. XVII Imp. VI Caes. VI PP, ad declarandum quantae altitudinis mons, et locus tanti, (some letters illegible, probably "s oper"), again, ibus sit egestus. Anglice: "To Trajan the august, the Victor over the Germans and Dacians, high Pontiff, tribune of the people for the XVII, Emperor for the VI, Cesar for the VI time, father of the people, son of the Emperor and Cesar, the Divine Nerva, the Roman Senate and people, (the words dedicated this Column are omitted and must be understood), for the purpose of indicating to what height this mountain had been dug away, in order to carry out so many works".* This last sentence if I mistake not, gives to understand that the Column is of the same height as was that part of the Esquiline hill which was levelled to make room for the Forum. The rows of dots signify the Columns of which there are nine in each line, all much mutilated; the biggest dots represents the columns which are still almost entire; broken shafts, Capitals, Cornices, and other parts of Columns lie about, on the ground. Trajan's Palace stood here in ancient times, and it is supposed served afterwards for the reception of the famous Ulpian library. It will be remembered that Ulpianus the great lawyer, was the intimate friend of Emperor Alexander Severus, who raised him to the highest dignities. His administration was much applauded until he attempted to introduce reforms into the army, when the soldiery rose in mutiny and killed him in the presence of the Emperor's mother in the year 236 A.D. In the Centre of the buildings which formed the Palace, stood a beautiful Equestrian statue of Trajan, cast in bronze, also a Triumphal arch, but of all these, no vestige has remained. The two letters A in the sketch indicate two churches; the one, of an octagonal form, with a handsome porch, is that di Santa Maria di Loretto, the other round and modern built in 1736 by a French architect is devoted to Il nome di Maria. At no great distance from the Forum Trajanum, is, Il Foro Romano so renowned in the history of ancient Rome, it is called at present Il Campo Vaccino, or the co[w]s' field, because the Cattle when driven to Rome for slaughter usually rest there, before entering the town. It gives but a poor idea of what it was originally. Nibby says in his hand-book that, though Alaric King of the Visigoths, Genseric King of the Vandals, and Totila King of the Ostrogoths in the VI century made themselves masters of Rome [...] the Forum still preserved much of its ancient [...] [213] but in the year 1084 when the Pope, Gregory VII, called Robert Guiscard to his assistance, both against the German Emperors, and his own turbulent subjects, this Norman Prince of Apulia a Christian, followed by the Saracen subjects destroyed without mercy everything between the Lateran and the Capitol. Two Centuries later, Bramaloni razed to

the ground all such ancient building of which the nobles, proud and factious, availed themselves to resist the Papal authority. Thus, the desolation of the Forum is owing not to the Barbarians, but to the Popes themselves. Forster gives in his handbook a pretty and exact sketch of the forum. Before I enter into a description of the same, it is necessary to observe that the ancient forum lay from 15 to 20 feet deeper than the present Campo Vaccino, the ground has been filled-up and raised to its present elevation by the ruins, debris, and fragments of the ancient buildings as well as by the gradual accumulation of earth; the principal façade of the present Capitol, a modern building of small pretensions is turned to the N. West consequently its backpart at the foot of which Il Campo Vaccino extends looks to the South East. To the South West of the Capitol, a wide, well kept carriage road leads up from the Forum to the open place in front of the Capitol, La Piazza del Campidoglio. To the North East a flight of stairs answers the same purpose. Descending these steps, you have immediately to your right, some walls, the remnants of a temple of concord which was built by the Senate in the 4th Century B.C. to fulfil the [vow] made by Camillus the Saviour of Rome. The temple was renovated under the reign of Tiberius. Close to these walls stand three Columns, all that exist of the temple of Saturn in which the treasury, the archives and important public documents of the Roman Commonwealth were kept. It is said that out of the ruins of this temple two Churches of San Adriano and Santa Martina whose site is a little to the Eastward, have been constructed. To the North West of the column of Saturn, in a hollow, stand eight Columns, the remainder of the temple of Vespasian. The three temples hitherto mentioned stood at the foot of the Capitoline hill. More or less opposite the stairs which descend from the Capitol is the Triumphal arch which in the year 203 A.C. the Senate of Rome ordered to be raised in honor of Emperor Septimus Severus and his two sons Caracalla and Geta, and to celebrate their victories over the Parthians, Arabs and Adiabenos, (where this last mentionned nation lived, I do not know), this triumphal [_] consists of three arches, the main and largest [...] [214] lateral one on each side; four Columns in front, four behind. The bas reliefs represent victories gained in the wars carried on against the above mentioned nations. A few steps further on, in a South Westerly direction I came to a low pyramid standing in a hollow, upon which in the year 608 A.D., the Exarch Smaragdus had a Column erected in honor of the Emperor Phocas. Forster in his handbook says that this monument was put together from various antique fragments; according to the plan in the said guide book, there were in ancient times on its South western side close to each other three temples dedicated respectively to Castor and Pollux, to Minerva, and to Vesta. Of the first and last, not a trace is to be seen. Of that of Minerva, no more than three Columns are extant. The site

occupied by the temple of Vesta is exactly opposite to where the Church of Santa maria Liberatrice stands. Of the origin of this Church, the following legend is told. Under the rule of Pope Sylvester a frightful Dragon which lived in a Cavern in the vicinity desolated the fields, killing men and Cattle; the pope armed with his seal upon which a cross was engraved boldly encountered the fiend and placed his seal not only on the entrance to the Cavern, but upon the mouth of the monster itself [?] when the ravages have ceased. To celebrate this miracle the Church was built. Crossing the Foru[?] to its N. Eastern boundary, I came to the Church di San Lorenzo di Miranda, which has been built upon the base of what was once the temple dedicated to the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his Empress Faustina; before the church stand eight Columns of the green marble with white zones, called Cipoline, of the Doric order, well preserved which sustain an archtrave of white marble upon which the dedicatory inscription to the Emperor and Empress is clearly visible. On the same side of the Forum follows a church built in 527 under the Pontificate of Felix III, and dedicated to the Saints Cosimus and Damianus. The vestibule in front of this Church was originally a temple devoted to Remus according to Adler; to Romulus and Remus according to Nybbi, in Forster's plan, it is also called Aedes Penatium (the shrine of the household Gods) contiguous to this Church of Saint Cosimus and Saint Damianus, is the most extensive of all the ruins which still exist in the Forum. There are three large arches made of sunbaked bricks, Spanish: (adobes), the middle one with a niche also the remnants of many pillars and exterior walls. In Forster's plan it is called Basilica detta Constantina, which [_] that it is believed to be the Basilica of the Emperor Const [...] [215] Adler likewise in his description of Rome says, that probably there existed in this neighbourhood an extensive palace of the said Emperor, more or less in the centre of the Forum is the Church di Santa Francesca Romana and behind the same are the ruins of the temples of Venus and of Roma, which as Förster and Adler assure us were the most magnificent of ancient Rome, but of which splendour when I was there, nothing was left. The Emperor Adrian had them built after a design drawn by himself, they were of white marble which however does not [_] that they were solid marble, but merely, that marble slabs covered the mud [_] which I myself saw; the roofs were of gilt bronze, removed by Pope Honorius and made use of in the building of Saint Peter's. In a straight line South with the Church di Santa Francesca Romana, I came to the beautiful triumphal arch constructed by Domitian to celebrate the taking of Jerusalem by his father Titus. The inscription says merely: senatus populusque Romanus Divo, Tito, Divi, Vespasiani filio Vespasiano augusto. The bas reliefs represent the apotheosis of Titus who sitting on an Eagle rises heavenwards; his triumphs,

the booty brought by him from Jerusalem amongst which the most remarkable is the Candlestick with seven branches which once adorned the temple constructed in Jerusalem under the reign of Solomon. The triumphal arch of Constantine is the last which forms the boundary of the forum to the South East. It was erected to celebrate his victory over the Emperor Maxentius at the Ponte Molle close to Rome on the 27th of October 312 A.D. This victory as well as several others of the same Emperor, are represented here, in bas relief, other bas reliefs which adorn this arch formed part of the Forum Trajanum; there, also, at its principal entrance stood the statues of eight Dacian prisoners which are now to be seen on the tops of eight columns, four before, four behind the arch, which in every other respect resembles that of Septimus Severus above described. The heads of these eight statues are modern, and if we may believe adler, the original heads, Lorenzo di Medici had knocked off, and carried to his own capital Florence on account of their extraordinary beauty. The arch bears the following inscription: Imp. Caes. Fl. Constantino maximo P. F. Augusto S.P.Q.R. quod instinctu divinitatis mentis magnitudine Cum exercitu suo tam de tyranno quam de omni factione uno tempore justis Rempubl. ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dedicavit. Which may be rendered thus: To Constantine the great the father of the people, the August Emperor and Cesar, the Roman Senate and [] dedicated this arch famous for his victories because he [...] [216] inspiration of the Divinity, and by the grandeur of his own soul delivered with his army and his rightful arms the Commonwealth at the same time from the tyrant and all factions. The Colosseum is situated outside of the Forum; I examined it this day with great attention, but intended to return to it another time. Thence I walked back through the Forum to the foot of the Capitol, and ascended the commodious carriage road which, as already said leads up on the one side of the Capitol, to la Piazza di Campidoglio. The present Capitol was built under the Pontificate of Pope Boniface IX upon the ruins of that part of the ancient Capitol called Tabulario in which the archives were deposited, and which can still be seen from Il Campo Vaccino. Originally the Roman Senate used to hold their session in the Capitol, now it answers the purpose of a prison. Two stairs lead-up to the main entrance beneath which stands a small statue of Rome, in the centre of the place, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and in front of this statue, a splendid flight of stairs provided with the stone balustrades, and constructed according to the design of Michel Angelo Buanarotti, descends to the lower lying part of the town, at its foot, it is flanked on each side by a Lion of Basalt brought from Egypt spouting water which falls into a small basin; above, where the stairs terminate in La Piazza stands on each side a colossal statue, the one of Castor, the other of Pollux each holding a horse by the rein;

following the curve of the circle, a trophy on each side is the next object which arrests your attention, then, the statue of Constantine and that of his son (I suppose Crispus), and finally, a mile stone (*Columna milliaria*) closes the half circle; behind these statues, the balustrade continues until it meets the two wings of the Capitol, two handsome Colonnades, that to the right leading to the apartments which contain the famous Capitoline museum. The two trophies were for a long time believed to have been erected at the time of Marius to commemorate his triumph over the Cimbri at present, they are attributed to Trajan, they stood originally in Il Castello di acqua Giulia. Of the statue of Marcus aurelius Nibbi says: that it is the only Equestrian statue of Bronze, which has come down to us from the ancients, and Forster is of opinion that we owe its preservation solely to the circumstance, that during the middle ages it was believed to be the statue of Constantine the Great the first Christian Roman Emperor. If the truth had been known, it would probably have been destroyed in those [] of []tal darkness and religious fanaticism as being the eff [. . .] [217] Marcus Aurelius the pagan, with [] hand he holds the bridle, the other he lifts up, as if giving orders, he has neither stirrups nor spurs. This statute stood originally in the Forum, near the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, thence it was removed to the open place before the Lateran, and finally placed where it now stands by Michael Angelo during the Pontificate of Paul III in 1508. Its pedestal of a large block of marble bears this inscription: Imp. Caesari Divi Antonini Divi Adriani nepoti, divi Trajani portici? pro[?]poti Divi Nervae [. . .] poti, M. Aurelio Antonio Pio Aug. Germ. Sarm. Pont max. Trib. Pop X[]I, Imp. VI, Cos. III P.P.S.P.Q.R. Anglice: The Roman Senate and people [] the Emperor and Caesar the son of the Divine Antoninus the grandson of the Divine Adrian, to the great grand son of the Divine Trajan, to the great great grand son of the Divine Nerva, to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius Augustus, Conqueror of the Germans and Sarmetians, high Pontiff XXVII times tribune of the people VI, Emperor III times, Caesar and father of the people. La piazza del Campidoglio lies between two hills of insignificant height, the one to the North East upon which stands the famous Church di Santa Maria ara Coeli or, the altar of heaven to which you ascend by 124 steps of white marble each of one piece nearly twenty feet long, the other to the South West covered at present by the gardens of the Palace Cafarelli. The ancients made a distinction between the Arx and the Capitolium. The former was the Castle, the fortification; the latter, the temple of Jupiter Capitoline. Tarquinus Priscus made a vow to build this temple, which vow was fulfilled by his successor Tarquinus Superbus, Latitius Catullus, Vespasian, and Domitian restored, enlarged and beautified this temple, but the archaeologists of the present day cannot agree as to its original site. Many and perhaps the greater

number maintain that it occupied the place where now the Church Ara Coeli stands whilst others and amongst them Mr. Bunsen, many years Prussian Ambassador in Rome and enjoying a great reputation for his antiquarian researches transfers the temple to the other hill where the Cafarelli gardens are. Adler gives a detailed account of this temple, of its beauty and magnificence, also of the immense treasures which were accumulated in it. Three times it was destroyed by fire, the first time in the year 671 after the foundation of Rome, when Sulla was Dictator; secondly, when Vitellius; and thirdly when Titus was Emperor; Domitian had it rebuilt, but, what became of it since then, history does not [_]; it is supposed that some of the Columns used in the [_] [218] of the Church Ara Coeli, formed par [...] this last temple of Jupiter Capitoline. I continued my long walk, and came to the Church Santa Trinita di monte, in front of which stands an Egyptian obelisk of granite covered with hieroglyphics, the following words are engraved upon it: Pius VI Pont max, obeliscum salustianum, quem prolapsus difractum superior octas jacentem reliquit, colli hortulorum subsidentium viarum prospecta impositum trop[er] cruci prefixo trinitati Augustae dedicavit. Anglice: Pius VI high Pontiff dedicated to the august trinity as a trophy proffered to the cross, the salust[ian] obelisk, which the former age had abandoned laying prostrate and br[oken] on the hill of the Gardens, and which has been raised insight of the lying roads. I descended the handsome flight of stairs Scala di Spagna spoken of above, crossed la Piazza of the same name and, rather tired reached La trattoria del Lepre where I was so disgusted with its filth and dirtiness, that I left, and went to another inn that of Bertini, where for four Paoli equal to about four reales, and five Bajocchi equal to a medio to the waiter I obtained a fair dinner. The society was also less mixed than in El Lepre. At home I wrote till a late hour to gibbs Crawley & C. of Lima, and to Gibbs & Sons of London.

Wednesday, 26th of March 1845. This morning I called on Mr. Hitzig, and with him on Persius, from which Gentleman it will be remembered I parted in Naples on the 25th of February; both were indisposed and complained of the bad climate of Rome, which, if at this season of the year it was unhealthy, which I much doubt, it at all events had no effect upon me, on the contrary, my health was as quite as good as, heaven be praised it has with few exceptions always been in the Course of my life. (I dictated this words in June 1870.) We three jointly with a German sculptor Mr. Meyer went to La villa Rospigliosi, where on a level with the first floor, a small, but very pretty garden had been laid out. It was filled with flowers particularly hyacinths which exhaled a most fragrant odour. The principal attraction of this villa is however not the garden, but the famous fresco painting of Guido René upon the ceiling of one of the saloons which, besides its exquisite beauty, has the advantage of being well

preserved, it represents Ph[e]bus in his car drawn by horses, Aurora precedes and the hours accompany him, all scattering flowers. Against the wall stood various fine oil [] one of which the blind Sampson pulling down the [. . .] [219] of the temple in which the Ph [. . .] assembled to celebrate a feast of their idol Dagon; another by Guido René Andromeda tied to the rock; the monster is on the point of devouring her when Perseus appears in the air, for her delivery; her body is beautiful, but in my opinion her countenance does not sufficiently express the dread which she must have felt at the apparently inevitable death which threatened her. It was noon, we separated, and I, having joined Arndt in Il Cafe delle Belle arte, we two walked out of La Porta di Popola into the open country then, turning along the walls of the town, reached La Villa and park Borghese. The latter three miles in circumference is tastefully planned; there are beautiful walks, fountains, lakes, etc. The museum in the villa is extremely rich in works of art especially of sculpture. The floors are covered with mosaics, the Ceilings richly painted, the walls ornamented with handsome columns, in fact there is too much, the pleasure changes into a labour and one rejoices when one has done. I will only specify a few statues which were most to my liking: Meleager, famous in ancient mythology for the hunt of the Caledonian boar; on one side stands a dog on the other, lies a boars head. Colossal heads of the Emperors Adrian and Antoninus Pius. Leda in a reclining posture, a tall swan stands before her turning his head in a most peculiar manner, and it is really to be wondered at, how the artist has been able to give to his eyes an unmistakable expression of vehement desire. It is unnecessary for me to observe that all the busts and statues are of white marble, unless another material is expressly mentioned. Further, a Venus holding something in her hand with which she touches her leg, I thought it was a sponge, the description says it is a frog. In the centre of one of the saloons, domineers la Grumone triunfante. In the centre of another stands an amazon on horseback striking down two warriors, a small statue of Paris. A Hercules a spindle in his right hand (Ercole effeminato). A Venus bearing a great resemblance to the Capitoline Venus. A Hermaphrodite lying, an Anacreon sitting, a lyre in his hand. Again a Venus, this time, stepping out of a bath. The statue of a woman, her arm resting upon a sarcophagus, a Faun dancing, a Mercury sitting. The saloon which goes by the name of the gallery contains few antique statues but many other objects worth [] such as: a sarcophagus of Porphyry, two large basins of [220] black marble (Nero antico); two urns of Oriental marble which being transparent resembles Alabaster; two Columns of the same Oriental marble with pedestal of gilt bronze; a great number of busts of Roman Emperors and other renowned Romans both with the head and the breast of Porphyry. There were, as already said above, besides those enumerated, many, many other curiosities, but Arnt

and I got tired, we felt cold in the large saloons, and where glad when, again in the open air we could enjoy the splendid weather and inhale in long draughts the wild balmy air of an Italian spring. We returned to town, the same way we had come, when in La Piazza di Popolo, we ascended Il monte Pincio, and paid a visit to La Villa Medici at present the academy of French painters. The park which surrounds it, is intersected by straight walks lined by stiff clipped hedges of box and laurel in the style of Luis XIV's times, in the villa itself, two large saloons were filled with very good plaster casts of renowned antique statues. We continued our walk along Il monte Pincio till we came to the Church of La Trinita di monte; thence through the streets Via Sestina, Via Felice, and Strada delle quattro fontane, till we reached the Church di Santa Maria Maggiore which, according to Gibbon was probably in ancient times the Basilica of Sicininus or Liberius on the Esquiline hill; in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", chapter XXV, he gives the following account of a massacre which took place within its walls, these are his words: under the reign of the Emperor Valentinian and the praefecture of Juventius the ardor of Damasus and Ursinus to seize the Episcopal seat, surpassed the ordinary measure of human ambitions, they contented with rage of party, Damasus prevailed, one hundred and thirty seven dead bodies were found in the Basilica of Sicininus where the Christians held their religious assemblies (Ammianus); according to another account, the present church was built in the year 326, perhaps it was then, that the Basilica was appropriated to the Christian Worship. It is also called the Church of the Stable, for in the same the cradle said to be that of our Lord, found in the Bethlehem, is preserved. As soon as I entered, the description which Hitzig had given me of the ancient Basilicas, see page 127 of this Volume, came to my mind [...] a long building which by means of twenty one handsome white [221] marble Columns of the Ionic order, is divided [?] the nave and granite columns of the Ionic order form on both sides the entrance to the lateral Chapels, one dedicated to Pope Sixtus V, the other to Pius V. The high altar consists of an antique Porphyry sarcophagus, the canopy above the same is sustained by four spiral shaped porphyry columns of the Corinthian order with palm leaves of gilt bronze. The roofs of the aisles are vaulted whilst that of the nave is flat, which latter circumstance gives to the interior of this Church a somewhat oppressed appearance. In front of the Church stands a fluted Column of the Corinthian order with the statue of the Virgin Mary on the top, behind the Church is an Egyptian obelisk of red granite, inscribed with Hieroglyphics, which was brought hither in 1587, under the Pontificate of Sixtus V by the architect Fontana. I took my dinner in a Coffee house of the first rank in La Piazza di Spagna; it was but expensive. Thence I went with Arndt to the Police office where we obtained "residence tickets",

in virtue of which we were allowed to remain a certain time in Rome, their cost was six Paoli each; we walked home, and I was busy writing the remainder of the day.

Thursday, 27th of March 1845. Thermometer at 7 a.m. in the open air 10° Reaumur, equal to 55° Fahrenheit. In the forenoon Arndt, myself, and a young man from Cologne, went to see the collection of pictures in Il Palazzo Borghese, a large quadrangular building with a yard surrounded by porticos in the middle. In my original diary, I have made a long enumeration of these pictures, here I shall content myself with mentioning a few of the master pieces. By Raphael, his portrait when a youth; by the same, Christ's descent from the Cross, Christ is dead, his eyes and countenance still denote the sufferings of his last agony; the body lifted from the ground, is surrounded by various persons. A portrait of Geronimo Savonarola by Filippino Lippi his features are extremely expressive, the nose long, the eyes and the eye brows black; a black hood encircles his face, Savonarola it will be remembered, born in Ferrara, lived in the second half of the XV century, originally a Dominican friar, he distinguished himself by his enthusiasm both in religion and politics. He urged, that a thorough reform was indispensable in the Court of Rome as well as in the irregularities of the Clergy. He denounced the abominations of Pope Alexander VI and in Florence after the fall of the Medici, placed himself at the head [_] the Democratic party, at last his enemies prevailed and in 1408 [222] he was condemned to death, strangled, and his body burnt. Further, by Giulio Romano, Raphaels favorite disciple, a portrait of La Fornarina, (the Bakers daughter) Raphael's mistress, the expression of her face is far from Chaste, on the contrary it is sensual in the extreme, her bosom is bare, her garment light and transparent; above her left elbow she wears a bracelet; by the same, Saint John the Baptist, a copy from Raphael; Saint John is represented as a young robust youth naked, with fine black curly hair; also a Danae naked as far as the waist, and reclining on a couch, further down, her body is covered by a white garment, both her legs are bare, the right one is stretched out on the bed, the left one hangs down; from above a thin shower of golden rain falls into her lap, an amor with variegated wings looks at the rain, below stand two small Cupids with their arrows. By Correggio, a Magdalen, she lies on the ground, reading, her bosom is uncovered; she leans her head on her right hand, partly concealed by the long curls of her fair hair, her dress is of a dark blue Color. By the same, the head of our saviour with the Crown of Thorns, of this picture, copies are found all over the globe. By Raphael, Christs descent from the Cross, by Carlo Dolce one of the painters who always pleased me, a small picture of our Saviour his eyes turned heavenwards, his curly hair is of a Chestnut Color, and a faint aureola encompasses the head. In the 7th apartment I noted particularly a large table

inlaid with precious stones and marbles of various descriptions. In the 8th apartment, a portrait of Paul V done in mosaic, is a piece of splendid workmanship, and well deserves the Visitors attention. The 9th apartment which goes by the name of La Loggia is of little interest, the ceiling, vaulted, is painted al fresco by Bolognesi. Apartments numbered 10 and 11 contain the works of the masters of Venetian School, amongst whom as it is known Titian ranks foremost. His three graces, or more properly speaking Venus and two nymphs, as well as his celestial and terrestrial Venus were not much to my taste, and I thought at the time that his female figures were generally somewhat Coarse and Vulgar, but at a later period, when I saw in Florence his master pieces Venus, Flora and Magdalen, I convinced myself of the gross error into which I had fallen, and was actually ashamed of having ever formed such a [] as the above. In the 12th and [...] [223] paintings of the German and Flemish shoos are put up, amongst which I admired a portrait by Holbein of an old lady in a black dress with a white Cap and a Christ on the Cross by Van Dyck. Arndt and I left this vast collection of paintings at one o'clock, and now wended our way to Il Castello San Angelo situated on the right side of the river. Exactly opposite the bridge of the same name, everybody knows that the Emperor adrian commenced the building of it, to serve as a sepulchre for himself and his successors; it was concluded in the year 140 by the Emperor Antoninus Pius, but already, in the year 567 Theodoric King of the Ostrogoths converted into a Castle, and when assailed by his enemies (who they were, I do not know), hurled upon them the statues with which this vast mausoleum had been adorned by the Pagan Emperors of the West. In 1527 when the Army under the Command of Charles de Bourbon stormed Rome, the Pope, Clement VII took refuge in this Castle which is connected with the Vatican by a covered way. At the present day it is used as a prison for political offenders and the Popes only flee thither in times of danger, their usual residence being the vatican or the Quirinal. The Castle San Angelo is of a circular shape, and its interior contains nothing of particular interest. We were shown to a large saloon where the Pope occasionally gives audience; upon a table stood a pretty marble group of Christ and two angels by Michael Angelo. We ascended to the top of the Castle, whence the view is extensive over the town itself and its barren environs. We then were conducted through a vaulted passage all around the Castle, to a gate which was blocked-up, and made our exit through another gate, very little pleased with this our visit. Every Monday and Thursday at 2 1/2 in the afternoon the extensive and most valuable collections which fill the immense saloons of the Vatican, are opened to the public gratuitously and it being now, about this time, my companion and I went there. The Vatican is

a large building to the right of Saint Peters, a long vestibule serves as the anteroom for the many visitors who collect here anxiously expecting the moment when the iron grating opens, and gives admittance to the inner apartments. The walls of this hall are covered with inscriptions, and all along stand many sarcophagi, broken urns and statues. Amongst the sarcophagi, I noted one of considerable size, of marble of course, upon which, in bas reliefs, were represented two Lions, each devouring a horse [...] crowd rushed in, Italians, English, French, [224] americans, Germans, all nations had their representatives. Hardly had I taken out my pencil and paper to make my usual memoranda, when I was accosted by the Concierge who told me, that, taking notes was strictly prohibited; thus of the thousands of objects which I saw, though I did my utmost to impress them on my memory, only few in comparison could possibly be recollected by me, when I returned to my lodgings, and attempted to bring to paper, what I had seen. The first saloon, according to Forster, contains nothing of great importance, and Arndt and I, relying upon this dictum, passed quickly through it, and entered another saloon to the left, which goes by the name of *Il braccio nuovo*, the new arm, also called *Il museo Chiaramonte* which was arranged, as it is now, under the Pontificate of Pius VII, of the family Chiaramonte, in the year 1822. I was particularly pleased with a colossal statue of a captive Dacian; with a statue of Silenus carrying a little Bacchus in his arms; with the statue of the beautiful Antinous the favorite of the Emperor Adrian; with that of the Orator Demosthenes standing upright, a roll in his hand; with that of a Fortune with a Cornucopia and a rudder; with that of Minerva Pallas the foundress of towns, which is considered the most perfect statue of this Goddess, which has come down to us from the ancients. It was formerly in the possession of Lucian Bonaparte; with a group of the river God Nile in a reclining posture, sixteen small boys which are meant to represent the various degrees of the rivers inundation are playing about him, and climbing up his huge body, a cocodrile is at his feet. This beautiful group was found in the vicinity of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva whereabouts stood in ancient times a temple dedicated to Isis and Serapis. The next saloon is called: *Il museo Pio Clementino*, which Forster considers to be the first collection of statues existing on the Globe; it was founded by Pope Julius II, aggrandized by his successors Leo X, Clement VII, Paul III, and finally, enlarged to its present size by Clement XIV and Pius VI. I will only enumerate a few of the master pieces: *Il Torso*, which is nothing but the trunk of a human body without head, legs, or arms, and nevertheless, so perfect that connoisseurs never tire of admiring it, whilst such as are not, I for instance, cannot find anything extraordinary in it; it was sculptured by Apollonius son of Nestor of Athens, and

discovered amongst the ruins [...] Theatre in Pompeii. [...] [225] Scipio Barbatus, Consul in the year 456 U.C.; the Antinöus di Belvedere, the group of Laocöon and his sons; casts and copies of which are to be found in every corner of the earth. I need hardly say, that it refers to the scene before Troy, when, whilst Laocöon a priest of Neptune was sacrificing to this God on the sea shore, two enormous serpents came over from the island of Tenedos, and strangled him and his two sons, which, the deluded Trojans considered as a punishment for his having struck with a spear the fatal horse which worshipped by them, as being consecrated to Minerva, bore in its womb the destruction of their town. Who is the classical scholar who is not acquainted with the following beautiful and graphic lines of Virgil, see verses 203 and following of the II book of the Aeneid:

Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta
(Horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt;

.....
.....El primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus;
Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntum ac tela ferentem,
Co[r]ripiunt spirisque ligant ingentibus, et jam
Bis medium amplexi, bis Collo squamea circum
Terga dati superant Capite et cervicibus altis.
Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
Pefusus sanie vittas atroque veneno;
Clamores simul horrendos as sidera tollit.
of which I give the following literal translation:

But lo! (I shudder whilst I relate it) a twin pair of snakes describing immense circles, pressing upon the deep, move on through the tranquil sea at equal pace from Tenedos to the shore. First they envelop the small bodies of the two sons, fast is their hold of them, and biting, do they feed upon their miserable limbs; they next seize the father who arms in his hands, hastens to the assistance of his Children, they [bind] him in their immense folds, twice already they entwine their scaly backs round his waist, twice already round his throat [...] is above him with their long necks and heads; meanwhile, he, [...] and black [...] [226] with his hands the knots, and simultaneously raises to the heavens his terrible cries. Connoisseurs declare this group perfect, the product of the most thorough knowledge of anatomy, of Character and of ideal perfection, Michel Angelo calls it the wonder of art; the expression of torment

in the Countenances of the three, their endeavours to rid themselves of the embraces of the monsters are the very identification of nature; according to Pliny it was sculptured out of one block by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athanadorus of Rhodes, it was found in 1506, by some persons whilst digging in a Vineyard near the baths of Ti[tus] in Rome and purchased by the Pope, Julius II. When the French under Napoleon I occupied Rome, this group, like many other treasures of art wandered to Paris, but was returned after the second peace of Paris in 1815. The Apollo di Belvedere also Called the Pythian apollo, because connoisseurs are of opinion that the God is represented at the moment when he has killed the serpent Python. It was found at the end of the XVth century near the town of Antium, at present Porto di Anzo; Winckelmann who is looked upon as one of the acutest judges of antiquities has pronounced this statue to be the best, and most perfect that art has produced, but see the difference between Connoisseurs and those who are not; I myself, could not find the slightest reason why this Apollo should rank higher than the modern statue of Persius by Canova, who holds in his left hand, Medusa's head, a sword in the right. In the same apartment are Canova's two pugilists's, splendid statues. Another saloon is devoted exclusively to works of sculpture representing animals which are executed for the greater part with life like naturality. Another again, contains nothing but busts amongst which I noted particularly a colossal one of Jupiter. The circular saloon is remarkable on account of the fantastic figures which are worked in mosaic, on the floor; in this apartment stands a beautiful basin of Porphyry measuring 42 1/2 feet in circumference. A smaller apartment which has the name "a Croce Greca", in the shape of a Greek Cross, has an extraordinary work in mosaic on the floor, namely a Colossal shield of Minerva with Medusa's head in the centre. Here also are two very large Sarcophagi of Porphyry. The saloon "della Biga" derives its name from a two wheeled car drawn by two horses all of marble, which stands in the centre. Other apartments are filled with Egyptian Statues and Mummies in cases of wood, stone, [] glass, all [] that I [...] hitherto [...] [227] We now ascended the stairs and came to an extensive hall, hung with Gobelin tapestry representing various pictures. Upon the walls of another saloon, the plans of cities, and maps of provinces of Italy are painted. This last mentioned leads to the galleries of pictures which we did not reach, for it struck half past five, when Il Museo Vatticano is closed, we were now well tired, dined in Il Lepre, and retired to our lodgings where I devoted the last hours of the day to my usual occupations.

Friday, 28th of March 1845. Thermometer in the open air 8° Reaumur, equal to 50° Fahrenheit.

Mr. Charles Duval, who had been with me writing this my diary, under my dictation, since Feb. 3rd 1869 (see page 397 Vol. 2) left July 13th 1870 without giving me warning or bidding me "good-bye". On August 1st 1870 his place was taken by Mr. Thomas [R.] Rees.

The weather being beautiful, Dyrsen, Arndt, a young man from Cologne and I, determined to devote this day to a long excursion into the country, which turned out to be a very interesting one. We ascended the handsome flight of steps which leads up to the Capitol, descended to the Forum, and throwing an occasional glance upon this medley of ruins of ancient grandeur, and well-preserved structures of modern littleness reached the Coliseum. It is well known that the great Edward Gibbon, sitting one summer evening on the Capitoline hill, and admiring the Forum lying before him, was roused from his reverie by the tinkling of a bell calling the lazy monks to vespers. He was struck as every rational visitor must be, with the immense difference between what Rome one was, and what it now is; and resolved to write his immortal work "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", which occupied him 24 years of his life. The Colosseum, or as it is generally called the Coliseum, derives its name from the colossal statue of Nero, 110 feet high, which stood close by in front of the Temple of Venus and [228] Roma. Of the statue itself no vestige has remained, but the pedestal though in ruins, is still to be seen. The emperor Vespasian commenced the building of the Colosseum. His son Titus concluded it in the year 80. The games to celebrate its inauguration lasted one hundred days, and five thousand wild beasts were slaughtered on this occasion. If necessary water could be introduced, so as to convert the arena into a large pond, upon which naval fights in miniature were represented. During the reign of the emperor Alexander Severus, the Colosseum, being injured by lightning, underwent considerable repairs, and the emperor Philip celebrated in the same, with great pomp, the thousandeth anniversary of the foundation of Rome. In the middle ages it was made use of as a fortress, many noble Roman families, especially the Frangipani, resorting to it as their stronghold. The emperor Frederick II presented it to his devoted partisan the Ghibeline, A[rmi]baldi. During the period of the Popes' absence in Avignon, their legate the Bishop of Orvieto offered the stones of which the Colosseum is built for sale. In the 15th century some stones were burnt to make lime; Paul II also employed them to construct the Venetian palace; with the same material Cardinal Riario built the Papal chancery, and Paul III the Farnese palace. Sixtus V conceived the plan of converting this splendid remnant of ancient magnificence into a cloth manufactory, and Clement XI went so far as to wall up the lower arches, and to fill them with the dung of horses and other animals, for the purpose of extracting saltpetre. At last Benedict XIV, to

put an end to such desecrations, placed the building under the protection of the passion of Christ, and ordered fourteen small chapels, still extant at the time of my visit, to be erected around the arena; also a small pulpit in which a Capuchin friar was in the habit of preach [...] [229] present time I cannot say. Pius VII commenced restoring the Colosseum by means of pillars to sustain the walls which threatened falling in. Napoleon I had the arena considerably deepened, and the popes who, since then, have sat on the throne of St. Peter have, at all events, cared for the preservation of this beautiful ruin. Its exterior circumference is 2416 palms (a palm being equal to about 8 1/2 English inches); its height is 232 palms; the arena measures in length 273 1/2, in breadth 173 1/2 *feet*. Originally it was four storeys high, the three lower being still in a fair state of preservation. Each of them consists of 80 arches, the columns of which are, in the first tier of the Doric, in the second of the Corinthian, in the third of the Ionic order. The fourth [...] permost tier, lies for the greater part in ruins. The [...] I have gathered from hand-books whilst from my own observation I may add that the shape of the arena is elliptic; that it is ornamented with columns of which, at the present day, hardly half the height is visible, for in the same manner as the Forum, this arena has also, in the course of centuries, been gradually raised 10 to 12 feet above its ancient level, by the accumulation of debris and rubbish; that the arena is surrounded by a rather low wall, from which the row of seats rose amphitheatrically to the highest storey; of them few traces have remained but according to all accounts they were capable of holding 90,000 spectators. Between the low wall just mentioned and the first row of seats runs a narrow passage, and from the same, several passages lead to another of considerable width which encircles the entire building; this other passage is again surrounded by four colonnades. (In the appendix under N° 5 I affix an interesting extract from Gibbon which treats on the Colosseum.) Not far off lies a meadow, a trifle higher than the surrounding country; upon the same were a few ruins – all that has remained of [...] [230] stood upon the “Domus aurea” or Golden house of Nero, on the Esquiline hill, to which palace three entrances are still in existence. A little to the north follows the Viminale hill, thence [...] W. the Quirinal with the Pope’s palace. The Via Labicana, to the south of the Esquiline hill divides it from Celian, to the N.W. of which we have the Palatine on whose summit the ruins of the Emperor’s palace are still extant; penetrating in this direction into the town, you arrive at the Capitoline hill, whilst the Aventine, li[...] to the S.E. of the Palatine. These are the seven hills [...] ancient Rome was built. Il monte Pincio and Il monte Vaticano not being included within its precincts. We continued our walk leaving the Constantine arch behind us, and followed the via San Gregorio, till we re[...] the Celian hill. We entered the church of San [...]ni; from the garden which surrounds the

convent belonging to this church, we had a pretty view upon the ruins of the Imperial palaces, upon the Colosseum and the Forum. Close by stands the church of San Gregorio, containing 3 chapels. In that of St. Andrew we admired two beautiful fresco paintings; the one by Guido Reni, represents the saint worshipping the Cross, the other, a real master-piece by Dominichini, the flagellation of the Saint. Saint Andrew lies stretched out upon an ordinary table; one executioner lifts up the lash, another ties the saint's legs. Various women are looking on, and a child, with a marked expression of surprise and fear in his countenance, presses his face against his mother's bosom. On we walked. To our right we had the *thermae* of the emperor Caracalla, very extensive ruins of sunbaked bricks. The ground was here and there still covered with mosaics and small pieces of marble, with which history says all the baths were originally paved. We met here a few North-Americans who did not cease to express their [...] [231] who did not understand a word of Italian, and to whom I interpreted what the "cicerone" said, told me in confidence that their monument, on Bunker's Hill, near Boston, was constructed with equal solidity, and would last as long [...] longer, than these far-famed baths of Caracalla. Bunker's Hill is renowned in the war of North American independence, because in 1775 a respectable British army, under General Gage, was defeated here by a more or less equal number of North American patriots, commanded by General Ward. I subjoin [...] small stretch of the interior of these baths which will give some idea of their arrangement. I say the interior, for outside there existed many large decayed structures, which I do not take into account;

Frigidarium	cold bath
Tepidarium	tepid bath
Caldarium	hot bath
o o o	steam baths
p.p	Arenas for the gladiators, also the "Exedrae" or withdrawing-rooms

Some of the roofs, not fallen in, are not vaulted, straight consisting of large stones held together by cement. In these baths four statues of great renown have been found. Il Torso, now in the Vatican museum, the Farnesian Hercules, the Farnesian bull, and beautiful statue of Flora. It was now about 1 p.m. and the cravings of nature making themselves felt, we entered a public house on the road-side, where sitting before the door, we took our lunch, consisting of an omelette with ham, bread, and good wine. Being in excellent

spirits we much enjoyed this rural repast. We then started afresh, and passed under the ancient arch, Drusus, which is immured in the modern gate of San Sebastiano, thus: with two columns in front. Outside the gate we soon came to a small church called “Domine quo vadis”. The following is the le[_] which has given rise to [...] [232] this name: St. Peter, flying from the dangers to which he was exposed in Rome, met on the ro[_] near the spot on which the church stands, the shadow of our Saviour; surprised to find Him here, St. Peter asked him “Master whither dost thou go?” (Domine quo vadis?) to which Christ replied “I go to be crucified”. St. Peter took the hint, returned to Rome, and gained the crown of martyrdom. The shadow vanished. In this church is shewn the impression which our Saviour’s feet have left upon the stone; this however is but a copy or fac-simile of the original, which is preserved in the Church of San Sebastiano. Turning to the left, we had before us a brick edifice, of which only the walls had remained. They are the ruins of the temple dedicated to the god “Deus Rediculus”, which was erected to celebrate Hannibal’s retreat, when in the 2nd Punic war he advanced so close to Rome, but was forced to retire. This is the general account given of these ruins, but Förster is of opinion, that they are more likely those of a building which dates from the times of the emperor Adrian. Further on, in an artificial grotto whence a rivulet issued, the headless statue of a nymph, lying on the ground, attracted our attention. On enquiry we found that this grotto was called that of Egeria; a small olive wood on a hill close by, also goes by the name of the same nymph, the friend and secret counsellor of Numa Pompilius. At the distance of a few paces flows the Almo, an insignificant river. By this time the sun was but a few degrees above the horizon; we threw ourselves on the soft turf. Everything around was clad in the peak green of the spring; in the distance we saw the Sabine and Alban mountains, of a dark purple hue and not far off, the ruins of a large aqueduct, and ancient structure, once the temple of Bacchus, now the Church of Saint Urban. It was a delightful moment, such a one as does not frequently occur in the course of one’s life. The exteri [...] [233] this last named church is well-preserved. The cornice is prettily made of bricks; and four columns of the ancient temple are still walled up in the modern church. We proceeded and came to the sepulchral monument of Cecilia Metella. It is circular in shape; its interior is formed of earthen bricks, the exterior of large blocks of marble; the basic being quadrangular. It is ornamented with garlands, and with heads of rams or oxen, both the one and the other, sculptured in the marble. It bears the following inscription “Ceciliae Q. Cretii F. Metellae Crassi”, in English, “To Cecilia the daughter of Quintius Cretius, the wife of Metella Crassus”. In the middle ages, this extensive sepulchral monument served more than

once as a fortification, when several small turrets, and some outer works were added, of which a few remnants are in existence. We proceeded and soon came to a pretty green meadow where were a few straggling ruins with some sheep grazing among them. This was the once famous circus or race-ground of the ancient Romans, where chariot-races used to be held; for as it is well known, neither the Romans, nor their teachers the Greeks, were acquainted with horse-racing. It is generally supposed that this circus was constructed under the reign of the emperor Maxentius, though, according to other authorities, it dates back as far as the times of the emperor Caracalla. Adler, in his description of Rome, gives a sketch of the original appearance of the circus, of which I subjoin a copy, as well as another draught, giving the outlines of what now remains. It will be interesting to compare the one with the other:

[234] The lines in number 2. A.C, and again C.A, denote the sec[un]dary ruins which are still to be seen of the original brick wall surrounding the building in

its primitive state. A and A in N° 2, heaps of rubbish, are, without doubt, identical with [] and X in N° 1. E, an arch, in N° 2 is the principal entrance, and corresponds to Y in sketch N° 1. Between X and X in N° 1 stood a wall, called by the Romans the "Spina" or back-bone. On each side of this wall, of which nothing but a few stones remain, the impress of centuries has formed a cavity, of which in the original sketch no indication can be found. By this time the long shadows, cast by the setting sun, reminded us that it was high time to return to Rome, but then the idea crossed my []ain that nothing could be more in consonance with the classic ground, we trod, or the purpose for which it had served, than that my three companions and I, from the North of Europe, whom the contemporaries of Caracalla and Maxentius would have called barbarians, should also have our race here, were it only a foot race. My proposal was not relished by Dyrsen and the young man from Cologne, who complained of fatigue. Only Arndt and I stood up together; we ran and beat me. We now rested for a short time, sitting on the foot of a broken column, and when at last, we rose for a final start, a new delay occurred: a fresh party of visitors made their appearance. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Rheder, whose acquaintance

I had made on Febr. 19 in Capo di Monte, near Naples. They immediately recognized me, and entered into conversation, which however I was obliged to cut short, for the impatience for my companions was not to be mistaken. I then bade them "good bye", and we turned our faces in reality towards Rome. On this, our homeward walk, we entered the Church of Saint Sebastian, in which, the Saint's statue pierced by innumerable darts, is the only object worth the visitor's attention. A little further on we descended into the catacombs, which, originally quarries of "terra puzzolana", (a superior description of potter's clay) extend in innumerable [...] for many miles under ground. At the time [235] of the persecutions of the Christians, by some of the Roman emperors, the former sought and found refuge here. These extensive vaults at a later period served for their religious meetings, and finally for their burial-places. Niches were excavated in the sides of the walls, and after placing the corpses in them, they were closed with stones. Our guide, related to us, that here, not less than 174,000 martyrs and 40 popes had been interred, whose bones, however, had not been allowed to find here their resting-place. On the contrary he assured us, that they were dispersed over the entire Roman Catholic world, forming thus an inexhaustible fund of precious relics. Such as were neither popes, nor martyrs, had not been removed, and had been left quietly to moulder in their niches, shut up to the present day. Re-entering the town, we had to our right the sepulchre of the freed slave of Octavia, which had been discovered as late as the year 1832. On account of its resemblance to a pigeon house, it is commonly called the Columbarium. We descended a few steps, ancient not modern, they were both steep and high. Below we found ourselves in a small apartment of a more or less quadrangular shape. Into each of the four sides, 9 rows of small niches, the one above the other had been dug. On two sides each row consisted of 11, on the other sides of 9 niches. Each again contained two small cavities, which served as receptacles for the ashes of the dead. Above each niche, on a small black marble tablet, the names of the deceased were inscribed, thus

As a general rule the ashes of two persons occupied each niche, sometimes, but seldom, a greater number. In the middle a square pillar answered the purpose of sustaining the roof, and also of allowing room for niches, similar to those in the side-walls. Of these niches there are 11 rows, but instead of the small cavities above spoken of, we found in them small vases having the same object; of course where the steps led down, the symmetry of the apartment was somewhat impaired. The sepulchre of the Scipios, discovered in the year 1780 was still to be visited. The perusal of Alessandro Verri's "Notti Romani" had caused me to regard this sepulchre with the greatest interest, but my expectations were [236] disappointed. We descended into the bowels of the earth, each with a torch in his hand, and passed through many

long, narrow passages, poorly illuminated by the lights which we bore. We saw inscriptions on the walls which we could not decipher, and reached a somewhat open space, once occupied by the large sarcophagus of Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus (page 225 of this volume) – thence removed to the Museum of the Vatican. This was all we saw. It was still our intention to have a look at the Villa Mill but it had become too late. At a distance we could admire the extensive ruins of the Imperial palaces, and at last rather tired, we reached “il albergo Falconi”, where we dined. Thence I hastened home, changed my dress, met Bravo by appointment in the café Greco, and went with him to Kolb’s, where we were joined by two Italians and a Frenchman. A game at cards called “Grandissimo” much resembling whist was played. I ventured to sit down and with the assistance of Bravo and Kolb, managed well enough. It was 1/2 past 12 before I got home.

Saturday, 29th of March 1845. Arndt, the young man from Cologne and I, met in one of the coffe-houses, and walked thence to the garden of the Pope’s palace, called the Quirinal. This garden, like many others visited by me in my travels, is laid out in straight walks of laurel and box; it pleased us so little that we soon left and repaired to the palace Colonna, for the purpose of viewing the collection of paintings. I have said more than once that I am no connoisseur, and my judgement is thus of little worth; but I may say, that in my opinion at least it contains hardly a single master-piece. Nevertheless I was well pleased with a picture by Annibale Carracci, representing a villager sitting at a table, on which are bread, meat, wine etc. He has before him a basin of broth, and he is on the point of raising the spoon to his mouth. This picture is full of life and nature, and the same may be said of another much in the same style [...] [237] Michael Angelo Caravaggio. Here we see a lad dressed in the Spanish costume, who “eats, drinks and is merry”. Further, a painting by Giorgino, representing a party of three persons sitting round a table studying botany; also various portraits of the Colonna family, amongst which is that of Lorenzo by Holbein. The principal saloon is rich and sumptuous, and is adorned with handsome mirrors, paintings in gilt frames, marble, mosaics, columns etc. On the ceiling is painted, in fresco, the battle of Lepanto gained, on Oct. 7th 1571, by John of Austria over the Turks; under him commanded Marco Antonio Colonna as Commander of the papal division. A book-case of ebony, very prettily inlaid with ivory is a real curiosity. It is the work of two Germans, the brothers Heinhardt. The garden which surrounds this palace, is remarkable for containing the oldest pine-tree said to exist in Rome; also for some enormous fragments of stone, believed to have once formed part of a temple dedicated to the Sun. Two large buildings which according to the guide had been the baths of Constantine, are now used for household purposes. From the Colonna

we returned to the Quirinal palace, the entrance to which, shut in the morning, was now permitted. Here much was to be seen and admired, but the concierge made an attempt to hurry us through the vast apartments with such indecent haste, that I found myself under the necessity of speaking rather plainly to him. In some measure I succeeding in stopping his proceedings, but after all I saw but a small proportion, and still less has remained fixed on my memory. The apartments, hung with scarlet curtains, were in the same state as in the time of Napoleon I. In the first saloon, my attention was attracted, by a more than life-size painting of the Virgin and child by Carlo Maratti, a Neapolitan artist; also by a splendid Christ by Domenichino. He wears the crown of thorns, drops of blood trickle down His face, His hands are tied, whilst a Jew, with a mocking expression of countenance, offers Him a reed for a sceptre, Christ regards him with sublime compassion. In the small chapel, above the high altar, hangs the Annunciation by Guido Reni, a reat [...]. In the right corner kneels the Virgin, her [...] [238] fixed on the ground; to the left an angel, his brilliant eyes turned heavenward, offers to Mary three white lilies. Above are seen the Father Almighty, and the Holy Ghost, surrounded by angels. Here are also Christ as a child, disputing with the doctors in the Temple, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio; and by Fra Bartolome, three separate pictures, of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Dominic. In one saloon we saw gobelin curtains, presented to the Pope by Louis Philippe. Pictures are represented on them, and one must approach very close by to discover that they are woven not painted. Round the cornice of one of the saloons, is represented the bas-relief, the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon, the original of which by Thorwaldsen, I saw in the Villa Sommariva, near Lake Como (see page 3 of this volume). The Pauline chapel, in which the popes are elected, is ornamented with the painted statues of the twelve Apostles, whilst the Pontifical saloon contains a famous haut-relief, by Tadeo Landoni, which represents Christ washing the feet of his disciples. Arndt, and I now separated from our Cologne acquaintance, and with much difficulty did we find out the spot, which was once the forum of Augustus, built by him in the 27th year of his reign, and 750 after the foundation of Rome. According to Förster it was of small extent, as Augustus, the “father of his country”, was unwilling to despoil those living in the neighbourhood of their houses. Two sides of this foru[m], were formed by porticoes, the third was occupied by the temple of Mars the Avenger (Mars Ultor), and the fourth, by the palace or basilica of Augustus (Basilica Augusti). There existed in this forum exquisite statues of the most renowned leaders of the Roman legions, also an ivory statue of Apollo, and many other works of art. Of one of these have any traces remained. We saw but three beautiful fluted columns of the Corinthian order, and an arch. Of Nerva’s Forum nobody could give us any

information, though we applied to several persons, and we knew that it was not far from the forum of Augustus. On our way to the Capitol, we passed Trajan's [...] to me one of the most interesting ruins of ancient Rome. [239] When descending the Campo Vaccino, by the road on the left side, we were hailed by a young clergyman, who asked us whether we should not like to have a look at the Mamertine prison, which tradition says was originally built by King Ancus Martius, and his successor Servius Tullius. Above the prison existed at the time of our visit a small chapel, where several persons were praying. We descended a few steps which led us to a narrow place, where in times long past by, executions used to be held. Still further down is another spot, to which we did not descend, and where, if Adler may be believed, such persons as it was not desirable to execute publicly, were precipitated, either to break their necks in the fall, or to die then of hunger. It is said that Jughurta was left to starve, and that he accomplices of Cataline were strangled here. Sallust says in the 55th chapter of the conspiracy of Cataline, "Est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur, ubi paullulum escenderis ad laevam, circiter duodecim pedes humi depressus. Eum muniunt undique parietes, atque insuper camera, lapideis fornicibus vincta; sed incultu, tenebris, odore, foeda atque terribilis ejus facies est. In eum locum postquam demissus est Lentulus, quibus praeceptum erat laqueo gulam, vindices rerum capitalium. fregere... De Cethego, Statilio, Gabinio, Coepario eodem modo supplicium sumtum." In English: "There is a spot, in the dungeon, which is called Tullianum, where you descend a few steps to the left, about 12 feet underground, enclosed on all sides by walls; and above a chamber formed by stone arches, filthy and horrible on account of its unfinished state, obscurity and stench. After Lentulus had been let down into this place, the executioners as they were ordered, strangled him with a cord... Cethego, Statilio, Gabinio and Coepario were executed in the same manner." It is further said, though this is rather apocryphal, that in the same dungeon St. Peter and St. Paul were beheaded. A column, enclosed in an iron railing upon which these executions are said to have taken place, is shown to the curious visitor. Here likewise a spring may be seen, which at St. Peter's bidding, issued from the ground, and with whose water he baptised 40 culprits condemned to death and to [240] sentries. More miracles are related. St. Peter when descending the stairs received a box on the ear from one of the soldiers; it was dealt with such violence, as to cause the Saint's cheek to touch the wall, upon which the impression was left, visible to the present days. Having satisfied ourselves with all these wonders, my companions, and I, dined together in the "Lepre", and the rest of the day, I occupied myself with writing, and with calling on my two good friends, Messrs. Hitzig and Perseus.

Sunday, 30th of March 1845. Though I had been writing till long past midnight, I was up early in the morning. Arndt was likewise ready, and after having breakfasted in “il Caffé delle belle Arti”, we two, together with Dr. Dyrsen, and a stranger, who turned out to be a Pole, started from the Hotel Cesari at 7 o'clock precisely, for the neighbouring town of Tivoli, the ancient Tibur. It is situated about 18 miles to the N.E. of Rome. Though the wind blew high, we were favoured by the weather; the sky was cloudless and the sky shone brightly. We left by the San Lorenzo gate, and rolled along “la via Tiburtina”, over a level uninteresting country. We crossed the Tiverone, formerly the Anio, over “il ponte Mamolo”; then a canal, which draws its whitish, sulphurous waters, from an extinct crater “la Sofaltara”, also called “il lago Tartaro”. Further on we passed another bridge, called “Lucano”, which owes its name to Plautius Lucanus, by whose orders it was constructed. His sepulchral monument stands close by. It resembles that of Cecilia Metella; inside bricks, outside covered with slabs of marble. It is also of a circular shape. Here we left our carriage, and the country began to be more mountainous than hitherto. We had to our left the town of Tivoli, prettily situated on the slope of a hill; before us the Sabine mountains, and to our right, at a short distance from the high road, the Villa of the Emperor Adrian, at present the property of the Duke of Braschi. A handsome avenue of cypresses brought us to a miserable house, the dwelling of the concierge, who not being at home, we, by ourselves, strolled at our leisure among the extensive ruins, among the walls and vaults, niches [] arches which once formed the extensive Villa of the emp[] [241] According to Förster, it measured in length 3 miglie, in breadth 1 miglia. He also, in his handbook, gives a detailed account, of what archaeologists suppose this villa to have been when entire. The curious in this matter are referred to the book. We noted as a peculiarity that in the bases of many of the walls, the bricks were not placed in straight lines, but diagonally. At present, the whole area, much neglected is overgrown with olive-trees, cypresses, and pines. Hence, under a broiling sun, we walked to Tivoli, distant 2 miglie, by a slightly ascending road. We took some refreshment in the “Hotel della Sibilla” and, accompanied by a guide, started at 2 o'clock for this day's excursion. Before describing it, I will say, that nature exhibits herself in this neighbourhood in a smiling mood. There is nothing grand or terrific. I was both sleepy and fatigued, so that I did not enjoy myself quite as much as I should otherwise have done. I was sleepy as I had had but little rest the previous night, tired for I still felt the effects of last Friday's over-exertions. Close to the hotel, stands a temple of Vesta, a round edifice, surrounded by a portico of fluted columns, and covered by a flat roof. This is the shape which the ancient Romans used to give to all their Vestal temples. A few days before,

I had seen, in Rome, one exactly alike. A few steps from a house, pointed out to me, as having been inhabited by Cola Rienzi – the last of the tribunes. The church of San Giorgio, an oblong building, with four columns of the Ionic order in front, adjoins the temple. Before these three mentioned buildings extends a small terrace, from which we enjoyed a very pretty prospect. At our feet lay a rocky ravine, the original bed of the An[1]o; whilst from the opposite bank, a little to the left, this river diverted from its primitive course, and rushing out of two tunnels, precipitates itself headlong into the ravine, in one single sheet of water, a mass of foam and spray. Thence to the right, the scene is filled by bare rocks and blocks of stone, to where the ravine is spanned by a bridge, behind which its borders are lined by the houses of Tivoli. Owing to the injury, which the waters of the river caused to the town, its course has been changed three times. First towards the [] of the XVI century, under the pontificate of Sixtus V. Secondly [242] in the beginning of the 17th century, by Bernini, and lastly, not many years ago, by the present pope, Gregory XVI. Having descended by a convenient path, our guide conducted us to two grottoes, that of Neptune and of the Siren. The barren rocks, a small rivulet, and a tiny cascade, which loses itself in a dark abyss, give to the scenery, a somewhat savage aspect, though in miniature. Of Neptune's grotto, the vault has fallen in; that of the Siren, formed by Nature, is still entire, and this latter is certainly a pretty spot. I discovered a small hole, looking through which, I saw the principal cascade before me, enveloped in foam. We ascended the ravine on the opposite side, and walking a few steps further, came to the two tunnels, which are cut through a hill. A wall separates them with a narrow footpath running on each side; we followed this path to its end and then returned. It measures about 300 yards in length. These tunnels are the present bed of the river, and the united waters form the famous cataract. Many inscriptions are engraved on the walls. One of them gives the highly interesting intelligence, that the pope permitted the workmen to kiss his toe, having done which, they recommenced their labours with double vigour. Another records the fact that pope Gregory XVI, passed through the tunnels for the first time, accompanied by his suite, on the 6th of February 1836. The names of many renowned visitors are also to be read here. We continued our walk, and the spot was pointed out to us, where his Holiness took his seat, when the Tiverone, flowing for the first time through the newly opened tunnels, threw itself into the ravine. The road was well kept. To our right we had a ridge of hills, upon which were a few ruins, supposed to be those of the Villas of Horace and Catullus. We met many peasant-women and girls, all in their holiday attire. Almost all of them were good-looking, and one we observed in particular who might be called handsome; her features were regular, her complexion clear, though dark. Gradually we had made

the round of the ravine, and found ourselves opposite the cataract, of whose height, about 100 feet, we could now form a correct idea. There is no doubt that its beauty is enhanced by the lovely landscape, but with regard [...] [243] magnitude it can bear no comparison with Vorningsfossen. Somewhat further on, we had a view of the smaller falls, “le cascabelle”, numberless small rills, which mingle their waters with those of the Anio. We then passed the church of “La Madonna de Quintilio Varo”, called so, because history states, that the Roman of this name, possessed extensive landed property in the neighbourhood. Not far from the “Cascabelle” is a pontifical arsenal, on the spot once occupied by the Villa of Maecenas. We now drew near the town. The sun was not far above the horizon, and threw its slanting rays upon “La Solfatara”; looking in that direction, we could follow the course of the valley, till the eye wandering over “la Campagna Romana”; rested on the distant cupola of St. Peter’s. We again crossed the Anio, twice – once over a modern bridge of wood – once over an ancient stone one. Here we saw some villagers occupied in a certainly unromantic manner; they were skinning some frogs which they had caught, and then sticking them on a skewer. We returned to Tivoli from the same side as in the morning, and ordered the Villa d’Este to be opened to us. This was built in 1549 by the cardinal Hipolito d’Este, and is much praised by Förster in his handbook. We found in it nothing of interest. Artificial waterworks, and some fine trees in the garden; in the house vast apartments without furniture. In our hotel, we took a light supper, and I hastened to bed, completely knocked-up.

Monday, 3rd of March 1845. Having broken our fast with a cup of coffee, we started, at about 6 o’clock, on our journey through the Roman and Sabine mountains. Arndt, for economical reasons, preferred walking; our guide was also on foot; whilst Dyrsen and I bestrode horses, of which we had no reason to complain. The saddles were extremely soft and elastic, pillows rather than saddles. Their Italian name was not “sella” but “bardello”. The weather was as pleasant as on the preceding day. The wind it is true still blew from the north, which for the first hour, or so, until the sun had risen, rendered the temperature somewhat [...]. Afterwards it grew warm but not to such a degree as [244] to make us suffer from heat. We journeyed on the right bank of the Anio, along an imperceptibly ascending road. The ground was carefully cultivated, up to the summits of the hills which confine the valley. Vines, sustained by a tree, which our guide called “Upio” grew in abundance, as well as olive-trees; fruit trees, such as cherries and peaches, and various descriptions of thorns were in blossom. To our left we had a small place called San Polo; opposite, on the other side of the river, picturesquely perched on the summit of a mountain, the town of Castel Madonna. At about 9 o’clock we reached Vicovaro, where

we requested our guide to show us to the ruins of Horace's villa. He assured us there was nothing to be seen, but as we insisted, he had to obey. We therefore turned off from the highway, and through bye-roads, stony and [-]-grown with vines, along a rivulet, we came to the foot of the hill, on whose top lies the town of Licenza. This we did not enter, but were shewn by our guide to a ploughed field, where we pointed out a spot, once occupied he assured us by Horace's villa, but of which not a stone had remained. This was certainly disappointing in the extreme. At a short distance we observed a few insignificant ruins, all which exist at the present day of the ancient town of Sabinum. We had now to return to the high road. Not far off is the Blandusian fountain, also the mountains, named Monte Lucretilis and Monte Genaro, the latter the highest of the whole range. We rode up a mountain torrent, and crossed a hill of inconsiderable height, covered with grass, and yellow broom. We then descended on the other side into a stony and, at present, shallow bed of a river whose waters flow into the Anio. This latter we reached at last, and were again on the high road, which we ought never to have left. We rested in a miserable public-house and in a smoky granary, some boiled eggs with bread, meat, and wine, were placed on a table of the most ordinary kind. Knives and forks were very scarce, nevertheless, the exercise had whetted our appetites, and we made an excellent meal. We, afterwards, continued our ride along the Anio, through a country exactly similar to that described above. Both to the right and left, we [...] [245] generally situated on the summits of the surrounding hills; for instance Romano to the right of the river; Anticola and further on to the left, Mo[s]ana, again Agosti on the right, and in the distance Arsoli near the Neapolitan frontier. It was near sunset when we arrived at Subiaco lying on the slope of a mountain which is crowned by a castle, a Cardinals dwelling. Turning our looks westward, we were delighted with the [-]seate tint of the sky, and the dark purple hue in which the mountains were clad. Entering the town under an arched gateway we took up our quarters for the night at an hotel called "le rendez-vous des artistes". Here we obtained two bedrooms with three beds, for the night which cost 6 paoli. After supper my companions hastened to bed, while I wrote my memoranda, and at 1/2 past 10 followed their example.

Tuesday, 1st of April 1845. This day we remained in Subiaco, in order to witness the festivities, which were to be held in celebration of San Benito (Benedict) the patron saint of the 1st April. Subiaco as already said lies on the slope of a rather isolated hill, in the midst of a handsome well cultivated plain, surrounded by other hills of various heights, some barren and some cultivated. A well preserved paved high road leads from this place to the Neapolitan frontier. We followed this for some time, and then turned to the left, where

we saw some ruins, said to be those of the country-house of Nero. We also passed several modern buildings including the church of Saint Scolastica, and entered under an arched gateway into a small wood of stately trees, for the most part evergreens. It was so dense and sombre, that involuntarily a feeling of religious awe crept over me. Such, said I to myself, must have been the sacred groves which the ancient Druids loved to haunt, and where they performed their religious rites; but this illusion did not last long, and it was soon made manifest to me, that I was in a country, where rank Catholicism held its sway. To our right, far below, we had the Anio, to the left rugged rocks. We here met various religious brotherhoods, whose members, dressed in white tunics, distinguished themselves [...] colour of their respective collars, some green, others yellow, others [246] black. They carried banners and crosses, and were ranging themselves in order to return to town in a formal procession. Meanwhile they were in high spirits, merrily laughing and singing, and joking with the peasant-women and girls. These were buxom and robust, though not exactly good looking, and dressed in their holiday attire. All wore red bodices, laced behind with strings of coral. Against the rays of the sun, they protected their heads with a white square handkerchief, of which I gave a description (page 297 of this volume). Further on the road narrows, and ascending a few steps, we came to "il sacro speco", or the sacred cavern, where the saint is said to have lived. Now there is a convent built partly against, partly excavated in the rock. We met a procession of friars, chanting; who carried a silver bust of the Saint, and were on their way to deposit it in the Cathedral of Subiaco. There is in this convent a subterranean chapel, closed with an iron railing. In the same is a painting of the Virgin, probably that of which Förster speaks, as having been painted by Correggio. The thirty or more steps which lead up from the chapel were filled with many devotees, who ascended the same on their knees. Close to this convent is a terrace, and higher up on the summit of the hill, stands a small chapel; from both these point I had a pretty view of the surrounding country. Returning the same way we had come, we now paid a hasty visit to the church of Saint Scolastica, a cheerful looking structure. Outside many poor were anxiously awaiting the opening of the gate, when alms would be distributed to them. In our inn we rested for an hour or so, then again sallied forth, and climbed up another height, on the top of which is built a convent for Capuchin friars, which order as I learned from one of the monks, with whom I entered into conversation, was founded by St. Francis of Assis. Outside the gate upon the exterior walls two pictures were painted, one on each side. The one representing Christ on the Cross, the Virgin and St. Francis at his feet, the latter in the brown dress of the Capuchin friars. His hands and feet uncovered are perforated by the rays which emanate from the wounded hands

and feet [...] saviour. Below these words are inscribed: [...] [247] Dominee Jesu in corpore meo porto". Having examined it for some time I observed to Dyrsen that the scene here depicted, actually surpassed the bounds of common Catholic superstition, it was I thought a sacrilege. Instead of coinciding with me as I had expected, Dyrsen attacked me with the following tirade "So you are, you Protestants, always inconsistent. You flatter yourselves that you have made much progress on the road of enlightenment, because you have abjured a few of such ridiculous fables, as we see here represented. But you do not see, you shut your eyes to the fact, that many things which you believe are quite as preposterous as those which you have rejected." After this preamble he commenced a critical analysis, of those events, which form the passion of Christ; but I soon stopped him saying that I had been taught from childhood to revere these facts and that I did not like to hear them treated in a light, or scoffing manner. "There again you are in the wrong", exclaimed Dyrsen "[_]hat would have become of our great reformation, if Luther had been as timid as you and many others, who think and act like you. Had he not torn off with a bold hand, the veil which covered the errors and abominations of the Roman church we and millions of our fellows would still crouch beneath the spiritual yoke of him who sits enthroned on the seven hills. But Luther has only made one step in the right direction; others must and will follow him. The light of reason will be applied to the tenets of Christianity, and the whole structure, will in the course of a few centuries crumble into dust. Nothing will remain but the sublime morality taught by Christ." I did not answer and the conversation dropped. Dyrsen belonged to the widely spread school of Rationalists. We took our dinner, not a very sumptuous one in our inn, and were afterwards present at the drawing of a lottery "la Trombola" as it is called. It was done in the usual manner, as I had seen it in Lima as well as in Altona. A boy draws the tickets out of a tin-box which continually turns round and round; another boy then proclaims these numbers in [...] loud voice. The streets and windows of all the houses in the neigh[248]bourhood were crowded with men and women, hardly a single one without a ticket in his or her hand. The festivities were not yet over: a horse-race was to be held but a race without riders. The street in which our hotel stood was cleared. The foot-pavements were thronged with people, and on a sudden, at a given signal four unsaddled horses galloped from one extremity to another. These were the races. Night had now set in, the town was illuminated and fireworks let off. Of the latter we saw nothing, and the lamps outside the church, and other public buildings, were soon put out by the wind and the rain. Finally our landlord told us that we ought to go to the "Academia", whither Arndt and I wended our way, accompanied by his son. Being strangers we were at once admitted to a saloon,

where the élite of the Society of Subiaco were assembled; the ladies dressed in the French style, the gentlemen in black with white kid gloves. We took our seats near the door, when the director came up and very politely requested us to approach nearer. However we begged to be excused, being in our travelling dress and unshaved. We listened to one or two symphonies, fairly executed, and then retired.

Wednesday, 2nd of April 1845. We left Subiaco always favoured by the weather, the same as we had been on the previous days. Ever since we had crossed the Anio at Tivoli, we had remained on its right bank; now we had to recross it. Passing its bed we ascended on the other side, up the chain of hills which form the southern boundary of the river. It was a mere bridle path steep, stony and rugged; similar to, though rising to a much less height, than the many “cuestas” with which I had become acquainted, in my numerous journeys in the mountainous regions of Peru and Bolivia. On the other side the road was much the same, and brought us to another valley where the river had carried away the road. Our guide who seemed little acquainted with the whereabouts [...] at a loss in which direction to lead us. [...] [249] about through the midst of cultivated fields. My horse stumbled in a muddy pool, formed by a small rivulet. Both horse and rider came to the ground but fortunately I was not injured. We then commenced our re-ascent on the opposite side of this valley, nearly as far up, as the town of Civitella, which is 12 miglie distant from Subiaco. This like almost all the towns in these mountains, is situated on the [...] summit of a hill. On turning round we had a very extensive prospect before us. We could still distinguish Subiaco, and the Convent of Saint Benedict, behind which rose a chain of mountains, some covered with snow. In the opposite direction, other mountains, all of which, with few exceptions, were crowned with towns, hamlets, and villages. Before us we had the town of Olevano 3 miglie distant. Having given my horse to Arndt, I started in a straight line for this place, up hill and down dale, and reached it long before my companions, who had to wind their way along the foot of the hills. Here I rested on a seat cut into the rock. To my right, upon an eminence I observed the ruins of an ancient fortress; to the left, and before me Olevano itself, situated in an extensive well cultivated plain, which stretches to the base of the high Volscian Mountains. When my companions and the guide had come up, we went into the town, in which we found, with much difficulty, a public house where we took some refreshment. Looking out of the window we saw to our left, the already mentioned Volscian Mountains; more to the right the Albanian, which two jointly with the Sabine, at whose extremity Olevano is situated enclose the plain. Right through this plain, a “chausée” leads to Palestrina, a place of more importance than any of those we had hitherto come to. It also lies on the summit of a hill. On our

way thither, the town of Tagliano was to our left, and Genezzano to our right. At Palestrina 12 miglie from Olevano we took up our quarters for the night at "Il Caparello" (The Hatters) Bernardo Bernardini, and whilst supper was getting ready Dyrsen and I, (Arndt being completely knocked up, had laid [...] strolled through the streets of the town which are [...] [250] uneven, and ascend in a zig-zag from below. At supper we sat down with the landlord, his wife, a laughing and robust dame, a young clergyman, and a few members of the host's numerous family. Amongst these the daughter Carlotta, a girl of about 16, very chatty and agreeable, with a fine complexion, black hair and black eyes, a smiling mouth and pretty teeth, interested me greatly. The viands were good, the Orvieto wine excellent and the conversation lively; thus we much regretted when at ten o'clock it was time for us to retire to our bedrooms. I was told that the neck laces of the Roman peasant-women are of coral, which I had hitherto doubted, and that they all come from the great annual fair of Senegaglia. Carlotta shewed us her's which she wore every day; the corals were uncut. Those worn on Sundays and holidays, were cut and polished. Palestrina is the ancient Praeneste, which however was situated a trifle further down the hill. Praeneste was one of the principal towns of Latium, and was taken by Cincinnatus U.C. 376. During the civil wars between Marius and Sulla, it sided with the former, and was taken, and sacked by the latter, on which occasion the younger, Marius met his death. Sulla, in expiation, built a temple dedicated to Fortuna, which was enlarged by the Emperor Adrian; when as a friar whom I met in street assured me, it was of such size as to occupy nearly the entire area of the present Palestrina.

Thursday, 3rd of April 1845. Having taken our breakfast, consisting of coffee and milk, with bread and butter, I of course asked our hostess how much we owed, but to my surprise she refused telling me what our bill came to. Whereupon I consulted with my companion with whom I drew up the following account:

3 beds at 2 paoli each	6p
2 supper at 4 paoli each	8p
3 breakfasts at 1 paoli each	3p
servants	3p

Total 20 paoli equal to 2 scudi or 2 Spanish dollars. This trifle [...] [251] she was perfectly satisfied. Last night Carlotta had promised, that she would shew herself this morning in the national costume, the becoming red-boddice and coral necklace. As yet she had not made her appearance. I therefore told the mother, that her daughter [...] very lazy and found of lying in bed. I will say

here “en passant” that my Italian, though no doubt pronounced with a strong foreign accent, was very intelligible. Not only did I succeed in making myself understood, but was able to keep up a simple conversation. Only when many Italians talked simultaneously I could not follow them, and with difficulty caught the sound of some word or other. The mother called Carlotta, who, when she entered looked really extremely handsome, and when we parted Arndt, the bluffest of us three, expressed our feelings when he said “What fools we are to go away”. Thus, this fair vision, the brighter because not expected in such an out-of-the-way place as Palestrina, having crossed the path of us travellers, vanished and was seen no more. From Palestrina we descended into the plain, and continued our journey on the high-road. I ceded my horse to Arndt, who was very tired, and walked the entire distance to Frascati – not less than 15 miglie. On crossing a small rivulet, and looking up the ravine whence it came, I observed a large building much resembling a Chinese pagoda. This the guide told me belonged to the town of Zagarolo. We now crossed the high road, leading from Rome to Ceprano, on the Neapolitan frontier, and taking a turn to the left, commenced the ascent of the Albanian Mountains, on the summits of which we saw various towns; such as Roca Precora, Monte Compatri, behind which the Convent of San Silvestre, Monte Porcio, with a convent of the monks of Camaldoli; to the right when descending into the plain “la campagna Romana”; Colonna and in the distance the eternal city. Still more to the right Monte San Angelo, Montivelli, Tivoli; in short all the Sabine range; and on the verge of the horizon to the north-east, the snowy tops of the Abruzzi. It was a very pleasant day, the temperature mild, though not too warm, and we listened, with delight, to the singing of many birds, among which the larks were [...] to their and our hea[?] content. In [...] [252] to the London hotel, where we secured our rooms for the night; then to a common public-house, where my companions took their dinner. I contented myself with a plate of Maccaroni à la Neapolitana, which is macaroni boiled in the juice of meat. We had now recovered our strength, and were ready for an excursion in the vicinity. Our new guide conducted us to the Ville Adobrandini and Rufinella; the former the property of the Borghese family, the latter which once belonged to Lucien Buonaparte, now to the King of Sardinia. The parks of both were badly kept, and presented nothing of the slightest interest. From the Villa Rufinella the road ascends gradually to the ruins of the ancient Tusculum, a town of some renown, partly because it is the native place of Cato the Censor, partly because Cicero had here his favourite Villa, where he composed among other works his “Questiones”. The ruins are uncommonly well preserved; they stand in straight lines and the vaulted roofs have not fallen in, which is a great rarity. We saw no windows, and as the light was only admitted through the doors, these buildings

must necessarily, have been very dark. Here also, the interior walls had the peculiarity before alluded to. The bricks in the base were laid diagonally, being in straight lines higher up near the roof. Continuing our ascent upon an Ancient Roman road, and leaving the before-mentioned ruins behind us we reached a small ancient theatre, neatly constructed and fairly preserved. The seats were cut into the solid rock, rising amphitheatrically and traversed by three stairs, leading down to the half-circular arena. Of the somewhat elevated stage upon which the actors used to perform, a few ruins were still extant. The whole corresponded in every respect, with the description I gave of ancient theatres at page 119 of this volume. Close to this theatre we found several pillars, which once had sustained a vaulted roof. This had fallen in, but from the resemblance this structure bore to the Piscina Mirabile, at Baya near Naples, (see page 97 of this volume) it must have answered the same purpose; viz. of large fish-pond. Still higher [...] a solid ancient [...] [253] we came to a small artificial grotto, constructed of block of stones, it was no doubt originally a bath, and has the peculiarity of a pointed entrance, which is seldom found in ancient Roman buildings. thus: indicates the square hole in the rock which is lined with big stones, and whence the water issued. II represent the remains of walls, which divided the bath into three compartments; ≡ the steps leading into it. To gratify the Doctor, who was not yet satisfied with the exertions of this day, we directed our steps to a neighbouring mountain, Monte Cavo, 6 miglie distant from Frascati. In our way thither we passed through an ash-tree of extraordinary size. At the foot, in one direction it measured 15, in the other 9 feet, and though green and sound, in the centre it had decayed to such an extent, as to leave a space, large enough for a man on horseback to ride right through. Ascending Monte Cavo I saw to my right, probably for the last time, the Mediterranean, glistening in the rays of the fast-setting sun. A short distance before reaching the summit we passed a small village called "Roca di papa"; on the summit itself stands a convent. Dyrnsen had conducted us thither in the expectation of being rewarded for our labours, by a beautiful and extensive prospect. In this however we were disappointed, for though the sun had not yet gone down, thick clouds obscured the sky, and cast a partial darkness over the plain. The promontory of Terracina, to the south was hardly distinguishable, whilst northward we could follow the serpentine course of the Tiber, and apparently at our very feet we had the lakes of Albano and Nemi, together with the towns of "Grotta Ferrata", Marino and Castillo Gandolfo, the last-named an occasional residence of the Popes, during the summer months. We descended the mountain by an ancient Roman road in very good condition. It was built of square blocks of stone, in some of which, the ruts left by wheels, could still be discerned. The latter part of the road,

womans dress, with a spindle in his hand. In the first story, a satyr playing the flute; Cupid bending his bow, Jupiter in a sitting attitude upon a pedestal, or rather an altar upon the side of which may be seen in bas-relief, the Vestal Quinctia who fastens her girdle to a laden vessel, which having resisted every other effort, now moves in obedience to a virgin's will, and a large urn of marble discovered near Cecilia Metella's tomb. In the apartment which goes by the name of that of the urn, I greatly admired a small bronze figure of Diana under three forms, as Hecate on earth, Proserpina in the infernal regions and Lucifera in the heavens. Also two Ephesian Dianas whose exteriors are far from pleasing their bodies being covered all over with teats (see the exact description I gave of a similar one, which I saw in Gli Studii of Naples, page 109 of this volume); two faces in mosaic of more than life-size; the famous Capitoline pigeons, likewise of mosaic, of exquisite workmanship, where pigeons are represented as sitting on the edge of a vase full of water. This chef d'œuvre was found in Adrians Villa near Tivoli. A bronze urn presented by Mithridates, King of Pontus, to the guild of gladiators in Rome. The saloon, called the "Emperors" is crowded with their busts; in the centre is Agrippina in a sitting posture, exactly like a statue I saw of her in Gli Studii of Naples; and that of the "Philosophers", filled with their busts was to me of peculiar interest. The large saloon is full of masterpieces. A Jupiter of black marble (nero antico) and an Esculapius of the same material. Two Centaurs than which nothing can be more perfect. The stone of which they [...] is of a brown colour and is called by Forster [256] Bigio moroto. They are the work of Aristetas and Tapias of Aphrodisium and were found in Adrians Villa. A colossal Hercules when a boy, of green basalt and monstrous proportions. His legs are like those of an Elephant; the rest of his body corresponding; vari[...] Amazons of white marble, in short tunics; they stand upright, in a fierce and menacing attitude; another Hercules with a gilt club; Forster is of opinion that in the workmanship of this statue, art becomes too apparent. However it pleased me well. I also greatly admired the statue of a man in a stopping posture, who goes by the name of the Instructor of the Gladiators. The room of the Fame contained a statue of a Satyr, which was really wonderful, for the extraordinary perfection of all its parts. This masterpiece (of rosso antico) was likewise found in Adrian's Villa, and a sarcophagus with the battle of Amazons in haut-relief. In a separate apartment is the world-famed statue of the dying gladiator, sculptured a century before the death of Christ by an artist of the Pergamese school. The dying man lies on the ground. A few drops of blood flow from the fatal wound below the right breast, on which he fixes his last looks. His countenance wears an expression of fierceness still. He supports himself on one hand, which has been restored by Michel Angelo Buonarroti, the other he lays on his leg. It is to this statue that Lord Byron refers in his *Childe Harold* when he says. (Canto IV verse 140)

"I see before me the Gladiators lie;
 He leans upon his hand – his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low-
 As through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, full heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him – he is gone
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout, which hail'd the wretch who won."

Of the renowned statue of the Capitoline Venus, a very handsome voluptuous woman with full bosom, I had seen a cast in Stuttgart (see page 802 of Vol. 2). In the same apartment are Leda and the swan [...] [257] we descended the beautiful flight of steps, which lead down from la piazza del Campidoglio, and ascended that to the right to the church called d'Ara Coeli. In it are two pulpits, [?] in as far as the workmanship of the mo[...] inlaid in the marble, resembles greatly that of the Saracens which I saw in the church of San Pantaleone in Rovello (see page 145 of this volume). There is also a painting of the Virgin, said to be the work of Saint Luke the Evangelist. We did not see it; but judge from the numerous votive tablets affixed to the wall that this painting must have performed numerous miracles. One tablet for instances represents a man falling from a great height, another a man over whose legs a heavily-laden cart has passed, a third kicked by a mule, a fourth fallen from his horse; and all without having suffered the slightest injury. This was of course attributed to the Virgin, whose effigy was invariably depicted in a corner of the painting as appearing in the sky. Not far from the Capitol in the valley formed by the Capitoline and Palatine hills, and by the Tiber, we came to the "Janus Quadrifons", and to the Jeweller's Arch. The former was the Exchange of the Ancient Romans, and Horace in his satires makes frequent mention of the usurers, who had their stalls there. It is a small quadrangular open space enclosed on each side by an arcade, the corner pillars of which on each side contain six niches, forming a totale of 24, each of which originally was occupied by a statue, but of these none have remained. The Jeweller's arch was raised by these and other artificers in honour of the emperor Septimius Severus, and the empress Julia Pia. Their figures, in the act of sacrificing are sculptured on one side, and on the other were those of their sons Caracalla and Geta. But that of the latter was effaced by order of his brother who as is well known had him assassinated. At present only Caracalla's effigy remains, sacrificing like his parents. Friday being the only day when the Villa Spada (in 1845 owned by an Englishman Mills) was open to the public, Arndt and I wended our way thither. The garden of this Villa lies in the midst of the ruins of the imperial palaces, and abounds in roses. Here are rose-hedges, roses

trained against the wall, roses creeping up these ruins, others encircling the trunks of tall black cypresses. It was the emblems of decrepit old age encircled by blooming youth. Though the sky was overcast the temperature was mild. The [...] a delightful [...] and I thought this one of the [258] prettiest spots in Rome. Before us we had an oblong field covered with vegetables, this was the ancient "circus maximus" of which it was impossible to trace the slightest vestige. Adlers gives a description of what it once was. It was planned by Tarquinius Priscus; after his death some opulent senators and knights constructed it at their own cost. Julius Caesar surrounded it with a deep ditch, and succeeding emperors continued to beautify it. It could hold according to the most moderate computation 150,000 spectators, according to Pliny 260,000 and Victor even raises the number to 385,000. We had still time to enter the church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, situated at the extremity of the Circus, close to the Tiber. It is built on the site of an ancient temple, of which 8 columns form part of the wall of the present church. Upon the wall of the porch a face or mask was painted, a hole in the wall answering the purpose of the mouth. Into this tradition says such persons as had to take an oath were ordered to put their right hand. If they perjured themselves, the mouth closed, the hand could not be withdrawn and the guilt of the perjurer became apparent. For which reason at the present day, the Romans still call this church "la boca di Verità". Completely tired out Arndt and I dined at "il Falconi"; then called upon Dyrnsen as well as old Mr. Rosseling of Cologne whom I had last seen in Palermo, and the remainder of the day I stayed at home for the evening was both dark and rainy.

Saturday, 5th of April 1845. Thermometer in the open air 57° Fahrenheit. In "il caffè Greco", I met Mr. Bravo, who introduced me to a relation of his Mr. David de Castro, a native of Altona, who had just arrived, being on a journey of pleasure through Italy. From the coffee house I went to old Rosselings, where I met Arndt, and we three drove in a hired carriage to the villa of Prince Torlonia. He was a Jew by birth but had raised himself to the dignity of a Prince, and at the time was the first banker in Rome. He had married the last descendant of the elder branch of the Colonna family which had given rise to this witty pun, "Colonna vecchia con capitele [...]ovo". Upon the circular letter of credit [...] [259] me, the name of this banker was also mentioned. I however preferred not to deliver it, and drew the money which I required from Mr. Kolb for it was well known that the princely banker had, in the counting house not yet forgotten his Jewish habits. Bravo told me that this was not the season when he was in the habit of giving his splendid evening entertainments, to which he invited all who came addressed to him, otherwise in order to receive this invitation to his saloon, I might have submitted in his office an overcharge

in the exchange. His Villa, both the house and park, were laid out entirely in the modern style. The apartments were without exception, furnished with great elegance, though none were carpeted, the floors being either of marble, mosaic, or inlaid with polished wood of various colours, to my taste the rooms had the great defect of being too low, upon the whole they were too small and large saloons were scarce. The garden was crowded to excess with an amphitheatre, a circus, a mosque, hot houses, a fortress, a swiss cottage, ponds, fountains, and even with artificial ruins; these latter out of taste, and even absurd in the vicinity of Rome where magnificent ancient ruins abound. The view which the "Campagna Romana" offered was however pretty enough, and reconciled me in some measure to the incongruities just mentioned. At a short distance from Torlonia's villa stands the church of Santa Agnese, said to be erected on the very spot where the Saint's body was found. We descended to it by a broad flight of marble steps, 48 in number. This church contains many objects of interest. In the nave 16 ancient columns of the Corinthian order; behind the altar an old episcopal chair; upon the altar the saint's statue, her head, feet, and hands of bronze, alongside 3 candelabra two of the same material and an antique one of marble. In a lateral chapel a bust of Christ in marble, sculptured by Michael Angelo. The next visit we paid was to the church of Santa Costanza, which in former times was a temple, dedicated to Bacchus. It is of a circular shape; the dome is sustained by twelve double columns, and the altar stands in the centre. Round the interior cornice, antique paintings are still to be seen. They represent cars laden with grapes and drawn by men, boys treading grapes, and [...] [260] remnants of the worship paid to the wine-loving god, should have been preserved up to the present day in a Roman Catholic church. Having accompanied our old companion Rosseling back to the gates of the town, Arndt and I continued our walk to the Villa Albani outside la porta Salaria which is in every respect different from and superior to "la Villa Torlonia". The garden is traversed by hedges of box and straight walks of stately trees. In the house the apartments were large and lofty, all filled with ancient Greek and Roman statues. Even an adjoining building called il caffè and the billiard-room were adorned in the same manner. No doubt there were many things worth looking at; but I had become too tired of sight-seeing that I only noted a few statues, which by their peculiar beauty arrested my attention viz.: Jupiter with rays emanating from his head, the bust of Jupiter Serapis of basalt; and Antinoüs, splendidly executed in haut-relief, and a bas-relief, Marcus Aurelius and his spouse Faustina; as well as Rome personified. Returning to town by the via Appia we saw to our left the remains of Dioclectian's "thermae", a few extensive buildings; of course we could not pass them by unnoticed. They are of brick with roofs of the same material. One

of them was filled with hay. I, being very sleepy asked a peasant, who stood by, to allow me to lie down. "Yes" said he, but you must pay me so many "bajocchi". This I refused doing and we walked on. In Rome coveto [...] rules supreme, and strangers are looked upon as legitimate objects of plunder. These baths were of such extent, that two modern churches have been built upon part of their site, those of San Bernardo and Santa Maria degli Angeli. We entered the last mentioned which appeared to me to be one of, if not the prettiest of all the churches I had ever seen. It is built in the form of a Greek cross measuring one way 536, the other 308 feet. Its porch is round, thus:

and in it (the porch) are the sepulchral monuments of the painters Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratta. In the interior stand sixteen immense columns of Egyptian granite, found in these very "thermae". The only thing which displeased me, was the white-washed vaulted roof. Upon the marble pavement is marked [...] [261] line of the meridian of Rome. Also the orbit of the polar star, for eight hundred years, from 1700 to 2500. Having dined in the Lepre I went with De Castro to the theatre, which is owned by Torlonia, and let by him to a company of actors. We took our seats in the pit which cost but 2 paoli each. The interior of the house is neither so large as the theatre of La Scala or Carlo Felice, nor so tastefully painted. Above the pit hung a small lustre; in the spaces between, and below the boxes of the second and third tier, which are the most expensive, candles were ranged forming festoons. These I learned were lighted on gala-nights, whilst on ordinary occasions the lustre was thought to suffice. There are six tiers each with thirty boxes; of course there is none for the pope, as he cannot go to a theatre. Above the proscenium are painted the arms of Torlonia, together with a column, those of the Colonna family. The opera represented was the "Due Foscari", and the singing was far above mediocrity. The tenor (the younger Foscari), the prima donna (his wife) and the basso (the elder Foscari) were loudly applauded, and repeatedly called before the curtain.

Sunday, 6th of April 1845. For breakfast I seldom took more than a tumbler of chocolate and milk and two small loaves, for which I was charged in the different coffee houses to which I resorted, 8 bajocchi equal to about 5 pence. This morning in the "caffè delle belle arti" I read in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, the opinion which the London "Times" expresses of Thier's famous "Histoire de l'Empire". "It is not a history it is a panegyric of Napoleon the 1st". Arndt and I, while strolling about town in the morning came by chance upon the forum Nerva, which we had fruitlessly been in search of on a previous day. It is so encumbered by modern buildings that we could hardly distinguish the ruins, which according to Förster consist of two columns of the Corinthian

order, upon which rests a decayed wall with a cornice, and on top, a statue of Minerva. Thence we directed our steps to that part of Rome, which to me, was of the greatest interest namely to the Ancient Forum. We passed the Colosseum and reached [...] “Domus Aurea” of which I have already said a few words [...] [262] March 28th. In the maps of Rome we find here the words “Thermae of Titus”. Our guide gave us the following account of them, which is confirmed by Nibby in his handbook. The Emperor Titus, when building his baths, could find no better site for them, than the roof of the extensive golden house of Nero, and even this was not sufficiently vast for him. In the gardens, on both sides of this edifice, he constructed brick vaults 33 feet high, and these, as well as the “golden house”, which latter he rifled of all its treasures, he filled with earth. At the time of our visit, hundreds of workmen were employed in digging out and carrying away the rubbish, in which task however they had not made much progress. Having thus obtained a solid foundation of great extent, he constructed his baths, but of them hardly any vestige has remained; whilst on the contrary, of the arrangement of Nero’s palace, a clear idea can still be formed. A passage runs through the middle from east to west, on both sides of which are apartments 27 feet in height, facing each other and opening into the passage. On the opposite side, each room has another door, with a window above, these doors looking respectively to the north and south. Upon some of the walls and the roofs paintings were faintly discernable, and in one of the apartments two large niches were pointed out to us, one of which was originally occupied by the Laocöon, Titus transferred the group to his baths. It would appear that even Nero built his palace upon the foundations of a previous edifice, for occasional excavations having been made, a few feet below the surface well preserved mosaics were discovered. We observed particularly that the vaults of Titus’ time are built with much greater care than those of Nero’s palace. In the former, we again noted the bricks placed sometimes diagonally, in the latter not. Close by are the “sette sali” which according to Förster, served as deposits for water, and in which by his statement the Laocöon was discovered. We were unable to enter, the concierge being absent. Not far from here is the church of “San Pietro en Vincoli” which we visited. It derives its name from the chains with which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem and in Rome, and which are preserved here [...] lid. The legend says that when [...] [263] these fetters were placed in contact they melted and formed one compact mass. The nave of this church is of an uncommon width, it is separated from each aisle by a row of ten Parian marble columns. On entering, to the left are the monuments of two Florentine sculptors Antonio y Pietro Pollajuolo, and above a painting on the wall, of the Plague in Rome in the year 680, which has suffered much from the lapse of time. On the same side an indifferent

bas-relief, representing St. Peter delivering his chains to an angel. Behind the high altar an antique chair is preserved, now used by the Bishop. But the master-piece in this church is the colossal statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. He is represented with a long and flowing beard, in a sitting posture with a book in his right hand, the lower part of his body, to somewhat higher up than the waist, is covered by a garment. He wears sandals, but the legs and feet, also the hands and arms are bare. These as well as the face, whose expression is proud and lofty, are beautiful beyond expression. On his head are two small excrescences, resembling horns, which are meant for rays of light; the church not considering this great Jewish lawgiver worthy of a complete aureola. This statue was intended as a monument to Pope Julian III who is interred in St. Peter's. The next church which lay in our way, was that of Santa Prasside, outside the San Lorenzo gate, which in its style of architecture differs but little from that of San Pietro en Vincoli. Both are built in the shape of plain basilicas, which means that the transept is wanting which forms the cross. The nave which in Santa Prasside is not so disproportionately wide as in the other church, is divided from the lateral aisle by eight columns and 4 pillars. In the porch two ancient granite columns are worth noticing by the saint herself is the most remarkable object. Santa Prasside is not one of the common herd, for it was she who collected the blood of the holy martyrs. In the left aisle may be seen the marble slab which served her as a bed; in the nave a marble balustrade surrounds the well in which she deposited the precious blood. She herself is representing kneeling holding in her hands some substance an imitation of congealed blood, and at her feet a basin for the pur[] of receiving it. In the right aisle is a chapel which [] female [] [264] allowed to enter under pain of excommunication except on certain days. To us however it was opened. For the small fee of 5 bajocchi or 3d. Behind a railing, stands a column, about three feet high, of dark green and white jasper, to which, our guide assured us, our Saviour was tied when he was scourged. A few steps from this church stands that of "San Lorenzo fuori le mura", built under the reign of Constantine the great in the year 330, upon the very spot where the Saint is said to have been buried. The porch is supported by six Ionic columns four of which are fluted. The interior is divided into two parts, that near the entrance consisting of nave and aisles. The pavement is of mosaic in which are inlaid the figures of two knights on horseback, each holding a banner in his hand. On each side of the entrance is a sarcophagus; the one on the left has in bas-relief, the representation of a pagan wedding. The second part of the church is the choir, the roof of which rests on 12 columns of the Corinthian order, partly buried in the rubbish which has accumulated in the course of centuries. The two subterranean chapels or crypts, the one below the high altar, the other to

the left, we did not enter. Returning to town by the Porta Maggiore we passed many ruins, the most considerable and best preserved being that of a monument, the interior of which was made of brick and clay, the exterior of sandstone, cut into the shape of small, square columns and with a bas-relief, shewing various persons engaged in kneading, baking and selling bread. The gate itself, la porta Maggiore, is adorned with several ancient columns. Above the wall, which is here of greater height, than anywhere else round Rome, passed the Claudian aqueduct which I suppose derives its name from its having been constructed during the reign of the emperor Claudius. When inside the gate, many objects presented themselves, which should not be left unnoticed, but I confess that I commenced getting tired of the Eternal city, and the everlastingly-recurring ancient ruins, and modern churches, had as may well be conceived lost their charm of novelty. To the right are the baths of the Caesars, Caius and Lucius persons unknown to me in Roman history, and the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica. To the left those of a Nymphaeum, which probably [...] [265] where the soldiers of ancient Rome were in the habit of contending with wild beasts, and even of fighting each other, solely for the purpose of keeping themselves in practice. This amphitheatre as well as "l'acqua Claudia" attest the extraordinary solidity, and stupendous magnitude of many of the works of Rome of former times. Between the Nymphaeum, and the amphitheatre stands a church called "della Santa Croce di Gerusalemmi", built in all probability by the empress Helena, mother of the emperor Constantine, to commemorate her discovery of the true cross, in the holy city. It is built in the shape of a basilica. Four columns of Egyptian granite and several pillars form on each side the division of the nave and aisles. A few steps lead down to the chapel of Saint Helena. The high altar under a superb canopy, stands isolated, while another altar adjoins the wall, and here, no one else but the pope, celebrates mass. The handbooks say, that upon the latter altar stands an ancient statue, converted into that of the saint; at the time of our visit it was not there. The gardens of the Russian prince Woronzow, in this neighbourhood had been much recommended to us by Dyrsen, but notwithstanding our repeated enquires, nobody could give us any account of the same. Thus, to while away the time, we entered the church of San Giovanni in Laterano; of which an inscription on the wall says, "Sacrosanta Lateranensis Ecclesia Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput". I defer the description of this church to my next visit. Close by a few steps ascend to a capacious niche, upon the ceiling of which a well-preserved mosaic, represented Christ and 11 apostles, next followed "la santa scala" to which I have already alluded (p. 198 of this volume) on the day of my arrival in Rome. On each side of it are two stairs, and all five lead up to a chapel, called by pope

Leo III "Sanctum Sanctorum"; three boxes of cypress wood filled with relics, being deposited in it by his order. Several men, women, and children, were ascending the holy stairs on their knees. I really felt pity for them, and I observed that they did so not in the middle, probably because that part was supposed to have been trodden by our Saviour himself, but on both sides, and here the hard stone was actually worn away a little; they then descended by one of the lateral stairs. It now commenced [...]ing and we hastened to our chop-house "il Falcon[e]". After dinner, [266] I paid a visit to the painter Corradi, from whom I gained two games at chess. His good lady regaled me with our North German "Arme Ritter", and tea. At 9 I left, intending to call upon Dyrsen and Rosseling, but the night being dark, I feared to lose my way, and therefore returned home. This last observation proves, that in 1845 Rome was either not lighted up at all, or at any rate very insufficiently.

Monday, 7th of April 1845. Early in the morning I called upon Mr. David de Castro, who had taken up his quarters in the Hotel d'Allemagne. He was, like his cousin Bravo, a Portuguese Jew from Altona. He had as he told me served as clerk in the counting-house of Parish & Co. of Hamburg, and was now established with his brother in Altona, mainly engaged in the tobacco business. His pronunciation of German was very vulgar, for he spoke with the true, broad Hamburg accent. Arndt and I went, at a later hour to the Pantheon, which Förster calls the handsomest and best preserved edifice of ancient Rome. It was built by order of Marcus Agrippa, the son-in law of Augustus, when it served as a saloon in the baths; next it was dedicated to Jupiter Ultor, or the avenger, then to all gods, whence its name, Pantheon; and finally it became a Roman Catholic Church, which it still is. The outer vestibule which is 41 feet wide, and 103 feet long is in this shape

* is the entrance from Corinthian columns four feet, four inches pilasters in the wall which opens into a small niche with a beautiful rotunda the same in height.

A represents the principal entrance. B in front of A a circular recess where the high altar stands [...] [267] are fluted with the exception of the smaller ones, placed in front of the side altars, marked c.d.d.c. III are fluted pillars. Besides the small altars on each side there are three larger ones, placed in niches marked f.f.f. For a more detailed description I refer to Förster handbook. Raphael Sanzio and Annibale Caracci, both lie

interred in this church close to each other. A marble slab is placed upon the tomb of each. That upon Raphael's grave bears the following inscription:

Arte mea vivit natura, et vivit in arte, Carolus Marattus, summi
mens decus et nomen caetera mortis Pictoris nomen et studia colens p. an.
erant MDCLXXIV

Cardinals Bembo's epitaph is well known: it says,

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci

Magna rerum parens, et moriente mori"

Raphael was born in Urbino the 26th of March 1483, and died in Rome April 7th 1520. The inscription on Caracci's grave runs as follows: "Hannibal Carraccius Bononiensis hic est. Raphaeli Sanctio Urbinati, ut arte ingenio fama sic tumulo proximus par utrique Junus et gloria, dispar fortuna, aequam virtute Raphael tulit, Hannibal iniquam. Decessit die XV Julii MDCIX at XXXXIX". At a short distance from the Pantheon stands the church "Santa Maria sopra Minerva", of which I will only observe that the arches in the interior are pointed, which is seldom found, and that on the right side of the high altar is a marble statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo, clasping a cross; the right foot and the garment are gilt which certainly has a peculiar appearance. "Santa Luigi du Francese" has a cheerful look. In this church many Frenchmen of renown are buried, and have their sepulchral monuments. Amongst others, is that of Claude Gelée the painter known as Claude Lorraine, who died in 1682; sculptured by Paul le Moine in 1836. The most notable painting in the church of San Agustin is that of the prophet Isaiah, by Raphael, which however we did not see, as it was hidden by a curtain. Near the entrance is an image of the "Madonna del parto" very richly adorned, and surrounded by numerous lighted tapers. Men and women were kissing her gilt foot. This Virgin's reputation must be firmly established, for [...] only did we see fixed on the [...] [268] representing the many times she had saved her devotees from imminent danger, but even diamonds and ornaments of gold and silver. The "Palazzo Farnese", which in 1845 was the property of the King of Naples, and probably at the present time of the ex-King Francis, is a vast pile, having in the centre a large quadrangular court-yard, surrounded by very handsome porticoes, in one of which is placed the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella. The "gallery of the frescoes" derives its name, from the fresco paintings which adorn the ceilings. They are particularly beautiful and in an excellent state of preservation. They were executed by Annibale Carracci, assisted by his brothers Agustin and Ludovico; by his pupil Domenichino, by Lanpane and Guido Reni. One apartment is filled with plaster casts of renowned statues, the originals of which are preserved in the museum of Naples. Upon the walls of another chamber are frescoes, representing the Pope Paul III in a triumphal car pursuing the flying protestants; another, a

peace concluded between protestants and Roman Catholics (of which by the way I have not the slightest knowledge). From the palazzo Farnese we went to the palazzo Spada, which though it enjoys no great reputation, contains several works which I much admired; as for instance, Lucretia with a dagger in her right hand; Judith with the head of Holofernes, both by Guido Reni; the well-known "Carità Romana" by Caravaggio; a very pretty winter landscape by Teniers, with a man, woman and child who are actually shivering with cold. Two pretty heads, by Correggio, of a boy and a girl, who regard each other with a smiling face; Paul III by Titian; a Magdalen by Guercino and finally a picture not mentioned by Förster, of an old woman and young girl; the one winding thread upon a reel, the other sewing. The largest open space in Rome, is the Piazza Navona, which serves at present as a market-place for vegetables. Formerly horse races used to be held here. In the centres stand a beautiful fountain in the shape of a large block of rock. The water rushes from its four sides, and falls into the basin beneath. At the four corners are four allegorical figures, representing respectively, the rivers: Danube, Ganges, Nile, and La Plata. On the top stands an obelisk, and from a cavern issue a lion and a horse. At a some what later hour Dyrsen who was a much better connoisseur [...] [269] statues and paintings than either Arndt or I, accompanied us to the galleries in the Vatican. On the 28th of March, when I paid my last visit to these collections I enumerated many statues which pleased me greatly. To day I will add a few which then escaped my attention; a satyr playing on the flute; a wounded [...] on; Diana as if admiring the beauty of the sleeping Endymion [...] corridors are many five baths of granite, as well as some sarcophagi with well executed bas-reliefs, particularly that of the battle of the Amazons. The statue of Antinöus, the favourite of Adrian can easily be recognized by the melancholy expression of his countenance. I may mention as particularly worth noticing in the apartment of the animals; a lion in black marble with his prey in his claws; various descriptions of dogs; a dead ram with part of the entrails exposed; a crab and lobster; and finally a bull attacked at the same time by a dog, a snake, and a scorpion, as well as by a man, who sitting on the animal's back, transfixes it with a lance. In the gallery of the statues; those of two famous dramatic writers Posidippo and Menander, both sitting. In the round chamber: Adrians statue, brought hither from the Castle of San Angelo; a Hercules with a small Ajas in his arms; and the emperor Claudius, with a civic crown of oak-leaves on his head. We hastened through the chamber of candelabras, which, I am glad to see by Förster's handbook, does not contain much of interest. On the 28th March I merely alluded to the Gobelins; they were woven in the low countries, and sketches for the pictures which ten of them represent, were made by Raphael in the years 1515-1516. These are still to be seen in the Palace

of Hampton Court (the famous Cartoons), I admired above all that which represents the massacre of the Innocents. The desperation of the mothers, the valour with which they defend their children against the soldiers armed with the short swords, are horrible, but beautifully depicted. But a few moments were left us to examine Raphael's master-piece, the Transfiguration. A father and mother lead their child, suffering from epilepsy, which they believe is the work of the devil, towards the apostles. The anxiety expressed in the [...] face is extremely natural. Some of the Apostles turn their [270] faces toward the boy; others point to Christ who is descending from Mount Tabor, whilst three of them St. John, emblem of love, St. Peter of faith, and St. James of hope, overcome by the radiance of the Saviour, have fallen to the ground. I learned from Dyrnsen, that this picture is to be considered as a vision which the Apostles had, for if looked upon as a reality, it would be defective as regards perspective. In the same apartment is the Virgin of Raphael, called "de [?]". Her countenance, like that of nearly all Raphael's Madonnas, has an expression of sweetness, modesty, and of ineffable grace. The child Jesus is similarly graceful, whilst the little angel who looks up at them from below, has the face of a chubby child; and St. John the Baptist looks manly and bold. He, with a saint, occupies one corner of the picture, another, saint and a pope, the other. I also admired a glorified Virgin, with Saint Thomas and Saint Gerome, by Guido Reni, whose Madonna's differ widely from Raphael's. Guido's are more matronly, more devout, more ecstatic. By the same we have here the Crucifixion of Saint Peter. There is still another chamber with frescoes by Raphael, which are known all over the civilized world. They have suffered, not only from the lapse of time, but also by the hands of barbarians; for this name may well be given to the soldiers, who were lodged here, after Rome had been stormed, by the army under the command of Charles of Bourbon. In the evening I was at a small dinner-party, given by Bravo, in my honour, in the hotel Bertini. All the guests were natives of Altona, viz.: De Castro, a sculptor, an insignificant man, a painter Meyer, brother of the dealer in leather; and another painter named Gurlitt. Every thing was very nice; the conversation animated and agreeable. When the wine had begun to have its effects, Gurlitt, always extravagant in his opinions, drank to the memory of Robespierre, whom he called a great and moral man. He said of him, that he had had strength of mind to sacrifice 400,000 human beings, in order to secure the welfare of 40,000,000.

Tuesday, 8th of April 1845. This day De Castro accompanied [...] St. Peters. On my former visits, this ch[] [271] was filled with people, to day it was empty; and I was awe-struck with its interior, so immense and at the same time, so wonderfully harmonizing in its various parts. The architect Bramante who made the first plan intended to build this church, in the shape of a Greek

cross; later architects introduced a few alterations. Michael Angelo decided to follow out the original design, and Paul III decreed that this idea should be inalterable; nevertheless under Paul V, Maderno made some additions, so that the dome does not occupy exactly the centre of the edifice as originally intended. The principal gates are of bronze, with bas-reliefs which represent scenes from the Bible; and we were not a little surprised to find, among this worshipful company, the scandalous myth of Leda and the swan. Close to the entrance, in the pavement, lies a round black of marble, part of the ancient Church of St. Peter, upon which the Kings of Germany used to kneel, before they were crowned Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. Beneath the dome stands the high altar, under its splendid canopy of brass, of which I have given a detailed description (page 204 of this volume). Before reaching the high altar, a little to the right, is a bronze statue of St. Peter painted black. He is in a sitting posture, lifting his right arm and holding a key in his right hand. In front of a staircase, which leads to a subterranean chapel, is a statue of Pope Pius VI, kneeling. Above round the staircase, runs a circular balustrade, upon which 89 lamps are continually kept burning. We descended to the Crypt; under the altar, the bones of St. Peter are supposed to rest. Mass was being said at the request of several ladies, who were present, and who had obtained special license for the purpose; but another party of females was unceremoniously turned out by the verger who accompanied us. No women, unless they are provided with a special permission, being allowed to enter this chapel, under pain of excommunication. A low vaulted passage surrounds this chapel. It is crowded with the sarcophagi and sepulchral monuments of many popes. We reascended, and continued climbing up a staircase, which leads to a gallery, running round the cupola, just where it begins. Still higher [] came to another interior gallery also round the [. . .] [272] [] smaller dimensions. Thence steps in the wall itself brought us to what is called the lantern, a small chamber, resting upon columns, in which are many windows; whence, the weather being fine and the sky clear, we had an extensive view of Rome and the surrounding country. Still higher we climbed; at first some convenient steps, then a very narrow iron ladder, quite perpendicular, but so solidly fixed as not to be in the least dangerous, landed us in the ball, where, it being made of copper, the heat was somewhat oppressive. The entrance into it is so narrow, that a corpulent person could with difficulty squeeze himself through it. The interior, about 8 feet in diameter, might hold about sixteen persons closely packed. Still above the globe rises the cross 14 feet high. Having completed this achievement we descended and left the Cathedral. I must not omit mentioning that the interior of the dome is decorated with large paintings in mosaic, made of pretty large pieces, which, closely looked at, appear clumsy, but seen from below have a

very pretty effect. In the same manner all the paintings in this church, some of them Raphael's masterpieces, are also in mosaic. From St. Peter's we went to the Convent of San Onofrio, which is solely visited by strangers with the object of viewing some relics of Torquato Tasso, who lies interred here. On his monument we read the following inscription: "Torquati Tassi ossa hic jacent. Hoc ne nescius esses hospes, fr̄s hujus ecclesiae p.p." (posuerunt); and we were shewn a wax mask taken immediately after his death (for he died in the convent), also a letter written by him, his green spectacles, and his belly-band! There stood formerly in the garden an oak tree which went by his name but it was blown down by a storm in 1842. In the corridor a fresco painting of the Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci was shewn to us, but I thought little of it. In the Farnesian Palace, close by, then the property of the King of Naples, existed many beautiful fresco paintings by Raphael and others. For a description of them I must refer to Förster. Further on we came to the famous "Acqua Paula" which like all the aqueduct of Rome, whether ancient or modern is a structure of extraordinary solidity. Finally we paid a visit to the gardens of the Villa "Doria Pamphilia", which is beautifully laid out [] resembles a park. There are fine avenues, well [] [273] paths, lawns and flower-beds; in short everything which can delight a lover of nature. The southern pines, which to me appear to be an improved species of our northern ones, abound this park. I much enjoyed myself, the weather was so agreeable and the temperature so mild. I walked about and rested, and thought of friends, far and near. After having dined in the "Lepre" we took another walk upon the monte Pincio. The evening was moonlit, exactly like a summer evening in Altona.

Wednesday, 9th of April 1845. Thermr. in my room 13 1/2 R. – 62 Fht. The weather had completely changed; it was raining and we therefore remained at home till noon, when we went to the Capitoline Museum. For though on the other day we had paid this collection a long visit, we had our misgivings that something of interest had escaped us, and thus it certainly turned out. There was among others, a statue of Silenus, a perfect personification of inebriety. He is represented with a capacious paunch upon which rest a wine skin, a jug and a glass; his head is inclined on one side as we frequently see with drunken people. On an octagonal urn in which the ashes of the dead used to be kept, a cupid is represented in bas-relief; a beautiful statue of a gladiator of which only the trunk is antique, the other parts being modern, but very well executed. He raises his right hand which clutches his broken sword, and rests his left hand, to which arm his shield is buckled; upon the ground, a sarcophagus, with the history of Endymion in bas-relief; in the lid were two holes through which the annual libations were poured. It was not much to my liking, though Förster praises it in his handbook; the bronze statue of a woman,

who assists in a religious ceremony and aspires to the dignity of a priestess. I remained a considerable while in the apartments which contained the busts of the Emperors and Philosophers, examining them with much attention, but as it would be tedious to read a mere enumeration of names I will pass them over. In the grand saloon I noted particularly the colossal busts of Trajan and Antoninus Pius. The statue of Trajan in the figure of Mars; also that of a hunter holding a dead hare in his hand. In the [...] ber called that of the Fame, the [...] [274] metal is fixed in the wall. This law contains the privileges conceded by Vespasian to the Roman Senate. Cola Rienzi, "the last of the tribunes", who flourished in the first half of the fourteenth century, by explaining this law to the people of Rome, roused them to reassert their freedom. For a short time he obtained his object, but in 1354 fell under the daggers of the aristocrats. Thus this "lex [...]gia" possesses great historical interest. When we came to the dying gladiator, the concierge lent us a pamphlet, from which we learned that this warrior is believed to represent a Gaulic captain. This opinion is founded on the cast of his features, and the collar round his neck, but does not however agree with Lord Byron's conjecture, who, in *Childe Harolde*, Canto IV, Stanza 141, after describing the statue says:

"But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play
There was their Dacian Mother..." (see page 256)

In the same chamber we found the statue of Zeno the philosopher; a satyr, a copy of that by Praxiteles; an Antinöus; Apollo, rather above life-size, with a lyre in his hand and the hippogriff by his side; and the statue of a girl, who wards off a snake which is on the point of devouring a pigeon. After a short repose in "il caffè delle belle arti", I started afresh, and whither? To St. Peters. I was like a pendulum, swinging between these two extremities of Rome, St. Peter's and the Forum Romanum, whilst the ruins, churches, museums etc. were the extraneous causes which impeded the perfect regularity of the pendulum's movements. Outside the façade of St. Peter's is a vast vestibule, the same which at page 199 I called a colonnade. A few steps lead up to it. At each extremity stands an equestrian statue, the one of Constantine the Great, the other of Charlemagne. Upon the wall of this vestibule is painted by Giotto (born in 1276), the reviver of the art of painting, a picture called "La Navicella", or the small boat, which represents a vessel with various persons. St. Peter, who has walked upon the water, is kneeling before the Lord, when entering to the right is a small chapel, which contains a [...] of Piety, the work of Michael Angelo, when he was no [...] [275] than 25 years of age. She is represented with Christ in her lap, behind her a large cross. Upon the floor of the nave, are marked the lengths of some of the principal churches in Europe. St. Peter's measures including the walls 862 Roman palms, (a Roman palm being equal to 8 inches

3 1/2 lines English). St. Pauls, in London, 710, the Cathedral of Florence 669, the Cathedral of Milan 606, the basilica of San Petronio in Bologna 598, San Pablo fuori delle mura, en Roma 572, Santa Sophia in Constantinople 492. The sepulchral monument of pope Pius the 7th is by Thorwaldsen. A door opens into it, above which are the arms of the pope, sustained by an angel on each side. Upon the monument is the statue of the pope, in a sitting posture, lifting his right hand with a book in his left. He also is accompanied by two angels who turn their looks towards him. Below to the right is the figure of a woman, her hands crossed on her bosom, lifting her eyes heavenwards. Her countenance denotes meditation; she holds a finger to her lip. Upon the monument of Clement 7th, he is represented kneeling, on a cushion, with folded hands as if praying. He is bare-headed the tiara being placed before him. Below on one side is a female figure, Religion. She is covered with a wide garment. In her right arm she holds a cross. Her features express tranquillity. Her head is surrounded by an aureola, the rays of which, of course of marble, could not otherwise but present a rigid appearance. On the left side is the angel of Death, naked, with the exception of a light vestment negligently thrown round his loins. His right hand holds an extinguished torch turned downwards; his left rests on his side. Before each of these two figures reposes a lion, admirably sculptured. This group is by Canova. The monument of pope of Alexander is curious. In the same manner as in the others, his statue stands upon it, whilst from above hangs a pall of various colours, beautifully executed in variegated marble. It is lifted up by the statue of Death, a skeleton with an hour-glass in his hand. The monument to the memory of Paul III of the Farnese family is by Della Porta. The pope is sculptured in black marble but his face was at such a height from the ground, that it was impossible for me to distinguish its features. Below are two female [_]es in a reclining posture. The younger one is said to [...] [276] great resemblance to the popes neice Julia Farnese, the other, a matron to her mother. The former, of exquisite beauty, represents Justice, the latter, with a small mirror in her hand, Prudence. Of Justice, a most scandalous story is related, for the truth of which I do not vouch. One of the many visitors to St. Peters, an Englishman it is added, was so struck with her wonderful charms that his admiration rose to the highest pitch of love, which carried him to excesses, which must be imagined. In order that in future others might not follow his example, those parts which gave rise to his unnatural desires, until then uncovered, have been concealed by a black garment cast in bronze. Upon one of the walls are sculptured in bas-relief, by Canova, the heads of the three last male members of the royal family of Stuarts, viz.: of James III and his two sons, the younger of whom, Henry, Cardinal York, died in 1807. Two angels, one on each side, are admirable. The Monuments of the Countess Matilda (should it not be she of Tuscany, the friend of Hildebrand) and of Queen Christina of

Sweeden, are only remarkable on account of the persons to whose memory they were erected, Matilda being the first who conceded some territory to the pope of Rome; Christina, because being bred a Protestant she adopted the Roman Catholic faith. Her portrait in bronze hangs against the wall, and on the sarcophagus, a long inscription is engraved, which was only partly legible; however, I deciphered it so far as to make out that she had abjured heresy. I had already mentioned that the dome rests on four immense pillars, but omitted to add that the following is written in large characters, round the interior "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram edificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum." The remainder of the day, I was quietly at home occupied with writing.

Thursday, 10th of April 1845. The weather was very disagreeable. It rained the whole morning, and at noon there was a thunder-storm. We, that is to say De Castro, Arndt, and I took a carriage and drove firstly to the Church of St. Clement, which is one of the oldest in Rome. St. Jerome in the year 392, already []kes mention [] it. It has preserved the shape of the ancient [277] basilica; the arms to form the cross not having been added. At the extremity opposite the entrance, there is still the recess where the judge used to sit. The two aisles, divided from the nave by columns, are of different widths, rather an uncommon circumstance. A small vestibule, whither penitents used to retire, leads to a quadrangular cloister, surrounded by four porticoes. Our next visit was to the church of San Giovanni in Laterano, the parochial church of the Pope, of which I have said a few words, on two previous occasions, (see pages 198 and 265). The gates of the principal entrance formed part of a temple dedicated originally to Saturn. The interior is divided into a nave, with four aisles, two on each side. The first chapel to the left, is that of Corsini family. This, richly ornamented, was built by order of Pope Clement XII, one of its members. It contains his statue, also a beautiful porphyry vase. Above the altar is a copy in mosaic, of the picture by Guido Reni representing Saint Andrew of Corsini. Below this, in another, a subterranean chapel, the ashes of the pope are preserved in a sarcophagus. Upon the altar is a statue of Piety, with a dead Christ in her lap. The last chapel to the left is that of the family Borghese, remarkable for its four bronze gilt columns, once belonging to a temple of Jupiter. Twelve pillars separate the nave from the aisles; in each of them is a niche, and these 12 niches are occupied by the colossal statues of the apostles, excepting Judas Iscariot, whose place is taken by St. Paul. Upon the two last pillars rests an arch of granite, which together with a small recess at the extremity of the church, is all that has remained of the primitive basilica. This recess, the ancient "Tribunal", and in which some pictures in mosaic of a later date, (of the time of Pope Nicholas IV, 1288-1292) are to be seen, was part of the

original outer wall; now a small half-circular passage, with a vaulted roof, separates the same from the modern wall. Between these two relics of antiquity stands the high altar, and the sepulchral monument of pope Martin V. It is well known that the council of Constance, after deposing the three popes, who at the same time sat on the throne of St. Peter, though residing in different countries, elected Martin Colonna, a noble Ro[_] who, one of the few, who did not change their name on their [278] accession to the Papal dignity, ruled from 1417 to 1431. This act of authority, was exercised by the council of Constance, in the so-called dark ages, whilst on the 13th July 1870, a century which boasts of its enlightenment, Pope Pius IX has been declared infallible. Tradition says that the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved in the altar, above which is a canopy, executed, according to Förster, in the Teutonic style, being ornamented with several high and pointed turrets. Before leaving the church our guide would not allow us to pass over unnoticed, two handsome columns of yellow marble (*giallo autico*) a stone valuable for its scarcity; a painting of St. Paul and St. Peter, by Andrea Sarto; and the statues of these two saints, which date from the 10th century. We were also shewn, under a glass, the identical table round which Christ and the apostles sat when taking their last meal; and finally a [_]ner taken from the Turks, by John Sobieski, at the siege of Vienna, in the year 1683. He then led us to an adjoining cloister, with its usual four porticoes. It is notable, in as far as the columns towards the inner yard are constructed in what is called the Saracenic style. They are spiral, slen[_] and graceful; and inlaid with mosaic, resembling those which I had seen in Rovello (see page 145). Our guide told us that they had formed part of the original basilica. In these corridors many relics are preserved among others: a throne upon which the popes used to sit, when councils were held in this church. A granite stone, sustained by four columns, which indicates the stature of Christ, about half a foot above my height, I measuring 5 feet, 4 in. Eng.; a column said to have been broken at the very moment of the crucifixion; a slab, I believe of porphyry, on which the Roman soldiers cast lots for the Saviour's garments; a marble altar, into which, the host when falling, made a hole. This miracle occurred in this very church. Both before and behind, is a vestibule of an oblong shape, the latter with a statue of Constantine the Great. Above the former runs a gallery with a balcony, "la loggia", similar to that of St. Peters. From here the Pope blesses the multitude on Ascension day. We thought of going to the Battisterio, a separate building which contains the Baptismal font, but the rain had formed such a deep puddle, that it was impossible for us to reach [_]. Close-by is "il palazzo Laterano" the collection of statues in [_] [279] is of no very great value. One saloon is filled with plaster casts, presents from the King of Bavaria, among which I found some old acquaintances, the Aegenites, which I had seen in

Stuttgard (see page 801 Volume II). In another chamber were three gladiators depicted in mosaic on the floor, well worth close examination. An Antinöus, as Bacchus, found in Palestrina; a Sophocles, found in Terracina, bearing great resemblance to the renowned Aristides in the Naples museum. Upstairs I was rather surprised to find a portrait of George IV by Lawrence. More in harmony with the place was a beautiful fresco painting by Domenichini, the original of which I saw in the church of San Gregorio (see page 230). The floor of one large room is inlaid with mosaic, representing gladiators who are wrestling; others occupied in gymnastic exercises, with other figures, holding branches in their hands, who are believed to be the teachers; also busts, probably of deceased gladiators, who had distinguished themselves in their profession. We returned to town, when I went on foot in search of Dr. Dyrsen. The rain continued to come down in torrents, and as in Rome, the same as in Naples, the gutters project into the middle of the street, the water comes down in cascades, and it is impossible to pass from one side of the street to the other, without being drenched. Our party, now four in number, proceeded to the palazzo "Sciarra". The collection of paintings in this place is small, but choice. There were, by Gulio Romano, Raphaels disciple, a copy of the Transfiguration, and a copy of la Fornarina, the bakers daughter, Raphael's mistress. I confirm what I have previously said, that her face is not exactly handsome, but decidedly sensual. Her arms and bust are bare, over the lower part of the body a flimsy garment is thrown, which is extremely well-done. By Leonardo da Vinci, a pretty painting of Modesty and Vanity, two young females; the former, the prettier of the two, completely covered up so that only her face is visible, turns with great fervour to her companion, dressed ostentatiously though not indecently, and covered with trinkets. By Raphael, the portrait of a violin player of great fame, a contemporary of the painter, who, in the fresco painting of Parnassus, in the Vatican, has given to Apollo the face of this musician, [] Guido Reni, a magdalen reclining on the ground with [] [280] little angels regarding her. By Titian, the portrait of a noble lady, a master piece. By Caravaggio, three card-players sitting round a table; the one looks at his cards with great earnestness, the face of the second denotes great impatience and anxiety, as to the card the former will play, whilst the third, an elderly man with torn gloves, casts a side glance into the cards of the first, and makes signs to the second. There are also landscape, by French masters, and scenes of low life, by Dutch and Flemish painters. Our next visit was to the palazzo Ludovisi, owned in 1845, by the Prince Piombino, a nobleman very particular in granting admission to his property; we however obtained tickets, through the medium of Bravo, who availed himself of the intimacy between the Prince, and the banker Torlonia, with which latter he was well acquainted. Of the park we saw hardly anything, for the rain, which did not cease, drove us within doors. The collection of

statues in this palace enjoys a great reputation. It contains amongst others a colossal bust of Juno, which was saved from the conflagration, which destroyed Rome under the reign of Nero. It is, according to Förster, a copy of the Juno of Argus, sculptured by Polycletes. The countenance is noble and majestic, however only good judges can esteem this work of art as it merits. I, at least, was better pleased with a group by a modern sculptor Bernini, representing the rape of Proserpina by Pluto. Nevertheless, when Dr. Dyrsen took the trouble of pointing out to me the defects of this latter, I was not slow in acknowledging them. For instance, it was quite clear to me, that the muscles of Pluto stood out in an unnatural manner. Another group is that of Pan, making love to the Nymph Syrinx. His features express unrestrainable desire, and put me in mind of the many indecent objects, shewn to curious, in the private cabinet of Naples museum. The nymph, the pan-pipes in her hand, looks as if she could not make up her mind whether to say "yes" or "no". Ovid relates that she fled, and when pursued by Pan, was changed into a reed, of which the semi-god made his pipes. The simplicity in the design of a gladiator was much to my liking. He sits on the ground, his legs crossed, a sword in his right hand. His counterpart is a statue of Mars in repose, with a sword in his left hand, his buckler and helmet are placed at his feet. A Venus [...] [281] coming out of the bath, is not without its beauty. A dolphin is to her left, to the right, a little in the background, a small cupid holding a towel with which to dry the goddess. Another group is that of a barbarian who has just killed his wife, whom he sustains with his left arm; he is on the point of committing suicide, and stabs himself, not in the breast, but behind the collar-bone. This, Dr. Dyrsen told me, was the surest way to ensure death, for both the lungs and the heart would be pierced. It goes by the name of Paeto and Arria, who preferred death to slavery. Förster tells us that the two last statues, as well as the dying gladiator, in the Capitoline Museum, are of the school of Pergamus, which flourished one century before Christ. Very pretty is an Electra, recognizing her brother Orestes, by Menelaus, son of Stephanus. It was now time to go to the Vatican, where I remained a considerable time. Not only did I examine, over, and over again, what I had seen on previous occasions, in order to impress these various objects firmly in my mind, but also gave my attention to a famous painting by Domenichino viz.: St. Jerome's last communion; the saint, in his last agonies, to whom another holy man presents the host, is extremely beautiful; but one of the little angels who look down from above, would certainly tumble down, if the other did not hold him. Two pictures of the crowded Virgin, the one by Raphael, when a youth, the other by Giulio Romano, were not much to my taste. We now returned home, I to the palazzo Poli, whe[re] I found letters from my wife, and Gibb's house in Lima, dated Lima, 1st and 2nd of January. Eck had left Valparaiso, by H.M.S. Dublin. Grey had taken his place, and Willson from

Santiago had taken that left open by Grey. Peruvian affairs appeared to go on favourably. After Vivanco's defeat toward the end of last year, at Carmen Alto, close to Arequipa, Castilla had met no further opposition. On his arrival in Lima he had given up the command to the vice-president, Menendez and the Congress was to meet in May next, when in all probability Castilla would be elected President; so it really turned out, as the sequel will show.

Friday, 11th of April 1845. During the night the weather was [...] te as rainy and tempestuous as it had been the previous day. [282] Toward morning it cleared up. Together with Arndt, I went to the Berberini collection of pictures, not large but containing many fine paintings, of which on my return I recollected a few, namely the Fornarina, this time by Raphael himself, much like her portrait by Giulio Romano, which I had seen in the palazzo Sciarra. It is the same sensual face; round her mouth plays and agreeable smile, her complexion is brunette and in her black hair she wears a wreath of yellow flowers. Her bust is bare, with her right hand she raises her transparent garment up to her bosom. Round the left arm which rests in her lap, a black ring is fastened, which bears this inscription Raffaelli Urbini. The lower part of her dress is of a scarlet colour. A handsome portrait of a noble lady, by Titian, a gold chain hanging from her arm. By Guido Reni, the portrait of Beatrice Cenci. Her complexion and hair are fair, the countenance denotes modesty. She wears a white turban and her dress is also white. History relates the following regarding her fate. Her father, who loved her more than a father ought to do, pursued her with his addresses, which she indignantly repulsed; but he, always insisting, she communicated to some of her friends and servants, what she had to suffer, which led to his assassination. It is uncertain whether the daughter was cognizant of the fate prepared for her father, or whether he was killed without her knowledge. The result however was, that the Borghese family, hereditary rivals of the Cenci took up the accusation. Beatrice and one of her relations were executed, and the Borghese family became possessors of the Cenci estates, which was the origin of their subsequent wealth. By Scipio Gaetani, the portrait of Beatrice's mother, whose cast of features is masculine. She is dressed in black, her head covered with a black veil and is reading a small book. By Albrecht Durer, who belongs to the old German school, not much admired by me, a painting of Christ, as a boy, disputing, in the Temple, with the Doctors whose countenances are full of life and expression. By Belliverdi, a painter not much known, a very pretty picture, Potiphars wife and Joseph. She merely in her shift, her legs, arms, and full bosom bare, is leaping out of bed. Her face is pretty, not beautiful and denotes her vehement desire. With the left hand she takes hold of Joseph's cloak, who, completely [...] stands upright and [...] she places on is [...] [283] arm, he having seized her, in order to keep her at a certain distance.

By Domenichini the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. This is a queer painting. Our first parents look like two naughty children, about to cry, and say "We haven't behaved properly, but we shant do it again". The Father Almighty, who has nothing divine, or majestic about him, is descending in a cloud, which nearly touches the two culprits, whilst a number of little angels are beholding the scene. They have an air of surprise as if they did not exactly know what all the row was about. From this gallery Arndt and I, joined by Dyrsen, went to the Pauline and the Sixtine chapels, which adjoin St. Peters. They, especially the Sixtine, have a European reputation, but to tell the truth, did not come up to my expectations. We entered them from the hall to the right of the square. In the Pauline there are two fresco paintings by Michael Angelo; one, the conversion of St. Paul, has been much injured by the lapse of time, whilst of the other I distinguished but little so dark was the room. It was the crucifixion of St. Peter who it is well known was crucified with the head downwards, and thus he is nailed to the cross which is lying on the ground, about being raised. The fresco paintings by Michael Angelo upon the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel, are considered by judges as some of the most beautiful in existence. In order to examine them I had to lie down on the seats, with which the chapel is filled, and to make use of my strong eyeglass. The walls are covered with similar paintings, and upon the wall behind the papal throne the last judgement is represented. Dr. Dyrsen was kind enough to give me an explanation of them and Försters handbook contains a detailed description to which I refer. Arndt did not feel inclined to accompany the Doctor and myself. The Doctor, well acquainted with Rome and its curiosities, pointed out to me near the Villa Farnese the house where Raphael is said to have made the acquaintance of baker's daughter. Thence we returned by the bridge San Bartolomeo (Pons Cestius), by the island of the same name and by the bridge called "di cuatro capi" (Pons Fabricino), to the left side of the river; following its course we [...] to the "ponte rotto". We also made an attempt to enter [284] the gardens of the prince Orsini, but the porter refusing us admittance we had to content ourselves with examining the ruins of the outer walls, of a semi-circular shape, of which however but little was to be seen, so encumbered were they by modern buildings. Situated in the town itself, they occupy the site of the ancient theatre of Metellus constructed by order of Augustus, and presented by him to his son in law. According to Förster this theatre was capable of holding 30,000 spectators. After some trouble the Doctor succeeded in discovering the famous Tarpeian rock; on ascending the Capitoline hill from the town it lies to the right, but at present is neither high, nor steep, a natural consequence of the general rising of Rome, owing to the débris of the ancient city. We walked about the Forum and on our return

stumbled by chance upon the ruins of the portico of Octavia, near which is that part of Rome where the Jews were allowed to reside. At the extremity of every street of this quarter was an iron railing, closed at sunset, after which hour no Jew was allowed to go out. I dined in the Lepré, was occupied writing till 7, read the papers in the Caffé Greco, and concluded the day at Kolb's, from whom I had previously taken some money for my expenses, upon Semper's letter of credit. He and three friends played at "Grandissimo", Bravo, De Castro and I with a dummy whist till midnight. There had been a fight between the so-called liberals and the friends of the Jesuits, near Lucerne on the 31st March, the former in my opinion good-for-nothing fellows, the latter even worse than they. The liberals having twice entered the town were finally surrounded by the riflemen from the Catholic cantons and destroyed almost to a man. The principal rivers of Germany, the Danube, Rhine, Maine and Elbe, had swollen in an unusual manner, overflowed their banks, and done much injury to the surrounding country, even the railway communication had been stopped in some cases. Great Britain was making naval armaments, fearing a rupture with the United States, owing to an expression in the message of the new President Polk, who had said that he looked upon Oregon, regarding which negotiations are pending, as part of the territory of the United states. [285]

Saturday, 12th of April 1845. Thermometer in my room with the doors open 12 1/2 R. = 60 Farenheit. The weather continued raw and gave me little chance to get rid of the bad cough and cold which I had caught the other day, when visiting the Lateran church. In the forenoon Arndt, and I went to the church of Trinita dei Monte, which stands at the top of the flight of steps leading from the "piazza di Spagna" to "il Monte Pincio". There are six chapels in each aisle, ornamented with paintings of greater or less value; several of them I was unable to distinguish, owing to the obscurity which prevailed, caused in a great measure by the cloudy sky. The flagellation of Christ, whose author I do not know, and Daniel da Volterra's famous descent from the Cross, were the two which pleased me best. At a later hour Dr. Dyrsen accompanied us to the Vatican, where a chapel the interior of which is painted by Fiesola, who flourished towards the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century was opened to us. The paintings, "al fresco", represent scenes from the lives, and the deaths of the first martyrs; among whom were St. Stephen, who was stoned to death, and Saint Laurence who was roasted on a gridiron. Dyrsen made me observe how far Fiesola surpassed his predecessors in the art of painting, and was gradually approaching, though still at a great distance, the [?] style of his successors. Thence we directed our steps to "le [_]ze (chambers) di Rafaele"-saloons the walls of which are covered with frescoes from the hand of this immortal master. Fortunately I had Dyrsen with me, who was both

willing and able to explain them. One of them goes erroneously by the name of the “Disputa”, whilst its real object is to represent the essence of Christianity. Above is delineated the Father Almighty, below him, Christ, still lower the Holy Ghost, surrounded by the prophets of the old, and the evangelists of the New Testaments, and lowest of all, an altar on which is the pyx, and on both sides the four fathers of the Latin church [...], as well as other ecclesiastics distinguished by their zeal in the propagation of the faith. The [...] the “Disputa” is occupied by the school of Ath[un] [286] which represents the growth of Greek philosophy. Upon a flight of steps the highest places are occupied by Plato and Aristotle. The chamber called that of the “conflagration”, derives its name from the painting on the wall, which represents the fire which under the Pontificate of Leo IV (847-855) consumed that part of Rome called the Borgo, where now stands St. Peters. It is said that the Pope with the sign of the cross, arrested the flames. The design by Raphael is considered to be worthy of his great genius, but the execution, by one of his pupils, to be inferior. The painting of the battle gained by the emperor Constantine in the year 312, against one of his rivals Maxentius, near the ponte Molle over the Tiber; is beautiful, both in design, by Raphael, and execution by Giulio Romano. I left the Vatican rather tired, dined at an early hour, and remained at home till sunset, when together with Arndt, I took a walk over the monte Pincio. We descended into “la piazza del popolo”, went into the country by the gate of the same name, and skirting the walls of the town re-entered the same by the Pinciana gate. We passed the Villa Ludovisi, came to streets unknown to both of us, and found ourselves unawares, close to our “palazza Poli”. At a later hour I went to Kolbs, where I remained till past midnight, playing whist and chess, losing at the former, and gaining two games at the latter.

Sunday, 13th of April 1845. The weather took a de[er]ed change for the better, of which favourable circumstance, Arndt and I availed ourselves to take a walk into the country, through the forum and under the arch of Constantine, which is the boundary of Rome, and reached the Church of San Paolo, about an

Italian mile outside of the gate of the same name. Before its destruction by fire in the year 1823 it was considered to have been the most beautiful of all the basilicas in Rome. It was being rebuilt in 1845, and was likely to become in course of time, one of the greatest ornaments of the Eternal City. This was its shape at [...] [287] visit:

a, a, a, a indicate
b¹ and b²

four small doors.

Altars, above b¹ is a painting of the Assumption of the Virgin; above b² that of the conversion of Saint Paul.

- c is the high altar with a canopy: opposite, an episcopal throne, flanked by two columns on each side. Above this a mosaic with Christ in the midst of some of his disciples.
- e was at the time the principal entrance but as I understood from a man who opened the gate to us, the basilica was to be prolonged in this direction.
- f.f.f.ffff entrances to as many lateral chapels, of which one was concluded, and here mass was being said.
- g was a small recess intended for the organ.

The interior of the roof was flat and richly gilt; the walls and the pavement were covered with marble. Where I have marked * was a portico of beautiful marble columns, to be extended, in all probability, all round the building. On our return to town we noted a small chapel, built in 1568, which indicates the spot where St. Paul and St. Peter separated before the martyrdom of the former. This is the inscription which we read above the entrance: "In questo luoco si separarono San Pietro et San Paolo, andando al martirio, et disse Pavolo a Pietro: La pace sia con teco fundamento della chiesa et pastore di tutto li agnelli di Cristo; et Pietro a Pavolo. Va in pace predicatore de buoni et guida de la salute de Giusti. Dionisius in epistolia at Tinotecum." Above the inscription are the statues of these two holy men roughly sculptured; they look like two old Jews. Close to the gate of San Pablo is an ancient pyramid carefully restored; inside bricks and covered with marble slabs outside. It measure in height 164 feet, and the base, in each direction, 130 [...] constructed [...] 330 [...] in the year 741 U.C. [...] [288] with the will of Caius Cestius. Not far from here is the Protestant cemetery, which, however, we did not visit. When reaching our lodgings a Vetturino was waiting for us, with whom, I, in the name of my companions, concluded the following agreement. He bound himself to convey four of us, that is to say old Rösseling, Dyrsen, Arndt, and myself, in five days and a half from Rome to Florence via Perugia. We were to have two seats in the coupé, and two seats in the body of the carriage facing the horses; the other two seats to be reserved for himself. He was to find our supper and beds, and to receive ten Spanish dollars a head. After dinner we walked to the Villa Mellini, at a short distance out of town, upon "Monte Mario". The park has many pretty avenues, and here for the first time we had a really fine view of Rome; in the foreground, the cultivated country, then the town, behind the campagna Romana, and in the background the mountainous region with Tivoli, Palestrina, Frascati etc. We then strolled up the river's bank. My companions intended to visit another villa, I had no inclination to do so, on account of my nasty cold, and returned to the town by the "ponte molle",

the scene of the famous battle gained by Constantine, which insured the introduction of Christianity, into the until-then pagan world. I met many people on foot and in carriages, on donkeys and on horseback, all enjoying the fine weather and the leisure hours of a Sunday afternoon. Many of the country people whom I was in the habit of meeting wore strong leather leggings, which if Förster may be believed are necessary as a protection against snakes. Here in Rome, as in Naples, flocks of goats are continually being driven through the streets, and yield the milk necessary for the consumption of the inhabitants, cow's milk being but little used. When I entered the town by the gate "del popolo", an uninterrupted file of carriages came down from the "monte pincio", drove up the Corso as far as "la piazza della Colonna", where The column of Antoninus Pius stands; this seemed to be the turning point. I had still time to pay a visit to the painter Corradi and his wife, who who were to leave for Florence in a day or two. I was glad of the prospect of again meeting them. Many friends came to bid them good bye. At home [...] [289] me with hot tea, which I took when in bed in order to perspire.

Monday, 14th of April 1845. I breakfasted in the "Caffé nuovo", owned by Ricci, which I preferred to both the "Greco" and that of the "belle arti". I paid here for two small tumblers of "café au lait", with a small loaf; or a large tumblerful of coffee, chocolate and milk, mixed, with two loaves, which beverage they called in Rome "Aurora", 5 bajocchi, equal to about a Peruvian "medio". In the forenoon much of my time was taken up with the steps requisite to obtain my passport. I had to fetch it from the police office where it had been kept during my residence in Rome. Then it was viséed by Mr. Kolb who acted as Danish Consul. Then I returned it to the police, where it was provided with the necessary signatures, and finally I took it to the Austrian Ambassador's, who, no Tuscan diplomatic Agent being at the time in Rome, viséed it, in lieu of him; and thus I could safely start for Florence. This passport, a curious document of its kind is still in my possession at the present day (September 1870). In the course of these my perambulations through the streets of Rome, I purchased in the shop of Pozzi, strada della Serofa, some false pearls, which I was assured were excellent imitations of the genuine ones, but I say in anticipation; that when I gave them to my wife, they were considered by her as altogether valueless. I now paid another visit to the Vatican. In the Sistine chapel I met Dyrsen and Arndt. The former had the kindness to explain to me the painting of the last judgement, by Michael Angelo part of which is concealed by the papal throne. The figure of Christ, in the centre, has, in my opinion, nothing divine or majestic. It must also be clear to every beholder that Michael Angelo was a greater master in depicting the sufferings and despair of the damned, than the bliss and beatitude of those who are saved. Notwithstanding my

indisposition, for I felt both weak and tired, I remained a considerable time in the gallery of pictures, of which I find in my original diary a long enumeration, but [...] made on Oct. 22nd/43 [...] [290] in Hampton Court. I shall not try my kind reader[’s] patience with a copy of the same. I have even to crave their indulgence for no having strictly adhered to what I then laid down as my rule for the future. My excuse is that my description of Rome, incomplete as it will even now be, notwithstanding the many details into which I have entered, would have been still more imperfect, had I entirely omitted to give some idea, though a superficial one, of the many master pieces in marble and on canvas, with which this wonderful city abounds. In the Lepre I took a sick man’s dinner, a quarter of a boiled fowl and pudding, without bread or wine. Before retiring to my lodgings I said good bye to the Federicis, who were polite but gave me to understand, that I had neglected them during my stay in Rome and this was certainly the case. To make up for my fault [...] prolonged my visit much longer than was agreeable to me. It had grown dark in the meanwhile, and with difficulty, I found my way home, where I immediately went to bed, and took some hot tea.

Tuesday, 15th of April 1845. (Therm. 11 R. = 56 1/2 Faren.). The weather had again changed for the worse and the sky was cloudy. This day we, for the last time, wended our way to the Vatican, where we visited the library. Some Italian ladies and gentlemen were with us; these hurried at full speed through the large saloons, which of course was much to the taste of the concierge; and though I tried hard to rein him in, I found it impossible, and consequently only some vague impressions of what I saw here, remained on my mind. The numerous apartments are vaulted, and of immense size, 100,000 volumes and 35,000 manuscripts, are ranged along the walls, on shelves and in presses which are painted white and gold. Here and there, some gentlemen were reading, others making extracts. In the first room stand some candelabras of Sèvres porcelain, presented by Napoleon to Pius VIII; a splendid vase of the same material, a present from Charles X. to Pius VIII, and a large malachite basin from the Emperor of all the Russias. On the walls of many of these apartments are paintings, which represent the principal scenes in the lives of Popes Pius V and VII. [...] [291] imprisonment by the French, but not his coronation of Napoleon. Of the lives of other popes their predecessors, there are isolated scenes, but no complete series. One of the vaulted ceilings is adorned with frescoes by Mengs. Over the door of another we found the original plan of St. Peters, by Michael Angelo; over another, a representation of all the machinery used by the architect Fontana, to raise the obelisk at present in the open space before this church. Particularly interesting are: a picture of a marriage amongst the ancient Romans, which was the property of Cardinal

Aldobrandini, who sold it to Pope Pius VIII in 1818 for 10,000 scudi, or Spanish dollars; the oldest portrait of Christ in existence; a portrait of Charlemagne; a celestial globe on which the constellations are painted by Giulio Romano, and an authentic curule chair. Of the curiosities and manuscripts of which Förster gives a detailed account we saw nothing. More fortunate were we in the museum devoted to ancient Etruscan curiosities where some English gentlemen were our companions, and liked to take their time the same as we. Vases, urns and jugs, of most elegant shape, similar to those in the Naples museum, and described by me, fill several apartments. Another room contains utensils and arms also a war chariot upon two wheels, the axle-tree of which is pointed and sheathed with copper. A table in the centre of the room is covered with ornaments, all of gold such as, brooches, bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings, necklaces, etc. Arndt and I availed ourselves of the time which we had still at our disposal, to admire, for the last time, alas! our favourite statues, and to compare with some sketches (engraved in France) which we had bought, the so-called *Biblia di Raffaeli*. These are a series of Biblical scenes, beginning with the creation of the world, and ending with the last supper, painted by him upon the ceiling of a gallery in the second story. I took leave of Mr. Kolb, also of Mrs. Ricci, for her husband, who was not at home, I looked in vain in his “café”, and was thus obliged to depart without seeing him. Bravo and de Castro met me by appointment in the “Caffé Greco”; also to them I said good-bye. I read in Galignani, extracted from the *Spectator*, the following few words, giving the character of D’Israeli: “Homo sum [...] Anglicized as follows “I [...] [292] your man whether you are for Hume or Peel”. This was the last day of my residence in Rome, probably not again to be seen by me. Goethe says, in the 25th volume of his works, page 163, edition by Cotta 1840, “One day on stepping out of a saloon in the Düsseldorf gallery filled with paintings by Rubens and the Flemish masters, we saw the Ascension by Guido, right before us; when one of our party enthusiastically exclaimed ‘Do you not feel as if you were leaving a pot house, and entering good society?’...”

Wednesday, 16th of April 1845. At 5 o’clock we were up and stirring; the Veturrino came to fetch our luggage; we paid our bill, said good bye to our good and kind landlady, and walked to “la piazza del popolo” where the carriage was waiting for us. Arndt and I occupied the “cabriolet”, the driver sitting before us; in the body of the coach Dyrsen and Rösseling; and the two other seats with the back to the horses, which the driver had reserved for himself, were occupied by two Italians, who turned out to be pleasant companions, the one an elderly man, the Baron Scorpione, the other, a violin player. Only two horses were harnessed to the carriage, which with the luggage and the seven individuals already mentioned, was rather too heavy a load for them, powerful

as they were. We left the Eternal city, by the gate "del Popolo". I rejoiced to be again on the move, for during the last weeks, the continual sight-seeing had ceased to be a pleasure, it had become a labour. We crossed the Tiber over the "ponte molle", and drove through a somewhat hilly country, almost without cultivation, but with many a patch of beautiful pasture land, upon which, here and there, flocks of sheep were grazing. I noted particularly the stout long leather leggings of the peasant men and the red coral necklaces of the women, also the wide-spreading horns of the large grey-coloured cattle. At noon we arrived at Bacano, 17 Italian miles from Rome, where we stopped at an inn, where to my surprise there was a fire in the chimney place. Whilst the horses were being baited I ate an omelette ("Fritata" as it is called in Italian). At 2 p.m. when we started afresh the weather, hitherto rainy and variable, had somewhat improved. The road over [...] passed was by no means kept in good repair. It [...] [293] and full of holes. We came to two small places: Monterossi, which affords a pretty prospect over the lower lying country; then to Nepi, (with dilapidated fortifications). On the side of this town a pretty prospect presented itself: we had before us a high aqueduct, below which passed a viaduct for the road, and beneath the same a rivulet forming a small cascade. Further on we had to our right an isolated mountain, Monte Sorati; on its top is a convent belonging to the monks of San Silvestre, whose dress is like that of the friars "de la buena muerte", whom I had been accustomed to see in Lima, black with a red cross on the breast. At some distance behind the same we saw the partly snow-capped Apennines. It was as late as 7 o'clock when we arrived at our quarters, a fair hotel in Civita Castellana. All six took our supper together, which was so-so, three dishes of meat, cheese, figs, and wine. Rösseling, the gouty man was the most disagreeable of our party; he was full of pretensions founded on his infirmities and advanced age. He and Arndt were incessantly disputing. It was my bad luck to share my bedroom with him; and certainly he was a dirty, nasty companion.

Thursday, 17th of April 1845. We broke our fast with coffee and milk, and bread, and continued our journey at 1/2 past 6. The sky was clear, the temperature somewhat cold. This day Dyrsen sat with me in the cabriolet. The country through which we drove was pretty, I may even say picturesque, and more hilly than on the previous day. At times to overcome the difficulties of the repeated ascents our driver was obligated to hire, sometimes one, sometimes two horses, and even once a donkey. Then some pretty valley lay spread out before us, and ever and anon we saw towns and villages perched upon the mountain tops. We crossed the Tiber over the "ponte felice", passed through Otricoli, and further on the river Nera, which flowed to our left a tributary of the Tiber came in sight. At 11 we were at the town of Narni, which break in the journey was

indispensable, to afford some rest to the beasts. When to the north of Narni a ridge of blue mountains lay before us, sprinkled over with villages and solitary houses, and at 3 o'clock we [...] Terni, when we alighted in the hotel "Les îles Brit[...]" [294] Dyrsen, Arndt and I, engaged a guide, Rösseling and Scorpione, hired a carriage, to convey us to the famous waterfall, of which Lord Byron says somewhere, that it is worth all the waterfalls in Switzerland put together. The road which leads thither is extremely pretty. We descended into a narrow valley, through which the Nera, a mountain torrent, rushes along. In many places it had overflowed its banks, and frequently trees stood a foot deep in the water. One both sides is a narrow path, hemmed in by steep and high rocks, the boundaries of the valley. Olive trees abound, and orange trees form lovely avenues, wider the shade of which we proceeded. When about four miles from the town we observed a misty vapour, the spray thrown up by the fall, which on approaching concealed it in some measure from our view. However, after climbing about a little, we came to a spot whence we had a fine view of the entire fall, which came down in one uninterrupted sheet of water right before us. It was without doubt the most beautiful waterfall I had hitherto seen, and I was much struck with its grandeur. Owing to the late rains the volume of water was greater than usual; there were no tiny lateral rills, it came down in a body, which, although the idea may be very prosaic I could compare to nothing better than to a mass of white curly wool. Its height is said to be 300 feet. The bottom cannot be seen being concealed, partly by the foam partly by a large grey rock, which stands just in the way, and close to which the river precipitates itself, here broader, but its height trifling. For some time it foams along and finally it slides away pretty smoothly. The Roman, Marcus Curius Dentatus, in the year 671 U.C. in order to free the neighbouring country of the inundations to which it was subject, led the Velino into the Nar, the name then given to the Nera, and thus it is the first named river which actually form the cascade, an artificial one like that of Tivoli. The mountains, which as already said are boundaries of the valley are covered with grass and rushes. On the top was a small house where Rösseling and Scorpione had alighted. Below where we stood was a miserable hovel, occupied by an old woman who asked for some pecuniary remuneration as her right, to which I did not think she was entitled, whilst with much pleasure I distributed some "bajocchi" [...] a number of pretty smiling children who were [...] [295] for alms. Walking homewards we threw a farewell glance on the splendid scene we had just left. The sun was setting and his original rays illumined the rising spray with the hues of the rainbow, the uppermost of which, red, brought to my recollection the fiery colour of the smoke, rising from Vesuvius, at the time of my first ascent. When in our hotel, we had to wait for our supper, a very indifferent one, till the arrival

of Rösseling and Scorpione; which being despatched we all turned in at an early hour.

Friday, 18th of April 1845. Having passed a bad night, owing to my continual coughing, I with my companions started at about 1/2 past 6. Immediately on leaving Terni we ascended a valley, which wide at first became gradually narrow, and narrower; the mountains on both sides being []ssably well cultivated. Towards the end of our ascent, at "Strettura" our vetturino exchanged the extra horse hired at Terni, for a pair of mules, and with their assistance, our heavy carriage was dragged up to the summit, "La Somma", whence on looking round we had a pretty prospect over a valley which extends eastwards to the foot of the Apennines. We now descended towards Spoleto, to our right a wooded mountain came in sight, studded with hermitages; next an aqueduct, and then driving round the town of Spoleto, we entered it by the opposite gate. Here we stopped at an inn, at about 11 o'clock, and after I had eaten my "fritata", I, with my friends, Rösseling excepted, ran up a narrow and steep, though clean and well-paved street, in order to have a look at the cathedral, an insignificant building with a mosaic painting over the principal entrance. In the vestibule before the church a small stone pulpit is erected. An inscription over one of the gates of this town commemorates, that after the victory of Hannibal over the Romans, near Lake Trasemene 211 B.C., he made an unsuccessful attack on "Spoletium" but was repulsed by the inhabitants. From Spoleto to Fuligno we passed through an extensive plain, surrounded by distant mountains; a few houses "le Vene" lay in our way, and to our right, on a mountain the picturesquely situated town of Trevi. Having secured our rooms in the hotel of Fuligno (32 Italian miles from Terni), and the evening being pleasant, the Doctor Arndt and [. . .] out together. We entered two churches prettier than that [] [296] Spoleto, made the circuit of the walls, walked a short distance on the road to Ancona, and were back by seven o'clock, when supper was waiting for us. It was interrupted by a dispute which we had with the Vetturino, who refused to comply with some of the conditions of his contract. I had to be the spokesman, for though I did not know much Italian, I knew more than my companions. The Vetturino at first was insolent and obstinate, which roused my choler, and I was actually surprised how I could manage to spout Italian. At last he came to, and in a trice was turned out by a peppery little military man. Baron Scorpione was apprehensive the police might interfere, and the row have disagreeable consequences, but nothing of the kind occurred. When all was over I was the first to laugh at what had happened.

Saturday, 19th of April 1845. Our Vetturino calle [. . .] at as early an hour as 5. He was particularly polite and obliging, a natural consequence of the setting-down I had given him on the previous evening. Yesterday, it had been my turn

to sit in the body of the coach, so to-day I had my seat in the cabriolet, and was thus able to enjoy the fine weather and the pretty country through which we drove, which similar to that between Spoleto and Fuligno was a well-cultivated plain, encircled by distant mountains. We alighted at a church close to the road side, St. Maria degli Angeli, which was constructed in 1567 over the original chapel, built in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, who died on this very spot. Of this chapel some roughly-hewn stone walls are still in existence, whilst on the modern façade a German painter of some renown, Overbeck, who in 1845 resided in Rome, had painted one of the saint's miracles. In 1832 the church suffered from an earthquake, but was subsequently repaired, whilst the chapel escaped without injury, which no doubt was attributed to its particular sanctity. St. Francis the founder of the order of Franciscan's Minorite friars, born at Assisi in 1182, was in reality a good, and extremely charitable man. His humility went so far, that he ordered his body, after death, to be thrown on the most infamous spot in the neighbourhood, and accordingly his corpse was actually carried to [...] spot outside the town of Assisi, where delinquents used to [...] [297] but what was the result? Such was the veneration in which the Saint was held, that upon this very place three churches have been erected, the one above the other! They are situated on the top of a pretty steep ascent and thither we now directed our steps. All three are built in the pointed arch style. The walls and pillars of the lowest are very solid, and massive. Here above the altar the body of the saint is preserved in a double coffin. The grey sandstone under which his body had been lying for many years is likewise still in existence, and from it the friar who sowed us round, at the request of Baron Scorpione, scraped off some particles, which, carefully wrapped up in a small piece of paper he handed to each of us, as a most precious relic. The middle church adorned with very pretty stained windows, was in every respect in a good state of preservation, and looked as a Roman Catholic church ought to do; whilst the uppermost, in which mass had ceased to be celebrated, with spoiled frescoes on its walls, had a forlorn and desolate appearance. Arndt, the Doctor, and I climbed still further up the hill, and came to the town of Assisi, picturesquely situated. In the market place we found a small temple of Minerva in good condition. Of the six fluted Corinthian columns which form the portico, the capitals had suffered in the course of time, whilst the architrave, frieze, and pediment (gable) were almost intact. We hastened back to the church degl'Angeli and continued our journey at 1/2 past 9. Having passed a small river the Chigiagio, then the Tiber, which flows at the foot of a pretty high mountain upon the top of which Perugia lies, our carriage had to be dragged up this steep ascent with the assistance of two strong oxen. On reaching the top we had a delightful view over the valley from which we had come. The streets of Perugia, well-paved

and clean, are rather inconvenient the greater part running up and down hill. Whilst at lunch in the hotel to which our Vetturino had taken us, Rösseling and Dyrssen had some high words; the former, a valetudinarian, could not keep up with the rapid movements of the rest of the party, and these he wanted to regulate according to his pleasure, which Dyrssen, who spoke the mind of all of us, told him could not be done. We set out in pairs to view the many curiosities of this town, the two Italians, Dyrssen and Arndt, and I, with Rösseling in tow. Perugia is one of [...] oldest Etruscan towns. It was conquered by the Romans in 459 [...] [298] In 1424 A.D. it came under the Papal dominion; now (1870) it forms of course part of the kingdom of Italy. In the church of the Augustine friars, a pure basilica, nothing struck me as worth particular notice, whilst in a separate edifice belonging to the same, I was much pleased with a painting by Scarmuggi, representing the Father Almighty, also with the beautifully stained glass windows, executed by Fra Bartolomeo; and in the church of San Domenic, with the monument by Giovanni Pisano, of Pope Benedict XI. Before the cathedral stands a handsome fountain; within the church, a descent from the Cross, by Baroccio, was especially pointed out to us; and in San Pietro fuori di mura, various small, well-finished paintings by Perugino, whose real name was Pietro Vanucci. This master (born at Citta della Pieve in 1446) received the surname of Perugino, from his having established an academy of painting in this town. Raphael was his most distinguished disciple. The school of these masters is called the Umbrian, Perugia being the capital of the ancient Umbria. In the chapel of San Severo, belonging to the friars of Calmaldoli, a fresco by Raphael is shewn. Christ stands in the centre, and on each side of him are three saints; the heads of St. Benedict, and St. Benedict Martyr are particularly beautiful. In the church of the same order, a delightful picture hangs over the altar, of the Virgin, without the child, by Sassaferrate. Her eyes are turned downwards and she wears a cap and veil. The academy of arts was filled with works of the masters of the Umbrian school, with plaster casts of statues, and with ancient Etruscan curiosities in brass and clay; of which I had seen so many in other museums, that I hardly deigned to throw a glance upon them. Three columns found standing on ancient Etruscan tombs were the only thing new to me. Also the fresco paintings on the interior walls of the Exchange, though Raphael himself had not disdained to contribute to them, seemed to me of such a sombre hue that I did not give them one moments attention. On the other hand a Virgin painted by Raphael when a youth, shewn in the "Casa Conestable", is not without interest, for the expression of her face, already bears great resemblance to that given by him to his "Madonnas" in riper years. At half past four we left Perugia, and gradually descended into the valley. It was a beautiful evening, hardly had the [...] [299] the moon rose nearly at her full.

The country around us was delightful and, after a drive, as pleasant as it could possibly be, we reached Tassignano on the shores of the lake Trasimene, now called “il Lago di Perugia”. On looking out of my bedroom windows this lake so famous in the ancient history lay before me, bathed in the rays of the silvery moon. It was here (211 B.C.) that the Roman legions were defeated by Hannibal; their valour was not match for his strategy.

Sunday, 20th of April 1845. Long before the whole party was ready, I started by myself on foot, and walked ahead for some distance. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone brightly, the birds twittered and chirped; Nature wore her holiday dress, and I was satisfied with myself and the whole world. On one side of the road I had gently rising hills, covered with olive trees; on the other the lake, with several small islands and pretty villages; and on its opposite bank, at some distance, sombre-looking mountains. I stepped into a church where I found the whole congregation devoutly kneeling in profound silence, waiting for mass to be said. When the carriage overtook me I seated myself in the cabriolet jointly with Dr. Dyrsen. The road led gradually from the lake, and shortly afterwards we passed the frontier which divided the Papal territories from the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. In the first village in the latter state our luggage was slightly examined, and each of the various packages sealed with lead (plombé) which seal was not to be removed until our arrival in Florence. The appearance of the country underwent immediately, a material change for the better; the peasants houses, with low pointed roofs looked more comfortable; the turnpike roads were in better condition, for if not lined on both sides with stone parapets, at least they were with big stones standing at a short distance from each other. The numbers on the milestones were also legible, which had not been the case in the Papal territory; the villagers, men and women were better dressed, and begging was on the decrease though it had not entirely ceased. To our right we had a hardly-ever-interrupted ridge of hills, upon the top of one of which lies the small village Cortona to the left a far extending plain, upon which grew vines (propped [] juniper trees), olive trees and corn. On our approaching Castiglione [300] we overtook a bridal party going to church, the bride and bridesmaids dressed in black silk; another similar party on its return from church was less elegantly attired. We stopped at an inn outside the town, where we lunched; I contented myself with my usual “fritata”. In a church which Arndt and I entered I was not a little surprised to find so many well dressed ladies and gentlemen; the young men were quite dandified and the ladies in various colours “à la Francesa”. We left Castiglione at about 2, the country offering hardly any variety, it continued to be well cultivated. The branches of the juniper trees, just sprouting, were trained in the shape of goblets, and, entwined with the vines, they formed the hedges

which separated the corn-fields; a few weeks later in the season, when all would be green they must have looked extremely pretty. Arezzo, the next town to which we came is surrounded by a wall. The streets are well-paved with large flag-stones. In the Corso, which is the principal thoroughfare, stands a church of a queer style of architecture. It is four stories high, all of which except the lowest are ornamented with colonnades. Also the four storeys of the square bell tower (il Campanile) are not without their columns. At the extremity of the Carso, where a promenade branches off to the right, and to the left, is the Cathedral, up to which lead a few convenient steps. The arches in the interior are pointed, the windows prettily painted. The high altar, covered with bas-reliefs rests upon low columns. Of the many altar-paintings which adorn the church, that of Judith holding up Holofernes' head to the populace was most to my taste. I must not omit mentioning the sepulchral monument of a warlike Ghibeline bishop, Guido Tarlati, who, excommunicated by the Pope, died in 1330. The bas reliefs on the monument, representing scenes from his life, were restored in 1783. We re-entered the carriage which had driven round the town, and reached Poggi Bagnuolo, just after sunset. The evening was as beautiful as that of the previous day, and the slanting rays of the sun, tinged the mountains to our right with the most beautiful hues, blue, violet, and rose colour.

Monday, 21st of April 1845. The weather continued to favour us, of which I availed myself to my heart's content for this day, I walked much more than I rode. The repeated call of the [...] [301] brought [...] to my mind the days of my childhood, when with one or two of my companions I was in the habit of roaming about in the environs of my native place, listening to this harbinger of Spring, and counting with eager curiosity how often he would respond to our silly questions. The country like yesterday was well cultivated, covered with vines, olive trees and corn, the [...]ats, standing high above the ground. At a distance I saw the partly snow-covered Apennines. The carriage overtook me at Levano, when I had to take my seat in the body, where I did not fail to practise my Italian, conversing with Baron Scipione and the violin player. We passed San Giovanni, and other places, all well paved. The women were everywhere occupied in spinning hemp. We stopped at Incisa for lunch; this town lies close to the Arno which river we did not cross. The distance from here to Florence, being no more than 14 Italian miles I thought I might as well walk them. The weather was warm, the country hilly. At a common public house on the road side I took a tumbler of ordinary wine and a piece of bread for which I paid no more than one crazia, equal to less than an English halfpenny. When I was between the fifth and the sixth milestone, I had a fine view of Florence lying before me in the valley; to the left I saw a dense cluster of houses, overtopped by the dome of the Cathedral whilst to the right country

houses, sprinkled all over the country reach to the summits of the hills which extended in that direction. Behind the town snow-capped mountains were clearly visible. The road was frequently walled in and gradually descended; many villages lay in my way, and everywhere the women were occupied, not in spinning hemp as in the places previously passed, but with plaiting straw for the famous Florence or Leghorn hats, which are carried all over the world. Whilst resting for a moment on a bench, the carriage came up, and a few moments later we entered the town by the porta "San Nicola". With the searching of our luggage we had not the slightest trouble. Next we drove to the "pension Suisse", where a small room in the top story was shewn me but not liking its looks I walked out in search of other lodgings. All the better hotels were filled and finally I had to put up in the second or third class [...] called "I tre m[?]ri". The room given me however was large and clean [302] and the bed comfortable; its cost was 2 paoli, so I had no right to complain. I had a good deal to do before I had everything arranged, and it was thus nearly dark when I was ready to go out. All the trattorias were shut up, the coffee houses were not, and in them I satisfied the cravings of nature with several cups of chocolate. Florence is 214 Italian miles distant from Rome. Here the hours are again counted as in every other place in the civilized world, except Rome and Naples, that is the day begins at midnight, not at sunset. In Tuscany the [...]ge coin is called a Francescano, worth a Roman scudo and 2 1/2 bajocchi. It is divided into 10 paoli, each paoli 8 crazie. I had always heard that the Tuscan pronunciation of Italian was the best, and I was thus the more surprised to find that the lower classes give the sound of H. to C. or Ch. or Qu. Thus they say "hasa" instead of "casa", "he" for "che" and "hello" for "quello".

Tuesday, 22nd of April 1845. At a very early hour I was awakened by noise made by the hostlers and drivers in the court-yard, for "I tre mori" was one of the great resorts of the "Veturrini" in Florence. At 6 o'clock I was sitting at my table occupied in writing, and by 8 I had put on paper the details of the journey from Rome. I then went out, took a large cup of coffee and two loaves in the "Caffé Giappone", situated in the "piazza del Gran Duca"; called upon Dr. Dyrsen in the pension Suisse, and not finding him at home went in search of Major Bazoldo to whom I had a letter from Charles Ropsy. With much difficulty I hunted him out in his lodgings, in the via Ghibellina 7618, and when he presented himself wrapped up in his nightgown, he had the appearance of what he really was, a decrepit old man. He did not recognize me at first, which did not surprise me because we had not seen each other for the last 25 years or thereabouts. Bazoldo an Italian, had served under Napoleon I, and risen to the rank of the major; in the battle of Waterloo he was wounded, a musket ball having grazed, and partly shattered the top bone of his skull. He was cured of

the wound, and a thin silver plate placed over it in order to protect this now so-delicate part. As far as I remember his medical advisers did not allow him to study, nor even to think much; neither to read or write for any length of time. About [...] [303] year 1820, when my eldest sister married Mr. Ropsy we became acquainted with Bazoldo, he being a particular friend of my brother-in-law. Having mentioned my name he received me with cordiality, and after a few moments conversation he requested me to return about noon. A valuable collection of paintings and statues kept in a building called Gli Uffizii, is one of the great attractions of Florence. Gli Uffizii is a long narrow building with a portico in front, with shops, in which all kinds of articles are exposed for sale. In the ground floor are many public offices, and above is the collection. This day I contented myself with walking through the two vestibules and the gallery which runs round the whole edifice. I found here several statues of which I had seen copies in the other museums such as Silenus with the boy Bacchus in bronze. Pan with goats legs sitting on a stone teaching a nymph to play on the pipes. This group is in marble. A copy, in the same material, of the Lacoön; also many busts and statues of gods, goddesses and emperors. Amongst the paintings there were I think hardly any master-pieces, as the following few are the only ones noted in my memorandum book. By Mariano da Pesci a disciple of Rodolfo del Ghirlandajo, a Maddona with Christ and St. John as children, and St. Anne; the latter struck me on account of her most venerable look. By Ludovico Cardi da Gigolo (1159-1613) a Magdalen naked with long fair hair; in one hand she holds a book, the other is placed upon a skull. By Christofano Allori, a Florentine (1577-1621) another Magdalen, also naked and with long fair hair; this time kneeling with folded hands, and her eyes turned heavenwards. At noon I met Bazoldo, as per appointment; I gave him my arm, for though he supported himself with a cane, he walked very slowly and with difficulty. I had at first accosted him in French, then we spoke German, which he seemed to be fond of, though he spoke it but poorly, and afterwards in Italian, when we were joined by a professor "della Academia delle belle arti"; who took us to his studio and shewed us four paintings with which he was occupied. The one, King John granting the Magna Charta to the Barons of England; the second, Jesus expiring on the cross; the third, a portrait of a Minister of Mehemet Ali, in his oriental dress, and the last that of a Florentine lady, Bazoldo next accompanied me [304] to two shops where alabaster statues were being sold, of which I intended making some trifling purchases. It was now 3 o'clock, when I dined by myself in the Fortuna, at the table d'hôte; 12 cratzie for the dinner and 1 cratzia to the waiter, it was cheap but bad. Having now nothing particular to do I strolled along as chance directed me and came to il Duomo, or the Cathedral, built, according to Förster in the

German-Tuscan style of architecture. The principal façade is bare without any attempt at ornament. In the year 1558, the Grand Duke Frances ordered the façade then in existence, well adorned with statues and bas-reliefs, to be pulled down, and architect Buontalenti having promised to erect another in the modern style; but he, not fulfilling his promise, the result has been the base wall which now stood before me. The remaining exterior walls are inlaid with marble of various colours; the cupola is covered with tiles, which certainly does not look well; nevertheless the whole owing to its large dimensions does not fail to produce some effect. The interior disappointed me. The pillars which sustain the pointed arches of the roof are disproportionately massive; the high altar is small; the aisles have no lateral chapels, and present a naked appearance. The tribune behind the high altar, and the two chapel which form the transept, are built in this shape, which I had never seen before:

The cupola is octagonal, and its interior covered with frescoes; the windows are handsomely painted, Förster speaks of the beautiful mosaic of the floor. In this he is mistaken: at the time of my visit it was wretched. The bell-tower (*il Campanile*), and the baptistery, "*il battisterio*", are separate buildings. The fine weather induced me to continue my walk. I went into the country by the gate San Gallo, outside of

which is an arch with three passages, the widest in the middle; further on we came to a public promenade, and to the small river Mugnone. Before me lay some hills covered with country houses no doubt the same which I had seen on my entering the town. By the time I got back it was dark. In a good café I took a glass of lemonade and some ice which cost only 12 *cratzie*. Little had I [...] [305] Florence in the course of this day, yet this little gave me a higher idea of the town in several respects, than I had formed of Rome during the long term [...] y residence there. Thus for instance, living was cheaper, the coffee houses looked neater and cleaner, the streets wider and paved with large square stones; many of them had foot-pavements; the houses, amongst which some palaces, were four or five stories high. The ground floors were frequently constructed of huge granite blocks so that they may well have answered as fortifications for which purpose they were used more than once during the middle ages. This last item I do not, however, consider as one of the advantages of Florence over Rome.

Wednesday, 23rd of April 1845. At 8 a.m. Thermometer in my room, with the windows open $14 \frac{1}{2}$ R. = 64 Farenht. Jointly with Arndt I spent the forenoon of this day in Gli Uffizie. In the long gallery I noticed the same subject twice

treated in the same manner, by the same master, Piero di Cosimo (1441-1512). It is Perseus delivering Andromeda from the seamonster. Even the most inexperienced eye can see, that in that century, the art of painting was still in its infancy; but at the same time it is wonderful to observe how superior the copy, done at a later period of his life, is to that painted in his earlier days. A small suite of interior rooms goes by the name of "Tribuna". It contains a limited collection of the rarest masterpieces in a marble and on canvass. Amongst the former ranks foremost the well known Venus di Medici. The statue rather under the middle size is the personification of "La Venus pudique" as Bazoldo called her. Her contours are very different from the voluptuous form of the Capitoline Venus, and the Venus "aux belles fesses". Her head appeared to me small in proportion, and her hands, I believe modern, are certainly not so beautiful as might be expected. This statue sculptured by Cleomines was found in Hadrian's Villa near Rome. The Apollino (or small Apollo) of the school of Praxiteles is a handsome youthful figure. I much admired a dancing Faun restored by Michael Angelo, with an extremely merry, nay, drunken expression in his face. He is provided with two short horns, and a [...] tail and holds a cymbal in each hand. The [...] [306] the two [...] deserve the reputation they enjoy; the former kneeling whets his knife, whilst of the two wrestlers, the one is completely overpowered by the other. Titian, whose correct name was [...] Vercelli da Cadove (1480-1576) owes his great fame to the truthfulness with which he depicted human flesh, and this he has shewn in a su[...]ing degree, in his Venus, one of the gems of this collection; completely naked she lies stretched on a couch, and with her left hand hardly conceals that which ought to be hid. A sleeping Endymion, the crescent moon shining upon him, is but little inferior to the foregoing. The painter is Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, called Il Guercino da Cento (1590-1666). By Antonio Allegri di Corregio (1494-1574), the child Jesus, lying on the ground is holding out his right hand to the Virgin, who leans over him, with an unmistakable expression of maternal delight. Lucas Cranach's naked Venus attracted my attention, not by her beauty, but by the reverse, and went far to verify the quotation from Goethe's works (see page 292). Domenico Zampieri, known as Domenichini da Bologna (1581-1641) has contributed a fine portrait of a Cardinal. Giovanni Lanfranchi of Parma (1581-1647) St. Peter with the two keys. A painting by Francesco Mazzato named "il Parmegiano", pleased me quite as much as any other in this collection; it is a group consisting of the children Christ and St. John, who caress each other. The Virgin contemplates them with joyful looks, which I thought might bear a comparison with the expression given by Raphael to any of his Madonnas; the severe Isaiah stands on one side, a Magdalen carrying the Cross on the other. By Raphael I found here the following: three portraits, the first of

Pope Julius II, the second of a lady whose name it is said was Maddalena Dona (an insipid countenance) and the third La Fornarina, very different from the portraits I had seen in Rome. Not only is she here attired here in a proper manner, but her face does not give the idea of sensuality which I had previously noticed; St. John in the desert, of which I had already seen two copies by Giulio Romano (Raphael's disciple); and finally two Madonnas, one called del Cardellino (of the thistle-finch). The Virgin has a book in her left hand, with the right takes hold [...] [307] child Jesus, upon whose hand is perched a small bird which the infant St. John fondles; the Mother looks down upon them, but in her face I did not find the loveliness which I was accustomed to admire in Raphael's Madonnas, and which I again traced in the last picture, another Virgin by the same master. The two children are climbing up to her, the one eyeing the progress made by the other. Arndt and I, highly pleased with what we had seen left about 12 o'clock, when I went to Bazoldo's who had the kindness to accompany me to Mr. Adolphe du Fresne, to whose lady I had a letter of introduction from Mrs. Gustavus Schmidt of Hamburg, and as the reception I met with was very friendly I intended to repeat the visit. Then Bazoldo shewed me the way by the quay which runs along the Arno, called "il lungo dell'Arno" to the gate "la porta al prato", which brought me to "i Cascini", a park similar to the "Thiergarten" near Berlin. At the extremity of this Park horse-[-] were being held. Thither drove an uninterrupted file of private carri [...] some closed, others open, with coachmen and footmen in livery, of gigs, [-]kney coaches, and carts, all filled with men and women belonging to the various classes of society. Thither rode some gentlemen; thither walked many of the middle, few of the lower classes, among whom I noticed particularly the peasant-girls wearing straw hats with an extraordinarily-wide brim, always turned up by the wind, and continually plaiting the straw which they carried in their tucked-up aprons. On one side of the raceground several stands were erected; one for the judges, one for the gentry, another for the nobility, and the last for the Grand Ducal family, one or two members of which made their appearance towards the end of the races. On the other side in the carriage-road the coaches were drawn up, occupied for the greater part by ladies richly and elegantly dressed. I endeavoured to catch the sound of the language in which they as well as the horsemen conversed, and I was surprised to hear quite as much French and English as Italian. On enquiry I learnt that the lovers of the turf were for the greater part foreigners not Italians. Prince Poniatowsky was pointed out to me. He was a very fair young man, dressed in light-coloured sur-tout with enormous top-boots and looked more like a jockey than anything [...]. He had ridden in the first race for which I came too late [...] [308] a French Gentleman and had been beaten. Next four races were run, the riders being

professional jockeys. The first was gained by an English Viscounts horse, called Murat, the second by Poniatowski, the third by Count Demidoff (the Russian nobleman husband of Princess Mathilde, daughter of Jerome ex King of Westphalia), and the fourth by a certain Van Lowenberg, probably a Dutchman. The four winning horses afterwards ran the decisive heat when the Pole and the Russian were beaten. All the while order had been kept by soldiery but with great forbearance, the cavalry in green the infantry in white uniforms. It was capital sport, which I much enjoyed, the fine weather contributed materially. It was over about 5 o'clock when all returned to town. Some of the Ducal family had mingled with the throng. They entered two carriages, each with four horses, which were waiting for them, the precedence being of course given by the other carriages. All who recognized them took off their hats, and I was told that upon the whole the Grand Duke's paternal government found much [?] with his subjects. Nevertheless Bazoldo related to me an anecdote which proves either the Grand Duke's apprehensions of democracy, or his subserviency to the will of the Imperial cabinet. It is well known that Florence has, in all ages, been rich in famous men, [] these either born there, or had resided in the town for many years. I need only mention Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, Cellini, Galilei, Machiavelli, Vespucci, Dante, Alfieri etc. Now it was the custom to affix an inscription over the doors of the houses where they had lived, or had first seen the light. This was also done in the case of Alfieri, who was called "il ristoratore della Tragedia Italiana", which word "ristoratore" sounded too revolutionary in the ears of those in Vienna, and according the Austrian Ambassador hinted to the Tuscan Minister for Foreign Affairs, that it would be agreeable to his Imperial Master if this inscription were effaced, and effaced it was. I took a nice plain dinner in "la Luna" which cost 3 1/2 paoli; then went to the casino, a ticket of admittance having been procured me by Bazoldo. I read in the "Times" that Sir Robert Peels' motion to increase the annual grant to the Jesuits college of Maynooth had raised a storm all over England. Petitions against it had [] in from all corners of Great Britain. Radicals [. . .] [309] ultra-Tories united to oppose it. Mr. Ferrand whose momentary acquaintance I had made on Dec. 10th 1843 (see page 305, vol. II) had threatened Sir Robert with the wrath of Heaven and impeachment. However the motion was likely to be carried, the Prince Minister being backed by the Conservative and Whigs.

Thursday, 24th of April 1845. Part of the day was taken up by my visit to the palazzo Pitti which, built in 1440 by Brunelleschi for the use of a noble Florentine was in 1845 the residence of the Grand Duke [] is I believe now (1870) that of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. On our way thither we had to cross the Arno, over "il ponte Vecchio", lined on both sides with shops in which jewellers and goldsmiths expose their ware [] sale. The Pitti palace is

a massive heavy looking pile, three sto [...] and with a small lateral building or wing on each side; it is constructed of oblong granite blocks, and contains a choice collection of paintings, ranged in large saloons, each of which derives its name from the personages, heathen gods, goddesses and others, painted in fresco on the ceiling. In my original diary I give a long catalouge of them. Here I shall content myself with picking out a few. In the room "Venus", are two seapieces by Salvatore Rosa, in which I discovered nothing of what I may call his affected savageness, and love of the horrible. They are natural in every respect, without any attempt of exaggeration; by Manfredi "la buena fortuna" or sooth-s[...]ing. A man of the lower classes with a stupid air about him, [meant] upon knowing his fate holds out his hand to the fortune-teller, a middle aged woman who examines the lines with grave looks. He with his mouth half open, and shewing his teeth, appears highly pleased. "Apollo": By Murillo the famous Spanish painter, two Madonnas, the cast of whose countenances differs widely from those painted by Raphael or Guido Reni. I know well he is much admired, but to me he seemed inferior to the two Italian masters; a copy by Giulio Romano of Rapahels Madonna "of the lizard" which derives its name from a lizard basking upon the top of a broken column which stands in the foreground of the painting. In the centre is the [...] looking down where the children Jesus and St. John [...] [310] upon a cushion in the cradle, holding in their hands a scroll with the words "Ecce agnus Dei". St. Joseph from behind contemplates the group. A Magdalen by Titian is superlatively beautiful. She is stretched on the ground and endeavours to cover her nakedness with her long fair hair which she takes hold of with both hands, but she cannot conceal the exuberance of her bosom. Her lips are parted and a tear glistens in her eyes, turned heavenwards. "Mars": One of the best known paintings of Raphael, the Virgin "della Seggiola" (or chair) a copy of which I bought when in Naples. She is sitting with the infant Jesus in her arms, who presses his cheek against hers with an air of bashfulness and timidity; lit [...] John with a cross in his hand looks up to them. By Michael Angelo, the three fatal sisters, in the shape of three old women dressed in white, one of whom holds the spindle whilst another cuts the threat with a pair of scissors. It is a fine picture."Saturn": a Cleopatra a [...] tted my attention, I was certain it must be by Guido Reni; [...] estat[...] expression of the upturned eyes was not to be mistaken. She applies the viper to her left bosom which is bare, a basket with fruit stands on a table before her; by Sebastian del Piombo, the martyrdom of St. Agatha, a horrid spectacle; she is naked from her waist upwards. Two w[...]tches with pincers tear the flesh from her breasts. "Ulysses": By Carlino Dolce. A Christ with the crown of thorns upon his head, a few blood drops trickle once his pale countenance; his hair, small moustache, and beard, are of a brown colour; traces of blood are visible

upon his breast and over his shoulders is thrown a purple cloak. "Jupiter": By the same painter, St. Luis, King of France, with his consort who presents him with some lilies. "Justice": By Gysprecht Hondekotter, a cock, hen and some chickens for the painting of which animals this master is highly renowned. In the room Flora, by Giovanni di San Giovanni, a cook, a dead fowl in the one a knife in the other hand. "Dei Putti" (the boy's. By Dubbils, a sea piece, a flat Dutch shore, with two vessels upon a quiet sea, darkened by a lowering sky. Having "done" (This expression, inelegant but full of meaning, I first heard made use of by a North American gentleman, Mr. Brock, who in 1855 was my travelling companion for several weeks) this collection, which "doing" was I have [311] no doubt, to my party as well as to myself, as severe a job in 1845, as the preceding notes have been to me in 1870, we stepped into the garden; this was a relief. Within doors we had to trace and examine the perfections of art; here the beauties of Nature, clad in the delicate green of young spring burst upon us, and fortunately, to be impressed by them, needs no training. The mere breathing of the fresh air was an enjoyment. This garden or park called "Boboli" is laid out in terraces: it is full of fine avenues, stately trees and evergreens of ponds and statues. From the highest point there is an extensive and fine view over the neighbouring hills, [...] ted with country houses surrounded the hollow in which Florence is situated. "La fortezza" or small fort of Belvedere adjoins this garden. By 3 o'clock I was at Dr. Dyrsen's, who accompanied me to various [alabaster] shops, in one of which I made a small purchase consisting of an extremely handsome copy on a small scale of the Aristides, seen in Naples, two pretty large elaborately worked white jugs and miniature copies of the Baptistery and leaning tower of Pisa all these of alabaster: of a blackish green stone, copies of the two wolf-dogs which stand in the vestibule of the Uffizii, and a small lizard to serve as a paperweight. We dined in the Luna, a hotel which pleased me well, for everything was neat and clean. Two spaniards sat at the same table with us and I entered into conversation with them, when I felt not a little annoyed, that with my Spanish I could not help mixing up some Italian words. Reading in the Casino and writing in my lodgings closed the day.

Friday, 25th of April 1845. Thermometer in my room with the windows open 16 Reamur = 60 Farenheit. Once more I went to gli Uffizii, but to tell the truth I had, for the present, quite sufficient of paintings, so that I merely hurried through the apartments dedicated to the German, Dutch, and Flemish masters; the more so, as at the time, I held the so called genre pieces, in which these painters most excel in no great estimation, though at a later period they have found more favour in my eyes. Teniers, Gerard Don, and some others owe their great name to their skill in depicting low [...] Van Dyk also a Dutchman is

considered the first of port [...] [312] and many of his masterpieces are to be found in Gli Uffizii. Generally he painted only the heads, whilst by Holbein, the German, are to be met with frequently, groups of entire families, for instance that of the family of Henry VIII in Hampton court. Lucas Kranach who preceded Holbein by about 5 lustres he being born in 1472 and Holbein in 1498, does by no means come up to him. The Venuses which I have seen of these two last mentioned are almost entirely devoid of beauty; their Christs without the least trace of Divine; their heathen gods and goddesses far from majestic. The far-famed Rubens I could [...]er bear. He delights in painting vulgar scenes; coarse [...] en and naked fat women are hardly ever wanting. To me [...] is the Bocaccio among the painters. I have read somewhere that [...]ooo paintings are attributed to him. How superior is the Venetian school. I have already said before that Titians forte lies in the colouring and painting human flesh. How beautiful is his Flora! She is attired in white with a purple handkerchief in her left hand; some flowers are in her right only on her left bosom is bare, and her golden hair, though not abundant, falls loosely over her shoulders. Her eyes are of a dark brown colour and round her mouth plays an agreeable smile. I noted [...] bas-reliefs in a passage, remarkable from the circumstance that the heads of all figures are cut off. Another saloon contains the original group of Niobe and her family, a copy of which I saw in Studdgart, and then gave a detailed description (see page 800 of the previous volume). It did not please me as much now as when I first saw it, perhaps since then my taste had become refined, perhaps and this more likely I commenced being worn out by such incessant sight-seeing. In the course of the day I increased my purchases of alabaster articles, and saw them carefully packed in the shop where I had bought them. I also called upon Corradi who lived in the hotel d'Europe, the owner of which establishment was his brother-in-law. In the evening I accompanied the same Corradi to Mr. and Mrs. Du Fresne, with whom I took tea. Mrs. Fresne, born in Innsprück, was a very agreeable lady. Her husband a native of the French part of Switzerland, was uncommonly quiet. The conversation was carried on in German, Mrs. Du Fresne, Corradi and I taking the lead. It was a [...] [313] evening, and for some time after leaving, Corradi and I walked up and down the beautiful quay "il lungo dell'Arno"; then returned to his hotel. I played with him a long and well contested game of chess and lost it, to my great annoyance. The Arno is spanned by several bridges. In the preceding year this river had overflowed its banks and done much injury; the heights to which it had risen, was marked upon the walls of the houses on the quay. It destroyed the bridge highest up and only remnants of it remained; next follow "il ponte delle Grazie", the third is "il vecchio", of which I have already spoken, the fourth that "a San Trinita" is very flat, which I need hardly say is looked upon as the

chief beauty of a bridge; the fifth is called la Carraja, and the last a suspension bridge is outside the walls of the town. This day I made a [...]urvey of "la piazza del Gran Duca", of which I affix an engraving in the appendix under N° 7. It is not a perfect square. The principal edifice in the old palace "il Palazzo Vecchio", built of oblong granite blocks; the tower upon it is of a queer shape as the engraving shews. In front stand two statues, David, by Michael Angelo, and Hercules with Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli. The interior yard is adorned with columns. In 1845 the various ministers of state had their offices in this palace; from it a passage spanning the street communicates with the oft-mentioned Uffizie situated in a neighbouring street. I have already spoken of the portico in front of it but then omitted to state, that the many niches in the same, are destined for statues of renowned Tuscans, of whom the following already occupied their respective places. Lorenzo II "il magnifico", Andrea Orgogna, a famous Tuscan sculptor, Michel Angelo Buonarroti, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante Alligheiri, Giovanni Bocaccio, the two latter with a laurel wreath round their heads, Pier Capponi, a Florentine statesman, Farinata degli Uberti, a Florentine warrior. In the piazza, close to this palace is a fountain ornamented with marble and brass statues alongside of it a bronze equestrian statue of Cosimo I. Another side of the piazza is partly occupied by a portico, short but deep, called "la loggia dei lancie" because in days gone by, the ducal spearmen kept guard there. On each side of the steps leading up to the hall [...] mighty marble lions with one [...] [314] In a line with these lions stand on one side, a marble group, the rape of the Sabines, by Giovanni da Bologna, and on the other one in bronze by Benvenuto Cellini, of Persius, his sword in his right hand, in the left the head of Medusa, whose trunk spiriting blood lies at his feet, round the corner Judith and Holofernes in brass, by Donatello; further on, in the hall, Hercules fighting a Centaur, by Giovanni da Bologna, and six antique female figures, all of marble.

Saturday, 26th of April 1845. I was in the habit of rising early; the first two or three hours of the morning I occupied myself with writing up my diary, then took a cup of coffee with a loaf in the "Caffé Helvetico", and between 9 and 10 was ready to commence my daily perambulations, either by myself, or with one or more of my travelling companions. The words which I copy literally from my journal, "much work had I to go through this day in Gli Uffizi", give a clear idea of the state of my mind. Having come so far, having travelled so many miles, having gone to considerable expense, all for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the works of art accumulated in Italy, I thought it incumbent on me not to flag in my exertions; not to leave anything curious unseen or unexamined. But the zest of novelty was gone; I had lost the interest which I had felt at first and the pleasure I derived was less lively. The notes which I

took this day, in the collection of paintings, ranged in different apartments according to the different schools, were very few, and again rejecting a large portion of these few I have been able to reduce them to a small compass as follows: The Tuscan school. By Angiolo Bronzino, a Florentine (1502-1571) a painting in which Christ occupies the centre. He is assisting a number of persons, men and women, old and young, to ascend to where he stands. A man to whom the Saviour holds out a helping hand is really notable for his striking features. The women though more or less in a state of nudity, being but scantily covered, do not offend the chastest eye, they are the antipodes of the luscious creations of Rubens vitiated imagination, more than once spoken of by me. By the same painter, a Venus lying naked on the ground. She has taken hold of Cupid's bow, which he is attempting to get back. The hair of both is a little too [...] according [...] taste [...] [315] approaches Titian in some measure, in his life like colouring, and the perfect drawing of females contours. *Lombardian*. By Michael Angelo Amerighi di Caravaggio (1569-1609). A Medusa's head painted on either wood or copper is horrifying: the mouth is open showing the teeth, above and below, in the distorted eyes, the white above the pupil is visible; snakes are her hair, and blood is dripping from the recently severed throat. *Dutch*. By Adrian Van Ostade of Lübeck (1610-1685). A vulgar looking fellow stands in a doorway, holding a lantern, the light of which falls upon his grinning face; a companion in the gloom behind him can hardly be distinguished. By Johannes Peter Slingsland of Leyden (1640-1694). A boy in a hat and feathers is eagerly blowing soap-bubbles which a smiling little girl follows with an anxious look. *Flemish and German*. By Quentin Matsys the blacksmith of Antwerp (1460-1529). An old white bearded man sits at a table, apparently in deep meditation. He rests his head on his right hand, with his left he scribbles on a skull; an open book and writing materials are lying on the table; he is dressed in red with a red cap. By John Cleef of Ghent (1514) a middle aged nun in a brown gown with a white veil: she is praying and tears course down her cheeks. It is a quiet melancholy face, such as may be met with in every-day life, not an estatic countenance, such as Guido and Carlin Dolce, delight in painting, Albert Durer (Nuremberg 1471-1528). Lucas Sünder, called "Kranach" from his birthplace in the Bishopric of Bamberg (1472-1553), Hans Holbein (Basle 1498-1554), and Balthazar Dennier (Hamburg 1685-1747) have contributed a fair proportion of very good portraits. By Kranach, there are two of Luther, one of Melancthon, and of the Dukes Frederic and John of Saxony. *French*. By Francois Xavier Fabre (born in Montpelier 1793) two splendid portraits of the poet Alfieri and the Countess Albani; both are dressed more or less in the fashion of the present day; he however without a cravat. His forehead is high; his fair hair rather scanty; his blue eyes denoting decision of character.

She is a brunette, her hair inclining to grey; her arms and hands are particularly beautiful. *Venetian*. The masters of this school are very numerous, amongst whom I need hardly say Titian (1480-1576) occupies the first place. Others though inferior to him are also well known; such [...] Caliatry, known as Pa[olo] Varonese (1532-15[82]) [...] [316] Bordone from Treviso, and Jacobo Robusti (1512-1594), a Venetian, usually called "il Tintoretto". Many of their works, especially portraits, widely different from those of the previously mentioned German painters, cover the walls of this wide apartment, in which not a few young men were occupied taking copies. At a later hour I again repaired to "Gli Uffizi", for the purpose of carefully inspecting some paintings in the chamber called "del Baroccio" (a two wheeled car). I noted particularly the adoration of the child Jesus, by Gherard Honthardst of Utretch, called "delle Notti" (1592-1660). The infant lies upon the ground a sheet being placed on the straw; from the body which is of a somewhat reddish colour, emanates the light which illumines the faces of the three females, one of them the Virgin, who stand around. They simply look pleased, as all other women do on such occasions. However in the countenance of the mother parental delight can clearly be traced. Also, St. Joseph who stands a little behind her, looks with pleasure on the group. The same subject is again treated by the same master, but I think in a superior style; the body of the child is whiter; a greater number of persons surround him, some of whom shade their eyes with their hand as if unable to bear the dazzling light. By Carlin Dolce (a Florentine 1618-1686) a Magdalen, quite in his style; her face is beautiful, her mouth a little open, her eyes are turned heavenwards in rapture; hair brown, hands perfect; she holds a vase in the left; her brown mantle is fastened with a brooch, made of pearls and jewels, which materials I thought rather out of the way. By Michel Angelo Amerighi da Caravaggio, two pictures. One, Christ as a boy. In the Temple, disputing with the Doctors; the other, when a man deciding the question of the Pharisees, whether it were lawful to pay tribute to Caesar or not. The background of both is uncommonly dark whilst the faces of the old men, in the foreground of the latter, upon whom the light falls, are particularly expressive. By Peter Paul Rubens of Antwerp (1570-1640) a painting which verifies my opinion previously given. It is a bacchanal a most vulgar composition, to my taste at least. A fat, naked Bacchus sits upon a barrel, and holds out his goblet into which a woman pours wine, out of a bottle. She is dressed in red and her bosom protrudes in a shameful manner. The foot of Bacchus rests on a panther; on both sides of him stands a naked little boy [...] his [...] wards, the other who looks [...] [317] water; behind a Faunas, perhaps Silenus, with horns and a tail, drinks out of a large jug; a vine completes the picture. Bazoldo had promised previously to accompany me to the "Accademia delle Belle Arti". On our way thither we

entered the church “della Annunziata”. It contains an image of the Virgin which is only taken out once a year, unless on most particular occasions, when by means of her intercession it is hoped and expected to obtain some signal favour from Providence. In the porticoes of the cloister, ornamented with monuments and paintings, some of the first nobles of the land have found their last resting place. In the Academy I had to pay 1 1/2 paoli to the concierge, the first time that such a fee had been exacted from me, admittance to all other museums having been free. The paintings in this Academy are probably of great value to artists, as they show the gradual development of the Florentine school; to me however they were of little interest, and though in my original diary I find some notes regarding them, I do not consider these of sufficient importance as to deserve being recopied. One room is filled with plaster casts of known statues, another with architectural drawings, and a third with paintings by modern Florentines, who have obtained the Academy prizes. The Medicean chapel, also visited by Bazoldi and myself, forms part of the church of San Lorenzo. It was commenced in 1601 and in 1845 it was not yet finished; there was not even an altar. In the solidly built vault upon which the chapel stands, the mortal remains of six Dukes of Tuscany are deposited. It was intended to remove them to six sarcophagi, which occupy the interior of the chapel, when a statue of each would also be erected there. It is octagonal and surmounted by a cupola; the interior walls are inlaid, with the arms of the various provinces of Tuscany in marble. After having dined in “La Luna” I directed my steps to the Church della Croce which was closed. The cloisters were not. In these corridors various people of rank are interred and some of the monuments are certainly tasteful. Amongst them I observed one of the French singer, Virginie de Blase (born in Montpelier 1804). She died in Florence where she had been much admired in 1834. After having sung in Beatrice di Tenda, she went home, felt unwell, and said that her last hour had come, which was but too true. Her [...] stands upon the sarcophaga[...] represents [...] [318] in which she had last sung, her lips partly open. She kneels on one knee, with upturned looks and arms crossed over her bosom, music, with some words from the opera, lies before her. Another monument pleased me on account of its simplicity. It stands in a corner, with a plain cross, and the words “Hier ruhet Jeannette Elizabeth Julie, Gräfinn Maga[u]ly, geboren in Liefeland den 27. Nov. 1826; gestorben in Florinz den 23. Oct. 1843.” I have already said the “Battisterio” (Baptistry) and “il Campanile” (the bell-tower), are two edifices separate from the Cathedral; of the latter Forster in his handbook gives a detailed description; here it may suffice to mention that it is square, measures in height 280 feet, that its outside is inlaid with variegated marble, and that it is ornamented with 54 bas-reliefs and 16 statues. The “Battisterio” as will be seen by the engraving

in the appendix numbered 6, is an octagon. Its walls, the exterior of which similarly to those of the bell tower, are covered with marble slabs of various colours, rise to a considerable height and support a handsome cupola. It has three gates of brass, the bas-reliefs of which are of such exquisite workmanship, that Michael Angelo is reported to have said of them, that they deserve to be the gates of paradise. At all events, I must be much mistaken if I had not heard or read this dictum somewhere; facsimiles of them are to be seen in the Sydenham crystal palace. In front of the eastern gate stand two porphyry columns, to which are attached a few links of heavy chain, which once ran across the harbour of Pisa, and which the Florentines carried off as a trophy of the victory which they gained in 1362. The interior presents nothing of great interest. Round the wall are ranged statues of Saints, and columns; the usual high altar, as well as two smaller ones, a sarcophagus, and a statue of St. John the Baptist with the baptismal font in front. Bazoldo had procured me a ticket for the theatre San Leopoldo where the actors were for the greater part "dilletanti". I had a seat in the stalls. The house was small and plainly decorated. Oedipus, by Nicolini, resident in Florence, was the piece given, and the actors performed very fairly. However as I did not understand much I left after the second act. When Oedipus said "no vogliamo stranieri", a frightful [a]proa [...] and the applause did not cease until the [...] [319] made his appearance and his bow. I concluded this long day with a glass of lemonade in the Caffé Giapone, and was in bed before midnight.

Sunday, 27th of April 1845. The cold which I had caught in Rome had not yet left me, and I coughed a great deal during the night. In "il Caffé Helvetico" where I breakfasted I amused myself with reading Galignanis messenger. It copied a violent tirade of the Times, against Sir Robert Peel on the Maynooth question, where it says that he the son of a cotton spinner does things which one of noble and gentler blood would not. Afterwards I went to the church Santa Maria Novella, which, as Bazaldo told me, Michel Angelo was in the habit of calling his bride; but so little did I know of architecture that I could not, by any means, discover great beauty. It seemed to me a church, like most others, built in the Shape of a Latin Cross with a nave, aisles, and the usual accompaniments; the only thing which I thought unusual were its pointed not round arches; the windows were handsomely stained. A Dominican convent adjoins this church; I walked round its cloisters, in nothing different from those Della Croce. Though the sky was cloudy and the rain fell occasionally I now started by myself for a long walk. Crossing the Arno over "il ponte Carrajo", I went into the country by the "porta Romana". Hardly was I outside the gate when I had to ascend a wide well-kept carriage-road lined on both sides with evergreens; amongst which the cypresses seemed to me to take the place which

Italian poplars occupy in the North of Europe. Gently rising it brought me to “il poggio imperiale”, a Ducal country palace. From this point I strolled about the country in every direction, through cultivated fields, through pretty lanes ascending and descending. From every elevated point I had a pretty view over the many hills, which covered with houses, villages, and churches, encircle the lower lying town. I thought the situation of Florence was prettier than that of any other large city hitherto visited by me. Rome of course is quite out of the question; Naples, its Bay and Mount Vesuvius are grand and magnificent, but where are there to be found the charms which distinguish the [...] Florence? I was back by 12 o'clock when I had to go [320] to the passport office, and remained at home till 3 o'clock, when the Th. stood in my room with the windows open 16 R. = 68 Ft. With the Doctor and Arndt, I dined in “La Luna”, and jointly we visited the church and cloisters of San Lorenzo, which require not the slightest notice. Then, I alone, the bad state of the weather deterring my companions, took a walk to the village of Fiesoli, situated on the top of a hill about a German mile distant from la Porta Gallo. The road thither winds up gradually and from every turning as well as from the summit, the prospect must be beautiful when the sky is clear; to day the dark and lowering clouds precluded every distant view. It being Sunday all the peasant women and girls whom I met were in their holiday dress, but I must say that also on week-days I never observed one to whom the epithet of Sloven could be applied. Their dress was not remarkable, being like that of a town lady, only of coarser materials, with the addition of an apron; the extraordinary broad brims of their straw hats, turning up with the slightest gust of wind may be noted as peculiar. I thought I discovered great similarity in their features; a round face, with a good complexion and red cheeks, fine white teeth, a somewhat large nose, and black eyes and hair, the latter invariably parted down the middle. At half past seven my companions and I went to Pergola, the principal theatre of Florence, the entrance to the pit was 3 paoli each. Neither in size, nor in elegance, can this theatre be compared with La Scala in Milan, Carlo Felice in Genoa, or San Carlo in Naples. There are five rows of boxes painted white and gold; in the two upper tiers there are 23 boxes, in the 3 lower ones, 10 on each side of the large Ducal box in front of the stage. The opera given was Giovanna d'Arco, words by Themistocles Solera, music by Giuseppe Verdi. The former has in great measure followed Schiller's drama. “The maid of Orleans” omitting however many personages, and making Jeanne fall in love with King Charles, which as everybody knows is opposed to History and not in accordance with Schiller's drama. The music pleased me, it being not quite so noisy, nor redundant with trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, as Verdi's operas generally are. Giovanna was of course the prima donna, her father the bass, and King Charles the tenor.

The ballet, introduced into the middle of the opera, was extremely pretty; the decoration [] magnificent, and [] Fitz James, born in France of English [...] [321] and as light as a feather, was a delightful dancer. We were home by midnight, all very well satisfied with this night's entertainment.

Monday, 28th of April 1845. With my German travelling companions I visited a chapel belonging to the church San Lorenzo, which goes by the name of that of Michael Angelo, for it was under his direction during the pontificate of Leo X, that the building was commenced. It contains various statues, four of which were sculptured by Michael Angelo himself. They represent Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, and not being finished, only the great name of the sculptor makes them worthy of the attention of the curious. Thence we walked to the Museum of Natural History close to the Pitti palace. In it are to be seen, as in all museums of the same description, extensive collections scientifically arranged, of minerals, shells, corals, beetles, butterflies, snakes, fishes, stuffed birds, and quadrupeds, skeletons of the latter etc. But what distinguished this museum from all others I had hitherto seen, was a most perfect collection of wax models of all parts of the human body, male and female. Those of the organs of generation were placed in apartments by themselves, and a great number of them shewed the different stages of pregnancy, the development of the human embryo, and the various positions assumed by the foetus in the womb. As we had the Doctor with us and he was kind enough to explain these models to me detailedly and carefully, my visit to these anatomical rooms, was equally interesting and instructive. I also visited the gallery of pictures in the Pitti palace, for the last time, and I have made the following choice selection from my gleanings on that occasion: Raphael's Madonna del Baldacchino (a Canopy) belongs to that period of his life when his artistic powers were not yet fully developed. I learnt by-the-by, from the Doctor, that the Sixtine Madonna in Dresden, is considered to be his "chef-d'oeuvre", and that in his Transfiguration many connoisseurs discover symptoms of a falling off. The Virgin sits in an arm-chair under a canopy, with an angel hovering in the air on each side, and at her feet two cherubs are studying a scroll of music. The child Jesus lies naked in his mother's lap. He turns his looks towards two saints; the one St. Peter with the keys, the other in a monkish dress, who stand in [...] around, to the right of the chair, the left is occupied by two other [322] saints; one of whom wears a Bishop's mitre. In "Mars" apartment: By Rubens. He himself, his brother, Justus Lipsius and Hugo Grotius seated round a table covered with books. In "Joves": A Holy family by Rubens; here for once the nature of the [] obliged him to keep within bounds, and to put a curb on the exuberance of his pruricute imagination, but after all, to produce anything approaching to the masterpieces of the Italian painters was out of his power.

This at least was the opinion perhaps an erroneous one formed by me. The two children Jesus in the cradle, caressing St. John, standing near look nothing better than peasant boys, nor has the countenance of the Virgin anything to distinguish her from any mortal woman. She, with St. Joseph and St. Anne, one on each side, contemplates the children with pleasure. In the apartment "Prometheus": St. Peter lying in prison; an angel surrounded by a heavenly light appears to him; outside the grating are two guards asleep. In the saloon called "Della educazione di Giove": By Raphael. The Madonna del Gran Duca, which is but seldom shown to strangers as the Grand Duke keeps it generally in his own apartments. It is a simple composition; her countenance is that of a modest virgin; she carries the child on her left arm. It being now three o'clock a gen d'arme requested the visitors to withdraw. I must not omit to say that the floors in all the apartments are of coloured marbles and that in many, tables are placed whose tops are slabs of a hard black stone of great value, called "pietra dura". They are inlaid with beautiful Florentine mosaics and precious stones. After dinner I ascended "il Campanile" by a staircase of 409 steps. The summit is guarded by a high stone balustrade. Florence, the valley and the environs lay before me, alas! under the canopy of a murky sky. How different would they have appeared shone upon by a clear sun. At a later hour I called upon Bazoldo, then upon Corradi whom I did not find at home, and finally upon the Du Fresnes. At first, when alone with Mr. Du Fresne, I had to speak French; then when the lady joined us the conversation was carried on in German, and finally when another gentleman entered, again in French. I, a great traveller, from foreign parts had to speak a [...] and though I managed my French pretty fair [...] [323] could not but observe that now and then I was at a loss for the proper expression.

Tuesday, 29th of April 1845. At 7 a.m. the thermometer outside my window stood at 13 R = 61 Ft. I saw by Galignani's messenger which I read in the Caffé Helvetico, that the Maynooth grant had passed the House of Commons, by 323 to 176. Having waited in vain for my companions I went once more to Gli Uffizi. The statue of Hermaphrodite is of excellent workmanship. She or he is stretched out on a couch with a woman's bosom and the other attributes of manhood. Two rooms are filled with portraits of renowned painters of all nations, for the greater part done by themselves. Two other rooms are dedicated to works in bronze; the one containing casts of well-known statues, the other many articles used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, similar to the collection in Naples, to which however it cannot be compared either in variety or extent. Most remarkable is a monster lion, from his back rises the neck of a goat with its head, beard and horns, whilst the tail ends in the head of a snake, which turned backward, seizes one of the horns in its mouth. After leaving Gli Uffizi

I visited the Church della Croce, which now for the first time I found open, and remaining here a considerable while, took pretty exact notes of the various sepulchral monuments erected in it. One of the handsomest is a modern one by Bartolini. Upon a sarcophagus, upon the sides of which are sculptured in bas-relief the arms of various families, lies a lady extended on her couch, her body partly propped up by a pillow. Over her head hangs a veil. Her features are so expressive that I could no doubt for a moment of their resemblance to the original. A counterpane is thrown over her; upon her bosom lies a crucifix and her hands are folded. It is almost superfluous to add that all this is wrought in white marble. The inscription gives the following name "Zofia Czartoriskich Habina Ordynatowa Zamoyska". In another chapel is a monument with a female bust and the words "Née à Paris XXXI Oct MDCCCII. Ici repose Charlotte Napoleon Bonaparte, digne de son nom MDCCCXXXIX". She was [...] daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and being a Napoleonite, [...] [324] of this cloister for a long time refused to admit her corpse within their holy precincts. Their scruples were, however, overcome by the promise which the family made them of six large candle st [...] d a crucifix of massive gold. Those which in 1845 stood upon the altar where of silver-gilt. Joseph, the eldest brother of the Bonapartes, and ex-king of Spain, died in Florence shortly before my visit. Napoleon as everybody knows died at St. Helena on May 5th 1821. Of Lucien, Prince of Canino, I can't speak with any degree of certainty. Luis and Jerome, respectively ex-kings of Holland and Westphalia resided in 1845 at Florence; the former completely paralytic, the latter an extravagant old man full of debts. I again saw him in 1852 when he was "Gouverneur des Invalides" in Paris. Whilst I dictate the present lines (Oct. 1870) Louis Napoleon who called himself son of Louis, King of Holland (for there is no doubt of his being the son of the gay Hortense, Luis' queen, daughter of Joseph [...] and consequently step-daughter of Napoleon I), and who, for 19 years, ruled France as Napoleon III, is a prisoner in the hands of King William 1st of Prussia. "Sic transit gloria mundi". In a corner of the same chapel is a small monument with the words: "Maria Teresa Albertina nata XII Marzo da Carlo e Zenaide Bonaparte principi Romani, mori I Giugno MDCCCXXXII. Beato chi reposa sul primer passo della vita". In another chapel are the monumets of various Poles and of a certain Eloisa belonging to the family of the Prince Holberg. Round the walls are ranged those of many renowned Tuscans, such as that of Machiavelli. Tanto nomini nullum par elogium (to such a name no eulogy can do justice) Nicolaus Machiavelli. [Obrii.] An. A.P.V: 1527. Of Alfieri; Victorio Alfiero Astensi Aloisa e principibus Stolbergis Albanice comitessa M.P.C. An. MDCCCX. Of dante "Onorato e altissimo poetae Dante Alghiero Tusci honorarium tumulum, ci maiovibus ter frustra decretum Anno 1829 feliciter excitarunt"; anglicé: "The

Tuscans happily erected in 1829 the monumet in honour of the revered and most renowned poet Dante Alghieri, three times vainly decreed by their forefathers." Of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who lived 88 years [...] mos., 15 days. The monument was erected by Cosme Medici in 1737. Of Galileo Galilei who died in 1641 at 78. He was born two days before Michael Angelo's death, and Newton was born the same day that Galilei died. At Fienzi's I took some money for my travelling expenses, bade good bye to Bazoldo, and [325] paid my farewell visit to Corradi whom I found at his usual morning occupation of landscape painting. Having still a few moments to spare I once more went to Gli [Uffizii] and admired there for the last time, the many masterpieces in painting and sculpture collected in the "Tribune", of immense value in a small space. In the room "del Ba[rr]ochio" I noticed a queer composition which had hitherto escaped my attention, by Annibale Caracci da Bologna (1560-1609). A vulgar fellow in a yellow dress, with an enormous mouth, has a monkey in his arms, who with one paw on the man's breast, searches with the other for vermin in his master's hair, and [...] the point of conveying his prey to his mouth. The monkey's earnest and serious look contrasts finely with the clown's grin. For the last time I dined with Dr. Dyrnsen in the "Luna" paid my bill in the "tre Mori", took a cup of coffee, and at 6 was at the coach office whence we started half an hour afterwards. I left Florence with regret. It was a town which had pleased me well, much better than sombre Rome, and I do not wonder that so many people from the north, particularly English are in the habit of taking up their residence here. The Doctor and Arndt passed by; I had just time to nod to them. We drove out of the Porta Gallo, at first on the same road as to Fiezoli; then leaving this village to the left, the road gradually ascended. The country around as well as the prospect in the distance I much enjoyed till darkness set in when I soon fell asleep. My fellow passengers in the body of the coach were, two elderly French ladies in mourning, neither particularly agreeable, and a Swiss, a great traveller; in the coupé sat an infirm old French gentleman, father of one of the ladies, and a Tuscan postmaster.

Wednesday, 30th of April 1845. Though my seat was very inconvenient, being so narrow that I could hardly lean backwards, I slept fairly till about 4 o'clock, when, having passed the pontifical frontier, we arrived at "la Casa" (pronounced "caha") when our luggage was slightly searched. The postmaster and myself walked ahead for some distance; the road, continually ascending as it had done since leaving Florence. Scarico l'asino is the highest point of the Apennines on this route. We were at a considerable elevation [...] the level of the sea and vegetation was consequently [...] [326] Hardly a single tree had begun to put forth its leaves, whilst below both on the Florence and Bologna side bushes and trees with few exceptions were clad in the fresh green of the

young spring. We descended rapidly through a hilly country and, before we were aware, reached the gate of Bologna. At half past ten we stopped at the post office, and after some haggling with the "facchino" to whom I had to pay 1 1/2 paoli for the portorage of my luggage, I went to the "Hotel Suisse" where I obtained a miserable room for 3 paoli daily. Old Rösseling was my next door neighbour. At 1/2 past 12, I started for the stroll. Bologna, which is walled round, by far surpassed my expectations. According to Förster, it numbered in [...] 70,000 inhabitants. About the centre of the town stand two square towers, the one much higher than the other; both lean over; the higher one in a hardly perceptible manner, the lower one considerably. The streets are, upon the whole, badly paved, with small stones, very different from the excellent pavement of Genoa, Florence, and Naples. On the other hand many have the advantage of being provided with porticoes, a protection against the sun in the summer, and against rain and snow in the winter. In the middle of the principal square, or "piazza Maggiore" stands the Cathedral dedicated to San Petronius the patron of Bologna. One can see at a glance that it is not finished. Förster says that it was commenced in the year 659 and that since then nothing has been done to it. According to the original place it was to have measured 608 feet in length, now it measures but 330; the transept being wanting it has not even the form of a cross, and the façade almost without any ornament is of this shape. The interior arches are pointed and the windows prettily

stained. La Academia delle Belli Arti, or la Pinnacoteca of Bologna enjoys a great reputation. I of course had to go thither and a gentleman whom

I accosted in the street had the politeness to accompany me to its very door. The concierge lent me a catalogue, but as I did not know where to look for the masterpieces I had seen nothing of great value, when at 3 o'clock the doors were closed. At 4 I dined at the table d'hôte in the hotel (cost 5 paoli): it was good but lasted too long. My neighbours were on one side old Rösseling, on the other, an agreeable [...] I conversed a good deal. [...] [327] saw a procession parade the streets, very like those, of which I had seen but too many in Lima. Perhaps there were still more friars of various orders, each order headed by its respective cross, and I rather wondered that here in a papal town, the lookers-on did not always take off their hats. The females of the lower classes appeared to me more bronzed than any other Italian women I had hitherto seen; their features were not handsome, but they looked robust and healthy. An embroidered cotton shawl, thrown over the head and shoulders was worn by all. Though by this time it was getting dark, Rösseling thought we might still walk to the cemetery (Campo Santo) a short distance out of town, of which

I had heard many people speak in the highest terms. I expected to find the cemetery like that of Naples, or perhaps like that of Père la Chaise in Paris, with graves, monuments, trees, and walks, but here it was quite different. The entire area is enclosed by a wall, within the precincts of which are a rotunda, several large apartments, and six extensive cloisters, which communicate with each other. The vaults below the corridors, are divided into compartments, and in them the dead are deposited. The outer wall contains a number of niches occupied by sepulchral monuments, statues, and paintings, in memory of such as have found their last resting place beneath. The subterranean compartments marked D. are respectively of the same width as each of the arches, which resting on the lower wall form the inner inclosure, and upon this lower wall are inscribed the names, and other details of the dwellers below. The rotunda above mentioned is destined for illustrious dead, whose busts are ranged around its interior; a new one was about being built, the present one not being considered sufficiently large.

A. solid outer wall.

B. Inner arches resting upon a low wall x – x which open to the yard.

C.c. Niches in the outer wall.

D.d. Vaults corresponding to the arches.

E.e. Vaults corresponding to the niches.

[...] people whose friends cannot [...] to [...] [328] in the corridors, have three large open pieces of ground allotted to them, one for men, one for women (a strange idea to separate the sexes in death) and a third for children. The cemetery was commenced about 40 years back when Napoleon ruled over Italy since which time up to 18[...] one hundred and thirty thousand persons are said to have been buried in it. Of monuments there are about 400, and by a late order of the Papal government, only marble monuments or statues were to be [...] to be erected in future; imitations in plaster or gypsum, as well as paintings being strictly prohibited. Whilst Rösseling and I walked home quite in the dark it lightened continually, and after a glass of lemonade in the open air sitting in front of the caffè del Comercio, opposite our hotel, we went to our lodgings and I to bed.

Thursday, 1st of May 1845. Rösseling left this morning for Milan via Modena, and I, the weather being beautiful, though almost too warm, set out for a long walk, after having taken my cup of coffee in the Caffé del Comercio. I left the town by one of its gates, name unknown to me. Everything around me wore the green livery of the season; even the oak trees had their leaves, and the vines had begun to sprout. At a distance I observed upon the top of a hill, a church,

which I knew to be that of la Madonna di Luca, and thither I made my way in a straight line, through thick and thin, down hill and up-hill, climbing fences and jumping over ditches, till at last by 1/2 past 12 I found myself not in front of the church itself but near a long covered way, built of bricks, and in many places out of repair, which three Italian miles long, leads up to the church. Its walls were scratched and pencilled over notwithstanding the following appeal to the passers-by. "Lascia O passagiere di scrivere o in altro modo imbruttare queste colonne e queste mura se sprezza le bandi, se non temi le pene in essi minacciat[e] paventa al meno per il dispiacere che porti á Maria S.ma di cui sono questi archi e queste mura." From the summit, to the very verge of the horizon, east and north, my eye took in an extensive well cultivated plain, while to the south and west the prospect is confined by a ridge of hills which in this direction enclose the town of Bolo[]na []rettil [...] t[]ate[] at th [...] eet. I []tered the Chur [...] [329] a human being was visible. The image of the Blessed Virgin, said to be painted by St. Luke the Evangelist, and brought to Bologna from Constantinople in the year 1160 was also absent on a visit to town. The interior pleased me well. Herewith I give a sketch:

I had now to descend the long covered way till near the town, where it branches off to the Campo Santo and the adjoining church "La Certosa". I was back in the hotel by 3 o'clock. The table d'hôte at which the landlady presided was much better filled than on the previous day. I accosted a gentleman who sat next me in French. After having exchanged a few words, we discovered that German was the native tongue of both,

he being a gentleman from the neighbourhood of *Havelberg*. His wife sat next to him and he told me that he was travelling for pleasure with his family and servants, ten in number in his own carriage. After dinner I took a walk with the Baron Scorpione and the violin player, my fellow-travellers from Rome to Florence who had just arrived, and had put up at the same hotel. The streets were crowded for the procession which accompanied the image back to the church "la Madonna di Luca" had just passed by. In the Caffé del Comercio where I took my coffee with Scorpione I was joined by the Havelberg gentleman, a very agreeable man. At 1/2 past 8 I went to the theatre "del Corso". On enquiring the way I happened to light on an old Italian officer, with a ribbon in his button hole, who immediately gave me a long account of how he had been made prisoner at Smolensk during Napoleon's Russian Campaign. The entrance to the pit cost no more than 15 bajocchi, about 9d English. The principal theatre

of Bologne called “Del Comune” which was shut at the time. “Del Corso” is rather small. There are five tiers of boxes, 25 in the three upper ones, and twelve in the two lower, on each side of a large box in front of the stage, which as the Pope can’t go to the play must I suppose be intended for the town authorities. The opera given was “I Falsi Monetieri” partly comic. The words by Giacobbo Ferreti, music by Lauro Rossi. The prima donna, though neither young nor beautiful, had fine arms and hands which she knew how to use to great advantage, particularly in the scene where the old fool Don Eustachio [...] [miserr] [...] makes love to he[...] The [...] ballet and I was [...] [330]

Friday, 2nd of May 1845. I always rose early, wrote my diary till breakfast time and sometimes was similarly occupied in the evening. The forenoon of this day I spent in the Pinnacoteca, which contains a highly valuable collection of paintings, amongst which connoisseurs give the first place to the well known painting of St. Cecilia by Raphael. She [...] presented between four saints, enraptured with the music from the cele [...] es, to which she listens. I myself give a decided preference to the Massacre of the Innocents by Guido Reni, who has shewn in this instance that he could produce something better than his repeated pictures of the Madonna with a tear in her eyes turned heavenwards. In this painting we see several soldiers employed in their bloody work. The expressions of the mothers, who protect and defend their children is varied, and each has its particular beauty. In the corner to the right one of them has wrapped her child in a cloak, and though frightened she is still in hope of being able to accomplish her escape; in the foreground another kneeling near her slain babe, bears the impress of despair; she is praying. A third endeavours to ward off the blow which is to pierce her child, who clings to the soldier’s left arm; a fourth, likewise kneeling, has thrown her child over her shoulders, and a fifth is hurrying away, but a soldier, a sword in his right hand, seizes her by the hair and cloak with the left and pulls her back. By the same Guido there is Sampson victorious over the Philistines; he is a powerful, man, naked with the exception of a brown flowing garment round his loins. The slain lie about him; he places his foot on one of them and rests his right hand upon his hip, whilst in the left raises the ass’s jaw bone out of which miraculously some water spirts into his mouth. By the same, Christ stretched out of dead upon the tomb, with angels on both sides. Behind him stands the Virgin in deep sorrow. Below are five saints the protectors of Bologna, one of whom is St. Francis of Assisi, and further down, the town of Bologna, easily to be recognized by the two leaning towers, and finally four little cherubs in the foreground. Further by Guido, Christ crucified, with Mary Magdalen embracing the foot of the cross, the Virgin on the one, St. John the Evangelist on the other side. By [Ludovico] Caracci the Transfiguration [...] [331] which pleased me much; Christ is

ascending to Heaven between Moses and Elijah; the apostles Peter, John, and James stand upon a rock; two of them are dazzled by the vision, whilst the third with enraptured features turns his lo [...] towards it. By Francesco Albano, who here seems to have forgotten his predilection to portray exclusively naked angels and females, the Virgin [...] lous with the child in her arms, a cherub on each side of her. At [...] feet, St. John the Baptist, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Mathew the Evangelist, accompanied by his faithful angel. By Domenichini, the Martyrdom of Saint Agnes; one of the executioners seizes her hair with the left hand, whilst with the right he stabs her in the throat; the blood trickles from the wound. In the right corner of the picture are a number of men who witness the scene without emotion; the women to the left exhibit manifest fear. Two guards are stretched dead at the feet of the saint. In the background at a distance a gallery filled with people is visible, and in the Heavens, the Father, son, and Holy Ghost with a choir of angels. By Agustin Caracci. The communion of St. Jerome. Of this renowned painting I have a sketch in my possession; here I will only add that the face of the Saint is splendidly done. He is emaciated, his countenance pale, his cheeks sunk, his long beard white, a red garment is thrown over his loins, and his looks are turned to the friar who presents the host to him. In my original diary many more paintings are noted, but I think the foregoing will suffice to give some idea of the excellence of this collection. It was about one o'clock when I left the Pinnacoteca and for some time I strolled about the town; now, in the middle of the day the temperature was very warm. I entered four churches. St. Giovanni maggiore, San Giovanni in monte, San Pietro and San Domenico, in none of which I found anything worthy of particular attention. The last no doubt is the richest in ornament; the saint is interred in the same, having lived and died (1221) in the adjoining convent. In front of the church are two sepulchral monuments dating from the 13th Century; also two columns, upon one is a statue of the Virgin, upon the other that of the Saint. Four o'clock was again the dinner hour; this day I had a Frenchman for a neighbour. We conversed a little, but I found him much less agreeable than the [...]hman or German of the two previous days. At a later hour I [332] climbed up the wooden staircase, the only object which occupies the interior of the high square tower; it consists of 425 steps. From the top the view was about the same as that on the previous day from the church [...] Luca, except that I had now the red-roofed houses of Bologna [...] feet, and at a short distance the hill where I stood yesterday. I passed the evening in my room, reading and writing. The day had been sultry. At 1/2 past 10 the thermometer in my room, with the windows open, stood at [?] Ft.

Saturday, 3rd of May 1845. I was called at 1/2 past 4. At half past five I was ready. The "Vetturino" whom I had engaged on the previous day to take me

to Ferrara for one Roman scudo, or Spanish dollar, was at the door and off we drove, but as we had to take up passengers in various parts of the town, it was fully half past six, when we left Bologna by the Porta Galliero, close to which is the public promenade "La Montagnuola". I had taken my seat in the Cabriolet which turned out to be very inconvenient, for not only was it very narrow, but also higher behind than before so that I was continually slipping down. Still as I had not enjoyed much rest the previous night, and my companion, a man seemingly of the lower class shewed no inclination to enter into conversation I slept a good deal, though not so much as to prevent me from forming an idea of the character of the country through which the road led; it was an extensive well-cultivated plain. The corn, I believe wheat, stood about a foot high; in every direction the landscape was intersected by rows of trees and the high road was sometimes lined with them; but now there were no more vines or olive trees, neither cypresses, nor the Italian pine; the northern trees had taken their places, such as poplars, ashtrees, alders, willows, and oaks, all giving evidence that Spring had fairly set in. We did not pass through a single village, but along the road side stood, now and then, a substantial and comfortable looking farm house. At 10 we stopped at a public-house "L'Albergo del Fenice" and at 3 p.m. we reached Ferrara where the Vetturino having disposed of his other passengers, put me down at "i tre mori", a hotel much more respectable than its namesake in Bologna; I paid for my room 3 paoli daily. Ferrara numbered in 1845, 23,000 inhabitants but the a[_] which it [...] much greater population [...] [333] Within its walls, which are sadly out of repair, as well as a dry ditch which surrounds them, I noted fields and meadows without a single house. The gates have high sounding names such as "la porta Reno", "la porta Mare", "la porta Po" etc., and from these wide streets or "corsos" of the same names traverse the town, but when I walked them up and down, I was struck with the astonishing want of activity. I saw a few foot passengers and hardly a single carriage. In the streets some houses are small, and have a poor appearance, not so in that called Giovecca which was in every respect handsome. A little more life than I had hitherto noticed prevailed in the "piazza della pace" and "la piazza di comerzio" about the centre of the town, where stand the Cathedral and the Cardinal's residence, which, once a castle, is surrounded by flowing water. Ferrara, like Bologna, belonged in 1845 to the Papal legations, and the garrison consisted of Swiss in the pay of His Holiness. Upon the wall, however, I saw some Austrians jägers or sharpshooters in a grey uniform with green facing, firing at a target, and I learned that since the peace of 1815, in several of the Popes fortresses, Austrian troops were quartered. At 1/2 past 7 I went to the play, entrance to the pit 3 paoli. The interior of the theatre was similar to that of "del Corso" in Bologna. The great singer La Frezzolini, and her husband

Poggi, whom I had heard in Naples several months back sang in Verdi's opera "I Lombardi alla prima Crociata", and they were received with frenetic applause by the not over crowded audience. She was called before the curtain more than twenty times, and garlands and nosegays were showered upon her from all parts of the house. Also in the ballet a few flowers fell to the share of the first female dancer. I couldn't help making a comparison between my native place and Ferrara; the former has a larger population than the latter, but is unable to support a good drama, still less a good opera; but on the other hand you wouldn't find the post office there closed at four o'clock in the afternoon, and be told that it wouldn't be opened till the morrow as happened to me in Ferrara. I was so well pleased with the opera and the ballet that notwithstanding my great sleepiness I managed to hold out till past midnight. It was again a warm day. About 6 p.m. the thermometer marked 18 R. = 73 Ft.

Sunday, 4th of May 1845. [...] [334] tumbler, not a cup of indifferent coffee, I went to the post-office, now open where I procured a seat in the coach for Padua, cost 16 paoli. Its departure being fixed for one o'clock, I had several hours at my disposal which I employed in taking another walk over the town, when I was confirmed in the opinion formed on the previous day. Ferrara, was formerly the seat of science and arts, under the patronage of the illustrious house of the Dukes d'Este, who flourished in the 15th and 16th centuries. Its population then rose to 80,000 souls. It had in 1845, under the Papal rule declined to the very lowest ebb. Some of the palaces were even dilapidated, and the streets were deserted; in 1855 when I was here again grass actually grew in them. In 1860 it was united like Modena, Bologna, Parma etc. to the Kingdom of Italy, since when it has again risen in importance. The façade of the Cathedral has a strange appearance, consisting of three separate gables, of the same height, the three upper stories of which are ornamented with colonnades with pointed arches. Also the porch at the principal entrance is pointed and upon the balcony or "loggia" stands a statue, that of the Virgin I suppose. The interior is like that of most other churches; it has the nave and aisles, the transept, and high and lateral altars. At the other extremity, opposite the entrance, not separated from the main building is a square tower, including the ground floor four stories high, each of which is adorned with its respective row of columns. Förster, in his guide book, makes particular mention of the Villa Ercole, called the "diamond house"; I however saw nothing extraordinary in it. It has obtained this name from the diamond shape into which the stones, which form the walls, are cut. Ariosto, born at Reggio lived for many years at the court of the Dukes d' Este, and died in 1533. In a public walk, "la piazza Ariosto", a statue which stands upon the top of a column, is erected to his memory, with the following few words "À Ludivico Ariosto La Patria". Whilst

I took my lunch in the hotel, a gentleman accosted me, who recollected having seen me at Mr. Scholls in Naples. He was Mr. Henry Becker, a Saxon, on his way to Venice where he intended to establish himself as a merchant. At 2 o'clock this Mr. Becker, two Italians and myself, left the post-office in a small vehicle. When outside the town, the country was similar to that through which [...] [335] Four Italian miles distant from Ferrara we reached the Po, which in 1845 formed the boundary between the Austrian and the Papal dominions. On the right, or southern side lies a small pl[...] Ponto Lagoscuro, on the opposite that of Santa Maria Magdalena. We crossed the river over a flying bridge, and our luggage being slightly examined on the Austrian side, continued our journey in an omnibus. As far as Polisella we drove along the Po's northern bank in an easterly direction, passing decent-looking farm-houses white washed and red roofed. In Polisella the streets were filled with people, a procession having just passed. The females whom we saw were without exception robust and of dark complexion; they were as those of Bologna a white shawl over the head which became them well. The road now turned off at a right angle; it is lined with poplars and runs due north to Rovigo, a place of some importance, seven Italian miles distant, where we arrived at about 8 p.m. Mr. Becker and I took up our quarters in an hotel, supped not over well, and by 10 o'clock I was in bed.

Monday, 5th of May 1845. At 5 o'clock an omnibus was at the door in which eleven travellers had taken their seats; I made up the dozen, but the horses had not yet come, and we had to wait for them for more than a quarter of an hour, which gave rise to loud though fruitless complaints, an Italian woman making herself remarkable by sneering like a trooper in French. At a short distance from Rovigo we passed the Adige. The country continued as heretofore level, well cultivated and rich in trees; the slender tendrils of the vine grew, with their young leaves stretching in graceful wreaths, from the one to the other. The reader of modern history will probably recollect that it was from behind such a leafy screen, denser because the season had further advanced, that in the battle of Marengo (June 14th 1800) a small body of French cavalry under the command of Genrl. Kellerman, suddenly sallied forth and by their unexpected attack upon the Austrian infantry, converted the victory, the news of which had already been sent by courier to Vienna into a disastrous defeat. At a small village Mouselico, where horses and carriage were changed, commences a canal which connects [...] with a small river [...] [336] falls into the Adriatic to the south of Venice, this canal lay to our left. To the westward of the same the ground gradually rises into a ridge of low mountains, on the summits of which several country-houses were built; among them, were pointed out to me those of the Countess Wimpfen and the Duke of Medina. We reached Padua a walled town with a population of 45,000 at half past 9. Nearly all my fellow travellers

hastened to the railway terminus; I, intent upon seeing the curiosities of the place, alighted at the hotel "la croce d'oro", and without loss of time engaged a valet de place. He conducted me first to "Il Palazzo della Ragione", in which is to be seen in the first story, a saloon, which, according to Förster, was at the time the largest in Europe. It may be so, but certainly it is not the handsomest, for it is without any pretension to architectural beauty. The floor is of stone; the walls are covered with badly preserved fresco-paintings; and the ceiling shew the bare rafters. It was built in 1209; measures in length 256 feet, in breadth 86 and in height 75. In the same are placed, two Egyptian statues presented to the town by Belzoni, a native of Padua, a statue of Livy, likewise born here, and a granite stone called "Lapis Vituperii", upon which down the last century, insolvent debtors had to take their seat, and proclaim their own insolvency. On one side of the palace is a large market place for the sale of the provisions "La piazza delle erbe", and on the other "La piazza de fruta", where all descriptions of grain are sold. The palace "Trento-pappa Fava", whither I next went contains a most remarkable group sculptured by Agostino Fa[?]lato. It is of one block of marble, and represents the expulsion from Paradise, of 65 fallen angels (each graced with a tail) by the Archangel Michael, the figures in every imaginable attitude are each about a foot high. The plaster casts of known statues in the same palace are not of great value. I visited three churches, the Cathedral, that of St. Anthony, the patron saint of Padua, and that of "Sta. Giustina", which last is a very elegant structure. In the cathedral the most notable objects are two monuments, Petrarch's and a philosopher's, Sperone Speroni. San Antonio di Padua is a very renowned saint in the Roman Kalender. Outside the church stands in an open space, the equestrian statue of a Venetian General Gatta Metata, by Donatello. On entering, close to the first pillar [...] [337] the holy water, is a small statue of Christ by Titian Aspetti. The aisles are divided from the nave by four columns and two pillars, which sustain five arches. In the aisle to the left is the chapel of the saint; the bas-reliefs around it represent scenes from his life; the altar is one of the valuable green marble called "verde antico", and its sides are covered with votive tablets, shewing the miracles performed through his intercession. In the paintings you always see the Virgin in the clouds with the saint at her feet. In the aisle to the right opposite St. Anthonys chapel, is that of San Felice. Behind the high altar a small space is railed off, and within its precincts two invaluable relics are preserved, the chin and the tongue of the saint. The largest open space in Padua is called "Il prato della Valle", it is an island, so to speak, being surrounded by running water, probably the small river Bachigl, spanned by many bridges. The island itself is laid out in pretty walks, which are ornamented with the statues of men, who have benefited the town, whether natives or foreigners. The university is a plain

quadrangular building; the corridors of its inner yard was filled with students, of whom, in 1845, there were 1[]00. With very few exceptions they affected no peculiarity in dress, and thus did not make themselves so ridiculous as the German students are in the habit of doing. My "valet de place" now told me that I had seen the lions of Padua, and as it rained incessantly I entered the café of Petrocci, one of the largest and most sumptuous establishments of the kind I had seen. I partook of a cup of chocolate and read the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which I saw that in Hamburg, the question, whether this Hanseatic town should join the Prussian Zollverien or not, was discussed in the senate and by the citizens in general. Having dined at 2 o'clock in my hotel I whiled away the time by perambulating the town, and was glad that some of the streets were provided with porticoes, for the rain did not cease to fall. Having returned to my hotel I met by chance the Italian woman, who in the omnibus, had distinguished herself by her energetic language; now she was quite mild and sweet, and gave one clearly to understand that she was no niggard of her favours, if anybody, for her youth, and her beauty if ever she had any, had long passed by, were willing to accept of them. An omnibus conveyed me to the railway station, and I took my seat, second class. [...] [338] introduced from the United States, and was then new to me. It was not divided into compartments like those I had seen in England, and the North of Germany. A narrow passage ran from one end to the other, and on both sides were seats, each for two persons; the whole might perhaps hold from 60 to 80. We steamed along through an extremely level plain, and stopped at Ponte della Brenta Dolo, Muranno and Mestre. Water was very plentiful on both sides of the road, and having passed Mestre, it increased to such a degree, as to form numerous islets. We arrived at the railway terminus, close to the lagoon (the name given to that shallow branch of the Adriatic which divides the many islands on which Venice is built from the main) where gondolas belonging to the Railway Company were waiting for the passengers. These gondolas are long narrow boats, drawing but little water. In the middle are some seats, covered over, and according to their size, they are rowed by one, two, or three men, standing, the "gondoliers" of whom everybody has heard. Twelve or fourteen persons besides myself found room in the gondola in which I took my seat, the luggage being sent on in a separate one. At the time the Austrian Government was constructing a bridge for the railway over the lagoon from the mainland to Venice, which when completed would measure three Italian miles. Of how many arches it was to consist I did not learn. They were but slightly curved and, as well as the upper part of the pillars upon which they rested, were built of brick; whilst the lower part, up to the water line, consisted of huge blocks of hewn stone, brought from Istria. Soon Venice came in sight, with its many high steeples

similar to that of "Il Carmene" in Naples. A pretty long row brought us to the custom house, where our luggage had already arrived, and mine, without being opened, was delivered to me, on my presenting my railway-ticket. A "facchino" carried it for 5 kreutzers (20 kreutzers being equal to about 8d) to an "omnibus" by which was meant a large gondola, such as had brought us from the mainland. We were rowed through the grand canal, which, making two large curves, divides the town into two pretty equal parts. Though it was already getting dark I was able to form some idea of the manner in which Venice is built. The canal is lined on both sides with houses and palaces only interrupted by [...] Their façades are turned [...] [339] whilst their back windows look over a narrow lane or passage, which on the other side is hemmed in by other buildings less extensive than those of the banks of the grand canal. Its waters stood on a level with the doors of the houses, and with the foot of the stone or marble steps which lead to the gates of the palaces, and there I frequently noted a gondola fastened with an iron chain. The conversation of my fellow passengers taught me the existence of these narrow lanes. On the following day I myself trod them and was thus quickly convinced of my error, shared by me I believe with thousands who have not visited Venice, namely that in this town the canals answer the purpose of streets and that gondolas are the only means of communication. This is not so: gondolas are here what coaches and horses are in other towns for the wealthier classes; persons of the middle and lower ranks of life, walk on foot, as is done everywhere else. They know where the numerous small bridges cross the equally numerous canals, and where they connect the hundreds of islands upon which Venice is built, whilst a stranger not acquainted with the topography of the place searches for them in vain. I may however mention here that when in 1855 I again visited Venice, accompanied by my wife and granddaughters, we by repeated experience, found our way on terra firma from our hotel on the grand canal to the square of St. Mark. This canal is spanned by only one bridge the "Rialto", and those who wish to avoid a long detour employ gondolas which are continually passing from one side to the other. The "omnibus" stopped at the foot of the flight of steps, which from the lagoon lead to the piazzetta, or small square. Here my fellow travellers stepped on shore leaving only the owner and myself on board; a few strokes of the oar brought me to the "Hotel La Luna", close to the water's edge, where I obtained a comfortable room for two swanzigers (about 18d) daily. As soon as I had installed myself I started to have a look at the famous place of San Mark, which, oblong in shape, joins the piazzetta at a right angle. Both the one and the other were lighted up with gaz. The porticoes on both sides of "La piazza di San Marco" were crowded with people notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, and presented a splendid appearance. The portico to the South was occupied by cafés and some notaries' offices, that

opposite by jeweller's shops, by a few with manufactured goods, and one or two brokers and insurance offices [...] which latter I noted the Austrian [...] [340] institution formed on the same principle as the London Lloyds. Of the two narrow sides of the oblong the one, as already said, joins the Piazzetta. There stood the Cathedral of St. Mark; the other end as under repair. I was home by 1/2 past 10 and asleep as soon as I had laid my head on the pillow. This day I had become acquainted with many new objects and was really fatigued.

Tuesday, 6th of May 1845. I was up by 1/2 past 6; my original diary says "as late as", which proves, that at the time I was a very early riser. Except the occasional ringing of a church bell a complete, I may say, a dead silence prevailed. There was no rolling of carriages, no trotting of horses; even the most familiar sound, such as the crowing of a cock (heard in the smallest village) was wanting, I was reminded of the words of Mrs. Du Fresne "You will find that there is something 'uncanny' (unheimlich she called it in German) in the tranquility of Venice", and I thought she was right. I went to take my coffee in the Caffé Florian, the most fashionable in the town. Some English ladies and gentleman were also breakfasting here, and these generally resort to the most respectable places. I then engaged a gondola rowed by two men, to take me to the "Murazzi", for which I paid 6 swanzigers certainly an over charge. The weather being warm but the sun not out, the boatmen removed the awning from over the seats, put up a mast and spread a sail. It was a delightful trip which I much enjoyed; the gondola glided smoothly through the placid water, though only yesterday, the high wind had ruffled the sea to such a degree, that if not actually dangerous, it would, at all events, have been very inconvenient to trust oneself in such a small gondola, as that in which I was now seated. I had hardly left the stairs of the Piazzetta, for here you always embark, when somebody hailed me. It was Arndt in another boat, who with his companion a Pole joined me at my request; we found ourselves upon the lagoon to the east which is surrounded by islands. To our right we left that of Georgio, with a basin or dock, where such merchandise is deposited, as is intended for the mainland, where it has to pay duty, while Venice is a free port like Trieste. Close to Georgio [...] ["Guidecca"] so called bec [...] [341] the first Jews who came to Venice settled here: it was originally known as "La Spina [...]". Our boatmen steered straight through the lagoon, and about 1 o'clock we reached the island of Malamocco, which lies at the eastern extremity in the Adriatic, and here along the eastern shore, to protect both the island and the lagoon against the violent waves of the sea, large blocks of stone have been thrown into it, forming a rough mole, called "I Murazzi". It is not without its dangers for the boatmen told me that during the past winter, four or five vessels had been wrecked upon them and many lives lost. Upon the south part of this island, stands the town of the same name; to the north west it is called "Il Lido". To the south is the principal entrance

from the Adriatic to the port of Venice, but the smaller craft enter the passage to the north of Lido. We passed the Lazaretto Vecchio, another island, where goods and passengers coming from suspected ports are placed in quarantine. A little further on is the island of San Lazzaro where we landed for the purpose of paying a visit to the Armenian convent. Before we landed one of the boatmen asked us, whether we should like to hear him recite some verses from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* (for which he asked as remuneration a "botiglia"). We agreed to it wondering whether a North German peasant or boatman was likely to know by heart, a ballad of Schiller or Goethe, or a British Jacktar stanza from *Childe Harold*. The man's voice was cracked, and the tune monotonous nevertheless we pleased. In the convent, an Armenian monk, with a pale, handsome countenance, and black beard, who spoke Italian perfectly, was our guide. The curiosities to be seen are neither valuable nor numerous. We were shown to two rooms, with Armenian books, a small collection of natural history, a well preserved Egyptian mummy, a handsome bust of the founder and a polyglot prayer book. The Swedish language I found but the Danish was wanting. But the objects unusual and seldom to be met with, were monks who were not lazy. There were twenty-five of them born in Armenia, who were occupied in composing books in their own language and in translating foreign authors. In one apartment they were busy printing and what they produced was neat; some of the books bound by themselves were even adorned with pretty engravings. This convent was founded about 120 years ago. It is well known that their religion is Roman Catholic [...] from the [...] [342] creed in some articles of no great weight. Our guide told us that the number of his country-men spread all over the globe amounted to four millions more or less. We then re-embarked. At a considerable distance [...] before us we discerned some black mountains, close to Vicenza, as we were informed by the boatmen, thence to the N.W. and N. a snowy ridge, the Tyrolese alps. We passed an island San Servolo on which is erected a public lunatic asylum, and were rowed over the very spot "i canali Marani", where, when Venice was a republic such persons as the senate wished to get rid of in a secret manner, were drowned, being sewed up in a sack with heavy stones attached to them; we were lastly landed at the Piazzetta where we separated. The following are the names of the other islands to the E. of Venice: between Il Lido and the town, Santa Helena and La Certosa; between Malamocco and the town, San [...] Paviglia, San Spirito, San Clemente, and La Grazia, and further out too far to be distinguished by me, La Vignole. Upon San Clemente was an establishment for the detention of disorderly monks. Herewith I give a plan of the "Piazza" as well as of the "Piazzetta", by which some idea, I think, may be formed of these two squares.

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A.B.C.D. indicate the extent of the square of St. Mark.

D.I.N.E. La Piazzetta

P. The landing place, whence to the eastward extends La Riva delle Schiavone, a quay, along the lagoon, which is well paved and crosses many canals, running from the sea into the town. A few steps lead up and down from every bridge, which spans the canal narrow as it may be. At the extremity of this quay are the public gardens which owe their origin to the first Napoleon. It is a pretty spot full of fine trees and vegetation; this walk is generally filled with people and during my stay in Venice was one of my favourites promenades.

From B. porticoes run round the two squares, the ground floors of which,
 [] C.D.E. as mentioned on a previous day, are occupied by divers shops and stores. The two upper storeys from B to A (le procurazione vecchie) answer the purpose of private dwellings, whilst those from C to D and D to E (le procurazioni nuove), as well as the one story from A to C form the so-called "Palazzo Reale", where the Vice-roy resided on his occasional visits to Venice. The entrance to it is between A and C. The dots near C represent colonnades or arched passages which lead to another street. Between them are three or four shops, and as already said some old buildings towards the corner A were about being demolished. This part of the piazza was built under

Napoleon's reign, and here the pillars are of marble, whilst in the other porticoes the pillars are of stone. The pavement in both piazzas is of large stones not of marble as Försters hand book says.

F. is the tower with the clock and in its neighbourhood some passages connect the square with other parts of the town; two gigantic figures strike the hours on the bell, after which a few smaller ones make their appearance and, passing before a gilt image of the Virgin, re-enter on the opposite side [_].

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H is the church of St. Mark, in front of which are three high flag staffs upon bronze pedestals.

R is the campanile, or bell tower 333 feet high: "the logetta" at its foot is ornamented with statues in marble and bronze.

M.M. at the landing place indicate two high granite columns brought as trophies from Syria, by the Doge Michiel, and erected in 1380. Upon the top of one stands the winged lion of St. Mark: on the other a statue of St. Theodore one of the patrons of Venice.

I is the palace of the Doges, from which, over a canal, the but too-well-known Ponte dei Sospiri (Bridge of Sighs) leads to the ancient prisons *.

In the appendix will be found views of La Piazzetta (8 and 9), of La Piazza (10) and of la Riva degli Schiavone (11). I dined in my hotel; had the quality corresponded to the quantity it would have been excellent. At 1/2 past 6, I walked to the Theatre San Benedetto, through narrow lanes and over numberless bridges. The theatre is rather small, and its interior presents nothing peculiar. In the pit, the entrance to which cost no more than 1 swanziger, separate seats were destined for, and occupied by Austrian police inspectors. Two Austrian soldiers also stood as sentries in the pit. The singing was but indifferent; towards the end of the opera "I due Foscari" the bass was a little applauded and called before the curtain. When on leaving the theatre the multitude dispersed, by far the greater part, returned on foot to their homes; only for the more opulent their gondolas were in waiting, exactly as coaches do at the doors of playhouses in other large towns. This night the moon was not out; the canals were not lighted up, and through their murky waters, the gondolas, black, as if in mourning with one single lantern attached to them glided noiselessly, stealthily, spectre-like. The black paint of these boats, the black cover over their cabins, owe their origin to a law passed several centuries back, when the profusion in the adornment of the gondolas had risen to such a pitch, that the authorities found it necessary to interfere, and put a stop to this extravagance.

Wednesday, 7th of May 1845. The temperature had altered considerably within the last few days. In Bologna on the 1st and 2nd the [] stood at [] R = 73 Ft. To day here in Venice it [. . .] [345] (8 a.m. in the open air) 13 1/2 R. = 62 Ft. In the café Florian I took my coffee its cost including two loaves was 68 centimes, a trifle less than 6d English. I was joined by Arndt, the Pole, and a young Spaniard Quevedo, who had seen me in Florence, and was an acquaintance of the two others. After long and useless haggling we engaged for the day a valet de place, Nicola Bulgari, a Venetian who spoke German perfectly well, for six swanziger (about 4s/6 Eng.). He first conducted us to the Cathedral of Saint Mark. It has five entrances, the principal, and two smaller ones on each side; before each is a small porch, and above these porches are six niches or recesses, the interiors of which are inlaid with pictures in mosaic. Above the principal entrance stand the four horses in bronze, which are believed to have been originally cast in Rome, whence they were carried to the East; but in 1203, when the Latins jointly with the Venetians took Constantinople, the Doge Marino Zeno who commanded the latter, brought them from the Hippodrome there, to Venice. Here they remained until the occupation of this town by the French; then they had to wander to Paris, but were returned after the peace of 1815. The second story of the façade is formed by 5 arches, which are similar to the five entrances; they recede a little with a balcony in front (See the engraving N^o 12 in the appendix). The roof is divided into 5 cupolas from each of which rises a high cross but to see them it is necessary to place oneself at some distance; it is also adorned by various turrets (aiguillettes). On two sides the church is surrounded by a corridor, whilst to the southward are erected two marble columns, which once formed part of a Christian church in St. Jean d'Acre. On entering St. Marks all four were completely disappointed. It made not the slightest impression on us; it is too complicated; it is so overladen with columns; so full of chapels; there are so many cupolas; and there is so much mosaic work everywhere, that I, for my part was altogether bewildered. So much so that when we left I did not even recollect of how many aisles this church consisted, and had to return, in order to convince myself that it was like the generality, with a nave and two aisles. The floor is covered with mosaic extremely dilapidated, in 2000 designs if our cicerone might be credited. Inside close to the door, a spot is shewn, where, according to Italian histories, the emperor [] Barbarossa had to [. . .] before the Pope [. . .] [346] down and kiss his Holiness' feet, to which extremity he was brought after the defeat of his fleet, by the Venetians under their doge Sebastiano Ziani, near Pirano, somewhere on the eastern shore of the Adriatic; in which battle the Emperors son Otto was made prisoner. In one apartment of the ducal palace which we also visited, a picture representing this scene hangs on the wall. When Joseph II Emperor of Germany paid a visit to Venice towards

the close of the last century, the Senate of the Republic took care to have a curtain drawn over the painting, which was removed at the Emperor's request who observed "Questi tempi sono passati." I had seen a similar picture in the vestibule which leads to the Pauline and Sixtine chapels in Rome, but Dr. Dyrsen assured me at the time, that such an occurrence had never taken place; that it was an invention of the Italians [...] decidedly historical falsehood. The ducal palace was built by the architect Felippo Calendario, under the rule of Marino Faliero (1342-1354). In the conspiracy of this doge against the aristocratical constitution of the Republic, Calendario took an active share, but on its failure they had to pay with their lives for this unsuccessful attempt; the architect was hanged, the doge beheaded, it is said, on the top of the so-called Giants staircase, between the two colossal stone figures from which it derives its name (see engraving N° 13 in the appendix.) This flight of steps leads up to the various saloons. One entire wall of "La Sala del consiglio maggiore" is occupied by the largest oil painting in existence Paradise by Tintoretto. It is 74 Venetian palms long, and 30 high. The other walls are covered with pictures from Venetian history, amongst which are the naval victory of Pirano, and Barbarossa's humiliation already spoken of. Above these pictures are the portraits of all the Venetian doges, down to the very last, which are continued in the adjoining apartment. The space where that of Marino Faliero was, or should have been is painted black with the following words "Hic est locus Marini Falieri, decapitati pro crininibus". The next apartment is that of "Il Conclave", where the doges used to be elected. Here amongst other paintings is one of the battle of Lepanto, and another, the last judgement by Palma il giovane. Amongst the saved on the right hand, a very handsome young woman occupies a conspicuous place; she was the painter's mistress [...] the painting [...] proved unfaithful [...] [347] in consequence placed by him, among the damned, on the left side, also. Another staircase, the "Golden one", so named because the nobles of Venice, ascended it when going to write their names in the golden book, leads up to the "Sala dei Dieci". Here in the outer wall is a hole, the "lions mouth", into which accusations used to be dropped; in other parts of the building similar holes for the same purpose were shewn us by our guide. Next follows "La Sala dei tre capi dei Dieci" (of the three chiefs of the Ten) which communicates by means of the Bridge of Sighs with the ancient prisons; thus in those fearful times of the Republic, the condemned was hurried at once from the presence of his judges to his prison, if not to his death. In the antechamber of the Senate, a famous picture was pointed out to us, by Titian; the Doge Antonio Grimani kneeling before Truth, a beautiful woman with a cross in her hand, and further by Carlito Cagliari, a painting of a Doge giving audience to Persian ambassadors. In the Doge's cabinet "l'ante collegio" is Paul

Veronese's famous rape of Europa by Jupiter in the shape of a bull; likewise, by Tintoretto, Venice, symbolized as a woman, drawing peace towards her and repelling war. The Senate room as well as the antechamber are filled with allegories, and scenes from Venetian history by Palma and Tintoretto. The royal palace, built as already said upon the greater part of the porticoes, along la "Piazza" and la Piazzetta, did not detain us long. There are said to be 600 apartments of which we saw a few, elegantly, though not splendidly, furnished. In the chapel is the "Scourging of Christ", by Albrecht Durer, which pleased me better than any other painting I had hitherto seen of this master. It was now 1 o'clock. We engaged a gondola at the usual rate of 1 swanziger the first, and 1/2 a swanziger every succeeding hour, and embarked at the flight of steps which ascend to the Piazzetta. We were rowed through the Grand Canal which is very interesting. On my arrival I came through it almost in the dark, but even then I was able to form a correct idea of the same. I now noted that some of the fine palaces are built of huge blocks of stone, others are adorned with columns, and here and there I even saw a tree. The first church we entered was that "della Salute", a modern circular edifice built not many years back, after the cholera had ceased to rage in Venice. The next, Santa Maria dei Frati is [...] interesting owing [...] [348] erected here. The most remarkable is that of Canova, executed according to his own design which he had intended for the painter Titian, but as he died before its completion, the high personages who assembled after the peace of 1815 determined that the design should serve for his own monument. It is in the shape of a pyramid which in high relief stands out from the wall. On the apex is placed Canova's bust also in high relief surrounded by a wreath sustained by two angels. A few steps lead up to a half open door, on the right side at the foot is couched a lion, one of his paws placed upon a book. On the steps sits the Angel of Death, his torch reversed and extinguished. Both the lion and the angel bear a great resemblance to those upon pope Clements monument in Saint Peters. On the left side various figures ascend the steps; the first, near the entrance is a veiled woman carrying an urn; she is followed by the Genius of Sculpture, then two come two female figures, Architecture and Painting, and finally two youths, with torches, representing Canova's disciples. This splendid monument I need hardly say is of the finest Carrara marble; opposite the same Titians monument was about being sculptured by order of the Emperor of Austria. On the same side with Canova's is a huge monument of General Pesaro with the following pretty inscription "Vixit annos 70, divivit anno 1659, hic revixit 1669". Close by is a painting by Titian, of the family of the Pesaros, praying to a Saint who intercedes with the Virgin, in order to have the deceased admitted into paradise. Here is also a monument of the Doge Foscari, and I saw for the first time in a church an equestrian statue, that of

Paolo Sa[v]allo. The last church which we visited, San Giovanni e Paolo, with handsome stained windows, contained many similar equestrian statues; a famous painting by Titian, St. Peter's Martyrdom, and another, the flaying alive of Marc Antonio Bagadin, by order of a Turkish pasha, for having valiantly defended a fortress in the island of Cyprus; in a chapel, various scenes from the life of St. Domenic in brass; an altar with the image of St. Vincent, whose miraculous powers are attested by a number of votive tablets on all of which I saw the letters P.C.R. (per grazia ricevuta), and many other things; but I was so tired of looking at churches and paintings that I hardly glanced at them, and was heartily glad when we had done, and were again in the [...] Nonetheless I [...] [349] to omit the sarcophagus of Marino Faliero, with an illegible inscription, placed in the outside wall of this church, of which Lord Byron, in the preface to his drama of Marino Faliero, says that it stood originally in the adjoining convent, and that when the French occupied Venice, it was removed to its present situation. It was then opened, when some bones were all that had remained no trace of decapitation being visible. We re-entered our gondola which "put us down" at the Piazzetta, where we got rid of the Spaniard, a disagreeable, conceited fellow; the Pole on the other hand was a quiet and agreeable young man. We perambulated the narrow streets of the town, till we came to Rialto which we crossed, and then returned the same way. I dined in my hotel and spent the remainder of the day in a coffee-house in "La Piazza". The Café Constanza seemed to be the favourite resort of the Greeks, of whom I saw here not a few, in the same costume as described when in Marseilles and Algiers, quietly smoking their long pipes. I also observed that much German was spoken in the streets, no doubt owing to the Austrian garrison. The Venetian dialect of the Italian has the peculiarity that it does not pronounce C or G properly. For instance they say here, instead of "La Citta" – "la sitta"; instead of calling the river Adige they pronounce it Adise. This however, to my ear, was not so disagreeable as the continual aspiration of the Florentines.

Thursday, 8th of May 1845. Birthday of my dear sister Maria. It was a rainy day. At Arndt's recommendation I went to take my breakfast in "I tre Mori", less genteel and consequently cheaper than the Caffé Florian. Here I paid exactly the half of what I paid in the other place. "La Academia delle Belle Arti", being situated on the other, that is to say the west side, of the grand canal, we, Arndt, the Pole, and I were ferried over in a boat; the cost a Kreutzer (about a 1/2d) a head. This Academy contains a large collection of paintings, of which I give in my original diary, a long, detailed, and to say the truth, tedious description. I shall therefore here confine myself to note a very few of the masterpieces, such as the Assumption of the Virgin by Titian. In the centre of the painting is the Virgin upon clouds, surrounded by a number of angels. She stretches

her arms and turns her looks towards the Father [] of whom the painter has [] ventured to portray [...] [350] countenance, while what is supposed to be the remainder of the body is concealed by a mantle. On the one side is an angel, on the other a cherub's head. Below stand a group of men, in various attitudes, their features expressive of wonder and adoration; by C. Leandro da Ponte called "il Bassano" (1558-1623) "The resurrection of Lazarus" who, in his winding sheet has just risen from the grave, two men support him; somewhat behind an elderly female is on her knees; Christ is represented with small flames playing round his head, and a young woman whose eyes fixed upon Lazarus kneels before him. These figures form the principal group though they are surrounded by many others. A pretty landscape is visible in the distance. By Caravaggio, chess players sitting at a table; a young man is about making a move, whilst the other player by his uplifted hand, and whole attitude, shews that he fears the move will make him lose the game. In my opinion this latter, for a really good chess player evinces too much nervousness, besides on my carefully examining the board I found that the move if made would in reality be a bad one; a woman looks on attentively. By Titian the Virgin when a child, encircled by a halo, ascends the steps leading to the Temple; two rabbis on the top are ready to receive her; many people follow her with their looks, but to my taste the best of them all is an old woman, sitting at the foot of the stairs with some fowls and a basket of eggs before her; she is the only one who appears perfectly indifferent to what is going on. Before leaving the academy we noted in the vestibule, a group in marble by Antonio Pizzi who died in 1839. It was not concluded but as far as I could judge, if completed, it would have done honour to the artist. It consists of an angel who is writing on a tablet, with an eagle standing by his side. It was now 1 o'clock and as it continued to rain, we had once more to take a gondola to convey us to "il palazzo Manfrini", again rich in valuable paintings. There is a superabundance of Madonnas by Sassoferrata, Carlo Dolci and others; it appeared to me that there is a great resemblance in the style of the two masters whose names I have particularly mentioned. Dolci, as I learned, was in the habit of reproducing his daughters portraits in his saints and virgins. There is here by Raphael the entrance into the ark; from all sides, animals creeping, flying, and walking, hasten thither in couples. Noah in the [...] [351] His family are occupied in different ways; by Giovanni Palma il giovine, Time, an old man with wings, and the hour-glass in his left hand carries off Cupid in his right arm; he is followed by Venus, with dishevelled hair and clasped hands, who implores him to restore the boy; behind the goddess two doves hover in the air; by Luca Giordano: Fortune, a half-naked woman flies over the globe, and pours money out of a purse, one little angel seizes her hair, another blindfold runs before her. At 4 o'clock the palace was closed, and

for the last time this day, a gondola served us as a coach, and we landed close to Arndt's hotel "La Lubiana" or Laybach hotel, where I took a good dinner with him and the Pole, and remained some time with them. The last hours of the day, I was occupied in my room with writing.

Friday, 9th of May 1845. The first feat which Arndt, Krasniew[_] the Pole, and I accomplished this morning was the ascent of the bell-tower; in fact it was no great undertaking for it is of inconsiderable height. Nevertheless from the summit we had an excellent view over Venice, to the Adriatic in the one, to the mainland in the other direction. The town itself appeared a compact mass of houses; not one of the canals could be discerned. Eastward we saw the circle of islands, enumerated correctly on May 6th, to which I have merely to add that between San Georgio and San Servolo, close to a sandbank, a small castle or guard-house is built which belongs to the quarantine establishment. The lagoon is full of these sandbanks and as they are generally covered with water it has been found necessary to indicate the intricate route between them by poles, which, rammed into the shallow bottom and reaching to some height above the surface answer the purpose of buoys, such as are placed at the entrance of many large rivers. Westward we clearly distinguished at some distance the steeples of Padua. Nearer to the lagoon, to the left, Fusina, a little more to the right Mestre; further north, upon an island, a steeple of Forsello, the ancient Venice. On the other hand, more to the southward two islands, the name of one unknown to me, the other called San Angelo delle polvere, and finally the railway bridge in process of construction over the lagoon. Turning our looks northward we saw a small island [_] serves as a cemetery with two churches San Michele [_] [352] San Cristoforo, and Muranno with its famous glass manufactory. Close to the Arsenal on the northwest point of Venice, another island San Pietro di Castello was united to the town by a narrow neck of land. The arsenal, the glass manufactory and the Lido, we now determined to visit. Arndt who was the cleverest of us at striking a bargain was despatched to engage a gondolier which he did for 2 swanzigers and 1/2[sw] drink money. We were first rowed to the arsenal. Arndt went to obtain the tickets of admittance from the Governor, but as we had not brought our passports with us, we were not permitted to enter, and were on the point of returning, when we had the good luck to met De Castro, my Roman acquaintance, and his valet de place. Having the necessary document with him we all entered in his suite. At the entrance lie four lions of marble; the two largest and best-executed were originally at the Piraeus, whence the Venetian, Morisini carried them off in 1687. The Venetian Republic when at the height of its po[_] was, it would appear, quite as rapacious and unscrupulous as the French Republic and Empire were, towards the close of the last, and the

beginning of the present century. The wall which surrounds the entire arsenal measures two Italian miles in circumference, an area much inferior to that of the dockyards in Chatham or Copenhagen (see 162-165 and 547-551 of Vol. II), nevertheless it contained many objects of interest. In a large room where stands of ancient arms are arranged, such as halberds, swords, pistols, daggers, lances, muskets, cannon etc., various curiosities are preserved. For instance, a Turkish standard taken by the Venetians at the battle of Lepanto; a cuirass worn by Henry IV, and another said to have been Attilas, and something resembling a padlock, which the legend says was used by a tyrant of Padua, to secure his wife's fidelity during his absence; also several poisonous weapons, said to have belonged to the same tyrant; and instruments of torture thumb screws etc., employed during the dark times of the Venetian Republic. There is a monument in honour of the General Elmo by Canova, one can easily see that it was sculptured when Canova was still a young man, the angels wings being extremely stiff and imperfect. A figure head originally a bust of Napoleon is shewn, which he had intended for a man of war, but as this was not finished at the time of his downfall, the Austrian Government ordered the bust to be altered into that of Julius Cæsar, which has been done, but the Napoleon's features ha[_] [353] been entirely erased. We were told that there are in this dockyard 45 slips for frigates and 15 for line of battle ships, but at the time of our visit only the *Minerva* a frigate of 58 guns was being built. In the model room, the models which most called for my attention were those of Napoleons projected man of war, of the ancient galleys, and of the Doges' Bucentaur. The last Bucentaur which was in existence was burned by the French, when they occupied Venice in 1797 by which process, our guide told us, but which statement I do not believe, a large quantity of gold was obtained from the gilding; a piece only of a mast has remained and is shewn as a relic. The valet de place also related that the ceremony of the Doges' marriage with the Adriatic, by throwing a ring into the sea, was instituted by the Pope then on St. Peter's chair in eternal remembrance of the naval victory of the Venetians over Frederico Barbarossa, at Pirano. We saw the Imperial and Viceroyal gondola, distinguished from the rest by rich gilding; also extensive rope-walls and machinery for boring cannon, but neither in the one, nor at the other were people at work. I was highly satisfied with this visit. De Castro left us and we were then rowed over the Lido, which is, as I said before, the northern part of the island of Malomocco; and as its extremity a small fort is erected to defend the entrance to the lagoon. The island being here very narrow, we ran over to the other side, and saw before us the Adriatic breaking in one long uninterrupted swell against the "Murazzi". Thence we continued our way to Murano, where in the glass-manufactory, the simple process of making

glass-beads was shewn, and explained to us. A pole is inserted into the hot furnace, and a small piece of coloured glass, of course in a liquid state is drawn out, which adheres to the extremity of the pole; by twisting the same a somewhat round shape is given to the mass. A hole is then bored into it with an iron wire, and one workman, the other standing still, draws it out into a tube several feet long. The mass quickly cools and when cold is broken into pieces of various lengths, which women are employed in sorting according to their thickness. This done, these pieces are cut by a sharp iron into the various sizes, of which the beads are intended to be, whereupon these unshaped beads are mixed up with chalk, which fills the holes, for if this were not done, as they are afterwards exposed to the action of fire, they would again closed up. They are now placed in a machine [...] bling a coffee roaster with a quantity of sand, and this being turned [354] [...]d in the fire, by the continual friction the corners are worn off, and the round beads remain; these are then moved about in a bag to make the chalk fall out and they are finally polished by being shaken in another bag with bran. Having returned to my hotel I was surprised to meet Dr. Dyrsen, who had just arrived and was taking his dinner. I sat down with him, and by the nice appearance of a mussel was tempted to eat it, which had by-the-by very bad results. Together we took a pleasant walk along La Riva degli Schiavore and the Doctor was astonished as I had been on my first arrival to find that gondolas were not absolutely necessary to move about in Venice. Forster also says that trees are to be found only in the public gardens. This again is incorrect, for behind the Palazzo Manfrini and the Palazzo Reale there are very extensive gardens. After having dined with Arndt in his hotel, he, Dyrsen, and I took a gondola and were rowed about the lagoon for more than an hour. The sea was much more agitated than it had been in the morning owing to a rather stiff breeze. I afterwards walked about with my companions. Of Arndt and the Pole I took leave as they intended to depart next morning for Trieste. When in bed I felt very unwell, was purged, and vomited the whole night, due in all probability to the mussel which I had eaten, having been poisonous.

Saturday, 10th of May 1845. For a considerable part of the day I still suffered from the effects of the noxious mussel eaten on the preceding day. I was therefore much at home, and only left my room to have a look at the Rialto, the only bridge which spans the grand canal. It is very high above the level of the water and several steps ascend to it from its two extremities. On both sides it is lined with shops so that there are three passages, the middle and two lateral ones which lead across. At the bankers Oexle & Co. to whom Baur's letter of credit was directed I took 426 swanzigers equal to 200 BM. After a plain dinner in the Lubiano I went with Dr. Dyrsen to the Cathedral where some

religious ceremony or other was taking place; many tapers were lighted and the archbishop sat in his archiepiscopal chair. The interior was crowded with people among whom we noted a great proportion of good looking females, both of the higher and lower classes. We also observed that parts of the floor had sunk a little, owing to this church, as well as the buildings of Venice being constructed on piles rammed into the marshy ground. [...] [355] following are the names given to the different winds by the Venetians: N. Tramontana; N.W. Mestre; W. Ponente; S.W. Libeccio; S. Ostro; S.E. Sirocco; E. Levante; N.E. Bora. The streets or rather lanes go by the Spanish word Calle, pronounced in the Italian manner; the Spanish word Bufonada also struck my ear more than once during my stay here.

Sunday, 11th of May 1845. My birthday which this year I spent very differently from that of 1843, when I received so many proofs of the kindness and attachment of my many friends and few relations in Altona and Hamburg. I was up by 5 o'clock, took a cup of coffee, paid my bill, and at 6 o'clock was at the Piazzetta, where I with my luggage embarked in one of the omnibus boats, which as well as those belonging to the railway company were not painted black like the smaller gondolas, but white with a black stripe and the cabins green. The boatmens' dress was very neat, of unbleached drill with red edges, and straw hats. I, together with some other passengers, was rowed through the grand canal, also through some smaller ones, where more than once we touched the ground; probably it was low water for the difference between high and low water is very great in the lagoon and consequently in the canals. After the form of searching the luggage had been gone through, at 7 o'clock I stepped into the railway-boat and bade good bye to Venice, to me one of the most interesting cities which I had visited in the course of my travels. From the landing place on the main I went to Padua the same way as I had come, and there without entering the town I took a ticket per diligence (an omnibus with a coupé) for Vicenza and Verona. I was very sleepy for last night I had been conversing with Dyrsen until past midnight, but notwithstanding my occasional dozing, I saw sufficient of the country, to convince me, that it was level, well cultivated, and abounding in vines. We passed through no village and at 1 o'clock reached Vicenza a cheerful looking place. As the diligence would not leave for two hours. I availed myself of this leisure to have a run through and out town. The peasant women here wore the same mens round hats which I had observed in Venice, whilst the women of the middle classes use the white cotton shawl over their heads, and shoulders, like the Genoese women. Förster makes particular mention of the town hall, [...] medieval building restored by Palladio. I did not enter it, but its outward [356] appearance, especially the high steeple, is certainly remarkable. I went into the country by "La Porta del

Castello", and came to a fine avenue of horse-chestnut trees, all in blossom, affording a most delightful shade, more acceptable as the sun had come out and the temperature was warm. This avenue led into another of maples, terminating at a hill, part of a ridge of heights to the south of the town. On my return I was just in time to catch the diligence. The road to Verona leads over the richest plain I ever came through; nothing is to be seen but splendid cornfields intersected by rows of mulberry trees intertwined with vinegarlands whilst the road itself is often lined by elms and poplars. At a distance to the right or northward the snowy ridge of the Italian Tyrolean Alps were plainly discernable. Again I noted the strange want of villages but learned on enquiry that they lie off the high road and at this season of the year were hid from sight by the thick foliage. We crossed several small rivers and passed the town of Montebello about half-way. Hearing somebody mention the name of l'arpione, one of these small rivers, I at once recollected Bottas description of the battle of Arcola, for this battle in which Napoleon, as general, distinguished himself in such an eminent manner, was fought in this neighbourhood. The column and his bust erected there to commemorate his triumph have been removed. At 8 p.m. we arrived in Verona where I alighted in a hotel close to the diligence office. I tried to engage a Vetturino with whom to continue my journey but did not succeed, and then, after a slight stroll through the town in the dark, was in bed by 10 o'clock.

Monday, 12th of May 1845. At a very early hour I was on the move accompanied by a valet de place. Verona, traversed by the Etsch or Adige, which is spanned by four bridges is a very strong fortress. It is one of the four, which form the Quadrilateral, so much spoken in the Franco-Italian Austrian war of 1859. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was ruled by the family of the Scaligeri (ladder-carriers). Some of them lie buried close to one of the public streets, and the monuments erected over them are of old gothic architecture and adorned with numberless small turrets. Hither my guide first conducted me, next to la piazza dei Signori where stands the town hall, the outside of which still bore the marks of the cannon balls fired into it in 1796, when the Veron [...] [357] made an unsuccessful attempt to throw off the yoke imposed upon them by the Republican general Buonaparte; then to the piazza delle erbe, or market place, crowded with people. The principal buildings round this square are the palazzo Maffei, the exchange, and high tower, with the town-clock built by the family Lamberti. A little further on we passed under the most ancient gate of the town, the remains of that built by Galienus, in the year 265 after Christ; it consists of two arched passages on which are constructed two rows of six arches, one above the other. At some distance from this gate we came to a wall, erected several centuries later in

which at present are case[_]ted dwellings for part of the garrison, and still further on, are the present fortifications, constructed according to the principles of modern science. The piazza Bra is the largest and handsomest square in Verona though its shape is irregular. One side is occupied by a very broad pavement, which serves as a promenade for the Veronese; the other three respectively by the old guardhouse, the new guardhouse and the amphitheatre. The first of these three at present used as a public storehouse is a massive structure of stone, built by the architect San Michele; the second unsubstantial and unfinished; the third, the famous ancient amphitheatre requires a short description. In 1845 it was in a very good state of preservation, having been in a great measure repaired, at the time of the Congress of the Great potentates of Europe who met here in 1822, when it served for the exhibition of spectacles of various classes. An attempt was also made to convert it into a lake, for regattas to be held upon the same but this plan was soon abandoned, for the difficulties which presented themselves, if not altogether unsurmountable would have required an enormous outlay of money, which (this is a mere supposition of mine) the Emperor of Austria, Francis I, here the host of his august friends, might probably think could be better employed. The amphitheatre measures in length 464 feet, in breadth 367, in circumference 1330, and in height about 90. It is said to be capable of holding 25,000 spectators when sitting, 75,000 when standing (as Mr. Förster), 72 arched passages lead into the first outer corridor which surrounds the whole building; from this an equal number of similar passages run into the inner corridor, whence a few steps ascend to the arena surrounded by 45 rows of seats, the four lowest modern, the remainder ancient. From the inner corridor 64 vomitories or stairs of vari[_] [358] heights afford ingress to and egress from the different rows of seats. At present the amphitheatre is only two stories high and the 12 arcades forming the second story are of the Tuscan order. Originally it was one story higher, and one other outward corridor encircled the whole. A fragment of the original, of the 3rd storey, is in existence each of the three storeys consisting of three arches, and upon these the original Roman numbers XLIV.; XLV.; XLVI.; and XLVII. can still be seen. In the centre of the arena a hole, now a well, was pointed out to us, which served as a socket for the pole which sustained the immense awning or Velorium. From la piazza Bra, my guide and I walked along a fine handsome street to the Mantua gate, built by San Michele in 1540, in the same solid style as the old guard house. To have been in Verona, and not to have gone in search of Romeo and Juliet's grave would have shewn an inexcusable indifference. I therefore told my guide to shew me thither, and after a long walk I came to what is called so, but what a disappointment. Under a miserable wooden shed stands something resembling

a stone trough without a lid and hole bored in it at one end for the water to run out; and this is said to be the tomb of two unfortunate lovers. The marquis of Canosa was at the time the wealthiest inhabitant of Verona; in his palace the Emperor Alexander lodged during the Congress; it is prettily situated close to the Adige, whence there is a fine view as far as the distant Tyrolese Alps, and upon another ridge of hills closer-by, crowned here and there with a castle, and villages and houses lying at their feet. I had now seen all worth seeing in Verona, hastened to my hotel and at 1/2 past 9 started for Desenzano with a vetturino, whom I had engaged to convey me thither for 6 swanzigers and 1/2sw drink-money. The country through which I drove seemed to be more stony and less fertile than on the other side of Verona. I still observed vines and mulberrys trees, but rich cornfields were wanting. We passed through the Castel nuovo, and next through Peschiera, a small but strongly fortified town, the wet ditches of which are supplied from the Lago di Garda. Here the Muncio flows out of the lake, skirting which we arrived at the small village of Desenzano at about 1/2 past 1, where I took a frugal meal, and at 3 embarked on board of a small iron steamer, for Riva, in the north eastern corner of the lake [...] [359] Germans were on board, among whom 9 or 10 employees from Trent, who had been on a holiday excursion and were now returning: they sang very pleasantly nearly the whole time the passage lasted. With Mr. Philemon Land of Dresden, who apparently travelled for pleasure, and a Mr. Braulich, Milanese Commissary of police, who was on leave of absence to visit his friends at Prague, I became acquainted. At first the wind blew high and it rained, bye and bye the weather improved, and this little trip was pleasant in every respect. The southern end of the lake is rather wide and its shores are flat. We passed a peninsula to our right, called Sermiona, where the poet Catullus had his country house, many centuries back. The lake soon narrows, and on both aides is hemmed in by snow-capped mountains. Our course lay close to the western shore and we could plainly distinguish the villages and solitary houses, on their sides and at their base. We passed the towns of Saldo and Maderno, where olives and vines might be seen upon the mountains; also orange and lemon trees, enclosed by white painted palings, which until we were opposite to them, appeared to me, an incomprehensible framework. Quickly did we pass Gargnano; then some rocks, so steep and perpendicular as to preclude the possibility of any vegetation; there soon made way for mountains, less precipitous covered as heretofore with vines, olives, orange and lemon trees. Fagnole came next in view, and this being left behind, I clearly distinguished, up a mountain's side, a village clustered round a church steeple, with a winding path ascending to it. A few moments later we had in front some black rocks, clearly defined against the evening sky, whilst the snowy mountains to the eastward were illumined

by the rays of the setting sun. Then turning round a corner Riva lay before us, picturesquely situated between the lake and high mountains, rising abruptly with a castle on their summit. We landed, secured rooms in the hotel "il Sole", strolled through the town and took our supper, jointly, with a Spanish lady, a professional singer, and two gentlemen her companions. Braulich and I slept in the same bedroom, from the window of which we looked upon the quiet expanse of waters, visible in the darkness of the night, and partly encircled by the surrounding heights. [360]

Tuesday, 13th of May 1845. In Riva, Italian is still the language of the country, but the German custom of boarding the floors which in Italy are generally of stone gave evidence that I was approaching the Fatherland. At 5 o'clock Land, Braulich, and I started for Trent, with a vetturino, to whom each of us paid 7 swanziger. Close to Riva lies Torbole, where the road leaves the lake and ascends very perceptibly, so much so that our driver requested us to alight. I did so with pleasure, and walked ahead for a considerable distance, at first along a well-cultivated valley, in which, traversed by a streamlet, lay the town of Arco. Further on, turning to the right, I found myself on the road leading to Nago, completely surrounded by mountains (the Tyrolese Alps). Vines continued to grow in abundance not in graceful festoons, as in the Lombardian plains, but trained over poles and lattice work. I passed a small lake, the water of a peculiar green colour called l'Acqua dell'Opio, filled with islets. Close to a handsome new church shaded by many fine horse-chestnut trees I was overtaken by the carriage, which I had to re-enter, to my great regret: for the weather, not being hot, and the sky overcast, was favourable to one like myself, fond of pedestrian exercise. Mori lay in our route; then Adige which we crossed in a ferry, and at 3/4 past eight we arrived at Roveredo, a not inconsiderable place. While the horses were being fed I again walked on, through the valley of the Adige, and on the highroad to the German Tyrol. The country, of course very mountainous, was not void of cultivation. There were vineyards and corn-fields and no lack of mulberrytrees. I still noted the grey colour of the horned cattle which had struck me when first seen in Southern Italy, but their immense horns, then particularly noted had here decreased to their normal size. The beautiful butterfly called in German "Schwalben Schwanz" (Swallowtail) so very scarce in the North of Europe, I here saw to my great delight, for it must not be forgotten that in my childhood I was a passionate butterfly hunter and collector. At a village Ulano, I observed, at a corner of a street, images of saints to commemorate the plague of 1404, renovated in 1837. Furth[u]r on I passed through the village of Caliano 4 1/2 miglie from Roveredo, and 8 from Trent, which latter place we reached at 1/2 past 12, the latter part of [...] [361] road being lined with poplars, maples, willows and weeping willows. After having

dined we continued our journey. On the other side of Trent the country presents no notable change. We were still in the wide valley of the [_]ige, and the road was in pretty good condition. Lavis [...] first place where German is spoken, though Italian is still heard [...] llo[w] San Michele and Niewmarket (which the Italians render in a strange manner, Egna). The country in this neighbourhood is not so well cultivated as before, especially on the right hand side the mountains are covered with enormous quantities of small stones, of course an impediment to tillage. Next we came to Branzoll, and having crossed the river Eisack over a bridge, we arrived at Botzen (Italian Belzano) quite in the dark, where we went to the Crown hotel. Everything was German; in my bedroom there were double windows and a stove, evident proofs of a cold climate, at least in the winter.

[?]dnesday, 14th of May 1845. Mr. Braulich left this morning per diligence for Innsprük, while Mr. Land and I preferred paying a visit to the castle of the ancient Dukes of Tyrol. Accordingly we left at 5 o'clock in a "stellwagen"; for the village of Meran. These "stellwagens" are plain four wheeled carriages, consisting of the body of the coach, and the coupé or cabriolet, and answer the same purpose as the stage coaches did in England in the beginning of this century, though they are neither so convenient nor so rapid in their movements. Hardly had we left Botzen when we crossed the river Tulfers over a bridge, and then continued our journey passing through many insignificant villages; along the valley of the Adige, hemmed in as usual, by mountains. We two sitting in the cabriolet had often to nod to the Tyrolese peasants whom we met and who invariably touched their hats. They were, upon the whole, handsome robust-looking men, and their national dress became them well. Their hats, sometimes of a green colour, had low crowns and broad brims; a flower or a feather being stuck in the ribbon round the hat; their jackets were generally dark coloured, their waistcoats of a bright red with very wide braces over them, and round the waist a broad leather belt: short [_]ches often of leather hardly reaching to the knees, woolen leg[_] [362] and shoes. In the small village of Terlan, we noted a steeple, leaning quite as much though not of such renown as the leaning towers in Pisa and Bologna. At 9 we reached Meran 4 German miles [_] German being equal to 60 nautical or 69 English statute miles) from Botzen, situated in a pretty extensive plain, mountains of [...] at a distance. Having left our cloaks at a public-house, we climbed up a small height, on the summit of which the small village of Tyrol is situated: thence through a tunnel (gallery, as it is called here) cut through the rock, about 85 yards long; went over a bridge which spanned a gully, now dry but probably in the winter season the bed of a swollen torrent. We came to the castle, if castle it could be called, for as it had always been renovated, it had the appearance of a modern

house. Nevertheless the custode who shewed us round assured us that no one knew when the original castle, upon the foundations of which the present edifice rests was constructed. The Counts of Tyrol, who resided here and have given their name to the whole surrounding country, derive their descent from Charlemagne, as is manifested by the Genealogical tree, hung up in one of the apartments. Margaret was their last female descendent. It was she to whom, owing to her tremendous mouth the soubriquet of Maultasche, which Carlyle in his life of Frederic the great, from which I take some of these details, renders by the English "Mouth-poke" "Pocket-mouth". About the year 1330 she married the eldest son of John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, well known in English History: he fought valiantly at Crecy on the side of the French, and was slain by the Black Prince who adopted his device on his shield, three ostrich feathers, with the motto "Ich Dien" (I serve). This has continued up to the present day to be the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales. After a stormy marriage of ten years Margaret was divorced from the Luxemburger, and married secondly, Ludwig son of Ludwig the Bavarian, Emperor of Germany; with him, she hardly fared better and after the death of her young son, Meinhardt (1363) son of this Ludwig, she retired into obscurity, having first made over her wide possessions to her cousin the Archdukes of Austria, with whom and their descendants the Tyrol has remained up to the present day [...] [363] excepting the short period, when Napoleon I in the plenitude of his power forced Austria to cede it to Bavaria. The apartment where this dame, of great renown in her time, celebrated one of her two weddings, was shewn to us; also the chapel, and a large saloon, never wanting in ancient castles called that of "the Knights" (Rittersaal). We were back in Meran at 12 o'clock, at which hour, according to the good old fashion, a very fair dinner was served. I took a siesta, walked about in the neighbourhood, and at 4 o'clock together with Mr. Land, left for Botzen. There were now 12 passengers in the body of the coach, 3 and a child in the coupé, the driver and two on the box, and 3 upon the coach, altogether 22 persons. Heavy as this load was, two horses sufficed to pull it along and this the more easily as the road to Botzen was a continual descent. We thus reached the town at 8 o'clock.

Thursday, 15th of May 1845. I was up at a little past 4 and by 9 o'clock had brought up my diary: then Mr. Land and I walked out of town, and ascended one of the many hills which completely surround Botzen. The hill, which we chose by chance, was called Mount Calvary. The path leading up was lined with several chapels, in each of which stood a grim wooden figure meant to represent Christ bearing the heavy load of the Cross, and stumbling under its weight 7 times as is related. On the summit a church is built, and from this elevated point we had a pretty view over the valley with the town, and the river Eisack, an affluent of the Adige, this latter not being visible from where

we stood. Botzen itself presents nothing of particular interest; the principal street is the Lauben-Gasse, so called from the porticoes, low and massive which run along both sides. Laube (English Arbour or bower) is, in the South of Germany, the word used for a portico. At 12 we took a light dinner which was very reasonable and at 1 continued our journey to Brixen to the northeast of Botzen. Our conveyance was again a stellwagen, and Mr. Land and I had the good luck to obtain two seats in the Cabriolet, the third being occupied by the driver, a steady old man in a blue blouse. All the way from Botzen to Brixen, we drove along the bank of the Eisack [...] mountain torrent. For about half the distance as far as the [364] village of Clausen, the mountains approach so near, on both sides, to each other that there was merely room for the river and the road. It was a gully but on the other side of Clausen it widened so far as to deserve the name of a valley. Villages were numerous, not only on the river's banks, but on the mountain's sides and summits; here and there were solitary houses and castles ancient and modern. The bridges which spanned the river, frequently crossed by us, were generally covered, similar to those I had seen in Norway, we further noted at short distances small wheels placed in the river, which lifted up buckets filled with water, and these when at the top turned over and emptied themselves into narrow wooden canals some times mere hollow trunks, through which the water flowed into the fields, requiring irrigation; for cultivation was carefully attended to; firs frequently grew upon the steep sides of the mountains. On a previous (page 863. Vol. II) I have given the derivation Clause; here I will only add, that at the extremity of a gorge a place of this name is frequently found in Southern Germany. It was 8 o'clock when we reached Brixen. We had thus taken 7 hours to drive a distance of 5 German miles, which slowness is to be accounted for by the continual ascent of the road. Here in the north the vegetation was considerably behind that to the south of the Alps: cherries for instance were still quite small, so was the oak foliage and the vines have hardly any leaves. The brown coloured horned cattle now took the place of the grey. The red stockings of the peasant women were another object which attracted our attention. In Brixen we went to the Elephant hotel, where I had a nice supper of cutlets with asparagus, and wine. Living seems to be cheap in this neighbourhood. The swanzigers are here called heavy money, the current coin being that of the Empire "Reichs", and of this latter twenty four kreutzer go to the swanziger.

Friday, 16th of May 1845. I was called before 4 o'clock when the day was dawning, the sky was overcast and threatened rain, which just at the moment when we were on the point of entering the stellwagen made Mr. Land change his mind, and induced him to remain behind. This I regretted, for though he had the weakness of complaining incessantly, and prognosticating evil on the

slightest [...] wise he was a pleasant companion. His [...] [365] in the cabriolet was now taken by a Tyrolese whilst the two other seats were occupied by the driver and myself. Immediately on the other side of Brixen the road ascends a gully, in the same manner as on the previous day after leaving Botzen, through which the Eisack rushes downward its headlong and foaming course. At no great distance from Brixen we came to a small fort, called “of France” (German: Franzens-Veste) which stands on a piece of level ground, where the river makes a perceptible curve; its situation is such as completely to command this narrow pass, nevertheless to make assurance doubly sure, on the opposite mountain other fortifications are constructed so that in my opinion, the cross-fire of the two, must render it impossible for any hostile army to force a passage through. These fortifications owe their origin to the emperor Francis I of Austria, who had been taught by sad experience, that the natural difficulties and obstacles of the Tyrolese Alps, as great as they were, even if defended by valiant troops did not suffice to arrest the progress of a daring and victorious enemy, as the French then were, led on by a military genius Napoleon I; art had to strengthen nature, and fortifications were erected, of which these at Brixens Klause are certainly no despicable specimen. Further on we came to a village, Mittewald, where the horses were fed, of which delay I availed myself to walk ahead, and though the road owing to the late rains was heavy and dirty, I was not overtaken till near Stertzing. At every step I took, the vegetation decreased; one tree was so completely without leaves, that I was unable to ascertain its kind. Mulberry trees had ceased to grow about Botzen, to the north of Brixen vines became scarce, and now, firs and pines were abundant, all proofs of a rapidly increasing cold temperature. On the road-side I noticed many crucifixes, and frequently upon the wall of houses in the villages, images of saints, and of the Virgin and child were painted. Upon one I read the following almost unintelligible words addressed to the Virgin “Pit vir uns”, (which was meant for “Bitte für uns” – Pray for us). The peasant men and women whom I met, walked along, reciting their prayers and counting the beads of their rosaries. Enormous waggons laden with merchandise, sometimes [...] by as many as 12 powerful horses were here on their way [366] to the northern Italian provinces, at that time be it remembered part of the Austrian empire. Stertzing is a small, cleanly looking place; nearly all the houses are whitewashed and hardly a single one was without a small balcony (Erker, as they call it here). Whilst I was taking my cup of coffee in a public house, my companions ordered fish and pastry, for this being Friday, meat was not to be had, nor permitted to be eaten. I re-entered the carriage but hardly were we outside the town when I again alighted for the ascent was very steep. The gully became still narrower, more impetuous the rushing of the Eisack; all around the heavy clouds rested on the mountain tops,

and sides; the snow reached down to the very road; nevertheless I climbed on lustily a quarter of a mile in 20 minutes, until at last the increasing rain forced me to take shelter in the village Brenner where fire was lighted in the stove. It lies upon the crest of the mountain which divides the watercourses. A few paces before reaching this village the Eisack forming small cascades bursts out of the mountain, and here a tablet is fixed upon a pole with these words "Ursprung des Eisack Flusses in der Alpe Stein" ("Origin of the river Eisack in the rock of the Alp), whilst on the other side a few yards distant is the origin of the Zill, a small rivulet which flows out of a lake; it soon increases in size, becomes a river, and joins the Inn, an affluent of Danube. We crossed the Zill over various viaducts, and though we were fast descending it was disagreeably cold, and the next village, Triers, where we stopped, I again found fire in the stove. At Matrey both carriage and horses were changed, female waiters "Kelnerinnen" attended on the guests. They wore a broad leather belt round the waist, from which hung on one side two or three heavy keys, and on the other a large money pouch. Vegetation rapidly improved; trees, not without leaves, covered the sides of the mountains and hills. At first where the road was under repair it was rather bad, further on it was excellent, and so gradual was the descent, that the horses were able to trot on merrily, without a break being applied to the wheels. Before darkness set in I could distinguish the town of Innspruk lying before me in the plain. On our arrival I ordered my luggage to be taken to the best hotel in the [...] [367] "The Golden Sun", which though a large building was filled with guests, among whom were many noblemen, owing to the provincial parliament (German-Stände holding its sessions here). The Arch Duke John had also taken up his quarters in the same hotel and was to leave in a day or two. This Arch-Duke John is the same, who, if we may credit Allison's narrative in his history of Europe, was the cause of the loss of the battle of Wagram, on July 5th 1809. Contrary to the orders of his brother the Arch-Duke Charles, he came too late (3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon) to take a share in the battle, which was already decided by the masterly movement of Marshal Macdonald which broke the Austrian centre. In 1848 the part acted by this Arch-Duke John as regent of the Empire was likewise a very insignificant one. The national parliament assembled in Frankfort were anxious to bring about the unity of Germany for which purpose they, at a somewhat later period offered the imperial crown to the King of Prussia; meanwhile they elected the Arch-Duke as regent. He named his ministry but owing to the refusal of Frederic William IV of Prussia to ascend the Imperial throne, the parliament dissolved, the Regency came to nothing and all remained as before. I took my supper in the general stranger's room, exchanged a few words with the one and the other, but became acquainted with none.

Saturday, 17th of May 1845. The temperature was rather cold, 10 R = 54 Ft. After having taken my coffee in the room of the hotel, for we have now done with the Italian custom of looking for one's breakfast in a coffee house, the waiter informed me that Mr. Land had arrived during the night per diligence, and that he had enquired for me. With him I went out. The Hotel was situated in one of the principal streets in the new part of the town. It was not straight, but wide and long and joined the old part of the town, where I again found the low massive porticoes (Lauben) similar to those I spoke of when in Botzen. Here stands a remarkable old house with the history of which I did not become acquainted. An escutcheon and the date 1500 are cut into the stone wall, and a small protruding gilt roof [...] tects two balconies the one above the other. The generality of the [368] houses in Innsprük are 3 or 4 stories high, whitewashed and with balconies. My companion and I strolled out of town on the high road to the Brenner. After having passed a convent, we turned off and ascended a hill of some height, upon which public gardens are prettily laid out, where soldiers were in the habit of firing at a target, the civilians having other grounds for the same purpose. The Tyrolese sharpshooters it is well known, are famous all over the world. This hill is called the Soelberg, and in the year 1809, when the Tyrolese made an unsuccessful attempt to throw off the Bavarian dominion, more than one fight took place here between them and the united French and Bavarians, in which they had the advantage. Higher mountains rose behind us. The valley in which Innspruk lies runs east and west; to the eastward we could discover villages, a town called Hall, and here and there the waters of the Inn; to the north and south the valley is hemmed in by mountains, many of which are snow-capped, and according to Reichardt's guide book, (Förster's on Italy is now put aside), rise to a height of from 7 to 8000 feet. At 1/2 past 1 we dined at the table d'hôte, to which more than 30 persons sat down. At a later hour Mr. Land and I again went into the country direction, different from that taken in the morning, otherwise without a certain plan, just as chance led us. Crossing the Zill, we came to an ancient castle, now a barrack; thence returning we passed the Inns over a handsome iron suspension bridge; walked along avenues of horse-chestnut trees and poplars, of apple and pears trees (these in blossom) and recrossing the river over another, a wooden, bridge found our way back to the hotel, after a stroll of fully three hours. I then retired to my room, wrote, and went to bed. The country people in this neighbourhood, both men and women wore black pointed hats, frequently with a golden tassel; the women however only in their younger days; when they advance in age, they prefer protecting their head against the cold with a round fur of black woollen cap. I have already said that the Tyrolese peasants are in the habit of girding their waist with a leather belt; during to days walk, we observed

that this belt has a small leather shield attached to it, which partly covers the abdomen; upon it, some short sentence, often a Biblical one is written. They also frequently carry a knife, fork, and spoon in the breech pocket. On Saturday one of the drivers of the stell[] [369] put me in mind of Peru, or rather of the South American poncho. Over his shoulders he had thrown a square piece of woollen stuff with a hole cut in the middle, through which he passed his head, and this he also made use of to cover the horses backs when they were fed to prevent their catching cold.

Sunday, 18th of May 1845. Two years since my departure from Lima. At an early hour I paid my visit to the Hof-Kirche (Cou[r]t Church) which was crowded with people, all so devoutly listening to the mass which was being said, [...] put off taking notes of the many curiosities it contained until mass was over and the congregation had dispersed; then I commenced my [...]k, which as the sequel will shew was not an easy one. The country women when entering the church did not take off their pointed hats yesterday spoken of, which rather surprised me; the men were always uncovered. In the nave stands a large stone sepulchral monument of the Emperor Maximilian I, sometimes called the last of the knights. Upon it is his bronze statue in a kneeling attitude, and at each of the four corners a bronze angel. Upon its four sides are represented in bas reliefs scenes from the life of the Emperor, who always appears as a youthful handsome warrior. Twenty of them, admirably designed and executed are by Collin, whose portrait, and that of his wife are hung against the iron railing which surrounds the monument. Four bas reliefs by Abel are much inferior to the others. There are here twenty eight bronze statues of many of the princes of the house of Hapsburg, and of other high personages whose relationship with the Hapsburgers it would be rather difficult to trace. Twenty four of them stand between the stone columns which divide the nave from the aisles, and two on each side of the entrance in the railing in front of the high altar. They are more than life size and produce a grand effect. The men are generally in armour with sword and shield, the woman in flowing garments, all beautifully cast. Of the greater part of the names are inscribed on the pedestal. The first to the right when entering the church is that of "Clodovicus der Erst Christenlich Kunig von Frannckrich" (Clovis, the first Christian King of France). The 2nd, "Phillip Kunig zu Castilien, Leon und Granatien Erzherzog zu Osterreich und Burgund, Graf zu Habsburg [...]" Philip, King of Castile, Leon and Granada, Archduke of Austria [370] and Burgundy, Count of Hapsburg (this was the son of Maximilian, and father of Charles V). The 3rd, "Kaiser Rudolph, Graf von Habsburg" (Emperor Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg – probably Rudolph, the founder of the Hapsburg dynasty). The 4th, "Albretch der Weis des Sighaften 1528" (Albert the Wise, a son of Albert the Victorious).

The 5th, “Theodoric König der Goote” (Theodoric King of the Goths). The 6th, “Ernst Erezhersog zu Osterreich Graf zu Habspurg und Tirol.” The 7th, “Theobertus Kunig zu Provenz, Herezog zu Burgundi und Graf zu Habspurg”. The 8th, “Arthur Konig v. England”. The 9th, “Sigismund Herzog zu Osterreich, Graf zu Tirol”. The 10th, “Frau Maria Bianka Ko.(?) Kunigin MDXXV”. The 11th and the 12th, female figures without names. The 13th, “Karl, Herzog zu Burgund zu Brabant, zu Gildern Gave zu Handern”. The 14th, a male figure without name. On the shield are six lilies and six leopards, arranged in this manner.

To judge by these arms he must have been English. The 15th, “Frab Johanna Kunigin zu Castilien, Kunig Philips Gemachel 1528” (The Lady Johanna Queen of Castile, spouse of King Philip – known in history as Juana la Loca). The 16th, “Ferdinand Kunig zu Hispania Kayserlich und Kn. Int. (what these two abbreviations mean I cannot understand) Aldvater”, which means Ferdinand King of Spain Imperial Grandfather. The 17th, 18th, and 19th, each of a lady with a book in her left hand. No inscription inform us who they were. The 18th and 19th have these shields to their right.

: c. an Eagle with one head. d. a
“Frau Eusabid H. Kunigs Sigismund
Ungern Albrecht des Fursten von
Hungerisch, Poh[?]müischer Kungs

Gemachel Kungs Laslau Muetr 1529” (This nearly unintelligible inscription may perhaps mean the following. The lady Eusabid, daughter of King Segismund of Hungary, spouse of Albert, Prince of Austria, Hungarian and Bohemian King, Mother of King Ladislaus.) The 21st, “Godfrid von Bulion, Kinig zu Jherusalem 1533”. The 22nd, “Kunig Albrecht der Erst Herzog zu Osterreich 1527”. The 23rd, “Fridrich Herzog zu Osterreich zu Stair (Styria) zu Karndten (Carinthia) und zu Crain (Carniola)”. The 24th, a male figure without inscription on the pedestal with this shield (see next page). [371]

The 25th, a male figure without name, with helmet and crown, on his shield a large lion standing upright and sticking out his tongue. The 26th, a male figure, an old man with a beard, a crown upon his head; on his shield a one-headed eagle.

The 27th, “Fredericus Tertius Imperator Divi Imperatori Maximiliano pater”. The 28th, “Albrecht von Osterreich Romischer Hungerischer und Boehamischer Kunig, Laslabu Vater”. In the aisles are two monuments of great modern interest. That to the left is a sarcophagus containing the mortal remains, of the heroic Andreas Hofer, an innkeeper, “the Zandwirth” as he used to be called (mine host in the Sand). This man it is well known headed the unsuccessful insurrection of the Tyrolese against the Bavarian rule. By the peace which followed the disastrous battle of Austerlitz in 1805, the Tyrol was

severed from the Austria and added to the then lately erected kingdom of Bavaria. The Tyrolese always considered the most loyal subjects of the Emperors unwillingly bore the foreign yoke, and in 1809, when again a war had broken out between Austria and France, availed themselves of this opportunity to rise in arms, as long as the French host was employed in fighting and finally overcoming the army of the Archduke Charles. Fortune occasionally smiled upon them, but when the power of Austria was broken by the battle of Wagram, it was impossible for them to withstand overwhelming French forces. Hofer was betrayed to the enemy, carried to Mantua, condemned, and shot on Feby. 20th 1810. When the Paris peace of 1815 had restored many of the old landmarks overthrown in the time of the French republic and empire, and among others the Tyrolen had been restored to their beloved Francis, Hofers bones were also removed from Mantua to Innspruk. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus stands his marble statue with the right hand he grasps a flag and with the left he takes hold of the rifle slung over his shoulder. Upon one side of the sarcophagus are engraved the two words "Andreas Hofer" and the year "1809". Upon the other is a carefully finished bas-relief of which I have a lithograph in my possession. In the centre you see the hero with a Tyrolese flag in his left hand, his right is uplifted. Various men [...] to be in the act of taking [...] folds of the [372] flag; a body of soldiers surround this group, to the right are some women, to the left an old man, and two little boys sitting on a rock; all of whom take the liveliest interest in the scene they witness. Mountains, a church, and chalets, form the background. In the aisle to the right, a monument commemorates Hofer's valiant companions, without, however inclosing their ashes. On each side of the sarcophagus stands an angel in marble. The one holding a shield with the double headed eagle of Austria, the other shield with the one-headed eagle of Tyrol. On my way back to the hotel I entered the Pfarr Kieche (the principal Church without being a Cathedral). It is in this shape, and has the peculiarity of not being divided into nave

and aisles. Above the altar hangs a picture of the Virgin and child by Luis Kranach. At 12 o'clock I was back, and on paying my bill, which, considering the good accommodation, was moderate, found that the way of reckoning had again altered. The bill was now drownd out in llorins (1 florin being equal to 60 Kr Reichsmünze, 24 of which and not 20, make a swanziger. One o'c[_] found me on the other side of the Inn, whence the stellwagen left for Salzburg. Mr. Land and I took our seats in the cabriolet, but in the course of the day the cold and disagreeable weather drove us both into the body of the carriage where the company was more select than I had generally found it in this kind of conveyance. It consisted of a clergyman with a von prefixed to his name, a judge from the vicinity, with his daughter, a

nice young woman and two peasant girls from Zell, jocund, fair, and red cheeked. How different from the sallow black eyed and black haired Moorish females whom I had known a few months back! This day's drive followed the course of the Inn, which flows in a north easterly direction, and joins the Danube at Passau. The valley was of considerable width; cultivated, otherwise void of interest. The mountains which formed its boundaries were enveloped in clouds, resting in heavy masses on the summits, or clinging in foggy vapours to their sides. We passed through many villages, the name of each being inscribed, at the entrance on a board [...] first at Hall, further on at S[...] [373] both places of somewhat greater importance than the rest. In Schwartz we went to a public house, where the coffee room was filled with good substantial burghers who, leaving their wives at home, had come hither to take their wine, and perhaps to talk politics. In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* I read that the atmospheric railway principle was once more to be tried, on the line between Berwick and Newcastle. How it turned out I have not learned but we know that this plan had at last to be abandoned, difficulties having sprung up, which I am unable to explain, but which were found insurmountable. In the House of Commons Sir James Graham had proposed to endow the Catholic colleges, and the correspondent expressed his surprise at the boldness of Sir Robert Peel in venturing to bring forward such a measure when the storm raised all over the country by the Maynooth bill had but just subsided. In the Paris Corps Legislatif the ministerial measure to arm the fortifications round the capital had been approved of by a vast majority. How lucky for the republicans of 1870! The successors of those very republicans who in 1848 turned out the so much decried Louis Philippe; for owing to these fortifications the German have as yet (Nov. 1870) been unable to make themselves masters of Paris. At 1/2 past 5 we left Schwartz; the valley narrowed and the scenery was less monotonous than it had hitherto been, it had even a somewhat gay appearance owing to the numberless fruit trees now in blossom. The clergyman called our attention to some mines, from which, about the year 1820 large quantities of silver had been extracted, and which he assured us, had been the source of the great riches of the Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V. "Perhaps" our informant added, "they will again turn up some day or other, perhaps they are entirely exhausted and then of course all search will be in vain, however the Government are at the present time doing their utmost to discover them". He also pointed out to us a large white building, said to have been inhabited for a short time by the Emperor Charles V. About 1/2 past 7 we arrived at Strass, where the clergyman, Mr. Land, and I alighted. For my part I intended to journey to Salzburg, by a circuitous route through [...] the Ziller and Salza valleys. The stellwagen [...] thither [...] [374] street and by it I forwarded my

trunk, keeping with me my big cloak and umbrella, a comb and toothbrush, and as much clean linen as I could conveniently carry in my pockets. Mr. Land and I went to the Inn where we got a large room with two beds. Looking out of the window we had right before us a steep hill where a hermit lived, it was covered with trees overtopped by a steeple. At its base wound the road to the Ziller valley. We took a short stroll, and on our return I entered into conversation with the people of the house whom, even when they endeavoured to speak correctly in addressing me, I understood with great difficulty; when they spoke among themselves their dialect was altogether unintelligible, to me, as well as to Mr. Land. The landlord was absent. His spouse took great pride in shewing us the portrait of her husband's father, who had served as captain, under Hofer. Her husband she called by the queer name of mine Host (mein Wirth). It was so cold that I had to wrap myself up in my big cloak while I was writing my memoranda, up to 10 o'clock.

Monday, 19th of May 1845. Our beds were those called in German feather-beds, that is to say instead of lying down on a hard matrass you drop into a large pillow filled with down, and a similar one serves as a coverlet, the head also rests on an equally soft pillow. You are thus perfectly protected against cold, but all medical men opine that this great heat is injurious to one's health, and I myself sincerely disliked these beds, though not to such a degree as Mr. Land, who said that he preferred travelling three nights in a diligence, than sleeping one night under such a heap of feathers. At 1/2 past 5 we rose and took our coffee. In a neighbouring room the servants of the house, male and female sat down round the table to a substantial meal. How I like to witness such a scene of comfort, quite as much as I dislike to see at large hotels the waiters gobble up in haste and furtively whatever they can lay their hands upon. The Kelnerinn, not a young but a rather good looking woman when receiving her [...] shook hands with us. At [...] [375] the "Wägl" (small carriage) with the "Füchsl" (two little sorrels) stood at the door; we entered and drove off. The weather was improving; small bits of blue sky became visible. Our way lay through the Ziller Valley. We drove along the river of the same name, through pasture land and cornfields, noted many villages to our right and left, and solitary châteaux upon the mountain sides, and reached Zell near which place the valley narrows, and becomes a little more romantic. Logs of wood were floating down the Ziller. The houses were of wood, as well as the inclosure round the fields and the many gates which stopped the road; these our Füchsl had been taught to open with their chests; lifting up their heads without the necessity of the driver alighting. Twelve years back about 400 Protestant inhabitants of this valley abandoned the same, unable to bear any longer, the incessant harassing of the Catholic priests, they wended their way to Prussia, where they were hospitably

received, and some ground in Silesia, (vide page 479), similar to that they had left was allotted to them. On leaving Zell I had again to shake hands with the landlady, an elderly woman, and with the "Kelnerrin", a handsome young girl, who begged me to remember her to her friend the Kelnerrin in Krimml. It was 10 o'clock when I commenced my ascent of the Pinzgau Platte; Mr. Land accompanied me a short distance; we then separated and I hardly thought we should ever meet again. My guide was a common labourer belonging to the establishment. He was fair, with fine blue eyes, and the prettiest little moustache imaginable. He wore a coat like the English wraprascal, without a collar, no waistcoat but bright red braces, and a black silk handkerchief tied with a knowing sailor's knot; his trousers were long, his boots short, his hat the pointed Tyrolese, with lace and a gold tassel. After having passed a chapel the path led through a wood of firs, which at the present season had put forth their fresh light green shoots exactly as I had seen in Norway about ten months back. Of pines, as yet, I saw none. To my left, deep below in a gully, a mountain torrent the Gerloss, rushed downwards to mix its waters with those of the Ziller; on the opposite side rose mountains covered with châteaux. Small rivulets now and then, dry ravines run [...] the mountain toward the Gerl[...] and [...] [376] over small bridges made of trunks of trees. Patches of snow lay close to the sides of the path which of itself was very dirty. Further on we passed under a rustic canal, which, formed of trunks and plants, rested on high poles, and along this canal logs of wood floated down to the Gerloss, thence into the Ziller. For a considerable while we continued on the left side of the torrent. We crossed it over a bridge; here a large quantity of logs had accumulated, and did not move. Suddenly they rushed on and disappeared in the foam of the rapid torrent, which I was not surprised to hear bore the epithet of the savage (*die wilde*), reappeared and were again lost to view. About an hour further ascent brought us to the small village of Gerloss. It was now 1/2 past 1 and the people whom I met in the public-house assured me, that the Pinzgau Platte was nearly impassable owing to the large masses of snow which were still covering it. However I did not allow myself to be discouraged, and after fortifying myself with a little wine and water (beer was not to be had) and resting half an hour started afresh. Two little girls came running after me with the words "Gelobt sei Herr Jesus" (Praised be our Lord Jesus). This was a new way of begging, but so pretty and innocent did the little creatures look that I couldn't help giving them something. Having passed the boundary between Tyrol and Salzburg, a really tough job lay before us. In less than an hour we reached the snow covered high plain, which gradually rose and extended for a distance which took us fully 2 1/2 hours to accomplish. Louis my guide walked before me, and as much as I could I trod into his very steps but in

this I frequently failed, and then I broke into the loose snow, ankle, knee, nay sometimes thigh deep. Fortunately we had neither rain nor snow, except a few flakes just in the beginning. Ere long the snow-water penetrated the soles of my boots; my feet became wet and icy cold. Nature wore a dreary aspect; above the grey sky, below the white snow, around the high mountains, and upon the plateau a solitary uninhabited hut, a few pines and high poles to point out to the road. Having gained the summit we quickly descended, and at 1/2 past 6 arrived at the village of Kri [...] situated [...] extremity of the valley of the [...] [377] In the Inn I obtained a good bedroom; the *kelnerinn* was as pretty a girl with as fine white teeth as her friend in Zell. She assisted me in pulling off my boots and stockings, which I gave her to dry. One might travel to Salzburg merely with the object of being waited upon by such nice, good looking and good humoured girls as these waitresses are. The landlord, an agreeable man told me that I was the first stranger who had made his appearance this year, and shewed me the snow-shoes used here quite different from the Norwegian ones: they consist of wooden hoops placed under the soles and fastened to the feet by a leather thong. For supper they gave me excellent trout and an egg-cake; by 9 I was in bed.

Tuesday, 20th of May 1845. At the earnest recommendation of the waitress I went to see the Krimml waterfall, about 20 minutes walk distant. It precipitates itself from the mountain ridge at the base of which the village of Krimml lies, and whence I had descended on the preceding evening. I crossed some cornfields, then passed through a fir wood and had the fall right before me. It did not however answer my expectations raised rather high by the eulogiums of the *Kelnerinn*. Reichardt gives its height as 900 feet which of course includes the upper turnings and breaks which greatly mar the general effect. On my approaching as near as I could, this upper part was concealed by protruding rocks, and the lower fall perhaps 200 feet though certainly a fine uninterrupted sheet of water, was at the present season neither full nor broad, as the snow in the mountains had not yet melted. About two months hence I was assured the volume of water would be about double. The fall is more or less of this shape.

The scenery was sombre and gloomy, the sky lowering, Firs and other trees surrounded me, and only sound to be heard was the roar of the fall. In the inn, whilst taking my coffee for breakfast, the *Kelnerinn*, occupied with knitting kept me in conversation. Her pronunciation was rather harsh though intelligible. I noted this particularly in the guttural sound of the German [...] the same manner as the Spaniards [...] [378] harder than the Peruvians do! She told me she was in the habit of knitting only when somebody was present; otherwise she occupied herself with sewing or spinning. The fine bed-linen

was all home-spun and woven. At 7 o'clock I continued my journey in a small open carriage which did not hang on springs, drawn by one horse, and driven by a boy. We followed the course of the Achen Bach (or Rivulet) which, being joined by the waters of the Krimml fall, is, to judge by the map one of the many sources of the Salza. As far as Nienkirchen the country was little cultivated being overgrown with wood, principally firs and alders. Just before watching this place I noted to my right the ruins of an old castle, which my driver called the Herburg; to the left he pointed out the direction in which, if the weather had been clear, which it certainly was not, the high mountain called Venediger would have been visible. On the other side of Nienkirchen the wood had been cleared away; there was good pasture land and cornfields, the young corn just above ground. I passed many villages, also solitary houses, constructed of trunks of trees, exactly as in Norway, and observed, as a general rule that the mountains to my right or to the south were considerably higher and more snow covered than those to the north. By 11 o'clock we reached Mittersill on the Salza, hitherto the most important place in the valley. By a map which hung on the wall in the public house I saw that near Vorder Krimml the Salzach joins the Achen and together they are called the Salza. The slight refreshment which I took were highly overcharged; for an open carriage, similar to that from Krimml, as far as Piesendorf, four hours walk or two hours drive distant, 5 swanzigers were asked; this I refused to pay and set out on foot. It would have been an agreeable walk had I not had to carry my big cloak, and about half way it commenced raining. The Salza filled with sandbanks is occasionally so broad as to occupy the whole width of the valley, except the high road on its left bank. It was 1/2 past 4 when, in the midst of rain, I arrived at Piesendorf, where I went to the inn of Joseph Reichholf who made some difficulties about procuring me a carriage at this hour of the day; besides the weather was so very bad that I easily allowed myself to be persuaded to [...] It was bitterly cold and [...] [379] little. At 7 it cleared up but the cold had increased. Hence with a favourable atmosphere the Glöckner 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and other high Tyrolese mountains are visible. To day there was nothing but fogs and clouds in that direction. I supped upon fish and beer and went to bed at 8, feather beds continue to be the custom. I attempted to read Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata*, but to my regret found that more than one verse was beyond my knowledge of the Italian language.

Wednesday, 21st of May 1845. Before 5 o'clock I was below in the general servants room; the landlord was not yet up, though the maxim "Morgen stunde hat Gold in Munde" ("The hour of the morning has gold in its mouth") was inscribed above the door. His wife, no pretty Kilnerrin, made out the bill for me, which was reasonable. When leaving Innspruk I had taken with me 100 swanzigers and I now discovered that if I were to avail myself of the luxury of

wheeled conveyances my funds would not last till Salzburg. 25 swanzigers were asked from here to Lend; which consequently I could not afford and had again to trust to my legs. As already said of this determination I should have had no reason to complain, had it not been for the weight of my cloak. After about an hour's walk the road divides; to the left it leads to Zell am See (on the lake) which I distinguished at a distance; to the right to Taxenbach, and this way I went. Having passed the village of Bruch the weather improved considerably, the sun came out, and it was a beautiful morning which I much enjoyed. Snow capped mountains shewed themselves at a distance; upon the lower and nearer ridges the white crust rapidly melted; only here and there a small patch of snow remained lying in a nook. The green hills, the green leaves, the green grass, the green young corn all looked fresh and gay, so did the red and white blossoms of the fruit trees; the sombre fir trees became scarcer and ash-trees preponderated. Both the men and women whom I met greeted me; the former took off their hats. The national Tyrolese costume ceased to be worn; the only peculiarity which struck me was that the woollen [...] and the short breeches did not [...] [380] the leg uncovered. Goitres, I was sorry to observe were rather prevalent. Just before reaching Taxenbach the road ascends considerably, leaving the Salza at a great depth below. Near 10 o'clock I entered the village in excellent spirits though rather warm, and having refreshed myself with some milk and bread, and rested about 1/4 of an hour I once more put myself in motion. The valley was narrower; it had become a gully; the Salza had also changed its character into that of a torrent; it roared, foamed and rushed many feet below me. The sides of the mountains steep as they were, allowed sufficient room for the tall firs to draw their nourishment from the scanty soil. Having crossed the Salza over a bridge, the road continued over a rough and very rustic viaduct. Into the mountain's sides large beams were fixed which rested upon high poles, driven into the crevices below, and across these beams, other beams and planks were placed. Had this simple way of making a road not been resorted to the blasting of the mountain would have been indispensable. At 1/2 past 11 I was at Lend where Pinzgau ends; the road to Salzburg goes straight on, I without enquiry turned off sharp to the right for I knew that in this direction Gastein was situated. A sign-post gave the distance to be 5 stunden (hours) a milestone, 3 miles (German) which latter I think was about correct. The rise was very perceptible; to the left the ohe-Gastein tumbled down head over heels playing all the mad pranks of a mountain torrent: to the right, the road which I ascended kept in excellent order more than once led over those wooden viaducts which I have above described. On both sides rose fir clad rocks; on their summits here and there, a patch of snow could still be distinguished, while below, in the deep clefts and crevices, large masses had not yet melted. About 1/2 a German mile from Lend

I crossed the stream, when the Gully, which I learned at the time of my next visit ten years later, went by the name of "Die Klause", widened into a cheerful valley, the rocks changed gradually into mountains and hills, the Gastein glided along smoothly on a level with the road, between meadows and corn-fields. I walked on lustily; every $\frac{1}{16}$ of a mile, for along the road this distance was marked by milestones, in five minutes [...] English miles. The [...] [381] was [...] of Gastein, half way between Lend and Hof (a farm) Gastein. Furthur on I passed through two villages Hagelbach and Laderding, and reached Hof Gastein at half past 3. This place is of more importance than the previous ones. I entered here a public-house, took a cup of coffee and engaged a labourer, belonging to the inn, to carry my cloak and umbrella. He was dressed as a common peasant, a jacket, breeches, and a round hat to which a gold tassel and a tuft of chamois hair were attached. Our way as hitherto continued up the Gastein. Though his master's dialect had been unintelligible to me, with him, the servant I managed fairly. Chamois he told me were abundant in the neighbourhood, but the hunting of them was the exclusive privilege of the Archduke John. The rough wooden houses with which the Pinzgau and the country up from Lend were sprinkled served for preserving the hay and straw with which the castle are fed in winter. It is the custom here when reaping, first to cut off the ears, and to thrash them separately, the empty ears serving as litter for the cattle, and for stuffing the mattresses of poor people. The next operation is the mowing of the straw. About half [...] man mile before reaching the Bath "Gastein", the road ascends more rapidly than hitherto, and so it continued, until I reached the Bath itself $\frac{3}{16}$ miles distant from Lend $\frac{13}{16}$ from Salzburg. The firtrees were occasionally cleared away, and walks cut through them, benches placed along the road and at a distance the white buildings of Wildbad Gastein could be seen. To the left the stream, which in numberless cascades precipitates itself through the middle of the place, is joined furthur down by a tributary, a torrent which traverses the Ketschach gully. The villages of Ketschach and Bad Brucken lie on the right side of the Gastein; all which details will be easily understood by the following sketch.

My guide took me to an inn kept by a certain Moses the first appearance of which was by no means prepossessing; nevertheless upstairs a pretty large, papered and well furnished room was given me and I was satisfied. From the window I had a pretty view, over the thundering cascades [...] looking white building [...] [382] which the valley was closed in by high mountains, covered with firs, and partly with snow, for before the months of July and

August, the snow upon these mountains seldom melts. In the stranger's book

I found that at present a Countess from Salzburg lodged in this inn. In the previous year two Princes, of Thurn and Taxis had been living here, also some Englishmen, and on August 7th Senator Gaspar Herting from Hamburg. The Crown-prince of Bavaria resided in another hotel of greater pretensions for the purpose of bathing. I took a stroll up the mountains to the right of the valley, thence down into the Ketschach gully, and along this torrent amidst sombre firs, reached Bad Brucken: thence to my lodgings. I had a good supper, trout, egg-cake and wine, in the general travellers room, which though rather untidy had the great attraction of a fire lighted in the stove. At 10 I retired to bed and soon fell asleep, notwithstanding the incessant roar of the cataract, just beneath my window.

Thursday, 22nd of May 1845. I rose at 1/2 past 5 and took a bath in the inn which cost one swanziger: the mineral water s[] out of the ground close to the Gastein rivulet, and is conducted in tubes to the different bathing establishments: its temperature is high say 28 R. and it is considered to be very efficacious in the cure of pains in the limbs, rheumatism, gout-pains arising from old wounds, incipient paralysis, etc. But the infirm, the lame, those who limp and those who halt labour here under a great disadvantage there being hardly a few yards of level ground. The streets, if streets they can be called, run up hill and down hill, and are sometimes even connected with each other by wooden steps. I remained in the bath 1/4 of an hour, and then went to bed again. In the general room I breakfasted upon a cup of coffee, whilst the peasants, cleanly dressed for it was a holiday Corpus Christi, took some hot milk and bread others a dram. The leather belt of the Tyrolese was worn by a few. At 9 o'clock a procession started from a neighbouring church. First came little boys, two by two, then little girls, waving banners upon which religious subjects were painted, next the unmarried women; the host carried under a [. . .] the men and the married women brought up the [. . .] [383] all had rosaries in their hands. The married women wore round hats like the men, with ribbons hanging down their back, whilst the girls had their braids interwoven with large garlands of artificial flowers, used solely on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and at weddings. Having seen the procession start I took a walk for the purpose of acquainting myself with the topography of the place. I neither went over the hills to the right, where I had been on the preceding evening to the Kirschach gully, nor to the left over the higher western mountains, but followed the carriage road, which skirts the bases of these latter, and at the southern extremity of the "Wild Bad" ascends a little, leading to a small plain. This, traversed by the Gastein is so exactly of the shape of a parallelogram, is so clearly defined on both sides by a ridge of mountains and, at the other end, has an outlet so like the entrance that one might almost imagine it to be shaped by human hands. At this southern

extremity I saw a neat octogon church: thither I went, and reached it at the same time as the procession. It belongs to the village of Bökstein, and thence the road again rises towards the still higher southern mountains. On my way back I had a clear and distinct view of the Gastein and its succession of falls. Through the Bökstein plain it flows gently; then forcing its way under a rock, rushes out, occasionally in a very narrow channel, it widens; again narrows, and precipitates itself over rock and rock, forming innumerable cascades, sometimes visible, sometimes concealed under the froth and foam. Rocks of no great height, black and perpendicular confine its course. They are covered with trees principally firs, and on both sides are the houses of the Bath Gastein. Near to where the waters make their first rush downwards they are spanned by a wooden bridge somewhat further down by a stone arch, upon which a wooden corridor with glass windows is built. These falls have not the grandeur of Voringsfossen, nor the volume of water of the Terni fall, nor the lovely environs of that of Tivoli, but inferior in natural beauty to any of these three, they certainly are not. After my return to the inn I took some hot milk and bread, and the procession being over a labouring man was willing to accompany me and to carry my cloak and umbrella as far as Lend. With him I started about noon, the weather having much improved. He took me by many foot paths which did not shorten the distance; the [...] stiles which we had to climb over also impeded [...] [384] but at all events it was a relief to my feet to tread upon the soft turf and not upon the hard stony road. We reached Lend 3 3/16 miles distant from Bad Gastein, in four hours and a half, which I considered to be very fair walking. I paid my guide, and was now again by myself on a lovely spring evening in the picturesque valley of the Salza which continually changes its aspect; now it widens, now it narrows, now it is confined by gentle hills, now by abrupt rocks, from which firs had tumbled down. At 7 o'clock I arrived at the village of Schwatzach where I went to the public house, a fine large building. On my entering I had some difficulty in finding the hostess; the servants, no nice *Kelnerinnen*, as in Strass, Zell and Krimml, but buxom, robust peasant women, with exuberant though decently covered bosoms, took no notice of me when I addressed them. They were too much occupied with their companions, the peasant youths with whom they chatted and joked and took many a hearty swig at the beer offered to them. They were in their holiday dress and wore necklaces of white glass beads. At last I obtained in the common travellers room, some good roasted veal, potatoes, salad and beer but without a tablecloth. Beer is the common beverage in this vicinity, whilst on the other side of the Pinzgau Platte, wine was more easily obtained than beer. Close to the inn stands a convent of the sisters of charity, called also the "Grey Sisters". My bedroom I had to share with a married couple who, man and

wife in separate beds, were fast asleep while I wrote my memoranda. At about 9 I also turned in; my feet were rather sore, and I felt that I had been walking rather too much during the last few days.

Friday, 23rd of May 1845. I rose at 5 and had my coffee served in the hall, for the adjoining room was crowded with the servants of both sexes, who were taking their breakfast. My bill was extremely reasonable amounting to only 33 Reich kreutzers or 11d English, but when asking for a carriage conveyance to Werfen I clearly saw that an attempt was made to impose upon me. Werfen is two posts, or four hours walk, distant: two Reich florins is the fare, which I agreed to have, also the turnpike and drink money, not the maintain [...] [385] driver and horse at Werfen. So without wasting words on the subject I threw my cloak over my shoulders took the umbrella in one hand my stick in the other and started. The weight no doubt was inconvenient. However as I was in no hurry I walked along slowly and merrily. I enjoyed the fine weather, the blue sky, the loneliness of nature. At 7 o'clock I reached St. Johann with about 120 houses, situated on the right side of the Salza on an eminence. I entered the first public house which presented itself and was attended upon by a pretty Kilnerinn with fine teeth, and with whom after she had given me a glass of hot milk and bread I had some talk. She told me that she was from the Tyrol, which accounted for her differing materially from the coarse wenches of Schwarzach. She wore the necklace of white glass beads, though not a Tyrolese fashion, because it was the custom in this district. I procured a small open four wheeled carriage, with one horse to Werfen at the above rate, but the out of the way demand that I should pay for maintenance for man and horse was not even made. The sky became overcast, the temperature grew cold, and from the valley, for the road continued on the same height as St. Johann, dense fogs floated up. Thus though the scenery was the same as before it had lost much of its charms. I passed Bischofshofen, and reached Werfen where I did not stop, but continued my journey in another carriage. The weather was now decidedly bad, the wind drove the rain into my face, and when the wind had ceased a drizzling rain commenced. Immediately after leaving Werfen I noted the Castle of Hohenwerfen, situated upon a mountain, at present garrisoned by a few invalids only. Furthur on about half way between Werfen and Golling, the next stage, the really wonderful pass of the Lueg (or Look out) lay to my left. Here the Salza is confined for some time by black rocks which on both sides rise so perpendicularly that not a tree has been able to fasten its roots into them. There is not a particle of earth nor even a vestige of moss; nothing but the bare stone; yet notwithstanding this abruptness some strategical eye, has been able to discover a small spot where a fort has been constructed with embrasures. But my guide told me that at present there were no more than three cannon.

On the opposite side where the road leads along [] Salza's rights bank another fort has been built. Having ascended [386] considerably the driver pointed out to me a path which he advised me to descend, in order to have a look at what is called very improperly the "Oefen" (stoves). Of course I alighted and went down many, many steps; secured by wooden banisters; they brought me to the edge of the river, in a great measure concealed by large masses of rock. These had clearly detached themselves from both sides, but had not reached the bottom being jammed in; and now leaned one against the other. Under this natural cover the Salza continues its course. Wooden bridges, well secured by parapets, are thrown across and upon one of them I remained for a considerable while admiring this unusual spectacle. I reascended a number of similar steps to where the driver was waiting for me, and by [] o'clock arrived at Golling prettily situated at the foot of a hill. Here the waterfall was the great attraction and without a moments delay I put myself in motion. The rain had ceased; I crossed the Salza over a bridge, there passing through some cornfields and a small village, came to a firwood where I was greeted by the roar of the fall, and in a few minutes I found myself in front of its lower half, which as had been the case with the Krimml cascade was a yet scantily supplied with water, so that it did not completely cover the rock, over which it precipitates itself from a height of 150 to 200 feet. I climbed up a path which leads through the firwood, passed a monument with a nauseously flattering inscription making known to the traveller, that this cascade was first discovered, and approach to it made practicable in 1805 by Ernst, prince of Schwarzenberg, and reached a wooden bridge which spans the upper part of the fall. Not yet satisfied I continued to climb though there was no path, descended a few steps and arrived at the very source of the rivulet, the Schwarzbach (or black rivulet) so called owing to the black bottom over which it flows. Here I sat down, took out a piece of paper and a pencil, and noted down the following description, exact at all events if too minute: "The rivulet flows gently out of a cavern formed by large overhanging stones. Its waters are so pellucid that I can see the pebbles lying at the bottom; shortly after its fall commences, with it, its foamy course. Mossgrown black rocks form its sidewalls, shad [. . .] sombre firs here and there by the light-green [. . .] [387] of other trees. Two firs attract my particular attention; one of them, strong and powerful, stands upright like a tower, whilst its companion of weaker growth, entwines its more robust brother with its branches and leans against it as if for support." I now took my stand upon the wooden bridge which spans the fall: "the foaming water rush from under it. The greater proportion of them is quickly lost to sight, being concealed by a stone arch which nature has thrown across; the smaller part I see fall into a stone basin, fully 150 feet below. Jointly the waters resume that course, quietly over a small

piece of smooth level ground again they meet with obstacles; they fret and chafe, they tumble and foam, until, these small impediments overcome, they reunite for their last effort, the lower fall, not visible however from where I stand. To the left a small hill with green cornfield peeps through; quite below I distinguish the path by which I came, and looking over the trees which form the nearest foreground I see the plain with the river Salza, another plain, with a few houses, gently rising into hills behind into mountains upon which rests fogs and clouds. Golling to the right is not visible." From different spots, these falls present themselves under different aspects but I should say that you have [...] finest view of them a little furthur down than the wooden bridge [...]re you take in at one glance the bridge above, the upper fall divided by the stone arch, and finally the greater part of the lower fall. In my portfolio I have a good lithograph of this, the Golling waterfall. I hastened back to the village, and the stell wagn being on the point of starting for Hallein, I took my seat. It rained continually and I slept the whole time the drive lasted. Of the country I saw nothing. Hardly had I alighted at the post house which was also an inn, when I was asked whether I was inclined to see the famous salt mines to which I at once answered in the affirmative, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and the unfavourable state of the weather. With a guide I walked up to the summit of a hill, at the foot of which Hallein lies, 1080 feet above the level of the sea, whilst the mountain rises 1000 feet higher. The ascent took us half an hour. On the top stands a house belonging to the mining establishment, where I had to enter my name in a book. [...] put on a white jacket and trousers above my usual clothe [...] [388] a strong leather apron was tied behind. Being thus metamorphosed, one of the overseers a very rational man came to shew me the interior of the mine. We entered it by the third shaft; there were six of them, two above that which we selected and three below. These shafts are worked horizontally into the mountain; they are conveniently high and wide, boarded, and for a considerable distance walled in with large stones which are placed in such a manner as to form a segment of an ellipse, and this method I learned on a future occasion gives more sta[?] to the work than the usual straight wall. The Thames tunnel for instance is similarly constructed. When we had penetrated far in I observed that the propping up with stones ceased, and the different layers of salt, red and white, could clearly be distinguished. This salt is never found without being imbedded in clay and the clay enclosed in stones, as if in a shell. From this shaft we descended into a lower one, but not as I have done in other mines by means of steps cut in the rock, or by wooden ladders. No – here we slid down, which was a a novel but amusing mode of proceeding. In the middle there are steps for climbing up, and on both sides of them are placed smooth round trunks, like banisters, raised so high that

when you sit upon them, one leg thrown over each, the foot resting in a groove which runs alongside, you do not touch the step[₁]. To steady yourself you grasp with the right hand, protected by a leather glove, a strong rope which passes over the right leg. Then you give yourself a slight impetus and off you slide; the nearer the bottom the quicker you go; you can always increase the speed by leaning forwards and diminish it by leaning backwards. Ladies who visit this mine avail themselves of the same kind of conveyance. At first my companion told me they are rather apprehensive, but after having once tried it they invariably enjoy the fun. In the next shaft we again walked further in, and again slid down to the fifth shaft that is to say the second from below. Here we came to a small lake 400 feet long, and 300 feet wide; all around the walls were lighted up which gave it a fairy like appearance. We were ferried across and slid again to the lowest shaft, where we bestrode a small car, which moving on iron rails, drawn by one, and pushed along by another boy, brought [₂] quickly into daylight or rather into the dusk of the eveni [...] [389] Before leaving, the overseer showed me various curiosities, such as large pieces of gypsum with the impressions of shells, iron and wooden utensils found in the mountains, which prove that these mines were not only known to the Romans, but also to other nations who, previous to the Roman conquest lived in this country and were unacquainted with the use of iron. The following is the information relative to these salt mines which I gathered from my guide. There were at the time of my visit rather more than 30 lakes similar to the one I saw. They are not work of nature but owe their origin to human ingenuity. Holes are dug, anywhere in the interior of the mountain where the directors may think it advisable, the excavated earth being carried into the open air through the shafts. Into these holes, by means of tubes, fresh water, which abounds in the upper part of the mountain, is conducted; this coming into contact with the walls which surround the hole liquify the clay and absorbs the salt, thus the hole enlarges and gradually more water is admitted. When the water has dissolved 26 percent of salt, the utmost it can contain, which it does in about four or five weeks, an outlet is given to it by different tubes, which carry it to the saline buildings in Hallein, where the water, being subjected to the action of heat, evaporates and the salt remains. The water in its transit through these tubes carries some clay with it, which adheres to them; and it has happened more than once that they have been completely blocked up. – Another part of the clay and this, the greater proportion sinks to the bottom of the hole or lake as it may now be called, and must necessarily be cleared away. My companion told me that the clay was the greatest enemy they had to contend with. The lake which I passed over was the smallest in the mine, it contained 100,000 Eimer (or buckets) of water three of which yield 1 centner or

cwt of salt; cwt stands in 48 kreutzer münz equal to about 16d and the salt being a monopoly of the Government is sold to the Public at 6 florins münz, about \$2 6rls. Part of the mine extends under Bavarian territory; in fact at one moment we stood under the market place of Berchtesgarten, in consideration of which a certain quantity of salt is sold by the Austrian to the Bavarian Government at its prime cost, whilst the latter is under the obligation of furnishing all the wood required in the mine. The annual consumption of this salt in the []strian dominions, including the quantity delivered to Bavaria was [390] calculated at 200,000 cwts. Sometimes, but very seldom, the salt is found pure without any admixture; then it is cut or blasted into blocks for the use of cattle, but this description does not exceed 2000 cwts. annually. The temperature in these mines both in winter and in summer is 9 Reamur. The work is considered very healthy, and the miners, who are relieved every six hours generally reach an advanced age. My Hallein guide shewed me the way to the inn which was close by, and I retired to [], much pleased with the many new things I had seen in the course of the day.

Saturday, 24th of May 1845. Hallein is a small place prettily situated at the foot of mountains, two of which, "aiguilles" (or needles) as they would be termed in French Switzerland, overtop all the rest; they lie in the Bavarian territory. As the weather was mild though the sky still continued threatening I had a great mind to climb over the mountain which separates Hallein from Bertesgarten and I should certainly have done so had it not been for a pain I felt in the instep of my right foot caused by a nasty wrinkle in the upper leather of my boot. I was the only passenger in the Stelwagn. Hardly were we out of town when I observed a small rivulet, the Alp, which had flowed hitherto parallel with the Salza, fall into this latter river, which henceforth becomes navigable for large boats to convey salt from Hallein to Salzburg. The waters of the Alp were of clear blue; those of the Salza of a dirty yellowish colour; for a considerable while these waters remained separate and could clearly be distinguished, until at last, as is generally the case in this world the lesser was swallowed up by the larger. The high-lying fortress of Salzburg could be seen from a considerable distance; we traversed the Salza valley, which widened at every step, and about half a German mile before reaching the town, we turned off and followed a handsome avenue of horse chestnut trees, which passing a royal country residence, Hellbrum, brought us to Salzburg, where I alighted in the Archduke Charles an Hotel which can be recommended. As soon as I was ready I engaged a valet-de-place. Salzburg is divided by the Salza spanned by a bridge into two [] that to the left more extensive than the other. On this [] [391] close to the town or I may say in the town itself rises a rather abrupt mountain called the Mönchsberg (or monk's mountain) upon whose

summit lies the fortress, not utterly in ruins but so much dilapidated as not to be able to withstand a regular siege. At the time of the rising of the peasants called the peasant's war, soon after Luther's reformation this castle was besieged for the last time; now it is garrisoned by a few Austrian soldiers. I ascended to its roof, but the clouds still clinging to some parts or other of the horizon prevented any distant prospect. Thence I descended [] re-entered the town which is full of open places of squares. In the centre of one of them stands upon a marble pedestal, a bronze statue of []ther, cast by Schwanthaler of Munich and erected in 1842. The façade of a building for tribunals and public offices, called the "Neubau" (new building) fronts this square, adjoining which is another, with a fountain, which if we may believe Reichardt is the finest in Germany. It is of marble and was sculptured by Antonio Dario in 1664. The lowest basin measures 62 feet in circumference and is capable of holding 2500 "Eimer" of water; from its middle rises a rock, similar to, but not so large as that in the Piazza di Nevi in Rome. It has a cave or cavity in each of its four sides, and from each of them steps out a marble horse spouting water from its mouth. Upon this rock are three marble figures sustaining, Atlas-like, upon their shoulders a marble basin. They are cut out of one block and weigh 500 cwt. Three dolphins support the uppermost and smallest basin, 16 feet in diameter, holding 25 "Eimer" of water. Upon this, which is shell-shaped, stands a Triton, and he again holds in his open palms, a small shell from which a jet of water sallies forth. In the appendix N^o 15 will be found an engraving of this fountain. The square in which stands is called the Residenz. Its sides are occupied respectively by a side wall of the Cathedral or "Dom", by the front of the Archiepiscopal palace and by private houses. In 1845 the Archbishop was a young man of 36 years of age, nephew of Prince Schwartzenberg. A portico connects the square of the Residenz with that of the Cathedral. This church according to Reichardt is built of blocks of marble as far as I could judge by the exterior, it is not of marble but stone, and of the interior I could form no opinion the whole being [...] by white wash. Its shape resembles that of St. Peters, I need [392] hardly say on a much reduced scale. Its façade is plain but tasteful, adorned with the statues of the four Evangelists, between which three entrances lead into the church. At some height above the evangelists stand the statues of the twelve Apostles. There are no less than six organs; the largest a masterpiece of Egendacher, above the principal entrance, a small one not larger than a piano close to the high altar, and one upon each of the four pillars which sustain the cupola. In the middle of the square in front of the Cathedral is a statue of the Virgin Mary and child; at each of the four corners of the pedestal is a mutilated fig[] of lead, two of them looking up to the Virgin, two of them averting their faces. A portico again leads from the Cathedral Sq.

to another, where a Neptune in a recess and Tritons around him are blowing water into a stone basin. A few steps brought me thence to the burial ground of the church of St. Peter, crowded with crosses and monuments, amongst the latter is that of Michael, brother of the famous composer Joseph Haydn. Close by [] very ancient chapel dedicated to St. Magdalen, in which mass is said only once a year, on the feast of St. Hubert, the patron of Salzburg. Behind the cemetery rises a steep almost perpendicular rock, a continuation of the already mentioned Mönchberg. You see, as if glued against it, a chapel of St. Maximus who suffered martyrdom on this spot. The fortress lies to the left, to the right, the mountain continues equally precipitous, covered with trees, at its base houses against it. Through this rock a high vaulted passage has been cut in the years 1762-1767 under the rule of Archbishop Sigismund III, whose portrait is cut in stone over the entrance, with the appropriate words "Te saxa loqumitur". In front is the marble statue of the saint of the same name. It is of this mountain that Carlyle in his life of Frederick the Great relates the following legend. "Here sits Frederic Barbarossa the Emperor, resting his head upon a stone table, through which his white long beard has grown; ever and anon he lifts up his head, looks round, pronounces the words 'the time has not yet come' and again goes to sleep". In this neighbourhood are handsome stables for cavalry horses, built by order of another archbishop: a fine basin for bathing horses, in the middle of which is a pedestal with Bucephalus held by a man; also two [...] the one for winter, the other for summer use. One [] [393] has been a Roman arena and has three rows of seats cut into the rock round two of its sides. Having paid off my valet de place, I resumed my walk after dinner. I climbed up the monks mountain, whence, the weather having now cleared up I had a pretty view over the plain to the westward extending towards Munich cultivated fields, dotted over with houses and trees, intersected by high roads and footpaths, and confined by distant mountains. A labouring man who was sitting along side of me enjoying the prospect like myself, not only very politely answered the many questions which I asked him but invited me to go with him to another spot where he thought I should be still better pleased. Willingly did I accompany him; he then pointed out to me the steeple of the convent of the Augustin friars (extinct); on the other side of the Salza, Mirabella, a summer palace; at a distance Maria Blein, to which church many pilgrimages are made; the ruins of Radeck, a castle where the Knights of Blein resided in former times, and nearer the town the Capuchin mountain with the convent of these monks, embowered in trees. Thither I now wended my way having first thanked my polite companion. I ascended part of it, strolled out of town, and returned through the gardens of a palace. Meanwhile the weather had become splendid; for a considerable while I took my post upon the bridge, looking at the beautiful scenery around me. The sun had just set and the western sky still preserved its

ruddy hue. Afterwards in a coffee-house I took a cup of coffee, supped in the hotel where I had also dined at the usual hour, and was busy writing till midnight. During the daytime the thermometer stood in my room at 10 R. I saw by a paper that the temperature of late had been extremely cold here. For instance on May 19th at 7 a.m. it marked 4°, at 1 p.m. 9° and at 9 p.m. 3°. In the appendix under N° 14 I affix a view of Salzburg. In examining it, it must be borne in mind, we here look up the Salza; accordingly the monks mountain appears to the right, whilst in reality it lies on the left bank of the river.

Sunday, 25th of May 1845. I was up by 5 o'clock, shortly afterwards a small open carriage drawn by one horse stood at [] door and I set out for the far famed Königs see or Kings lake. [394] Though the weather was fine the temperature was cold; so I wrapped myself up in my big cl[]. For a short [] we drove along the road by which I had come from [], then keeping more to the right, continued through a well cultivated wide valley with snowy mountains at considerable distances; those of the Tyrol among which Stufenberg to the left; in front somewhat to the right the "Unterberg" or lower mountain which we gradually approached. At every step the valley becomes narrower and more lovely. A rather wide rivulet which takes its origin in the Königs See flows through it. About an hour and a half from Salzburg we passed the frontier and were in Bavaria, the national colours of this country are light blue and white. We passed through a small place called Schönberg, where a procession was on the point of starting. The streets were adorned with branches and at their corners stood altars, prettily decked out. Many people were on the move, all, men and women old and young saluted me. Some of the women had their hair confined by a net of golden tissue, others merely wore black handkerchiefs tied round the head, the ends hanging down behind. The country was really charming, wood abounded and I noted beeches, oaks, elders, elms, ashes, firs, larches, with foliage of every shade of green also fruit trees in blossom; hills, some covered with corn fields, others with meadows, white-plastered houses with shingle roofs, and the already mentioned rivulet winding winding through the midst of them as if to give some variety to the softness of the scenery, all of sudden a grey steep rock starts up; also a little further off a snowy mountain, whilst the background is formed by a ridge of snowy peaks, amongst which particular mention should be made of the high Watzmann. We left Bertesgarden to the right; to the left, not far from the road side is a high hill, containing a salt mine belonging to the Bavarian Government, and worked in the same manner as the mines of Hallein. On its sides I traced a long tube through which the water is carried to the saline buildings. Over the entrance are written in large letters the words "Berg Ferdinand", and opposite stand three handsome houses for the employees of the mine. Continui [...] [395] journey I reached the Königs See and alighted at an inn "The Swan" the

only one in the neighbourhood, [...] was received by a very pretty blooming Kelnerinn. The boats are kept under sheds; she procured me one of them with [...] men and I stepped into it. The water of this lake is so very clear that it reflects every object around, the high mountains covered with trees to the very edge of the lake intermingled with an occasional steep grey rock. After a few minutes rowing we passed a small island that of St. John, with a statue of the saint. Here the lake makes a bend and its whole expanse lies before you. At the other extremity is the royal lodge St. Bartholomew taken care of by the so-called "Rivier-jäger" (or huntsman of the district perhaps also "of the shore", for the word "Rivier" may be translated both ways). About 2 1/2 hours row from where I embarked, one of the boatmen, fired off a pistol which produced a beautiful echo, first it rolled to the left, then silent for a second it was repeated to the right, and after a short interval in front, though less loud. 1/4 of an hour further on, the boatmen stopped close to the shore, and requested me to land, which I did upon a small platform covered with gravel and shaded by a few trees. Had I come somewhat later in the season I should have found here tables and benches for the use of tourists. Close by is a small lawn with a hut whither the cattle are driven during the night. As directed by my boatmen I followed a narrow path for about 100 paces and found myself suddenly in a cleft, which nature has riven in these rocks; the perpendicular side-walls are not eight of my steps asunder. Not a vestige of vegetation could I see except a small bush on the summit, with light green leaves. Two rills, rivulets they could not be called, dripped down the rocks, which felt moist and clammy; not even a chamois could climb up them, and I much doubt whether the rays of the sun ever reach the bottom. I then returned to the boat, and after an hours further rowing landed at St. Bartholomew. The snowy Warzmann does not lie far off. Upon another where the snow stretched far down, the boatmen pointed out to me two stags which I could hardly distinguish. Both stags and chamois abound in this neighbourhood, the former [...] to be fed during the winter season, and both are hunted by th[...] [396] king and the princes, the father has them driven down to plain, while the sons, like true hunters follow the game in the mountains. The stick which the jäger presented to me was a young fir tree, with an iron point. He also offered his serviced to conduct [...] to the ice chapel but I preferred going by myself. For some time I walked through a wood, a rivulet to my right whilst, to my left, from the mountains, avalanches, no formidable ones it is true, incessantly rolled down, so near to me that I actually felt their moisture. Here and there lay patches of snow and ice. I crossed the rivulet over a rustic bridge and further on stood in the midst of ice, snow, and grey rocks. I climbed about in search of the chapel and at last found it; the rivulet flows under an icy crust, a glacier in miniature which never melts, not

even in the hottest season, and to this the name of chapel is given. In summer when all around is green it must have a pretty effect, at present it could hardly be distinguished from the ice and snow which covered the ground. On my return I saw a snake about 1 foot and 1/2 long rustle through the grass, and the avalanches were so frequent that I gave up looking at them, I only heard and left them. I reached St. Bartholomew, crossed the lake and arrived at the Swan in good time, where the pretty Kelnerinn to whom I couldn't help saying many sweet things, served me with pike, a nice pancake, and wine. Below, people of the lower classes were taking their beer. The owners of public houses find it of course to their advantage to have such pretty girls in their service for who could quarrel with them even if the bill were overcharged. I gave my fair Hebe a fee larger than usual, in return for which, she stood at the street door nodding and curtsying to me, as I drove off. On my way back to Salzburg we drove through Berchtesgaden, on the other side of which at the Austrian frontier, the carriage and the seat upon which I sat were closely searched. In Berchtesgaden prettily-carved woodwork is made, and it being subject to a high duty on its introduction into Austria, travellers frequently make an attempt at smuggling and this accounts for the careful search. In Salzburg this carved wood-work is exposed for sale in many shops. On the previous days I had purchased a fork and spoon for making salad which I took back with me to Lima, I entered Salzburg which [...] [397] the-by, is surrounded by a wall, by the suburb called Nounthal. In the appendix (N^o 16 and 17) are two views of the König See, and here follows an extract, relative to this country, from Alisons History of Europe. Chap. XIV of Vol. 7 (Baudrys edition) footnote page 145.

"The lakes and valleys in the vicinity of Salzburg, particularly the König See, the valley of Berchtesgaden leading to it, the defile above Hallein, the Traun, Aber, and Alter sees, and the whole valley up to Gastein presents the most magnificent scenery in Europe. It rivals the Grande Chartreuse in grandeur, and unites to its romantic character, the sublimity of the Gasteren-thal and the Oeschinen-thal at the upper extremity of the Kandersteg in Switzerland, the finest and most impressive scenery in the vast amphitheatre of the central Alps. No words, in particular, can do justice to the König See, a noble sheet of water, eight or ten miles in length, thirty miles to the south of Salzburg, shrouded amidst stupendous mountains, whose summits, ten thousand feet high, wrapt in eternal snow almost overhang the lake which nestles in their bosom. Vast forest of fir lie immediately below the region of rock and snow in these lofty piles; but the cliffs which shut in the lake, several thousand feet in perpendicular height, descend abrupt and sheer to the water's edge, varied at intervals by noble forests of beech and oak, whose tints, especially in autumn, add inexpressible beauty to the near points of this matchless

landscape. The great superiority which the Alps in this quarter possess over those in the central cantons of Switzerland, consists in this, that from their nor rising from so elevated a plateau, the pine and the fir do not occur so uniformly and early in the scene; but rich forest of walnut, sycamore, beech, and oak, surmount, in the first instance, the green and grassy vales, where mountain freedom and laborious industry have spread a velvet carpet amid the shapeless piles of rock, which primæval earthquakes have detached from overhanging mountains. The pine and larch occur in a more elevated region forming a sable band between the brilliant tints of the foliage beneath, and the pure glitter of the snow, or the grey hue of the rocks above. The mountains are not of such height as to be overloaded, or have their ravines filled with snow; naked, or sprinkled only in the upper parts with a silvery mantle, they [...]hibit all their romantic forms to the eye and the enormous straits [398] are disposed with such regularity, that at the distance, [...] of twenty or thirty miles every layer is distinctly visible, and the traveller feels as if he was approaching the ruined castles of the giants of the earth, some standing erect, some cast down and scattered in fragments around. Yet so steep and perpendicular are their sides, and so completely do they in many places overhang the lakes, that in rowing along you can see reflected in the mirror all the gradations, from the smooth shaven meadow, on the margin of the water, through the inaccessible cliffs rising abruptly from their sides, to the dark forests of the middle zone, and bare rocks of the upper region, you can touch with your hand the snowy summits of the mountains. The author visited these incomparable scenes two and twenty years ago; but the assistance of numerous sketches then made, is not requisite to recall the features of the scenery to his memory; they are indelibly printed there, and will remain engraven to the latest hour of his life."

Monday, 26th of May 1845. At 6 o'clock I left Salzburg for Munich per diligence; I was the only passenger and sat in the coupé with the conducteur, an elderly man who was an inveterate grumbler. Nevertheless many of his complaints were in my opinion not without foundation; "Why does the King (old King Louis, Lola Montes' adorer) remit so much money to his son Otho (King of Greece); why does he spend so much money on the capital solely; why does he erect so many splendid buildings; why does he only think of art and not of the material wants of the country? Twenty or thirty years back the high roads in Bavaria were decidedly the best in Germany, now they are out of repair and neglected". Even the railroads found no favour in his eyes. "Bavaria has not coal mines, the fuel consumed is wood, and that in immense quantities more than is produced; thus we shall soon have a scarcity, finally a total want of this combustible". However by dint of cross-questioning on my part, I made him confess at last that upon the royal domains the sowing and planting of trees was carefully attended to. The road 36 Post hours, (or 18 German miles long)

afford[_] nothing of great interest, there were occasional ups and do[_] [399] but as a general rule it runs through an extensive plain partly covered with wood, partly with meadows, full of flowers at the present season, and partly with cornfields. At first I still saw some mountains to my left; gradually they were lost to my sight, until towards the end of the journey, they re-appeared at the verge of the horizon in the far south-west. About an hours drive from Salzburg we passed the Saabach, which here forms the frontier between Austria and Bavaria. My passport was asked for and my luggage examined but both with great politeness. The Saabach falls into the Salza, the Salza into the Inn higher up than Braunau, and the Inn into the Danube near Passau. The first town we passed through was Schönram, the second Wegern and between the two lies the lake of Wegern. Stain we reached by 11 o'clock where we alighted to take a plain bad dinner. Furthur on we crossed two small rivers; the second taking its origin in the Chiem lake falls into the Inn near Neu-Oettingen, follow Frabertsheim, Wasserburg, a rather considerable place prettily situated on a peninsula formed by the Inn, Steinhöring and Zornolding. The nearer we approached Munich the more did the appearance of the peasant's houses differ from the Swiss châteaux, and the more did they resemble the solid buildings I had been accustomed to see in the north of Germany. The windows were frequently painted green and the roofs in good repair reached far down. The steeples of the Capital could now be distinguished at a distance. We drove through a small wood where a stag and a fox crossed our path, then through the village of Haidhausen, whence onward house after house lined the high road. We crossed the long Isar bridge passed under two consecutive gates, and stopped at the Royal Post Office in the Max Joseph Platz. I took up my quarters in the "Golden stag" an excellent hotel, supped by myself and hastened to bed.

Tuesday, 27th of May 1845. This day I was again favoured by the weather. The thermometer outside my window marked 13 R. = 61 Fht. The first thing I did was to go to the office of A. E. von Eichthal to whom my letters of credit from Bauer and Donner were directed. I took here the money required for my expenses, and received various letters which were waiting for me. One from Sieveking of Altona, the second from my [_] Marc André Hugues, and the third from C. W. Schutte of Arequipa. [400] The two first were as kind as I could wish them to be. My cousin invited me to spend a day or two with him in his convent at Alt Oettingen, while Sieveking gave a batch of news: the death of Kedenburg Paulsen's partner, the engagement of Daniel Schutte with Miss Berta de Jongh whose acquaintance I had made at Hesse's on April 25th 1844, and the confinement of several of my Altona friends, of whom I will only mention Mrs. Löhmann née Sophia Willink. The little which I saw of the town in the course of this forenoon gave ample evidence of what my "conducteur" had already led me to expect, namely the architectural beauty of the new part of the

town due to the King Louis' decided protection. The various open places such as those of Maximilian, Charlotte, Odeon, Wittelsbach, as well as the Ludwig and Brienner streets, are certainly not inferior to the handsomest parts of any other town till then visited by me. Not only are they lined on both sides by royal palaces and handsome public buildings but also by private dwellings equally elegant. In the Caroline Platz each house stands by itself and is surrounded by a pretty little garden. The Pinakothek (Collection of pictures) and Glyptothek (Collection of statues), see appendix N^o 19 and 18, owe their existence at all events their aggrandisement to King Louis' passion for the fine arts. To the former I directed my steps. Its exterior did not particularly hit my fancy, its side walls being perhaps three times as long as the facade. I shall not weary either myself or the reader, should these extracts ever find any, with an exact copy of my notes taken at the time, of the pictures seen by me in this museum. I will only select two or three remarks which may give some idea of the general impression they made upon me. The collection of pictures of the old German and Flemish schools is very extensive and valuable, but even their masterpieces are to my taste decidedly inferior to those of the Italian school of which I had admired so many during my sojourn in Italy. In two or three I discovered ludicrous anachronisms, for instance in Hans Burghmaer's victory of Scipio Africanus over the Carthaginians at Zama, the Roman troops are armed like German knights of the middle ages. Bugmaer was disciple of Albrecht Dürer and lived from 1477 to 1559. In Melchior Josselin's (died 1518) "Taking of Alexia by Julius Cesar", cannons are introduced and warriors of both sides are mixed up in such a manner that it is difficult to decide [...] [401] who are the victors, who the vanquished. "Christ and the Adulteress" by Louis Kranach is a fine picture but the woman is dressed like a German lady of the time when the painter flourished; to the Pharisees he has given abominable faces. Lucretia by the same master is according to the catalogue the best of all his pictures; I, having seen this subject so frequently treated by Italian masters was of a different opinion. This Lucretia is no beauty; she is fair and her countenance wants expression. She holds the dagger to be sure but does not appear inclined to thrust it into her bosom. The Virgin embracing the body of her Son, with an unutterable expression of grief, by Susterman called Lambert Lombardus (1506-1560) seemed to me to be the best in the entire collection and I was not a little pleased when afterwards when referring to my catalogue I discovered that for a long while it was believed to be the work of Daniel da Volterra, which proved that the six months I had spent in Italy had not been altogether lost upon me inasfar as I had learned to distinguish a bad painting from a mediocre, and a mediocre from a superior one, and in some instances to recognize the style of the one or the other famous master; but to decide whether a painting

was original or a good copy, was, and always remained, beyond my powers of discernment. With the partial loss of my eyesight in Oct. 1852 this knowledge small as it was, was alas! also lost. A saloon and a cabinet were devoted exclusively to P. P. Reubens (1577-1660) by whom, there are not less than 95 paintings. On more than one occasion I have given my opinion of this painter whose females are almost invariably plump, fair, vulgar looking and naked. Reubens is much admired on account of the life like colour he gives to human flesh, but in this respect he is inferior to Titian. His men pleased me better than the women. Here is his last judgement, in which, though it is much admired by connoisseurs, his already alluded to propensity again peeps through; from amongst the damned, whose faces, as well as those of the devils are frightful, two naked women are carried off by horned demons. I dined at 2 o'clock at the table d'hôte in my hotel; the dinner was good and abundant but lasted too long, to me doubly so, as I did not exchange a word with my neighbours who were two Poles next to me, two Germans and two Englishmen [] front, each couple conversing by itself. With Mr. Land from whom I [402] had separated in Strass on May 19th and whom I met by chance I took a long walk through the Count Garden, and through a handsome park called the English garden, thence by myself I went to the theatre which was tastefully decorated outside and inside; the interior was painted white and gold, the boxes were not divided into small apartments as in Italy, merely by low partitions, the Royal box was opposite the stage. The pieces given were: a comedy "Das war Ich" (That was I), a pretty trifle, and a very interesting drama "Sylva"; the principal part that of a mute girl being performed by Mrs. Dahn who, like her husband played extremely well. How apathetic was the audience compared with those in the Italian theatres. In Ferrara the Fretzzolini was called before the curtain not less than twenty five times. Here the heroine was called for only at the close of the play, and the applause, though richly merited was but luke warm. By 9 o'clock I was home and wrote my memoranda till near midnight.

Wednesday, 28th of May 1845. The forenoon of this day I again spent in the Pinakothek. Having finished with the apartments which contain the works of Reubens, I next occupied myself with the paintings of the more modern Dutch and Flemish schools. Here I found many fine portraits by Vandyck, life like paintings of quadrupeds by Snyders and of birds by Hondekoetter and Weenix. A picture by Honthorst arrested my attention though not on account of its beauty. It represented Ceres transforming a youth into a lizard, but Ceres is here certainly not a goddess, on the contrary an ugly vulgar old woman. The sixth saloon is filled with paintings by the Spanish and French masters. It is well known that among the Spanish masters Bartolomeo Estévan Murillo, his friend and rival Diego Velasquez and José Ribera (known as Spagnoletto)

occupy the first rank. The latter delights in paintings sombre scenes and depicting terrible objects. Here are by him, amongst others, the dying Seneca surrounded by his friends, in which painting according to my humble opinion the effects of light and shade are rendered with extraordinary skill. Manass[?]h King of the Israelites, ? and St. Bartholomew, both old lean men, stepping out into light from a dark background. Altogether different from the preceding [] wonderfully true to nature is an old woman, a hen in [] [403] hand and a basket of eggs hanging from her arm, by the same Spagnoletto. Murillo (1618-1682) excels in portraying ragged little blackguards, with laughing black eyes and smiling countenances whom no doubt he was in the habit of meeting daily in the streets of Madrid. Here are several of such, all true to life. Two beggar boys sitting on the ground, one regaling himself with grapes the other with melon. Two boys playing at dice, a third looking on, eating his crust of bread. A girl sitting on a stone, paying some money to a boy for some fruit which she has just chosen out of his basket; the boy is in a kneeling posture; and others of a similar character. Murillo has likewise [...] great renown in painting sacred subjects but of them there are none in this collection. By Velasquez I saw some good portraits. The apartments devoted to the Italian school contain paintings by Carlo Dolce, Paul Veronese, Titian, Guido Reni etc., of whose works I had seen so many in Italy that I may well be pardoned for not again going over the ground so often trodden by me. At one o'clock I hurried away from the Pinakothek having promised Mr. Land to dine with him at the Bavarian hotel where he lived. Before 3 we were waiting outside the entrance to that part of the new Royal Palace which looks towards the Court Garden. Everything is splendid, I may say magnificent. The flight of marble steps which leads up to the first storey though perhaps inferior to that in the palace of Caserta resembles it much. This is its shape. The floors of the various apartments are beautifully inlaid with wood, each differing in pattern. The walls of two saloons which are of brown stucco are hung with portraits of ladies renowned for their beauty. They are of all nations and many of them were alive at the time of my visit. Amongst them Lola Montes, Lady Ellenborough, the Crown Princess of Bavaria and a Greek lady of King Otho's court; a strange collection to be sure, but which at all events gives some insight into the character of old King Louis. The walls of the next apartment were covered with battle-pieces, in which the Bavarians had been victorious. I think this collection of very questionable taste, for many if not all of them were victories gained by the Bavarians in conjunction [] the French over their fellow Germans, the Austrians [] such I need [404] only mention the names of

Eckmühl and Wagram. The three next saloons bear the names of the German heroes to whom they are dedicated; upon the walls events in their lives are painted in “encaustic”, which means that being done in fresco they are rendered indelible by means of fire. The first is Charlemagne’s, the second Barbarossa’s, the third Rudolf of Hapsburg. The ball room is to my taste too gaudy, too many coloured. The throne room is imposing; at one end stand two arm-chairs crimson with gold, under a canopy, thence to the other extremity run two rows of Doric columns of white stucco, between which are ranged on each side six colossal statues of bronze gilt, the effigies of some of the ancestors of the present royal family. They were modelled by Schwanthaler and cast by Stieglemaier. The dimensions of this saloon as given by Reichardt are 57 feet high, 75 feet broad, and 112 feet long. The walls are painted white with gold; the floor is mosaic, the ceiling is checkered white and gold with a small admixture of light blue. In one word this this one of the most superb saloons seen by me anywhere. The southern part of the new Residence looks towards the Max Joseph’s Platz ([_] Appx. N° 20); it also contains many fine apartments, and what pleased me particularly well was a conservatory with orange trees, cypresses, small palms and other exotics adjoining the ball room, so that the dancers might retire from the glaze and heat of the saloon to the shade and coolness of a grove. Between these two extremities, the southern and the northern of the new “Residenz” lies the old palace; the facade of which, 550 feet long, offers nothing which calls for particular notice. The front of the new Residence opening on the Max Joseph Platz is an imitation of the Pitti palace in Florence, consisting of square blocks of a greenish sandstone. Opposite stands the new Post Office (see appendix N° 21) with a handsome portico, the walls being painted with the brown colour so much liked by the ancient dwellers in Pompeii. The fine Ludwig St. commences more or less at the northern end of the new Residence, as will be seen by the adjoining sketch:

[405] The letter A indicates the site of an extensive guard house about being built; as yet only three arches of the front were finished, behind which a somewhat raised area and a flight of steps leading up to it. In the left corner stood a bronze statue of Tilly on a granite pedestal with this inscription: Graf v. Tilly, Bayer Heerführer (leader of armies). To the right a similar statue of Wrede with these words: “Fürst Karl Wrede, Bayer. Feldmarschall”. The Odeon, a large building in the Odeon square, serves for balls, concerts and similar public diversions. From this square a street leads to that of Wittelsbach, in the centre

is a colossal bronze equestrian statue of "Maximilian Churfürst von Bayern", erected we are told, by "Ludwig König von Bayern 12 Oct. 1839". I supposed this is the Maximilian who distinguished himself in the 30 years war, and to whom, for his services rendered to the cause of Catholicism, the Emperor Ferdinand II granted the Electorship taken from the count Palatine Frederic the "winter king". From the Wittelsbach Platz the splendid Brienner St. brings you to the Caroline square, where stands, in the middle a bronze obelisk 90 feet high, plainly adorned with oak wreaths of the same metal, upon a stone base to which three steps ascend. On its four sides are the following inscriptions. "Den 30,000 Bayern die im Russischen Kriege den Tod fanden" (To the 30,000 Bavarians who met their death in the Russian war) "Auch sie starben für des Vaterland's Befreiung" (they, also died for the deliverance of the Fatherland) "Vollendet am 18 Oct. 1833" (concluded Oct. 18th 1833) "errichtet von Ludwig I König von Bayern" (Erected by Ludwig King of Bavaria). For a certainty it passes my comprehension, how the Bavarians who under Napoleon's leadership invaded Russia can be said to have died for the deliverance of their native country. Five streets debouch into the Caroline square, walking right across, and following the direction of the Brienner St. you have to the right the Glyptothek (see appendix N^o 19) and opposite a building, *not* concluded in 1845 for the exhibition of objects of art. This is its front.

Behind the Exhibition building stands the beautiful Basilica of St. Boniface, also unfinished. The details hitherto [406] given I noted down on my stroll through the town, in which very naturally I lost my way more than once. I came to the Charles gate near which is the handsome Evangelical Church, furthur on the church formerly being to the Jesuits, now

called St. Michaels. Its vaulted roof is not sustained by pillars or columns but rests upon the exterior walls. This sketch will give an idea of its interior.

A is the high altar. c.c.c.c altars, f. a cross and D. the Duke of Leuchtenberg's monument (Eugene Beauharnais). It consists of his statue standing on a marble pedestal, in an antique Roman attire. He holds a garland in his hand. Two angels stand to the left, one with a reversed and extinguished [...] torch, to the right Clio sitting and writing in a book. The pedestal bears the

following inscription:

Hic placide cubant
Eugenii Napoleonis
Regis Italiae quondam veces gerentis
Nab. Lutet. Parisior D. III Sept. MDCCLXXXI
Def. Monachi D. XXI Febr. MDCCCXXIV
Monumentum posuit vidua moereus
Augusta
Amalia, Maximil. Jos. Bav. Regis. filia.

which I translate as follows:

Here rest quietly the bones (this word seems to be omitted in the text) of Eugene Napoleon once Viceroy of Italy. Born in Paris on Sept. 3rd 1781. Died in Munich Feb. 21st 1824. The afflicted widow Augusta Amelia daughter of King Maximilian erected the monument.

Above the statue on the walls are written the words "Honneur et fidelite". The cathedral, called also the church of our Lady is built of brick, not plastered over. It has two steeples each 333 feet high. Herewith I give a copy of the sketch made by me of its interior: The only object of interest in this church is the monument of Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian. His effigy and those of his two children are sculptured on the tomb, covered by a bronze canopy. At each corner kneels a bronze figure in armour holding a lance with the double eagle. There are an extraordinary number of altars and chapels, according to Reichardt 30 of the former and 24 of the latter. I closed this long [...] preached in the Ludwig's church [407] tasteful modern building, by a member of the congregation of St. Ligurius also called the Redemptorist Fathers, to which order my cousin Hugues belongs. The church was crowded to excess and fortunate was I in finding standing-room where my back was protected by a pillar and I could distinctly hear every word of the preacher. He had the South German pronunciation and spoke with much energy and fervour. The subject was God is Love, and our love to Him ought to be perfect. The moral which he inculcated was excellent and nobody could find fault with it but on the other hand like the ultra-Protestant clergyman Harms in Kiel he spoke of eternal punishment and damnation, a dogma which goes against my feelings, also of original sin, of the necessity of obeying the commands of the church, of the oblig[_] 1839. I [...] of the holy martyrs and concluded with an address to [the] Virgin. Except these few points which I looked upon as blemishes, I confess that I was highly pleased and even edified. By 11 o'clock I was home in my hotel, and in bed.

Thursday, 29th of May 1845. The thermometer at 9 a.m. in the open air marked 16 R. = 68 Fht. In the course of this forenoon I visited the collection of paintings belonging to the late Duke of Leuchtenberg, open to the public once a week, in the palace of the family. The number of pictures is rather limited, there being at the time 82 of modern artist, 92 from the old Italian, 9 from the old Spanish and 70 from the Flemish, Dutch and German schools. Amongst the modern I found some, in my opinion surpassingly beautiful. For instance: by Maria Electrina, Baroness Von Freiburg, "The Virgin and Child", which reminded me of Raphaels earlier style, and "The three holy women at Christ's tomb" by Joseph Bozzi, a copy in black chalk of Leonardo da Vinci's last supper. The original which I had seen in Milan had suffered so much by the lapse of time and moisture, that I gave a decided preference to the copy. By the modern masters there are amongst others, portraits of Napoleon, Josephine, the Duke of Leuchtenberg and Pius VIII, also night pieces of great merit, battle and sea-pieces and paintings of animals. In the Italian apartments I met with the names of the many great masters, with whose works I had become acquainted in the Italian mu[] but of the 92 paintings in this collection I doubt whether [...] [408] one merits to be classed among the higher works of art. On a previous day I spoke about Murrillo as excelling in the portraiture of ragged children. Here I saw equally admirable delineations of sacred subjects, amongst which the Virgin and Child ranked foremost. With the Dutch, Flemish, and German masters I made quick work. There were as usual a few fine portraits by Vandyke, scenes of low Dutch life by Ostade and Gerard Dou, and a few good paintings by Holbein and Denner. Of the statues in this collection I content myself with noting Canova's three graces and his repentant Magdalen; the former have, in my opinion something affected and theatrical about them, they are not such chaste beauties, as Thowarlsden's in C. H. Donners "Octagon". Mrs. Zarhtmann was quite right when she said "Canova's are the graces of the Saloon. Thorwalsden's those of Nature". [...] dalen is well known. The first time I saw a copy of this statue was [...] the 21st of Dec. 1844 in the Villa Sommaria on the Como Lake. She is kneeling and fixing her weeping eyes on the cross which she holds in her hand. From the Leuchtenberg Palace I directed my steps to the Ludwig's Church, where on the previous evening I had listened to the sermon. The interior (of this shape) very chaste and beautiful, is painted white with gold; the ceiling partly light blue with stars, partly adorned with fine fresco paintings. Behind the high altar is "The last Judgement", by Cornelius, a contemporary Catholic painter, of great fame. The subject is treated by Michal

Angelo and Reubens, to the right of our Saviour, the Saved are rising towards the mansions of bliss, to the left the Damned are hurled into the infernal abyss; amongst whom a friar is particularly distinguishable, meant to represent our good Martin Luther. (In Appendix under N° 22 is an engraving of this church). On each side arches connect it with handsome houses, in one of which lived the Redemptorist Father Hempl to whom I had a few introductory lines from my cousin, but who was not at home when I called. Next to this house follows the seminary for young priests; opposite the University, whose building form a quadrangle with a fountain in the middle. At dinner I again sat near the Poles with whom I conversed as little [409] as on the previous occasion. At a later hour I took a long walk from one end of the town to the other, the old part cannot of course be compared to the modern which includes the Ludwig and Brenner streets; it is however by no means so ugly as some of the old towns of Germany, the streets are neither narrow nor crooked, only the pavement might have been better. I passed the Haupt-Platz or chief square where stands a column so small and insignificant, that I should hardly have observed it, if Richardt in his handbook did not make particular mention of it under the name of the Marianische Säule, or the column of Maria, which makes me suppose that the statue on the top is meant for the Virgin. On one side the inscription has become illegible, on the other I deciphered these words: Rex Regium Reginum Regis et Religio. Restaurata sunt. Sub tuo praesidis. Following the long Sendlinger St. I reached the gate of the same name whence an avenue, about half an hour's walk, brought me to the village of Sendling, close which is a long embankment. On it a building was in progress of construction. I learned that it was to be called the Theresienburg, but what it would be like I could form no idea, it being entirely surrounded by scaffolding. On the meadow a trifle lower than this embankment the colossal statue of Bavaria was to be erected. From this somewhat elevated spot I saw at a distance the town of Munich with its steeples situated in an extensive uninteresting plain. I hastened back and was on time for the theatre. *Romeo and Giuletta* was given. The parts of *Romeo*, *Giuletta* and *Tybalt* were fairly sung and gave great satisfaction. Upon the curtain is painted a copy of Guido Reni's fresco painting, which I had seen in the Villa Rospigliosi at Rome, representing the car of *Phoebus* surrounded by the Hours and preceded by the *Aurora*. The play was over by 9 o'clock. I then perambulated the streets of the town which, *not* lighted with gas, were very empty at this early hour. I read in the "*Allegemeine Zeitung*" that the Danish Government had sold to the East India Company *Tranquebar* on the coast of *Coromandel* and *Serampore* in *Bengal* for 1 1/4 million Rigsbank dollars.

Friday, 30th of May 1845. The weather was disagreeably cold and rainy. The Th. at 8 a.m. marked 13 1/2 R. = 62 Fht. I however went out as [] and passed a few hours in the [Pinakotheca] where I took [...] [410] interest in tracing the

development of the German school of painting. A number of cabinet are devoted to this purpose. The first of these contains the works of William of Cologne who flourished towards the end of the 14th and the beginning of the 15th century. He was, if not the founder, at least one of the first of the German school. His heads are fairly done, all painted on a gilt back ground which is not to my taste. In the 2nd are principally the paintings of Israel von Meckenem in which a trifling improvement on the preceding already be perceived; an air of devotion is given to the greater part of his figures. The works of Van Eyck and Lucas von Leyden as well as of Mabbodius whose real name was Grossnert, occupy the 3rd cabinet. The paintings are still so faulty, that even I no connoisseur was able to point out their defects, thus for instance the face of Dan[_] receiving the golden shower by Mabbodius is plain without the slightest expression and the colour of her flesh, decidedly too white. On the other hand, Van Eyck in his adoration of the three Kings, falls into the opposite extreme, the complexion of the Virgin is by far too red. The same may be said of the child Jesus, in N° 42, painted moreover in a particularly stiff attitude. Again in the Visitation of the Virgin, by Hugo von der Goos (1400-1480), the same defect of stiffness is discernible, and the expression, of the angel's countenance, is nothing better than a grimace. Cabinet N° 4 is filled with the works of Johann Hemling, the stiffness is not altogether gone; the Virgins have a modest German look. N° 5 and 6 are devoted to the works of Schoorel, [Hemsliech] and others, and N° 7 and 8 to those of Cranach, Durer, Holbein, and even so far down as Denner who lived 1685-1749. These last mentioned excel in portraits. With N° 9 commence the Netherlandish and Dutch schools, distinguished as is well known by their faithful delineation of low life, such as in German we are in the habit of calling "Genre Bilder". Teniers, Ostade, Branner, Gerard Dou, Breughels and Balen, enjoy the greatest reputation. Balen appeared to me to be very partial to naked figures. The Breughels are distinguished by two epithets given them, the one is called in the "velvet" Breughel, the other the "Hell" Breughel, no doubt because the former is particularly clever in painting dresses, the other in representing scenes in the infernal regions. 10 and 11 are filled with paintings [...] B[_] Cornelius van Heen (1556-1634) [...] [411] triumph of the Catholic church is allegorically represented in 6 consecutive pictures. N° 11 contains many pictures by Rembrandt and 12 is exclusively devoted to Reubens. N° 13 and 14 contain many Van Eycks, a few of Wouvermans famous for his horses, also many "genre-pieces". In N° 15 were many pretty landscapes, flower pieces and miniatures. N° 16 contained the works of Adrian von der Werff (1659-1722) entirely new to me. He is famous for his small historical paintings which are in great request. In N° 17 are many good "genre-bilder", in N° 18 a few trifles of the Italian school, partly fresco partly mosaic. 19 brings us to the old Italian school, of which

Giotto (1276-1336) is the chief, many of these pictures are upon a gold ground. The three following rooms contain works by Italian masters. N° 23 can boast of some clever paintings though the catalogue says that the decline of true art is already perceptible. On the other side of the suite of principal apartments, the cabinets being on the left, is a long gallery with twenty five small cupolas, which as well as the walls are adorned with beautiful fresco paintings, begun in 1830 and concluded in 1840. The "arabesque" borders are nearly all of different designs. Upon the walls of the compartments corresponding to the cupolas, the arms of one or other European town is painted and above the cornice a scene from the life of a painter born in that town, if not a scene then some emblem of art. From the Pinakothek I went to the Court or Royal chapel, in front of the Royal manège. On entering I was struck by its splendour, the walls are stuccoed, the columns and pillars of marble, the ceiling and that part of the wall behind the high altar richly gilt, with handsome fresco paintings upon the gold ground. This sketch will give an idea of the interior.

I finally visited the Royal Library, a very extensive edifice close to the Ludwig's church (see appendix N° 22). A fine staircase leads up to a suite of large saloons, boarded; the walls of considerable height painted white and light blue. Round the walls run two galleries, the one above the other, and the shelves are occupied by books and manuscripts according to my cicerone 400,000 printed works, many of them containing [...] [412] length of the saloons jointly is 520 feet, the same as the height of

Strasburg Cathedral. Many very interesting manuscripts were shewn to me, also the first Latin Bible printed in 1455, the first German Bible (1466), the first book printed in Munich in 1482, and two globes, one terrestrial the other celestial dated 1576. It was past 1 when I called on Father Hampl, now at home. He was an agreeable young man, and in a few minutes I was on the very best terms with him. He told me that the sermons which he and his colleagues were at the present season preaching in the Ludwig's church had had the best effect upon high and low, mostly upon the latter; they were overrun with people who came with the object of restoring stolen property, and others making known their wish to get married, having hitherto lived in concubinage. He added that like the Apostles all the members of the congregation possessed their property in common, and also that my cousin André was occupied with translating into German the works of St. Legurius, the founder of their order who lived in the 18th century, which translation I apprehend when completed will not find many readers. The greater part of the day I was at home occupied with writing, only in the evening I went to the theatre to see the performance of the Jäger by

Iffland. The house was empty and the play though well-acted, rather tedious. Every third word referred to God and religion, which holy subject in my opinion should not be continually alluded to on the stage.

Saturday, 31st of May 1845. By nine o'clock I was in the Glyplothek (see N° 19 in the appendix), a very handsome building in a chaste and elegant style. The folding doors which give entrance to the vast saloons are of brass, but it is a great pity that the works of art collected here do not correspond either in quantity or quality to the taste and splendour displayed in the apartments, nor to the skill with which the little there is, is arranged. The floors are inlaid with Bavarian marbles of different colours; the walls are stuccoed, the ceilings vaulted with the exception where the light is admitted through cupolas, whilst in the other apartments it enters side ways through the windows. On first entering you [...] in a hall or Vestibule; the first apartment [...] [413] the left is dedicated to Egyptian statues; two "Isis and Osiris", each pair sitting by itself, several sphinxes also a very pretty granite obelisk with hieroglyphics. The 2nd contains busts and statues, the stiffness of the latter give evidence that the art of sculpture had not yet attained the perfection which it reached in later times; it was in its transition from the Egyptian to the Grecian style. The famous Aeginites occupy the 3rd apartment. I saw a copy of them in Stuttgart when I gave a detailed description to which I refer (see Vol. II p. 801-802). I will merely add a few words translated from the German "Conversations-lexicon". Aegina was a Greek island two square miles in extent, situated in the Sarmian Gulf. According to Pausanias, the Aeginite Smilis, a contemporary of Daedalus was the founder of Aeginitic art, the predominating character of which was a faithful imitation of Nature. From the time of Phidias, all vestiges of Aeginitic art disappear and afterwards every antique work of sculpture was called Aegenetic without distinction. After Smilis followed Kallon 540-500 B.C. In the year 1811 various English and German Artists and amateurs determined upon examining scientifically and carefully the temple of Jupiter upon this Island, and they found these statues, which, by the advice of the architect Haller, the King of Bavaria bought, and Thorwaldsen restored them where necessary. Upon the shelves round the walls of this room, many antique fragments are placed. The busts and statues in N° 4, 5 and 6 shew great progress in the art. In the 5th one statue is a marble copy of the drunken Faun of bronze in Naples; another a copy of Silenus with a little Bacchus on his shoulder. In the centre stands a block of marble upon which rests a sleeping Satyr with a good-natured smiling countenance, horns and a tail; a pan-pipe lying alongside. In the 6th is a copy of the well-known "Boy playing with a swan"; another, whether original or a copy I cannot say for it was new to me, is a figure of a man naked, lying upon his back, asleep, upon a block of marble, his spear by his side. I also noted a fine head of Minerva with a copper helmet; a Venus, and a well-executed haut-relief representing Hercules lifting his club over a death

youth whom he grasps with his left hand. N° 7, 8, and 9 were empty; N° 8 being [...]ely a passage sustained by two columns whilst [...] [414] vault of 7 and 9 was painted in fresco by Cornelius, the subject, the destruction of Troy. N° 10 is again dedicated to statues and busts; in the middle stands a fine statue of a naked man tying his sandals. N° 11 is a splendid apartment rather longer than the rest, it is partly filled with sarcophagi, statues, busts placed on high marble columns, candelabra, urns, vases and altars. The walls are stuccoed whilst the roof and cupola are painted white and gold. Some of the statues in N° 12 are rather remarkable for different materials made use of in the same figure such as two busts of porphyry over which is thrown a shawl of green marble. A female figure, head, breasts, arms, feet, and a burning torch of white, the garment which covers her of black marble. There is also a river-god of black marble, holding an oar in his right hand, and leaning on an urn, from which water, of course of black marble, flows. In Apartment N° 13 the statues and busts are of modern sculptors, mostly by Canova and Thorwaldsen. A Venus who covers herself with a garment as if suddenly surprised – very pretty. Paris with his shepherds crook and the apple in his hand; in the centre a huntsman with a spear and a dead hare. In one corner a young female rather under life size placing the right leg over the left knee, in both hands a ribbon with which she seems to be measuring something; opposite a draped female figure sitting; a lyre on the ground. Cupid is by her side pressing against her, his bow and arrows are scattered about. Having finished with the Glyptothek I again looked into the Royal Chapel, and convinced myself that the paintings on the gold ground spoken of, were really done in colours and not in mosaic. This is the composition of the painting behind the high altar.

The Father Almighty
The Holy Ghost
Christ

angels

a kneeling angel

2 evangelists

The Virgin

angels

a kneeling angel

2 evangel.

I next walked down the long Brienner St. and turning to the right came to the brass-foundry which enjoys such a well-deserved reputation all over the world. It was formerly directed by Stieglemaier, and since his death by Müller. The most interesting thing shewn to me there was the enormous bronze head of the colossal figure of Bavaria, about to be erected. The expression of the countenance resembles that of Juno's head in the Villa Borghese in Rome (see p. 2[...]). The arms of a corresponding length were also completed. Th [...] [415] was imperfect, as the head, breast, and arms, which are cast, or about being cast, had been taken off. According to Reichardt it was to be 54 feet high,

exclusive of the pedestal (30 feet). By the side of Bavaria a bronze lion (26 feet high) in a sitting posture was to be placed. Its model was exquisite, and it was said that Schwanthaler had been engaged upon it for three years. A gentleman, who like myself was a visitor at the foundry told me however that the last finish had been given by Thowarlsden. I may mention that when in 1855 I was again in Munich, "Bavaria" and the lion occupied their place near the Sendling height, and I then bought a small copy of it, made of a composition intended to imitate marble, which in 1870 is still in my possession. In 1845 this establishment had received an order from England, to cast a statue of Mr. Huskisson, another from a Bohemian noble for those of 12 Bohemian heroes (each to cost 3000 florins) also from Bolivia through a Liverpool house. Thence I went to the Basilica of St. Boniface (see Appendix N° 24). It is built of brick and is 300 feet long. Though the interior was not yet finished I could however form an idea of what it would be like; it is not built in the form of a cross but the architect has preserved the original figure of the Basilica or Roman tribunal; two rows each of sixteen marble columns form the divisions which in other churches are the nave and aisles, the walls are stuccoed up to a certain height, above they are adorned with fresco paintings of the greatest merit, for which three distinguished artists were engaged. They represent scenes from the life of the Saint, beginning with his birth in (680 in England) down to his death in 755, when he was murdered by some wild Frisians, and his interment in the abbey of Fulda. Above the windows are painted scenes referring to the introduction of Christianity into Germany, and below portraits of Popes. The ceiling is blue with golden stars. Upon the wall behind the main altar is a picture on a gold ground, of our Saviour (in the centre), the Virgin and St. John. After dinner I went out of town to the Au church (appendix N° 23). It is built in the Gothic style; there is not a single arch which is rounded, all are pointed. The following sketch gives an idea of its interior: [416]

It was now half past 5, and I hurried to the Ludwig's Church, where Father Hampl was to preach at 7 o'clock. All the seats were occupied; I again obtained standing-room as on a few evenings back, but on this occasion the church was so completely crowded that I was wedged in, and could hardly move a limb. People were even standing outside the doors. Hampl gave a glowing description of the state hereafter, and compared in a most impressive manner, the duration of eternity to the small span of our life on the earth. It was a powerful sermon which upon the whole pleased me much, but on several points, the same which his colleague had treated of, I could not but disagree with him. He called

Henry VIII of England and very properly so, a wicked impious man, and gave a touching description of Sir Thomas More's last moments. He closed like his brother-priest with an appeal to the Virgin Mary, towards whose image he turned. When the sermon was over I bade good bye to Mr. Land, and wrote till 10 o'clock in my room. Bavaria is the country for beer-drinking and fair-hair. The peasant women as well as those of the lower classes in the towns, confine their hair in a net of gold or silver tissue.

Sunday, 1st of June 1845. This hotel was more expensive than any of those at which I had hitherto lived. However if I compare the charges then made with those of 1855 and again with those of 1863, I am convinced that they were 25 if not 50 per cent lower than at the later periods. For instance, in 1845 dinner without wine cost 1 florin equal to 1s 8d; in 1863 in no good hotel was a dinner to be obtained for less than 5 or 6 francs. I left for Alt Oettingen in the diligence which started from the Post-office. The body of the coach was occupied by Father Hampl and his friend, and was filled with flowers and nosegays brought to them by their admiring devotees. The yard was crowded with people of the lower class, amongst whom were many pretty girls, desirous to bid farewell to the good fathers. I conversed a good deal with them during our drive; both were agreeable [...] very lively. The fourth [...] [417] was taken by a Jewish horse dealer. Of the country little is to be said; it is level with trifling undulations and a wood here and there. We passed through the village of Hohenlinden, where on Dec. 3rd 1800 the French under General Moreau, gained a decisive victory over the Austrians commanded by the Arch Duke Charles. To judge from Allison's description of this battle, the neighbouring country must have been much more woody than when I came through it. To the south of the road however a considerable forest was still in existence, probably the spot where Richepanse fell upon the long line of the Austrian column, threw it into confusion and decided the fate of the day. Furthur on we drove through Haag and Ampfing, where we dined, the Jew not sitting down with us; through Mühldorff where we crossed the Inn over a bridge and reached Alt Oettingen by 3 o'clock. Near Mühldorff another battle of even more importance than that of Hohenlinden was fought on Sept. 28th 1322 between Frederic of Austria (the fair) and Ludwig of Bavaria. Though cousins they were competitors for the Imperial dignity. Fortune decided for the latter, Frederic fell into his hands and remained a prisoner for many years. It was after this battle that Louis when distributing a few eggs of which there was a great scarcity gave two to his chief Schwapperman with these words: "To each of you one, to Schwapperman two". Alt Oettingen was a small village full of conventual buildings, amongst which was the convent or as they preferred calling it the "house" of the Redemptorist Fathers. This order also called that of St. Ligurius was founded by Alphonso

Maria de Liguori (born at Naples 1696, died 1787). The two Fathers shewed me to the stranger's room in their "house", and immediately left me, no doubt for the purpose of presenting themselves to their superior. This room boarded and its walls white washed was plainly furnished. It contained a bed, a few chairs, a table and wash stand, but no looking glass. On the walls were engravings of religious subjects and a crucifix. After a few moments André came in. He had much altered and I should not have known him, though after looking at him for some time I recognized the features of the pretty curly [...] boy of whom the Russian officers quartered in Hamburg and [418] Altona in 1814, used to say that he bore a great resemblance to their handsome emperor Alexander. He had grown stout; his hair was fair the crown of course shaven, his eyes were light blue; his mouth small but his teeth of which he had lost many very bad. His dress like that of his companions consisted of a long wide black gown, held together by a waistband from which was suspended a large black rosary; the collar over which was fastened a piece of fine white linen was closed with hooks and eyes. He said that I was also much changed, however in a minute or so we were again on our old friendly and intimate terms. He shewed me over the whole establishment, to the church, the library, the common room, his private room, the kitchen, the pantry, the cow house, the garden, everything was plain and clean. André's room and those of all the members of the order were furnished alike, in the same manner as that of the strangers already described. The mattresses were stuffed with straw; according to the statutes laid down by the founder no alterations were allowed to be introduced. There were in this "House" 24 ordained priests, but seldom were they all at home, being sent out by their superiors to preach in the neighbourhood both in the open country and in towns. I understood that this was called "going on missions" and "exercises"; the object of both was alike, the difference consisted in the "missions" lasting longer than the "exercises"; also that when on the former they preached only once, during the latter 3 or 4 times a day. Hamples mission to München had lasted from the 1st to the 31st of May. At the time of my visit even the Rector was absent; he and some of the Fathers having been requested by the curates in the vicinity to preach in their villages. The "Minister" who ranked next to the Rector told me that he had just come home from a mission to Passau where he had preached in the open air to a multitude, computed by him to have numbered 25,000. Besides the ordained priests there were lay brothers to perform the menial offices. However by routine one of the ordained priests, to humble himself, had to assist the latter, even in washing plates, hence for the time he bore the name of "Ablator". I have no doubt that these friars make themselves very useful in correcting the moral [...] those with whom they come in contact, whilst at the same time [...] [419] they are strenuously and fervently fighting for the propagation of what they consider to be the true faith. Till

7 o'clock when it was supper time I promenaded the garden in company with my cousin who I must not omit to observe dipped his fingers in the holy water and made his genuflexions when passing the altar as devoutly as if he had been accustomed to it from his childhood. Before we sat down to supper prayers in Latin were read. Generally during meals one of the students not yet ordained read aloud from a religious book, but this day Hampl having returned from a journey conversation was allowed. He and I had some very nice ham, whilst the next supped upon roast meat carrots and salad. The usual beverage was beer and water. For me a bottle of wine was placed on the table but as I would not drink alone, the Minister permitted Hampl and André to take a glass like myself. He and an old priest joined us, but a young man sitting between André and Hampl was not included in this debauch. After dinner they all retired to church for a short prayer. They then walked up and down the garden where I joined them and as the weather was mild and pleasant we all remained until 1/2 past 8 when the priests had again to go to prayers. André shewed me the way to my room where I wrote till 10 o'clock.

Monday, 2nd of June 1845. I awoke at four o'clock: the sun shone into my windows, from which I had a pretty view over the garden and greenfields confined by woods at no great distance. At 7 my cousin came to breakfast with me. Two hours later he took me to the church to shew me the various treasures which it contained. They consisted of many silver and gold goblets, pyx, books splendidly bound, embroidered cushions on which to place the missals, much jewellery, gold and silver without any particular object, also necklaces, silver arms, silver ears, etc. (these latter presented when the donor considered himself to be saved from imminent danger by a particular intervention from above). Relics expensively set, silver images, and Heaven knows how many other things, also two needles, inadvertently swallowed and [...] remained several days in the person's stomach [...] [420] thrown up after certain vow had been made by the sufferer to the Virgin Mary. Under separate glass cases were two skeletons, ridiculously dressed and adorned. In the sockets of their eyes pieces of glass were placed. André assured me that they were martyr's bones, brought thither from the catacombs of San Sebastian in Rome but as their true names were unknown some imaginary name having a meaning was given to them; thus the glass cases of these two were inscribed Innocentius and Celestina. Such are called christened martyr's. In the vault of this church the famous Tilly lies interred; part of the lid of the coffin is of glass and through it part of the skull and hair can be seen; alongside of this coffin are those of his brother and brother's wife and children. Close by stands a small chapel of great renown. According to André and Hampl solely Loretto in Italy, Maria Zell in Styria, and Maria Einsiedel in Switzerland can boast of more pilgrim in the course of the year. This is said to be built on the spot where once stood an ancient (or as my

companion said) a “Pagan” temple dedicated to the seven planets. Who ever heard of such Roman Gods. Next André accompanied me to the Church of the Capuchin friars, the altar of which is very curiously carved in wood. The chief of this convent called the “Provincial” was a venerable looking man with a high bald forehead, a long white beard, and an expressive countenance. He was dressed in the ordinary brown cloak of his order. His conversation was agreeable and gave evidence of his extensive information. Besides these convents there exists in Alt Oettingen an establishment of female recluses called the English ladies, which name is derived from its founder, an Englishwoman called Ward who came thither about the time of the Reformation. In 1845 there were three houses, where these “English Ladies”, though at the time not one of that nation was to be found amongst them, devoted themselves to the education of young girls. We returned through the pretty cemetery and were back by 12 o’clock, when André, Hampl and I dined together in my room. We had soup, two dishes of meat, vegetables, wine, and beer, and much animated conversation. In the beginning of May, André and three of his colleagues had been on a mission to the family of Prince Poli[gnac] the well known ex-minister of Charles X. [...] [421] to speak of the consideration and friendliness with which he had been treated. Hampl also gave an account of the many high personages, with whom he had dined whilst at Munich. André was the most literary character amongst the members congregated in Alt Oettingen, Hampl was most decidedly made for practical life. He having been on a mission had now three days’ holidays, in conformity with the rules of the order, during which time he told me, he amused himself with working in the garden and with looking after his pigeons. We then started for a long walk, during which it gave me real pleasure to observe with what respect all who met us saluted the good fathers, and how the little children came running along to kiss their hands. Hampl was an active little fellow; he tucked up his long gown and even ran as fast as I, whilst André 9 years my junior followed at a slow steady pace. We followed the course of the Isen which falls into the Inn; this latter river was crossed over a bridge, and found ourselves in the part of Winhöring belonging to an old count von Törring, who had of late married a young relation of his. At a distance we discovered some bonnets which, a magnet to me, was as a scarecrow to my companions, they hurried off. However having roved about for some time and uncertain which path to take to reach the summit, for the park lies on a hill, they ventured to brave the danger, and in a few minutes we stood before the countess, 2 female companions and the high forester. The reverend Fathers made their excuses which were politely received, and hardly had we taken our leave, when a servant in livery presented himself inviting us to take a cup of coffee with the countess, which we acceded to. We sat down in the open air,

I alongside the lady, who, though no beauty was good-looking, and I spent half an hour in agreeable chat; willingly would I have remained longer but I thought it was time to return. I made a sign to André and he rose. We ascended a hill a little higher up and had thence a fine prospect over the park, some green fields, the Inn, the Church and a few houses, the village of Winhöring, the villages of Alt and Neu Oettingen, and far off the snowy mountains of the Tyrol. Our walk home in the cool of the evening (previously it had been rather too hot) was really delightful. We passed through [422] Neu Oettingen, where we met some female pilgrims neatly dressed in their white gowns, with roses in their hair. My companions had to read their breviary a duty which no Catholic priest dare omit. They did so alternately, the one walking by himself and reading, the other keeping me company. At 7 o'clock we were back in the convent where André again supped with me. It was very natural that our conversation turned much on religious matters and I became persuaded that he had embraced Catholicism from conviction. On my asking him how he could possibly believe the story about the needles above mentioned, his reply was that this was no dogma, one might believe or not. Similar was his answer to the opinion which I expressed on the uselessness of praying to the Virgin or to the Saints, for their intercession with God. "You may do so if you like" he said "it is no dogma, if you prefer to pray direct to God, do so". But not so yielding was he however when I touched on eternal damnation this, a dogma with both Protestants and Roman Catholics must be believed. He wanted full liberty in religious matters a fair field and no favour, and then he was sure Catholicism must prevail. The hierarchy of the Redemptorists is similar to that of the Jesuits. In both orders there is the same centralizing system. The chief of the Redemptorists perhaps also called General as with the Jesuits, resided in Vienna. There was however one difference between the two orders; the Redemptorists were always obliged to return to their convents though they might be absent for a few weeks, or even months, whilst the Jesuits might be all their life time out of the convent for instance at court, and still remain Jesuits. Before we separated André lent me a small book written in German by Melchior Diepenbrock, containing little stories, I amused myself with them before I went to bed and found them very pretty though of course they shewed a strong leaning of the Catholic faith.

Tuesday, 3rd of June 1845. The weather was again as fine as I could wish. The Th. in my room, windows open 16 R. = 68 Fht. At 7 o'clock I went below to the general room, where I took my breakfast, which like that of the friars consisted merely of [...] [423] of coffee and milk, and a little bread. This meal they do not take together, everyone breaks his fast whenever he finds a moment's leisure. Soon after two processions started from the chapel whither I had gone with my cousin, who told me that he was to proceed with one of the two, and would

preach in the church whither they were bound. I lost him in the crowd, and by chance followed that procession with which André did *not* go, and thus lost opportunity of hearing him preach which I much regretted. This procession was like all others, and very similar to that I had seen in Gastein, Crucifixes and banners were carried on high. There were about 320 persons; first came the boys and young men, next the girls and unmarried women, who, if not in a white dress wore a white apron over the red petticoat, and wreathes of flowers in their hair; then followed the married men, and the married women with black handkerchiefs tied round their heads brought up the rear. We first entered the parish church where one of the Redemptorist fathers preached a very good sermon. He exhorted his hearers to lead an exemplary life for if they did not do so, they would be debarred hereafter from the sight, of the blessed Virgin Mary. He continued forcibly more or less in these terms: "When a friend and relation of yours is buried and you know that on this earth you are never to see him again, do you not weep, do you not feel sorrowful? How much greater will be your misery when you find that you shall, for ever be debarred from the sight of the blessed Virgin?" From the parish church the procession moved on slowly, the "Ave Maria" being chanted in German to Neu Oettingen where we entered another church, but here mass, only, was said. Having returned to the house I was joined by André; we walked out and dined together. He presented with me several engravings of saints for my family in Lima, also with a Catholic missions book edited in 1845. I then packed up and having some time to spare we remained together in the garden, when he told me that amongst other things incumbent on him as a member of the order of St. Ligurius that what to him was the most irksome [] to sit in the confessional. "Nothing is more dreadful for me [424] than to listen hour after hour to the accounts given me of the sins of my fellow creatures, of their vices and crimes, of their faults and errors, sometimes to be sure trivial and even imaginary, on other occasions heinous and but too true." Hampl came to bid me good bye. The diligence arrived at 1/2 past 4. I went to the Post Office and parted from André of whom I took away much better idea than I had formed before seeing him. His sister Mrs. Dr. Krammer of Hamburg, an excellent woman but full of religious prejudices, had painted him to me, not as he was, but as she saw him, far different from the reality. Proud of her ultra-Protestantism she believed that it behoved her to look upon every Catholic priest as a compound of guile, deceit and unbounded zeal for the extension of his faith. Even her own brother she viewed through this distorted medium; he of course appeared to her under false colours and she was thus unable to form a just opinion of him. My companion in the body of the coach was a servant on his way to join his master in Hungary. The coupé

was occupied by a newly-married couple from Switzerland. Shortly after having left Alt Oettingen we passed a small river the Altz, on the other side of which lies a place of little importance, Hohenwart. At a distance we had the high mountains of Salzburg and Styria, close by on the right side of the Inn a ridge of sandhills. The country as heretofore was level, partly cultivated, partly wooded, and fir trees prevailed. The peasants were everywhere busy haymaking. We then drove down to Burghausen prettily situated on the Salza's left bank; it is not inconsiderable, the streets are wide, the houses high, the roofs flat. It is distant from Salzburg no more than 7 1/2 German miles. The Salza here is lined with high sandy wood covered hills. We drove back from Burghausen, a small part of the way we had come, then crossed the Inn and came to Marktl, next to Lindorf and Simbach, which latter place in Bavaria lies exactly opposite Braunau in Austria. In Braunau on Aug. 26th 1806 an atrocious judicial murder was committed by the French Authorities. The blame is thrown by some on Napoleon himself, by others on Marshal Berthier. Then lived in Nuremberg [...] ller called John Palm who received in the course [...] [425] business from one of his correspondents a parcel containing pamphlets which he was to forward to another bookseller. He complied with the order without being acquainted with the contents, but the French police knew that these pamphlets were filled with bitter attacks against the French rule. Accordingly Palm was arrested, a proper judicial trial was denied him, he was hurried to Braunau, placed before a court-martial, condemned to death and shot. In Simbach we took a very bad and of course very cheap supper, everything smelt of garlic. When we re-entered the diligence it thundered and lightened at a distance. I soon fell asleep and hardly awoke before we reached Neuhaus in the middle of the night. All were asleep in the inn; I however succeeded in knocking up a servant who showed me to my bedroom. Here is a sketch showing how I travelled about since I passed the Brenner pass until my arrival at Passau.

Wednesday, 4th of June 1845. As the diligence did not start till 9 o'clock I had leisure to cross the Inn over a long bridge which leads from Neuhaus in Bavaria to Scheerding on the Austrian side. Of this small place I can only say that the walls of many houses were disfigured, or adorned, as you may please to call it with the paintings of Saints "al fresco". The temperature was cooler than on the previous day, owing to the thunderstorm. My companion in the coupé was a military man; in the body of the coach sat a gentleman and his mother all decent people. The country between Neuhaus and Passau is very pretty, and through the woods we had an occasional glimpse of the Inn to the right, on nearing Passau, of the Danube to our left. A somewhat long descent brought us to this town where we arrived at 12 o'clock and alighted at the Post office. The military [426] man remained here; the two other travellers and I intended to continue our journey to Lintz, but learned to our great disappointment that no steamer was expected from Regensburg as owing to the [?] state of the river it would be impossible to pass under the bridges. My companions then decided on going by land, but I who had come all this round-about way for the sole purpose of seeing the beautiful banks of the Danube between Passau and Lintz determined on engaging a boat. We three dined together and then separated. The weather, variable in the course of the day, had much improved; it was even too warm. I first went to the Cathedral, of the interior of which the adjoining sketch will give an idea. The ceiling between each four pillars both in the nave and the aisles, as well as over the high altar, and the two lateral ones marked C.C. forms a separate cupola painted al fresco. The space between the two pillars x.x. is spanned by a low arch, upon which the principal organ is placed. In the square before the church stands a statue of Maximilian Joseph, upon a pedestal with these inscriptions. On one side: "Wie die Geschichte seine Thaten so möge dies Metal sein Bild den Kommenden Geschlechtern überliefern". Upon the other: "Dem geliebten Könige Maximilian Joseph I sein trues Volk im Underdonau-Kriese am 16 Hornung 1824". English: "As History preserves his deeds, so may this metal preserve his image for the coming generations. To their beloved King Maximilian Joseph I, his faithful people of the lower Danube district". Upon the two other sides are a circle of stars with a monogram in the middle. From the cathedral I walked over a bridge which crosses the Danube to Oberhaus a fort situated on a rock; a short tunnel is bored through it, this I passed and came to the river Ilz, an affluent of the Danube, on the other side of which, of course the eastern

side lies the small town of Ilzstad a suburb of Passau. Behind the same rises a small hill which I ascended and whence I had a distant view over the inland country. I returned and [...] the rock on whose summit the fort of Oberhaus [...] [427] erected. Here I had before me the Danube, Passau, the Inn, and the southern bank of this river. Of the situation of the town I obtained a clear idea which I immediately put on paper. See herewith.

The Alz was nearly blocked up with logs of wood, which came floating down from the Bohemian mountains; numbers of people mostly women were busy, piling them up, or throwing them into boats moored close to the shore. I retraced my steps over the Danube bridge, walked straight through the town, came to a pretty promenade along the Inn, and crossed another bridge over this river to Innstadt where I rested a considerable while sitting on a rustic bench. It was a beautiful summer evening, but gradually dark clouds drew up, and the thunder growled far off. In my hotel I ate an omelette and confiture, wrote a little and went to bed early.

Thursday, 5th of June 1845. Till 10 o'clock I was busy with my correspondence for Lima and London which I had commenced on the previous evening, then paid my bill and stepped on board the boat which was to convey me to Lintz. It lay close to the hotel and was roughly made long very narrow and unpainted, filled with the rowers and various persons who were to be my fellow passengers. They turned out to be a common disagreeable fellow from Lintz, a modest young Bavarian, and a gentleman Mr. Augustus Lühdorf from Elberfeld and his wife "Lottchen". With these two latter, I soon became acquainted. They were pleasant decent people, and conversing with them the time slipped away imperceptibly. He seemed to have been a commercial traveller in Norway and Sweden, and carried with him a guide book for the Danube, which was of great use. The threatening clouds which hung round the horizon on our departure soon cleared away and we had the most delightful weather the [...] day long. The Danube is a rapid river [...] [428] and undercurrents; its banks not of great height are generally covered with wood from top to bottom, dark firs mixed with trees of a lighter green. Here [...] there, a small village, a ruin, a church, or a castle appear giving some variety to the landscape. On the right,

or southern side the Austrian territory commences immediately on leaving Passau, where the Inn forms the boundary. Here the first object to which our attention was called was a small building on the top of an abrupt rock, "The Trampelburg", also "das Schnieder-Schlosshein" or the "Tailors small castle" of which tradition says that once upon a time there lived here a tailor who had a goat, this goat falling sick, the tailor instead of taking care of it, was about to throw it into the Danube when the goats horn becoming entangled with his dress, both tailor and goat fell into the river and perished miserably. Follows on the same side Haffnerzell famed for the excellent crucibles manufactured there. Then somewhat inland upon the summit of a hill a well preserved castle, it is called Viechtenstein and a court of justice for the surrounding country holds here its sessions. Close to the river lies Kasten, with a manufactory of lead pencils, whose owner had taken out a patent, the lead being inserted into the hole which is bored through the wood, whilst the generality of the pencils consist of two pieces of wood glued together. Near the northern bank, where the Bavarian territory continues, the waves break with violence over a ridge of rocks or reefs just covered by the water, and carefully avoided by our boatmen. Grimau a village on the same shore we passed unnoticed, not so a low rock upon which a small tower is erected, painted on the one side with the Austrian, on the other with the Bavarian arms. Here on the northern bank an inconsiderable gully separates the two countries; opposite lies Engelhardzell where we arrived at noon. Here we had to stop for our luggage to be examined by the Austrian custom house officers. These being at dinner we also took our meal. Our trunks were then searched, slightly to be sure, but the contents were minutely noted down. Mr. Lühdorf had to pay duty on a few cigars, whose weight did not exceed [...] At 2 o'clock we continued our journey. Othe [...] [429] [...] ined us among, whom was a young man from [...] who entered into conversation with him of Lintz, they [...], made use of such vulgar, not to say indecent expressi [...] lady being present I thought it my duty to check their boisterous hilarity. The Lintz man thought my interference rather strange, however henceforward they kept within bounds. Gradually it became very warm and the sun burned fiercely. Immediately after leaving Engelhardzell we noted a castle in good repair owned by Prince Wrede; close by a church formerly a Benedictine Convent; opposite the castle of Ranariodl inhabited I know not by whom and a little furthur on the town Waschbach and a ruin with a modern house annexed. Hereabouts the river narrows considerably, it makes a turn to the North and continues its course in numberless windings. Right before we distinguished the village of Neuhaus prettily situated; higher up a castle owned in former times by the then powerful, now extinct family of the Schaumburg, who like their colleagues on the Rhine were in the habit of

levying tribute from the peaceable merchants and wayfarers. On the Bavarian side we had another castle and village, the latter close to a small torrent, the Mühl, which floats down wood from the Bohemian mountains. Having passed Aschach to our right, the prospect opens; the shores are low and flat, before us a level country behind which in the background rise the high snow-covered Styrian mountains. To the left we had Land[]ag, behind which are stone quarries, and Effingen of which hardly more than the church steeple was visible. This place is mentioned, in the famous epic of the Niebelungen. Chriemhilda, in the twenty first adventure is described as having passed a night here when pursued by the Huns. The "Song of the Niebelungen" the great critic A. W. Schlegel believes to have been written about the year 1207; it is rhythmic and in rhymed couplets. The name is supposed to be derived from a tribe of the Burgundians, the Niebelungen or Niflungen whose tragic fate and ultimate destruction by the Huns, under their chief Etzel or Attila, brought about by the feuds of two princely pairs of this tribe, is the subject of the poem; the scene is laid about the year 430 or 440 A.D. [Ottenshaim] having been left behind, the river again narrows, the shores [] high and covered with trees, to the right we have Wilh [...] [430] convent of [...], near a dark fir forest. Before us [] to the right [...] the left, according to the turns of the [], we saw for a long [...] church, upon a hill called the Peslenberg, no more than an hour's walk from Lintz. On the bank of the river itself we observed a number of small images of saints. On the left side a carriage road led to Lintz, of which town the first thing which struck us was the House of Correction, an extensive building. We had also to the right the high road which comes from Scheerding, lined with houses; the bridge then appeared in sight according to Reichardt 144 fathoms long. On the southern bank the town, on the northern the suburb of Urfahr, both pretty to look upon gilt by the rays of the setting sun. We landed and took up our quarters in the "Archduke Charles", a good hotel. As it was getting dark I hastened away and walked through the town which is by no means amiss; fine houses and a handsome avenue along the Danube, a large market-place and well paved streets, and ascended a small hill to the southward which on one side overlooks Lintz and the Danube, and on the other has an extensive view over the inland plain, stretching towards the Styrian mountains, these always seen from on board were now concealed from sight by the fast gathering shades of night. Having supped in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lühdorf I again took a stroll through the town, and was in bed by 11 o'clock.

Friday, 6th of June 1845. I rose at a very early hour, occupied myself with bringing up my diary, and took my ticket for the passage to Vienna per steamer A[rmi]a Maria, which cost 8fl munz or about 15 Mks. currency, for overweight, the first time such a charge had been made to me on board a steamer, I had to

pay 2/3 of a florin or 20s currency. When I stepped on board I found the deck filled with passengers, upon the whole a respectable party, many ladies, also the gentleman and his mother with whom I had come from Neuhaus to Passau, whose name was Weinberger, and Mr. and Mrs. Lühdorf. The weather was beautiful, not a cloud was to be seen on the horizon. When we stopped [...] many a time the heat was even too [...] [431] [...] when rapidly steaming down the river, a current of air was caused, which mitigated its intensity. Immediately after leaving Lintz the banks on both sides of the river are flat and the river itself full of small wooded islands. For some time the Styrian mountains partly shrouded in fogs remained in sight. From the same, the right side, a small river, the Traun flows into the Danube; a trifle furthur on we observed the Tilly's Burg and Florians Stift, and the small town of Enns; on the left, the ruins of the castle of Spielberg, and the town of Mauthhausen. Upon a rock in the river, connected by a wooden bridge with the northern side, stands an ancient edifice honoured with the name of a Schloss or castle, whence the Masters of Prague derived their origin. To these same knights belonged in ancient times, another castle on the right side Niederwaldsee, more recently the property of the well known Fieldmarshal Daun. About half an hour's run furthur down the Danube narrows considerably, its shores are more hilly and wood covered. Having passed Grim to the left, two whirlpools where the water breaks over sunken rocks, and runs in strange eddies, were pointed out, the one "der Strudel", the other "der Wirbel", for both which I can only give the English synonyms of "Whirl" and "Vortex". Ruins are here as frequent as on the banks of the Rhine, and succeed each other on both sides. We passed a pretty place, St. Nicola, also close by the ruins of two ancient Barbicans, or watch towers, so prettily translated by the German "lug [ins] Land". ("Look into the land"). Having left Dunaudorff behind us, close to the village of Persenbeug the castle of the same name came in sight, where the Emperor Francis I was fond of residing; to the right Ips, adjoining which a very extensive hospital, and opposite, Maria Taferl upon a mountain 1300 feet high, which is much frequented by pilgrims, it is said not less than 100,000 yearly. To the right lies Säusenstein with the ruins of a convent wantonly destroyed by the French, and to the left Marbach close to the waters edge. The hilly shores gradually diminish in height, as yet they do not dwindle down to a level plain. We then passed succesively Great and Little Pochlorn, a [...] Weideneck and a little further on, on th [...] [432] formerly Medelick with a fine Monastery of Benedictine friars, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, the façade is narrow, the sidewalls of considerable length. On approaching the castle of Schonbu[...], situated on a steep rock, and close behind, the convent of the same name, the river once more changes its aspect, it is narrow and its banks are wooded. The ruins of

Aggstein to the right are situated at a greater height than all the ruins and towns hitherto mentioned. This castle stood once in bad repute, owing to the atrocious deeds attributed to its ancient owners. Schreckenwald (The Terror of the Forest) and after him Hadmas resided here in the 13th and Baron Scheck in the 15th century. Of this latter it is related that he was in the habit of precipitating his victims into a stony abyss, which he jocosely called his "rose-garden". Opposite we have now [...] villages of Aggsbach, Wellendorf and Schwallenback. Wellendorf is famed for having been in the 14th century the residence of the pious knights of Wellendorf, who founded Maria Zell. Close to Schwallenback a ridge of rocks runs down from the summit to the river, called the Devils wall, for a tradition says the Evil One tried to block up the waters of the Danube but in vain, and this is what remains of his futile attempt. In the neighbourhood of the hamlet and the ruined tower of Spritz the cultivation of vines commences, and continues all along the course of the river; the vine produced here is however noted for its inferiority and sourness and is invariably converted into vinegar. Upon the roof of the church in the village of St. Michael, on the northern bank 7 hares in stone are sculptured to commemorate a particularly severe winter, when the snow lay so deep as completely to cover the church, and the hares ran over it. We now have Weisendorf Weiskirchen; opposite Bosatz, and again on the left, the ruins of Durrenstein, where Richard Lionheart was kept prisoner 15 months, the Archduke Leopold of Austria, having laid hold of him, when travelling through his dominions to avenge himself for the insults heaped on him by Richard, when crusading together in the Holy Land. Close to the water is situated a pretty village of the same name, and hereabouts the banks are considerably [...] had hitherto been not so to the right. Some [...] [433] inland upon a hill about 700 feet high we could clearly see a Benedictine Convent. To pass the bridge which connects Stein with Maunstein, the chimney of our steamer had to be lowered. Stein to the left is succeeded by the Convent of Und, and the town of Krems. The country is now completely flat. I merely note the village Trassenmauer, close to which the torrent Trassen falls into the Danube, because mention is made of it in the Niebelungen Song as having been Chriemhildus resting place for a night. The dinner hour drew near; almost all went below, for both banks, covered with wood, presented nothing of interest; only Lüdhorf, his wife, I, and two or three more, remained on deck. At about 2 o'clock we were opposite Tulln, again spoken of in the Niebelungen. Furth [...] upon a steep rock a small castle, Greifenstein, owned by the Prince von Liechtenstein, Krounenburg to the left, with the Besam mountains; to the right Klosterneuburg and finally Nussdorf where the steamer stopped at 3 o'clock. All was bustle and confusion on board; I remained with the Lüdhorfs, and our luggage being landed, we took a carriage

which put us down at "The Golden Lamb" hotel, an enormous building in the Leopold Suburb. Notwithstanding its size nearly all the rooms were occupied and I obtained N^o 138 in the 3rd story. Having washed and dressed I went to dine and sat down near my travelling acquaintances, having first asked their permission. Of course, they couldn't say "No", but their manner towards me was entirely different from what it had been hitherto. If there was a reason for this change I could only attribute it to the following. When at the barrier whilst Mr. Lühdorf's attended to the examining of his luggage I remained with his wife in the carriage, and while explaining something to her, traced one or two lines on her knee. At this moment Lühdorf returned who perhaps thought I was taking too great a liberty. At all events when I, at dinner addressed Mrs. Lühdorf, she hardly replied, and when her husband was called out, she appeared deeply engaged in studying the interesting "carte à manger". Also when settling for the cost of the carriage I very naturally offered to pay the half, to which he answered [...] few words which I did not clearly understand [...] [434] said something about his not accepting a present, if I intended to make him one; finally they rose while I was still eating, and I at once made up my mind, not to trouble myself further about them. It was still early in the evening, and I had time to take a long walk. At a few steps from the Golden Lamb, a long wooden bridge connects the Leopold Suburb with the town itself. This I did not cross, but remaining on the Danube's left bank, I soon found my way to the Prater, a small wood or extensive park as you like to call it, with beautiful trees and full of deer. It is traversed by a wide carriage road, which answers to the Vienna beau monde for the same purpose as the Bois de Boulogne to the Parisians, or Hyde Park to the Londoners. Continuing my walk in this direction I came to a suspension bridge, which brought me to the Danube's right bank where I soon lost myself among the extensive suburbs, of which there were at the time 34, and the greater part of which are separated from the town itself, which very small is walled round, and may be looked upon as the kernel by the wide glacis, consisting of meadows intersected by avenues. By dint of enquiry, and I must say that all whom I accosted answered very politely, I made my way to the Golden lamb hotel in the suburb "Die Wieden", where I had been told that Arndt was living, but he had just removed. Walking on and on I at last reached the Karntner Tor or Karnithia gate, where I entered the city which I traversed in a straight line in about 20 minutes, and emerged at the Ferdinands Bridge and this again brought me to my hotel.

Saturday, 7th of June 1845. I was up by 6 o'clock and by 7 left my hotel when the temperature was already very warm; the th. marking in the shade in my room 18 R = 73 F. With much trouble I discovered the lodging of Arndt in the Josephstadt one of the many suburbs. I not being acquainted with the

whereabouts walked at least twice the necessary distance. The houses in the suburbs are generally large and high and the streets wide. Water carts were driving up and down [...] [435] the dust. The females whom I met might be called handsome – without exception. Arndt not being at home, I returned to my hotel, and again started a few hours later, when I went to the counting house of Arnstein & Eskeles in the street called the Kohl or Cabbage market! to whom both my letters of credit were directed. They ranked among the first bankers in Vienna, and like Von Eichthal, in Munich were of the Jewish persuasion. A large number of letters which had accumulated here were handed me both from London and Lima the latter being dated March 6th. I was told that Oswald, a younger brother of the two Pfluckers of Lima had frequently been enquiring for me but that he had now left Vienna. I next visited the collection of pictures, in the palace of the Prince von Liechtenstein but as the doors were soon to be closed I had merely time to take a cursory glance at them. The garden which surrounds the Palace is very pretty and I remained in the same for some time, enjoying the shade of its noble trees. Thence I went in search of Father Passy, one of the Redemptorist superiors in Vienna to whom André had given me an introductory note. He lived in the “House” (not “Convent”) belonging to the order, adjoining the church, and received me with much politeness. As far as I could judge of him, from this our first interview, he appeared to be an agreeable man of the world. I dined in my hotel and was busy till a late hour writing; my room cost me here 1fl 12x equal to 36 shillings currency the dinner consisting of beefsteak and potatoes, some pudding and half bottle of wine 53x equal to 26 shillings Cy.

Sunday, 8th of June 1845. I was still in bed and asleep when Arndt made his appearance at 1/2 past 6. We took our coffee and milk, called “mélange”, in a coffee house much frequented in front of the “Golden Lamb”. On the pavement stood tables and chairs occupied by the consumers of coffee and ices. The weather being very fine, a true summers morning, we took a walk to the Prater, which at this early hour was already filled with gentlemen on horse back with carriages and with [436] many of the humbler classes promenading or taking their breakfast in the open air, sitting before the public houses, which line some of the avenues that traverse the Prater. We continued our walk to a circular place; in the centre of which stands the so-called Imperial Country lodge, but where refreshments were to be had. On our return to town we entered St. Peter’s Church, a pretty rotunda where we listened to some fine music; next to the Augustine church which contains one of the chef d’œuvres of Canova, namely the sepulchral monument of the Archduchess Maria Christina, wife of Albert of Poland, Duke of Sachsen Teichsen, resembling in a great measure his own in Vennice, not only in its shape that of a pyramid placed against the wall, but also

in some of its details: in both a few steps lead up to a half-open door. Here over the door a portrait of the Duchess is sculptured in bas-relief; it is encircled by a snake with its tail in its mouth, an emblem of eternity, (a genius on the one) an angel on the other side are rising towards the portrait; to the left of the door lies lion symbolical of the firm character of the deceased, a mourning angel leaning against the lion is meant to represent the Duke's sorrow. Various figures ascend the steps; on the right side a mourning female (Virtue); one child precedes, another follows her, these three are linked together by a wreath of roses. A step further down, an old man, a young woman and a child evincing grief, these allude to the well known charities of the Duchess. Arndt and I dined in an hotel "the Empress of Austria" more or less at the same cost as in the "Golden Lamb", we then separated. I called upon Father Passy, again very friendly and obliging, nevertheless the enthusiasm exhibited by André and Hampl was much more to my liking than his polished worldliness. He accompanied me to a Spanish clergyman, tutor to the sons of the Marquis de Romaña, whom I did not much admire; thence to the Prince of Hohenlohe, who lived at the time in the convent of the Capuchin friars, and who a few years previously had been in great repute for the many [...] said to have been performed by him. He [...] [437] elderly toothless man; his features were not only insignificant, but their expression appeared to me stupid. He and Passy though both Germans had a strange habit of conversing sometimes in French. I left them and went to a coffee house close by where I took some excellent ice. On my return the Prince was in his episcopal gala attire, on the point of paying a visit to the Emperor Ferdinand at Schönbrunn. The Prince having left, Father (though this reverential name was hardly applicable to him) Passy and I descended into the vault, where the mortal remains of many members of the Hapsburg family are deposited. The first who had been interred here were Mathew and his spouse, the founders. The greater part of the coffins are of copper and of a composition of metals resembling zinc. That of Maria Teresa and her husband Franz of Lorraine is the largest of all, it is of silver and upon one of its sides is represented in bas-relief the Victory which Field-marshal Daun gained at Kolin, on June 18th 1757 over Frederic the Great. I thought at the time and it is my opinion while I dictate these lines, that it would have been wiser not to recall the beholders memory to this one victory, for of course it puts him at once in mind of the many defeats inflicted by Frederic upon the Austrians during the 7 years war. The coffin of Joseph II, son of Maria Theresa, also of silver is very plain, that of his nephew Francis II stands in the middle with those of his three wives around it. The Duke of Reichstadt, Francis' (II) grandson, also lies in this vault. Thence Passy took me through various courtyards which belong to the Burg, the Vienna residence of the Emperors, to a temporary building where

pictures by a modern Austrian painter Danhausen, were exhibited. They were upon the whole in a rather unusual style, representing ladies and gentlemen dressed in the modern fashion, with gloves, parasols, and umbrellas and surrounded by elegant furniture, which though a copy of what we see every day has but a poor effect upon canvas. The pictures which pleased me most was the interior of a convent, where Capuchin friars were distributing soup to the poor. I accompanied Passy to his lodging, and then returned along the wall, to a tea garden, the "Volks-garten" which was well filled with people of the middle [438] classes taking refreshments in the open air. Close by is a so-called "Temple", with a colossal statue of Theseus who lifts his club over a prostrate Centaur. This allegory refers to Austria's victory over France which I think as much out of place as celebrating Dauns victory at Kolin, in the Capuchin vault, and for similar obvious reasons. At 9 o'clock still daylight I went to a café to read the papers, and saw that Don Carlos of Spain had abdicated in favour of his son the Prince of Asturias, but as the "Morning Chronicle" very properly observed, who can transfer a right which he himself does not possess?

Monday, 9th of June 1845. The weather continued very warm. At a 1/4 to 5 I had already left my hotel in search of Arndt, and drove with him in an omnibus to the Vienna and Glöcknitz railway station; this line was at the time finished as far as Gratz, excepting the passage over the Simmering which in 1845 was done in a diligence. Ten years later when I was there again, the railway not only led over this high mountain but was also extended as far as Trieste. The train started at 6 and in 3/4 of an hour arrived at Brunn where we got out. A few steps took us thence to another village, Eusendorf, where we breakfasted. A path leads to, and through the handsome park of the Prince von Liechtenstein. The present palace is a plain modern building. Here we obtained a guide who conducted us to the old castle which, once in ruins is now in pretty good repair. We were shewn a deep hole, formerly the kiep or donjon; into which the prisoners were let down, and hoisted up if ever they were allowed to see daylight again. The walls of one saloon are hung with portraits in oil, of the ancestors of the family, another, a smaller room was furnished as comfortably as one could desire. We continued our walk to another village Hinter Bruhl; around us we had hills and trees, ruins both real and artificial, and churches; in short on a small scale all that constitutes a pretty landscape. Having passed Vorder Bruhl we ascended a pretty high hill, on the top of which we had descried an edifice; this we reached bathed in perspiration [...] standing the shade which the trees, mostly pines and [...] [439] had afforded. A small open rotunda sustained by pillars which the Germans are fond of calling a "Temple" stands here. It is called the Hussars temple, and was erected by the Prince of Liechtenstein to commemorate the defeat of the French near Aspern and Esslingen

(22nd May 1809) by the Austrians under the Archduke Charles. Some of the warriors who fell there are interred in a vault dug into the hill. Towards the S.W. and N. the prospect is confined by wooded hills but to the east the eye ranges over the plain covered with villages until it rests upon the Capital. We again saw at a distance another ruin; this time we were not so fortunate as to reach it but missing our way we had to descend, and following a path leading between hills and rocks we reached the little Village of Mödling where having refreshed ourselves each with a glass of beer at 12 o'clock we took the train for Baden well known for its mineral waters. At a place called "Ursprung" or "origin" they bubble out of the ground and are collected in a stone basin; their heat is 98° Fht., their taste sulphuric. This village consists mainly of hotels and bathing establishments; in one of the former we took a plain dinner and then walked to the Helen's valley which is here the great attraction. It is a narrow valley perhaps a German mile long; a quiet placid rivulet flows through it, the hills on both sides are covered with trees from top to bottom. At its extremity stands a cottage, the "Kr[om]er Hutte", where we turned back and were caught by a thunderstorm, which obliged us as well as other promenaders to take shelter in a small "temple". When it cleared up, we walked on and were just in time for the train which left Baden at 1/2 past 4. At Gutramsdorf we alighted and trusting to our legs reached Laxenburg by a long round-about road; this large and fine park is imperial property. There is an artificial sheet of water, and an artificial cascade which brought to my recollection Virginia water near Windsor. There was also a modern building in imitation of an ancient castle, full of curiosities, but this the lateness of the hour, which made us think of our return to Vienna prevented our visiting. Mödling, where we should find a railway conveyance to the capital, was we were told 1 hour, Vienna [...] following the direct high road 1 1/2 hour's walk distant [...] [440] Laxenburg. We gave the preference to the latter route, which we soon repented of, for it took us full 2 1/2 hours swift walking, before we reached our respective hotels at 10 o'clock quite in the dark. I, for my part much fatigued. Arndt who was my companion on this and other excursions was a man of little general knowledge but well versed in the sciences relating to his profession (apothecary) viz. Chemistry and botany. He was fond of contradiction, otherwise a sound-hearted and good natured man, and all the time we remained together we agreed perfectly.

Tuesday, 10th of June 1845. At 9 o'clock I called upon Father Passy whom I found busy correcting proof sheets, evidence of authorship. Whilst he was thus occupied I amused myself with reading a pamphlet lying on his table which gave an account of the extraordinary miracles said to have been performed at Treves by the "holy coat", which at the time made a great noise in the world. A Dr. Arnoldi, I suppose Bishop of Treves exhibited in one of the churches a

gown which he asserted, and endeavoured to prove to have been the identical coat worn by our Saviour before His crucifixion, and the mere touch of which cured many diseases particularly lameness and paralysis. Wonderful tales were related, it was said among others a man on crutches touched the garment, threw away his extraneous aids and walked off whole and sound. Another was not so fortunate and it turned out that a Protestant coachman had driven him to Treves, and this of course sufficed to invalidate the virtue of the "coat". More than 100,000 people it was reported had pilgrimed to Treves during the time this infatuation lasted. Not only Protestants but even Catholics raise their voices against this imposture: amongst the latter Johann Ronge, a priest, not satisfied with publishing a violent diatribe against Arnoldi, but went so far as to place himself at the head of a new sect, called the new Catholics. At the commencement he made many proselytes who extolled their leader above the old Reformers (a month or so later I saw an engraving where Ronge's portrait was placed above those of Luther and Cal[vin] thus Luther Ronge Calvin), but the first [...] [441] soon died out and in the course of two or three years the new Catholics were no more heard of; their rapid eclipse was owing to the effective measures taken by the Prussian Government for the suppression of the sect, in whose principles and constitution democratic tendencies had been discovered, which it was apprehended might endanger the stability of the existing authorities. I believe that the greater part of the [...] Catholics finally joined the Lutherans, few if any returned [...] to the bosom of the so called "only true church". Passy's room was furnished as humbly as that of André in Alt Oettingen but his well-to-do looks, his gaiety, his style of conversation, all made manifest that he did not belong to the ascetic member of the fraternity. Having introduced me to the Rector, with whom we remained a few moments. We drove out, first to a very useful charitable establishment of which Passy's brother was the director. It was destined for sick young men engaged in business either in counting houses, or in shops, and who for an annual payment of 2 florins münz were certain of being received in this establishment when sick, where they were cured and attended to until their recovery or death. There were about 10 or 12 of them at the time. Their rooms and beds were very clean and neat. Our next visit was to a printing establishment, in which though the press was not worked by steam 1000 sheets, were printed on one side in an hour. Thence we continued our drive to a country house belonging to the order, where André had passed his novitiate, called the "Weinhaus" certainly a rather strange name for the property of religious men. It was a pretty building and surrounded by a pretty garden. At 1/2 past 12 we sat down to dinner. We were a prelate from Oedenburg, at the head of the table, I, alongside of him, his "familiar", the Rector, Passy, and a few members of the order. Dinner and wine were good,

the conversation very animated, and by no means clerical. After dinner Passy and I walked about the garden till it was time for him to join his colleagues in the chapel for prayers. I lay down in the grass and slept till 4. Passy then shewed me over the chapel where we all met again. Meantime the Bishop had been called away [...] examine the wine cellar. About 5 we returned to town where in [442] my hotel I wrote till midnight finishing my correspondence to Lima and London.

Wednesday, 11th of June 1845. Before six o'clock I was at a well frequented coffee house in that part of the town outside the gates called the "Wasser glacis". Many well dressed people, among whom not a few of the fair sex, good looking, were here at this early hour to take their coffee and milk. To me it seemed as if the Viennese were always on the move, and as if they had no other occupation than promenading and enjoying themselves. At 6 a fine band of military music band struck up and continued playing all the time I was there. When they would leave off I do not know. Together with Arndt who met me here I went to the beautiful garden of Prince Schwartzenburg. We then made some purchases and by 11 I was back in my hotel, somewhat fatigued for the sun shone warm, and my walk had extended much further than I had intended. The distances in Vienna are great, and frequently deceived me during my stay there; the city itself is small, but the many suburbs, separated from the same for the greater part by the broad belt of the glacis describe a circle perhaps a German mile in circumference. Outside the Carinthia gate close to the Polytechnic Institution, a temporary building was erected for the exhibition of articles of German manufacture. I entered and was much pleased with the great taste displayed in the arrangement of the whole, with the richness of the silk stuffs, with the heavy texture of the shawls, and with the beauty of the Venetian and especially of the Bohemian coloured glass; there were also a few very pretty carriages and much machinery, this alas! unintelligible to me. Arndt and I dined together and then took seats in a "stehlwagen" bound for the village of Neu Waldegg, a trifle further than Dornbach. The dust and heat were insupportable. As soon as we had alighted we crossed a rivulet, whence a small ascent brought us to the handsome and extensive park of Prince Schwartzenberg. We met here a party of ladies with their children on donkeys, but though we passed each other frequently we did not enter into conversation. We visited the Hunting lodge – the Phea [...] [443] which contained some fine specimens of golden pheasants, and the dairy, where we refreshed ourselves with some milk. Thence following a steeply descending path we came to a few houses called Wei[t]lingbach we threw ourselves down on a soft meadow surrounded by hills and trees, fully enjoying the beautiful summer evening and the pretty country around. We now re-turned re-entered the park and emerged on an open piece of ground,

where we saw before us the villages of Sifferingen and Neustift – Vienna itself at a distance. We were back in Neu Waldegg just in time for the “stehl-wagen” and about 9 o'clock reached Vienna. I saw by a paper which I read whilst we took our supper in a public house that the French Minister, the Duc de Broglio and Dr. Lushington had concluded a new treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade: the English waived the “right of search”, and both governments agreed to keep each twenty-six cruisers, sailing vessels and steamers, on the West coast of Africa, between Cape Verd islands, and 10°. 30' N. Lat.

Thursday, 12th of June 1845. At an early hour I went to the Imperial arsenal, distinct from that belonging to the town itself. I should have presented a ticket in order to be admitted, but giving the porter a small fee, he let me in. In the inner courtyard an enormous iron chain hung round the walls; this I learned the Turks had brought with them when beseiging Vienna in 1683 for the purpose of throwing it across the Danube to impede navigation. Upstairs large saloons were filled with all kinds of weapons ranged against the walls and upon the ceiling, in what might be called an artistic manner, the muskets in rows, the sabres and pistols so as to form stars, similar to what I had already seen in Copenhagen on a smaller scale, and about 20 years previously in that part of the Tower of London, afterwards destroyed by fire. There were figures in armour representing some of the old German emperors, Austrian banners, flags taken from the French, the Prussians and the Turks, also pasha-tails of the latter. There were here and there some ancient cannon, and an infernal machine made in the 17th century which turned out a failure. It [444] was of iron and provided with 50 barrels. Similar to this was that which Fieschi made use of in the attempted assassination of Louis Phillipe, who escaped unhurt, whilst several near him, amongst whom General Mortier were struck to the ground. This of Fieschi was of wood and placed on a window sill when fired off. Amongst the curiosities I noted particularly the armour of Prince Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna in 1683, and the buff-leather jerkin worn by Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lützen (Nov. 6th 1632). A hole in the left side marks the passage made by the fatal ball which pierced the hero's heart. I must not omit to mention an enormous balloon, which the French used in the revolutionary wars for reconnoitring the positions of the German armies and which after a battle (I believe it was that of Jemappes) fell into the hands of the latter. Though I observed but few muskets with fulminating caps, a gentleman, one of the visitors assured me that there were in this arsenal 260,000 stand of arms (serviceable) besides a not inconsiderable quantity of old fashioned, and for the greater part useless weapons. Both times that Vienna was taken by Napoleon I he found the arsenal empty, its contents having been sent in good time to Hungary. This visit to the arsenal fully answered my expectations nor was I less

pleased with the next, which together with Arndt I paid to two institutions for the blind, established by a private individual Mr. [J.] W. Klein, 80 years of age in 1845. That for children was now sustained by Government, that for grown up people by private subscriptions. When we arrived the boys and girls were being publicly examined; the former were dressed in blue frock coats, the latter in blue cotton gowns, many of these were knitting. We came rather late so that we did not hear them read. They were cyphering by memory which a few of the boys did very fairly. The master then took out various Austrian coins which he threw upon the table. Some of the children were capable of distinguishing one from the other by the sound merely, others by the touch. By the touch also they distinguished different substances, such as rice, salt, flour, etc. This over the children were examined in geography. Upon the maps by help of which they were taught, the frontiers of the states [] countries, the mountains, rivers, and towns were [] [445] raised and the children were made acquainted with them passing their fingers over. Some knew the different parts of the Austrian empire, some also the principal towns of other European countries. Finally, the master playing on the piano, both boys and girls, some having very pretty voices, sung a song which referred to their unfortunate situation. All looked cleaned, healthy and satisfied. Before leaving the boy's bed-rooms were shewn to us, airy and clean, also the dining hall and the chapel. Over the way was the house for the adult blind who were occupied in various handicrafts; there were shoe-makers, basket makers, turners and carpenters. In an adjoining room articles made by them were exposed for sale, and of course all present bought something, besides giving a trifle to the blind musicians who played on various instruments. Having dined by myself in the hotel I went at 3 o'clock to the collection of pictures in the palace of Prince Esterhazy, in the Maria Hilf suburb. A catalogue was handed to me and I was thus enabled to look at the different pictures, quite at my leisure, without being incommoded as is too often the case by a hurrying concierge. The gallery being closed at 5 o'clock I had but two hours at my disposal which I spent for the greater part in the apartments filled with the pictures by masters of the Netherlandish and Flemish school. There is no doubt that the scenes depicted by them are true to life, but not always within the limits of decency: For instance what can be dirtier than the following by Ostade. A peasant woman has a child upon her lap which is lying on its belly, she cleans it and two bystanders hold their fingers to their nose; why they do so is easy to be guessed. There is a fine picture by Rembrant of Christ before Pilate: the Saviour stands in the centre, his head bent, a white garment round his loins; Pilate to the left is in the act of washing his hands, to the right are various warriors, one of whom lays his hand upon Christ. I need hardly say that Reubens is never found wanting in any collection of Dutch artists, as little as

Teniers, Potter, Wouvermann, Snyders, and many others. By Murillo the great Spanish painter [...] have a fine ragged boy; also the Holy [...] [446] as children playing with the cross, the Virgin sewing and St. Joseph at his carpenters work. I concluded this day in the Burg theatre, of an oblong shape which is rather unusual, nevertheless in the farthest part of the pit every word could be understood. There are two tiers of boxes 31 in each row, the Imperial "loge" opposite the stage. The piece given and very well performed, was a comedy "He must go to the country", translated by W. Fredereich from the French of Bayard and De Vailly, the object of which was to make manifest that if a husband has the misfortune to be linked to a hypocritical, severe helpmate, governed by her mother, who will not allow him the slightest enjoyment within the doors, he must go in search of it elsewhere.

Friday, 13th of June 1845. Arndt having fixed on this day for his departure I was with him before 5 o'clock and accompanied him to Nussdorf where the steamer for Lintz was waiting for its passengers. He went on board, I bade him good bye and since then I have never again heard of him. The heat was great, fully as intense as on the previous day, if not more so, nevertheless I walked back, but instead of entering the town I kept to the left and ascended some wooded heights which lie to the N. of Vienna, they are called the "Leopold's Mount" and the "Bald Mountain" (Kahlen). The former overlooks the Danube and the surrounding country, the latter the plain to Vienna and the Capital itself. In the year 1683 when the Turks under Kara Mustapha, besieged Vienna, they advanced as far as this last named height, and would no doubt have made themselves masters of the town, had not John Sobieski arrived just in the nick of time with his Polish forces. I descended through pretty cornfields and vineyards, missed my way to the so-called Krapfen wood ("Krapfen" is the name given by the Viennese to a certain kind of pastry), recommended in the handbook as a spot worthy of the traveller's attention; came to Grinzing, next to Heiligensted, where I entered an omnibus and drove back to town. After a short rest I started afresh to visit the church of St. Stephen, the principal one in Vienna. It is [...] fine Gothic building and stands about in the cent [...] [447] the city. The two aisles which are considerably shorter than the nave are separated from the same by rows of high pillars, the steeple is one of the highest in Europe, according to Reichardt, its elevation is 428 feet. The uppermost part was under repair which prevented me climbing up to the top, but from the warders room the prospect to the four points of the compass was very extensive. A short distance to the eastward of the Prater a plain was pointed out to me where the battle of Wagram was fought, and lost by the Austrians on July 6th 1809, a little further down the Danube I could distinguish the Island of Loban wither Napoleon retreated after his defeat near Aspern and Esslingen

on 21st and 22nd May of the same year, and where he accumulated all his forces before dealing the decisive blow at Wagram and still further down, on the Danube's left side the two last named villages. I learned from the warder, that the Ferdinand's bridge spans a *branch* of the Danube, the main river flowing to the north of the Prater. The big bell of St. Stephens, called the "Josephine" because it was cast by order of the Emperor Joseph II, of Turkish cannon is merely remarkable on account of its size: it weighs 354 cuts, the clapper 1300 lbs I took a cheap dinner in the "golden Lamb" hotel in the Wieden suburb, and then paid my second visit to the exhibition of German manufactured articles. I commenced noting down those which pleased me best, when one of the policemen told me I ought rather to buy a catalogue, which I did, and I was glad I did so for it would have been impossible to bring to a satisfactory end the task which I had begun. By this time I was completely knocked-up, however after having strengthened myself with two tumblers of beer, was again on the move, and directed my steps to the Belvedere, a handsome building belonging to the emperor. It contains an extensive collection of paintings, also a few statues, but of neither the one nor the other, do I find any particulars in my original diary, probably because it was my intention to return thither, before leaving Vienna. It was now past 6 o'clock and time to rest from the fatigues of the day. I went to a coffee house close to my hotel, where I remained a considerable while, sitting in the open air, and reading the papers. I saw amongst other [...] that the Atmospheric principle which [...] [448] to introduce on railways in England had been abandoned as impracticable. I also read the following in German of which I give this translation "The deepest sound of the organ, which is like the rolling of the thunder, and which issues from a tube ten metres long makes 52 vibrations in a second; on the contrary, the highest note which issues from a tube only 4 centimetres in length makes 8192 vibrations in the same time. The utmost limits of the chest voices of the bass and tenors singers are 160 and 1024, those of the female voices soprano and contralto 2048 and 340."

Saturday, 14th of June 1845. I was again up at a very early hour as was my custom, say at 1/2 past 4. A few hours later a certain Baron von Bruchmann, an acquaintance of Father Passy's called upon me. He was an Austrian by birth and held a situation under Government, at the same time he was an author writing under the name of Eginhart, and an enthusiastic admirer of Scandinavia; as such he had published a small book of poems, called "Auf nach norden" (Up to the North), he shewd me a letter from Oscar King of Sweeden, promising him a gold medal which he had not received, and which he begged me on my return to Altona to take some steps to procure for him but I told him at once that I had neither acquaintances nor influence in Sweeden. I paid a visit to Father Passy who detained me so long that I was too late for service in the

Jewish synagogue which Arndt had particularly recommended to me. It having already commenced the doors were closed, and would not again be opened for anybody before its conclusion. At the Imperial Academy I was admitted, though without a ticket, on my mentioning that I was a Danish consul. Its saloons contain wax casts of the different parts of the human body similar to that I had seen in Florence, but here one branch is still more complete than there, namely that which refers to pregnancy and accouchements. The womb was laid open and in it could be seen the position of the child or of twins; also those abnormal positions which lead to difficult and [...] labours as for instance when the feet lie downw[...] [449] so as to be the first part of the body which appears at the time of delivery, and not the head as in the natural course of things. One of the visitors gave to another various explanations in Latin, I listened attentively and understood the greater part of what he said. Hence for the last time I went to the exhibition on leaving which I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had made myself well acquainted with the greater part of the articles it contained. At the police-office they made me wait a long time before my passport was returned to me with a *visée* for Dresden. I finished the day in the reading rooms to which Baron Bruchmann had introduced me in the morning. The weather was sultry owing to which and to my entirely eschewing the use of cabs within the town I was always utterly worn out, when I retired to my hotel.

Sunday, 15th of June 1845. This day I had set aside for two visits, the one to the garden and park of the Imperial palace of Schönbrunn, the other to the garden of Laxenburg, of which I had seen but little when there on a previous day in company with Arndt. By 7 o'clock I was in the street called the "Graben" (the Ditch or Fosse), where I took my seat in the *stell wagen* for the village of Hitzing, a village a trifle furthur than Schönbrunn. The road thither leads through the Maria Hilf suburb, except a small piece of open ground between two uninterrupted rows of houses. The communication between the Capital and this village must be very frequent, I met numbers of people, on foot and in carriages, moving the one way and the other. The palace where the Imperial family resides, quite as much as in the "Burg" in Vienna is large solid pile, without any pretensions to great architectural beauty, but still evincing some taste. The *stell wagen* passed over the broad gravelled *esplanade* in front of the palace and stopped at Hitzing where I alighted. For a short time whilst taking my coffee in Domayers Casino, a garden much frequented by the Viennese, I watched with curiosity the activity of the waiters who were getting everything ready for the great concourse of visitors, at least 1000 in number who were expected in the evening [...] the purpose of listening to the exquisite band of Strauss, at that [450] time celebrated all over Germany. I then walked to the

park, filled with trees so high and towering that I thought I had never seen anything surpass them; then to the garden which by no means came up to the idea I had formed of what an Imperial garden ought to be. Immediately behind the palace is a piece of open ground similar to that in front, then follow two artificial lakes, the one rising above the other, next two fountains, whence a further ascent brought me to the "Glorietta" or summer house, situated on an eminence of sufficient height to allow the eye to take in at once view, the Palace itself, the intervening plain and the distant capital. Not very far from the summer house is the menagerie, insignificant in the extreme; there only a few bears, zebras, and some parrots. On the left side of the above mentioned lakes, the path winds up through a small wood where apparently Nature has been little interfered with. Here I came upon a modern Roman ruin, and a small obelisk standing upon a rock artistically hewn, both very pretty. I returned to town and after dinner an omnibus conveyed me to the Glocknitz Railway terminus, thence per train to Mödling, not far distant from Laxenburg, thither I walked. On enquiring my way, the gentleman whom I accosted not only showed me a very pretty path, through vineyards and cornfields but accompanied me for a considerable while. He told me that he was a Hungarian and book keeper in a large factory. In Hungary three languages are spoken, the Slavonic, the Magyar, and the German. The Slaves according to my informant derived their name from the word "Slava" which in their language means "glory"; their cradle was the far east, and they made their appearance in Europe many centuries before Christ. In the 6th and 7th centuries they were expelled, from the north shore of the Black Sea by the Scythians, Mongols, Tartars and other Eastern hordes; they fled north and westward and possessed themselves of the present Hungary. The Magyars lived probably to the N. of the Caspian Sea. Some consider them to be of Finnish origin, others believe that they belong to the great Turkish family; others again, that they are descendants of the ancient Parthians. In the last half of the 9th century they inv[_] [451] Dacia which comprises the present Wallachia, Moldavia, also part of Lower Hungary and in 896 A.D. under their chief Aspad, they formed a kingdom in Pannonia, the present Hungary. Their language differs entirely from the Slavonic, a dialect of which is spoken by the Czechs in Bohemia. In the park of Laxenburg I strolled about a considerable while; it is much more extensive, than that of Schönbrunn and in my opinion laid out with much greater taste. Thus rambling about I came upon the "Meierei" or dairy, then to the Marian island upon which a pretty summer house in the Gothic style had just been finished, and finally in company with many other visitors, was rowed over to the modern ancient castle, which in reality is a very fair imitation of one of the strongholds of the old robber-knights. There are stained windows, oak ceilings and panels, hangings imitating embossed

leather, armour and old cuirasses, portraits of the Imperial family, tables inlaid some with wood, others with marble of various colors, the Emperor's throne, handsome carvings in wood and ivory and numberless curiosities which date many centuries back, brought hither from ancient edifices when demolished, or presented by noble families. On my return in the *stell wagen* I became acquainted with a young man who said he was a Hungarian noble, his name La Touche, his mother a Hungarian by birth, and that his ancestors had come from Lorraine at the time when Duke Francis married Maria Theresa. We conversed a great deal, in French or Italian when we did not wish to be understood by the other passengers. I learned from him that in Hungary there was still a law in existence, by virtue of which if a noble man killed a peasant he was merely fined a certain sum of money, whilst a peasant who lifted his hand against a noble, suffered death in the gallows. The weather which for the last week or so had been intensely hot now threatened to change.

Monday, 16th of June 1845. Though the sky was overcast and I thought that the heat had diminished, nevertheless the Th. marked in my room with the windows open 24 R. = 86 Fht. When amusing myself in the coffee house with the papers I took a few notes which [...] [452] Queen Victoria had just given a splendid fancy ball, at which every person present had to be dressed in the style which was the fashion in 1740-1750 that is to say exactly a century back. Fraunhofer was the founder of the renowned manufactory of optical instruments in Munich; on his tombstone the following appropriate inscription is engraved "Approximavit Sidera". In 1845 his successors were Merz and Mahler. The French budget for 1846 was the following.

Income	1,308,027,832 francs
Ordinary and extraordinary expenses	1,315,996,288 francs
Deficit	1,968,456 [-]

Before Rowland Hill's system of penny postage was adopted in England about 75,000,000 of letters passed through the Post offices annually. In 1845 the number had increased to 250,000,000, but the revenue had fallen from £1,500,000 to £719,000. Somewhat later I went to the Lichtenstein gallery of pictures but I being the only visitor, the concierge was not inclined to open the door and to while away the time I walked about in the beautiful garden. Here under the shadow of a tree I saw young women knitting, young men reading and others walking about, learning something by heart and I was confirmed in the opinion previously expressed that the Viennese are fond of being in the open air, and to be sure they are much favoured in this respect by the manner in which the town is built. If they reside in the city they have only to

walk a few steps and they find themselves among the meadows and trees of the glacis, or they resort to the Prater, the Augarten or the gardens of Prince Lichtenstein or Prince Schwartzenberg. If they live in the suburbs they are but a short distance from the pretty open country which surrounds them. After some time more visitors appeared and the doors of the gallery were opened. It is rich in paintings by the Netherlandish and Flemish masters. They are also some of the Old German school, a few by Italian painters but among these few several masterpieces. My passport gave me much trouble. I ran to the Saxon chargé's, who not being home, his secretary refused visé-ing until it [...] [453] been signed by the Danish chargé. This functionary was [...] not to be found and I had to hunt out the Secretary's dwelling who was also taking a walk and I had thus to leave the passport with the servant. Whilst hurrying thus from one spot to another I had snatched a hasty dinner, and at 1/2 past 2 was at Father's Passy's who had promised to take a walk with me but preferred playing at chess, which game being prohibited by the rules to the order, he did with the doors closed. Whenever anybody knocked which was often the case he hurried out and despatched the intruder with a few words. A poor protestant who lived in the house and who sent a request that Father Passy would be good enough to go and see him, was not even so fortunate. This man, Passy told me, had been in a fair way of being converted to Catholicism, but of late so many doubts had arisen in his mind, that he (Passy) apprehended that his [...]y would escape him. Purposely do I use this expression, harsh as it may sound, for I recollect that at the Weinhaus Passy shewed me a room with these words "It was here I caught André." Well-now this ghostly adviser knowing that he of whom he was anxious to make a proselyte desired to consult him on some intricate and knotty point of the faith, sent word "Let him wait!". Such unpardonable indifference I could hardly have believed had not I myself been a witness. Passy, by-the-by was a poor player: we played about a dozen games of which he only gained one. I left him for a short walk and was back at 1/2 past 7 when the Fathers were at supper. Passy and a Spanish priest sat at a table by themselves when I joined them. The Spaniard was an ultra-Carlist or Legitimist. I conversed a great deal with him, not only when with Passy but also in the street, though the rain came down in buckets. I was much divected by his extraordinary principles, of which I might have read but which until that moment I had never heard propounded by word of mouth.

Tuesday, 17th of June 1845. At 7 o'clock I wa [...] house of the Secretary of the Danish legation, where my [...] signed was handed to me. Two hours later [...] [454] [...] gate of the garden of Prince Schwartzenberg, but was not admitted for the paths required repairing having been spoiled by the heavy rains of the previous night. Close by is the Belvidere, thither I now went and remained

about three hours. The collection here like that of Prince Lichtenstein contains, comparatively speaking but few paintings by the Italian masters, say three by Raphael, one of which is an angel in armour in the midst of a number of monsters, and two Holy Families, the one with, the other without St. Joseph; the background of the former of these two is kept uncommonly dark. There were a few paintings by Titian but I think not of great excellence, whilst I much admired, three by Andrea del Sarto, and above all, one by Franciscini, representing the plague in Milan. The holy Carlo Borromeo, archbishop, surrounded by the sick who encumber the streets, administering the sacrament to a dying woman. The Dutch, Flemish, German and Netherlandish schools are well represented but I will here only mention a small but pretty painting of a modern artist, Moreau, which pleased me much. Four men are sitting round table on which are some glasses and a bust of Napoleon I, one of them an elderly man with white hair and moustache is relating something, two of the listeners are young soldiers who are smoking, the third, a peasant has just come in, his shoes are dusty and a basket stands near him on the floor; he sits on the edge of the chair and his attitude denotes that he ought to be on the move, but that he cannot tear himself away, so interesting is the old mans story. There are a few statues by modern sculptors among which one by Bauer dated 1841 of Christ, dead, resting on the lap of the Virgin, is undoubtedly the best. The Ambrosian collection shewn in a building at the opposite extremity of the garden I think little of; there are some antique busts, some sarcophagi, armour, trifles of natural history, and some carved work in wood and ivory. It was now 12 o'clock; I got my passport viséed at the Saxon and Prussian embassies, dined in the hotel and remained [...] till 6, when I started once more for a long walk. I entered [...] the Ferdinand Bridge and under the Red Tower gate, passed [...] church, along the Graben and the principal st[...] [455] through the many court-yards of the Burg, and the Burg gate to the glacis then back to the Leopold suburb, where I found my way to the Au Gartten and was surprised to meet here but one or two promenaders, whilst the glacis was crowded with men and women, with nurses and their babes and with peasants who were haying. I learned afterwards that the Viennese look upon the Au Garten as a melancholy spot which is the reason why it is so little frequented. It owes its existence to the Empress Maria Theresa and her son Joseph II. It is traversed by avenues and clipped hedges and surrounded by a low wall. It was a beautiful mild evening; the sky clear, so that from the Au Garten I could plainly distinguish the Leopold and the Kahlen berg. At home I packed up for on the following day I intended to leave Vienna where I had spent a very pleasant fortnight.

Wednesday, 18th of June 1845. Birthday of my granddaughter Conradine and anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, on which day the Duke of Wellington

was in the habit of giving a splendid dinner in Apsley House to all such chiefs, who having fought with him, were still in the land of the living. I was up at a very early hour, and in good time at the Terminus of the Ferdinand North Railway, where I took my seat in a second class carriage. Opposite to me sat an elderly couple, the husband bearing traces of recent suffering the wife of great beauty in her youth. Three young men, their sons stood at the carriage door, eagerly conversing with and kissing their parents. The mother frequently told them to go, but they would not until the shrill whistle of the engine gave the signal for departure; the mother wiped a tear from her eyes and off we went. This farewell scene gave me such a good opinion of my companions that I was anxious to get acquainted with them, and I found them to be very pleasant people during the short time we were together. Their name was Löwy; he was a musician in the Imperial chapel, and having just recovered from a severe illness was on his way to Carlsbad to recruit his strength. His wife accompanied him. Our route lay of course northward Prague being our destination. We passed several branches of the Danube [...] as many bridges, and quickly left the Leopold [...] [456] behind us. On both sides we had an extensive well cultivated champaign, the corn stood high and thick. At Sunderburg where we changed carriages just out the frontier of Moravia, the line branches into two, to the right to Olmutz, to the left to Brünn which way we went. The Löwys and I were already on such good terms that we tried to remain together in which we succeeded, after a quarters of an hours detention we again steamed on, and about noon arrived at Brünn the chief town in Moravia, where the railway ceased but was shortly to be concluded as far as Prague. Having dined in company with the Löwys I went out to see the place but found nothing whatever worth noticing, I merely learned that large manufactories of a stout cotton stuff for pantaloons existed here. A good German mile to the eastward is the battle field of Austerlitz, and at a short distance, stands upon a hill the equally well known fortress of Spielberg, which served mainly as prison for malefactors and political offenders. For many years Silvio Pellico was confined here (see his *Le mie Prigione*). I walked as far as the gate but was not admitted being without a ticket. In the vicinity I saw shackled prisoners at work, guarded by soldiers. At 4 o'clock we left in two coaches; Mr. and Mrs. Löwy having in Vienna booked themselves through to Eglau had the body of one carriage all to themselves, whilst I had to take my seat in the narrow hindermost compartment of the other. My companions were a Milanese who spoke German extremely well, and a watchmaker from Gratz, named Jenkler, accompanied by his plain and taciturn sister. He had been trading in Russia and gave a shocking, though I believe truthful account of what foreigners had at that time to suffer in the interior of Russland, both from the peasant population and the inferior

employés, to whom a foreigner seems only created for the purpose of squeezing money out of him. He and the Milanese complained of what they called the utter indifference of the Austrian Government to manufactures; the Exhibition in Vienna they called “sham”, and thought that the only two articles worth notice were the Bohemian coloured glass and embroidered cottons. In Bisterz we alighted where [...] roast beef, mutton and turk [...] [457] waiting for us and despatched in haste. The country through which we drove was similar to that between Vienna and Brunn, level and cultivated with an occasional wood and village. The moon nearly at the full rose gloriously, nevertheless I, even in my inconvenient seat soon fell asleep and did not wake until,

Thursday, 19th of June 1845, at 3 o'clock a.m. at which hour, day just breaking, we stopped in the market place of Iglau, before the Post office. We all got out to stretch our limbs, and walked about in the completely deserted and silent streets, at 4 o'clock we left. The place of the Milanese was taken by a young French lady who spoke but little German, and the watchmaker and his sister, not being acquainted with the French language, I had to brush up what I knew of it. This I did so effectually that my conversation with Madame Crombé became so animated and uninterrupted, except when the watchmaker made some ponderous remark to which mere civility forced me to reply, that I hardly noted anything of the landscape around us which upon the whole was of the same character as on the previous day. Madame Crombé and I, ere long became so intimate that she related to me the various events of her life, which whether true or not have something of the romantic in them. She was married at 14 to a very handsome young Frenchman with whom she travelled through various countries of Europe and visited many capitals (amongst them Lisbon) but with what object she did not tell me. Some six months after her marriage she observed that her husband was not faithful to her still, as she loved him passionately she put up with his neglect, and suffered, being even obliged to take care of a child of his which he had before marriage, for nearly 9 years, when she sued for a divorce. She placed the suit in the hands of a lawyer, Bach of Vienna. How they came to Vienna and whether the divorce was actually obtained I couldn't make out, but at all events her dowry had been returned to her, and “now”, she added, I live the most independent and happy life imaginable. On no account would I marry again. She declared herself to be passionately fond of Paul de Kock's novels, a trait to be [...] not much in her favour. The warm season she either [...] [458] Carlsbad on account of her health, or upon the estate of a Moravian count whose happy life surrounded by a numerous family, she did not tire of extolling [...] of her married sisters lived in Vienna and this was probably the reason of her having taken up her residence there. Of German she knew only enough to make herself understood but no more.

Her age was perhaps a little above 30, and her face though not handsome, pleasing, resembling somewhat Mrs. von Zarhtmann, her teeth beautifully white, her nose rather long. At 1/2 past 7 we arrived at Pilgram in Bohemia, where soap, water and clean towels were ready. Ladies and gentlemen performed their ablutions, and having taken a cup of coffee we started afresh. At Wlaschin a village belonging to the Count Auersperg we dined at 1 o'clock. Here we were joined by a Russian lady much disliked by Mesdames Löwy and Crombé for her many out-of-the-way pretensions, by a Russian priest her companion, by a Polish gentleman, and some vulgar fellow whom nobody noticed. It was 9 o'clock p.m. when we drove through the Prague gate, and as the "Green Eagle" hotel recommended by Madame Crombé was under repairs, we, Mr. and Mrs. Löwy, the Russian lady and the priest, and the Pole, went to the "Black Horse" where we were all accommodated. I got a nice room in the first floor looking upon the garden, at the other end of which, partly under cover partly in the open air supper was being served. I went thither though none of my travelling companions made their appearance. By 11 I was in bed.

Friday, 20th of June 1845. When I awoke at 4 o'clock I felt unwell, very weak and fatigued, and my bowels out of order so that I could not possibly rise but remained in bed till 7. The first thing I then did was to engage a valet de place whom I sent to Madame Crombé requesting leave to pay my respects to her. Both she and the Löwys who had taken apartments together received me with much politeness and whilst the former was getting ready for I had promised to shew her the curiosities of Prague, I went to the Post office to enquire for the nearest route to Waldenburg in Silesia [...] [Pflucker] the mother of the mother of the Lima Pfluckers lived [...] [459] to the counting house of Messrs. Fiedler to whom Bauer's letter of credit was directed, and back to the hotel. I ordered a carriage in which Mrs. Crombé and I accompanied by the valet de place drove to the Hradschin lying on the left side of the Moldau which river divides Prague into two unequal parts. On the right bank are the new and old town, the former with wide streets and large squares, such as the Ross-markt, the Graben, the Jesuiten strasse, and others. The houses here are large and built in a modern style; in the old town on the contrary the streets are narrow and tortuous. The principal bridge across the Moldau is of stone, solidly built, and adorned with various statues amongst them that of John Nepomuc one of the patron saints of Prague. It is related of him that he being the confessor of the spouse of King Wenzel IV refused to reveal to the King what the Queen had intrusted to him under the seal of confession. The King threatened but in vain, whereupon John of Nepomuc was thrown over the bridge and drowned. This story has been current as a fact, and is found in many history books, however later investigations have proved that though the Saint was drowned in the manner described, the

cause was not that above given. The *Kleine Seite* lies on the left bank and a considerable ascent brought us thence, to the fourth quarter of Prague the *Hradschin*. Here our driver stopped at a small chapel said to be an exact counterpart of “*La casa santa di Loreto*”. We entered and found it in a very dilapidated condition. We also visited the Cathedral whose exterior was about being restored to its original Gothic style. A verger shewed us round but though he spoke very slowly at my request I had much to do in translating the greater part of what he said to my fair companion, who took a lively interest in what she saw, but to remember what we saw and all the long yarns of our cicerone would be impossible. I will only mention a very handsome sepulchral monument of one of the German emperors whose name I forget, of his empress and of Maximilian II: their bones rest within, their effigies being sculptured on the top. Around the walls are hung the portraits of many high personages who are interred in the vaults beneath. The privilege of sepulture here, was [...] the time accorded [...] to Archbishop [...] [460] four massive silver statues half human size of the four patrons of Prague; St. Wentzell, St. John Nepomuc, St. Cecil and St. Weit (Vitus). Relics of each are carefully preserved; a metal ring is shown grasped by St. Wentzell when he was assassinated by his brother on the steps of a church near Prague, his armour is likewise to be seen. The remains of the holy Nepomuc are enclosed in a glass coffin, and this again in a massive silver monument weighing 30 cwt. The glass coffin is exhibited to the public every 50 years, and the Saint’s tongue said to be in a good state of preservation every year. I noted one chapel the side walls of which are inlaid with precious Bohemian stones; also with various bas-reliefs carved in wood, one of which represented the flight of the Bohemian King Frederic; Elector of the Palatinate to whom the nickname of the “Winter King” has been given on account of the shortness of his reign. He was defeated on the Weisenberg close to Prague (1620); another the demolition of images in the Catholic churches of Prague during his short rule. When leaving the Cathedral Mrs. Crombé paid the verger without my observing it. This I hardly expected she would have done, and of course begged her not to do so again. In the Burg the Emperor resides when in Prague and for some time, Charles X of France, after his dethronement sojourned here. Some saloons are hung with paintings but on the whole the apartments are plainly furnished and fitted up. In one of them the Bohemian deputies 60 or 70 in number are in the habit of assembling once a year. The two ball rooms, the one called the Austrian the other the Spanish are of great dimensions, the latter capable of holding 4000 persons; the old council room rather small remained exactly in the same state as it was more than 200 years back. Out of the window of this apartment Slavata and Martiniz, two noblemen to whom Ferdinand had delegated his authority

in Bohemia and their secretary Fabricius, were thrown by the disaffected Bohemians, stirred up by the Count Thurn. The height was 60 feet; fortunately the fell upon a dunghill and escaped without being much hurt. Close by is a bastion bearing the name of Belvidere, which it [...] this point there is a pretty view ove [...] [461] town of Prague with its 82 steeples. Some of these churches were however closed. We now walked down part of the Hradschin and entered the palace of the Prince of Waldstein, a descendant of the famous Wallenstein Duke of Friedland. The most interesting object in this place is Wallenstein's horse, with the very reins used by him, which he rode at the battle of Lutzen (6 Nov. 1632), and which was shot under him. Its skin is stuffed out and still shews the hole made by the ball which pierced its neck. We were shewn the two chairs upon which he and the Duchess sat when hearing mass and finally his bath the sides of which, as well as those of the garden, are made of stone in imitation of stalactites. On our way homewards I giving my arm to Mrs. Crombé our conversation was very amusing if not interesting. She contributed the greater part of it I, no more than was necessary to keep her tongue a-going. Her general knowledge was very limited, of religion she had very little if any. On the other hand she had formed for herself a system of morality, which at all events was not without some good common sense "I wrong no one, if I do anything which I know I ought not to have done I repent of it, and determine not to do so again; what more could a priest do for me? Why should I then confess to him." "Je ne mange pas le Bon Dieu tous les jours", was another expression of her's. Of the corruption which as she said prevailed in the higher circles of Vienna, she gave a description perhaps in some respects true, but certainly much overcharged. The famous dancer Fanny Ellsler she designated as a "mauvais sujet", and also touched on other vices, in very delicate terms it is true, but which a thoroughly modest woman would have altogether avoided. Thus talking we passed our hotel, without being aware of it and having lost both our guide and our way, had to hasten back to be in time for dinner, which we took in company with the Löwys. I still feeling unwell ate hardly anything. My companions were very anxious I should go with them to Carlsbad. Now in 1871 when I dictate these lines I can't conceive why I did not do so, I should have had an opportunity of seeing that famous watering place in pleasant company, and I might have made my excursion [...] Silesia thence as well as from Prague [...] [462] have been a further delay of 7 or 8 days and perhaps an additional expense of 100 marks Bo., neither the one nor the other an object of vital importance. In 1845 I must have thought otherwise. I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Löwy and Mrs. Crombé to the coach office, bade them good bye and as may be conceived have never again heard of them. On my return to the hotel I was so fatigued that I had to lie down. At 1/2 past 5 the valet de place

called and with him I took a walk through the town, over the rampart which surrounds Prague, like that of Hamburg it is laid out in avenues and meadows, and here, as in Vienna, nursery maids and their charges held undisturbed sway. We descended, entered the garden of Prince Salm, full of flower beds and hot houses, crossed the very large Cattle market, where soldiers were in the habit of exercising, left to our right a very handsome suspension bridge 1200 feet long which spans the Moldau, somewhat higher up than the stone bridge, and continuing our walk in the same direction passed over a wooden bridge to an island, turned into a public garden. The entrance was only 3 kreutzer, tables and chairs were placed in the shade of fine horse-chestnut trees; a military band played, however there were but few people present. I sat down on a bench fronting the river. On one part of the island, the Sofia Island, there was accommodation for bathers. I was told that on March 29th of this year the river had overflowed the whole island also part of the opposite shore. On June 15th at 4 o'clock p.m. the temperature of the water had risen to the extraordinary height of 21 R. = 79 Fht. The weather was very close; the thunder had for a long time been rolling at a distance gradually it came nearer and nearer rain began to fall and the atmosphere was somewhat refreshed. I hastened to the hotel where I was in bed by 1/2 past 9.

Saturday, 21st of June 1845. I rose at 1/2 past 5 and by 7 o'clock had brought up my diary to the very hour. Though the sky was clouded and the weather a little cooler than on the previous day, the thermometer marked at 7 a.m. 21 R. = 79 Fht. I myself continued so weak, that though I was desirous to see [...] Prague I could only walk as far as Fiedl[] [463] counting house, and the Post office where I secured my seat for Landshut. At Fiedlers I took up some money which they paid me in Swanzigers, a very pretty coin resembling the Spanish, not Peruvian two real pieces, three of them making a florin. In 1855 and still more in 1863 when I again visited Germany, the swanzigers had in a great measure disappeared from circulation, for their intrinsic value being equal to what they represented, a great many of them had found their way to the smelting pot. In my room I lay down on the sofa and amused myself with reading Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* till 1 o'clock when I settled my bill and returned to the Post office. For the 1st stage as far as Brandeis where horses were charged I had the "Beiwagen" or additional carriage all to myself. Here I obtained a seat in the Cabriolet of the main coach alongside an agreeable elderly lady, a professors wife, with whom however owing to my indisposition I conversed much less than I should have done if well. At this place, Brandeis, we crossed the Elbe, which river is here narrower than the Moldau at Prague. The country is flat and uninteresting, it is partly covered with wood, partly with potatoe and cornfields, the corn not thriving, and even the potatoes grew only so-so, an indisputable

proof of the great poverty of the soil. At 1/2 past 6 we arrived at Jung Bunzlau an ancient place of some importance situated on a hill. The professor's lady and I took a light supper and continued our journey, the country being exactly the same as before. I myself soon fell asleep and though I had to move from one carriage to another I hardly awoke, and did not even observe the lady's leaving, a clear proof that I was not in my usual state of health.

Sunday, 22nd of June 1845. At 1/2 past 4 a.m. we arrived at Nieder Ols. At 1/2 past 6 at Trautenau, between these two places the language of the Czechs gradually loses itself and German is again exclusively spoken. I may mention that in all the towns of Moravia and Bohemia through which I passed I observed that at the corners of the streets their names were written in two languages; in [...] via in German [...] [464] and Czeckish; these two languages as well as the Russian, Polish, Dalmatian, Illyrian, Croatian and Servian are all variations of the Great Slavonic tongue. On the other side of Tratenau, the country commences to be hilly. I was now entering the Riesen-gebirge or chain of Giant Mountains. All the way from Prague the peasants houses had a rather comfortable appearance, they looked as if their inmates could not but be at their ease. In Königsheim my passport was once more viséed, and a short distance furthur on we came to the first turnpike in Silesia; the colours hitherto yellow and black (those of Austria) were now white and black (those of Prussia). We passed through Lobau and at noon arrived at Landshut on the Bober; as far as here the country continued hilly, and the crucifixes and images of saints placed occasionally by the road side shewed that the Catholic faith still prevailed. The coach for Waldenburg was to start at 2 p.m. I had thus three hours to while away some way or another. My luggage having been carefully searched, and I having secured my seat, engaged a boy to show me the way to a small eminence outside the town, whence the weather being extremely fine, I had a very pretty view of this small country town, surrounded by verdant hills. Here and there peasants were haying; others were returning home from town carrying under their arms the purchases they had made; the men wore big boots and tight black leather breeches, the women large flapped caps. At a short distance I saw a thick fir-wood; thither I went, sat down on a mossy bank and amused myself with Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata". I walked about but very slowly and not far, for my strength still failed me. At 2 I left for Waldenburg. My companions were two females of the middle class, with whom I conversed but little; however I learned from them that a fourth part of Landshut had been destroyed by fire about a year back, and that all the houses then consumed had not yet been rebuilt, also that the population in this place as well as in Waldenburg was half Protestant, half Catholic. The road to Waldenburg turns off to the right, and ascends gradually, whilst to the left in the [...] [465] tion of

Breslau. Our route lay through woods and corn-fields, up-hill and down hill. We passed Gottesberg and at 5 o'clock stopped at the Post Office in Waldenburg, situated on the small river Polnitz. I took up my quarters in the Swan hotel and despatched the introductory letter given me by Charles Pflucker living in Lima to his mother, residing here. Having received a reply I went to pay my respects to her. She was an elderly lady, rather plain but did not shew the age which necessarily she must have had, for she herself told me that her eldest son Charles was 41 years old. She had prepared some tea, bread and butter, cold ham and sausages, and remained with her fully two hours. Our conversation very naturally turned almost exclusively on her sons, of whom she clearly gave the preference to Charles, who to judge from what she told me had done much for the family. When I returned to my hotel the rain fell fast. In my room with the windows open the Th. marked 19 1/2 R. = 71 Fht.

Monday, 23rd of June 1845. Before 9 o'clock I was at Mrs. Pfluckers, who already at this early hour was neatly dressed, and had her rooms properly arranged. The object of my visit was to tell her, that notwithstanding her friendly advice to defer my trip to Adersbach on account of the unfavourable state of the weather, until my return from Breslau, I had made up my mind to go thither this day; for there was no fear of rain, and I was averse to any unnecessary detention. Accordingly I started from my hotel in a light "stuhl wagen", with two seats, one for the driver, the other for myself, covered with a thin linen awning and drawn by one horse. The distance to Adersbach in a southwesterly direction is three German miles, and the fare going and coming two Prussian thalers and 20 S.gl (silber-groschen, of which 30 make a thaler) extra; these latter for the maintenance of horse and driver, and the latter's drink-money. Hardly had we left Waldenburg when we passed a spinning factory in which steam was employed, and a coal mine of which there are many in the vicinity, furthur on was a paper-mill, but the principal occupation of the people in this parts, was to judge [...] what I saw [...] [466] carts laden with timber, also with entire trunks of firs to serve as masts in distant seas. Of the two former large quantities lay piled up along the road side. The road itself was very bad, muddy, full of holes and stones, but not withstanding this great drawback I was well pleased with the country. We drove up hill and down dale, now through a dense wood, now by a rich cornfield or a meadow enameled with a thousand flowers. Here peasants men and women were haying, there, their offspring, little fair headed urchins were playing at every door. On the road to Adersbach lies the small town of New Friedland, where we stopped for half an hour; in the centre of the quiet market place is a well where the horse got his drink and provender. Many of the streets have those low massive porticoes called "Lauben" which I had noticed in Bern and in Botzen.

The houses are old fashioned, not a few finished with those queer antique gables (like those in Kiel and Lubeck) of this shape or of this . A short distance before reaching Adersbach, where we arrived after a drive of 4 hours, is the frontier of Silesia and Bohemia. There is no rivulet, no hedge to mark it, you merely see a few posts painted different, colours black and white, and black and yellow, but wonderful to relate I crossed the boundary into the territory of the Imperial house of Hapsburg or rather of Lorraine without my passport having been asked for or my luggage searched. In an inn to which the extraordinary name of "Rock restaurant house" was given I dined upon soup and trout, and then engaged a guide to shew me the "rocks", a short distance out. They consist of great number of very peculiarly shaped sandstones which cover a considerably area of loose sand, narrow paths wind through them, here and there grow firs and pines, some even on the summits, and the highest of these so called "rocks", measures 150 feet from top to bottom. They present for a certainty nothing grand or striking, nevertheless every one who looks at them must wonder what convulsion of nature has sent such a mass of sandstone into separate blocks, all vertically none horizontally. My guide requested me to enter a small grotto, from the roof of which a tiny rill trickled down. He climbed up and opened a flood-gate, where a large volume [...] [467] I had just time to jump aside to avoid getting thoroughly wet. Another curiosity thought [...] of the tourists attention, was a particular double echo, where of [...] two musicians playing on the horn, expected and received a gratification. At 8 o'clock I was back at Waldenburg where I hastened to Mrs. Pflucker's, who had invited a nephew of hers William Pflucker an agreeable young man to meet me. We had tea and nice supper, veal, trout and Hungary wine. I had to relate a great deal about Peru, and my auditors didn't get tired of listening. I was in my hotel by 10 o'clock. In my room hung a portrait of Luther; Mrs. P. had told me that in Waldenburg the Lutherans preponderated.

Tuesday, 24th of June 1845. The swanzigers, sometimes called in Silesia Böhmers (Bohemians) are actually worth 7 S.gl. Nevertheless it was with difficulty I could charge 50 of them at 6 S.gl 10pf, 6 S.gl 8pf being offered me for a larger quantity. I secured a seat for Salzbrunn but as my health was completely re-established, the sky cloudy and the temperature not too hot (Th. in my room at 1/2 past 7, 15 1/2 R. = 67 Fht.) I preferred walking and sending my luggage by the coach. When I started at 1/2 past 9 it rained a little, but gradually the weather improved. Following the high road I came ere long to the Spa called "Alt Wasser" (old water). Just before reaching it a road turns off to the left, over a height the Wilhelmshöhe, on the other side of which, Ober Salzbrunn lies. I might have taken this short cut, but not being acquainted with the locality of the place, I preferred not to run any risk, but to keep on the

beaten track. Alt wasser is of little extent, the walls to the right along some wood covered hills are however very pretty. Having left Alt wasser behind I next passed through the village of Sorgau, to the left I had the steeples of the Catholic and Protestant churches in Nieder Salzbrunn, and ahead of me a modern and an ancient building, the new and the old Castles of Fürstentein, the property of Count von Hochberg. Thither I directed my steps and soon entered a splendid forest, through the midst of which [...] below in a [...] [468] and with difficulty made my way through the dense underwood. When below I looked round a [...] uld imagine myself to be far from the civilized world; actually in a wilderness so completely was every inch of ground covered with high noble trees. On the other side I ascended a very narrow path which brought [...] the old castle. Looking back I saw before me the forest through which I had just come, and at a considerable distance, mountains probably the lower ridges of the Riesengebirge. I again descended but in a different direction, and emerged close to the two already-mentioned churches in Nieder Salzbrunn, I had to walk $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, before reaching the other extremity of Ober Salzbrunn where the Post office and the bathing establishment are situated. Every house seemed to be an hotel and had its name inscribed over the door, for instance the "Berlin Hof", "the city of Be[?]n", "the Saxon Hof", "the Post Hof", etc. and everywhere bills were placed in the windows informing the traveller that apartments where to be let. Close to the "Kursaal" is a large covered hall, with shops on each side, which serves for the patients to take exercise, when the weather does not allow them to do so out of doors. There are avenues and a well-kept gravel walk leading across the Wilhelmshöhe and baths round the "well" or "Brunnen", in short here is to be found everything which constitutes the conveniences of a watering place. To me it appeared that Nature had done more for Alt wasser, Art for Salzbrunn, though the latter is the more frequented of the two. I entered an hotel to take my dinner, the table d'hôte was just about being served, but as I was in my ordinary Liverpool wraprascal I did not like to sit down with the genteel company; but took this meal by myself, which over I strolled about in the promenades till I saw the coach arrive with my luggage from Waldenburg, I now (4.15 p.m.) took my seat in the coach. We drove back all the way I had come, as far as Nieder Salzbrunn, thence to Freyburg, prettily situated in a plain, where the coach stopped at the Railway terminus. Whilst I was haggling here with a driver about the fare to the village of Wurben, a person came up to me and [...] [469] Schweidnitz and thence by coach to Wurben. I followed his advice and when I found that I should have to pay for some overweight of luggage, the same person len [...] his ticket, so that for two there [...] as no overweight. Of course I was at a loss to account this [?] shewn to me by a complete stranger. This was the first [...]

believe the last time I ever went by a third class conveyance; the seats were were hard boards, the company very mixed. In about half an hour we reached the junction of Königszell where we had to wait an hour before the train from Schweidnitz arrived; this went on to Breslau, and ours to Schweidnitz. Hardly had I alighted in the terminus when my attentive companion procured me a carriage for 20 S.gl. to Werben; the driver was his brother-in-law and thus the riddle was solved. The evening was pleasant though rather cool; the road led through a level country with an occasional wood and village. After an hour's drive we reached Werben, a very small village where I alighted at a brewer's, who gave accommodations to strangers, but hardly had I sent my letter of introduction from Paul Bobertag of Eutin to his elder brother Herman, when he himself came and insisted on my removing to his house. To this I had to accede though I was really very loth to cause him any inconvenience. He was a man of about 45, with a round red face, very different from his brother. With the title of Kammer-director he superintended many states belonging to the heirs of the lately deceased Count Malzahn. A young man, named Wilke, lived with him for the purpose of learning husbandry. We conversed a good deal and I, looked upon as the lion, on account of my travels had to "faire les frais de la conversation", which I confess at last became rather tiresome. At 1/2 past 10 I retired to rest; the drawing room neatly furnished was transformed into my bedroom, and I was actually sorry to have given so much trouble to my host.

Wednesday, 25th of June 1845. At 8 o'clock Mr. Herman Bobertag left, together with his three children for the town of [...] [470] his journey and he was quite right in not putting it off on account of my unexpected arrival. All the children were scrofulous and it was his intention to [...] them there for treatment in a medical establishment. This nasty disease was prevalent in the Bobertag family; even in Paul Bobertag's face in Eutin I had observed something of the kind. It generally [...] its origin to the bad state of health of the parents, particularly if they have suffered from syphilis. Though the sky looked somewhat threatening Mr. Wilke, a well-informed young man and I took a slow walk through the neighbouring country which presents some variety of hill and dale, of wood and water. There is a small eminence which goes by the name of the Swedish entrenchment, dating probably from the 30 years war. Upon the same, as upon other hills in the vicinity, on the eve of St. John, bonfires had been lighted. From this height we had an extensive view over the surrounding plain, dotted with villages. Nearly the whole circumference is encircled by mountains amongst them the Eulenberg, 3137 feet, and the Zobtenberg 2246 feet above the level of the sea were the most conspicuous. Hence on a clear day the Schneekoppe, the highest peak of the Riesen-gebirge can be seen. All this while we had been on the estate of Würben, one of the many which Mr. H. Bobertag superintended;

the buildings belonging to the same were extensive and kept in good repair. We entered those where the horned cattle, and sheep were stalled. The style in which the latter was constructed might almost be called beautiful so light and airy were the arches employed in the same. Mr. Wilke told me that both kinds of cattle, were mostly fed within doors. This is called stall-feeding (*stall-fütterung*). After dinner at 1/2 past 1. Mr. Wilke, Fred Bobertag, the youngest brother, and I drove to a neighbouring estate, Domanze, owned by the Count von Brandenburg, Prussian General in chief in Silesia. The road thither runs through a well cultivated level plain watered by a small river, the Weistritz or [...] [471] resorted in the summer season, was superintended by a Mr. Ku[...] ([...] under the tittle of Inspector) married to a Miss Bobertag. In h[...] face I observed a small spot under the nose, suspicious, if take [...] connexion with the family disease. Both man and wife were [...]sant people. They treated me with coffee and afterwards with [...] berries. They took me to the park, and particularly called my attention to an ancient edifice built on a bare rock, said to ha [...] constructed by the Knights Templars. Before we left we had a nice supper, and were home about midnight. I will only say of Mrs. Kunze, that though not exactly pretty, she was very agreeable and without the least affectation. Her family consisted of 4 fine healthy children.

Thursday, 26th of June 1845. Thermometer 16 1/2 R. = 69 Fht. Before we started for this day's excursion I took up a Breslau paper which was lying about and read among other things that the Prussian Government had prohibited the publication of any furthur articles relative to the expulsion from Berlin of of two ultraliberal members of the Baden chamber of deputies, Itzstein and Hecker which measure at the time caused great sensation all over Europe also Dr. Stieger, the Swiss liberal, had escaped from his prison in Lucerne, where the Catholics had kept him, and on arrival in Zurich had been received with great enthusiasm by *his* friends. It was 11 o'clock when Fred. Bobertag, Wilke and I left. We drove the same way as I had come on the morning before last as far as Schweidnitz, then right through the town, which by the bye is a fortress, and had in 1845 9500 inhabitants. On the other side we followed the course of the Weistritz at first upon a chausée raised considerably above this small river, which flowed to our right. Furthur on through a pretty valley hemmed in on both sides by wood covered hills. Here were no crucifixes, no images of saints along the road, but evident signs of human industry; upon the grassplots which surrounded every house, white yarn and white linen, were stretched for bleaching, further on where [...] [472] [...] blue linen were hung up to dry. On and on we drive furthur than it had been our intention on the way to Trautenau [...] both my companions had fallen a-dozing, we had thus to return part of distance, and stopped in Kienau, where in the open air [...] the garden

of an inn, we took our dinner. An ascent brought us from this point to the summit of the Kiensberg 1345 feet high, where [...] an ancient castle, built in the year 1300 by Bolke I. [...] course of centuries it had passed through the hands of many [...]. In 1823 it was purchased by Professor Büsching of Breslau, and his heirs had established in the ancient court-yard a modern café with an adjoining garden. We of course climbed up to the top of the ruin, the view is confined by the surrounding hills which however, with their green foliage shone upon by a bright sun looked very cheerful. In the direction of Wurben there is a gap between them so that part of the plain is discernible. Wilke was annoyed at not seeing me in extasie; and even got a little angry when I told him that I preferred the prospect from the Fürstenstein "It is not worth while shewing anything to such a great traveller as you" were more or less his choleric words. A descent on the opposite side took us to another dale, the Schlesier Thal, through which the Weistriz meanders in numberless windings. This walk was so much to my liking that I wished it had lasted three times as long. At the extremity of the valley the coach was waiting for us and we drove home. We still walked about in the cool of the evening, took tea and then retired to rest. Mr. H. Bobertag returned in the earlier part of the night.

Friday, 27th of June 1845. In the course of the forenoon Mr. Bobertag Senior, took a long, slow walk over the grounds of the estate, pasture lands, meadows, cornfields and woods, traversed by the Weistriz. I had [...] [473] I had already related to hundreds of persons, over and over again of Peru, of the customs of its inhabitants, of my travels by land and sea etc. to which both my companions listened with attention, but when our conversation turned on other topics, there were few in which Mr. Bobertag and I took an equal interest, whilst young Wilke, well informed as previously said, and I, chatted together in a pleasant manner. I shewed him amongst other things [...] sketches of ancient statues and modern paintings of renown which I had bought in Rome, and with which he was highly alighted. Our dinner-hour was noon, the dinner and the wine very good; from what I could judge B. must be well off in the world. Young Fred. was absent, this being market day in Schweidnitz and he had gone thither of the sale of corn (in which however he did not succeed). Shortly after his return near 6 o'clock, the carriage stood ready. Mr. B. and Wilke accompanied me to the station of Königszell. The day being clear I, for the first time saw the

high schneekoppe. After having waited a few minutes the two trains the one from Schweidnitz, the other from Breslau arrived. I took my seat 2nd class in the former. My companions were two young ladies and their mother, and a friend of theirs. Ere long the all engrossing topic of the new sect called into life by Johann Ronge came upon the tapis; at first they were called Christ Catholics, at a later period the name of “new Catholics” was given to them as I mentioned page 440. They had their stronghold in Silesia but were by no means favoured by the Prussian Government, which had even prohibited their Protestant subjects from lending their churches to the new sect for their religious meetings. This order however had not always been obeyed by the Protestant vestries, because “the churches are ours” they said “not the Government’s”. Having stopped for a short time at various intermediate stations, amongst others at Ingramsdorf for 10 minutes, we arrived at the Breslau terminus at 8 1/4 p.m. I took a droshky and drove to the “Golden Goose” hotel. It being still daylight I at once went into the [...] took my letters of introduction [...] [474] the Tauenzien strasse outside the town in the Schweidnitz suburb, the one from Mrs. P. in Waldenburg to her son Bernhard “Stadtgerichtsrath” which I suppose corresponds to the Spanish [...]uez de Primera Instancia, the other from Charles P. to another brother Otto. It was too late to pay them a visit so I merely left the letters. On my return to the hotel I was surprised to see so many public girls. No doubt they lived upon the students and soldiers for Breslau was a University and [...] more a fortress, a strong garrison was always kept there.

On the 14th Feby. 1871. Mr. Ths. Rees, who had been with me since Augt. 1st 1870 (Vide page 227 of this volume) left me, not because I had any cause to be dissatisfied, on the contrary of late I was well pleased with him, but because Mr. Coleman to whom I had written shortly after Mr. Duval’s departure (Vide page 397, Vol. 2nd) returned to his old post which by ill health he had been compelled to relinquish in March 6th 1868 – Vide page 99 Vol. 2nd.

Saturday, 28th of June 1845. I was on the point of starting to pay my visit Mr. Bernard Pflücker, when the younger Mr. Otto Pflücker called to accompany me to his brother’s house. I was received with these words “I am a Str[oh] wittwer” “straw Widower”, a German jocose term for a married man, whose wife is absent a short time. I should have liked to have made her acquaintances, but her husband, Mr. Bernard, resembling so much his brothers in Lima, was so agreeable, and well informed, that I did not miss his wife’s absence. All the Pflüchers were pleasant with the exception of Mr. Henry, in Hamburg, of whom I have spoken on a previous occasion, as the black sheep of the family. Otto Pflücker did an insignificant business without profit in the linen trade, was in poor health, and had this very day, returned to his mother in Waldenburg, so I saw [...] of him at that time, many years later, he went to [...] [475] there, he

became insane, and had to be sent back to Europe; there were two younger brothers, "Oswald" and "Leonard", both died in Peru, the former in Miraflores, near Lima, of fever, the latter in the mine of his brother Julius, where he was crushed by a wall, which fell in, the less I say of Julius the better, his name will turn up more than once, in the course of these extracts. To return to Breslau, and to Mr. Bernard, the topic of conversation was such as might be expected. The "Christ-Catholics", he being much inclined to this new sect, he told me their numbers were rapidly increasing and thought of joining them as soon as they were recognized by the Government – this the Government never did; I am not aware if Mr. B. Pflücker ever carried out his intention, but I know that his post of judge was taken from him in later years, owing to his liberal, religious, and political opinions. I bought afterwards a small treatise, referring to these Christ-Catholics which I may still have among my papers – in it, it is stated the sect rejected all Roman catholic ceremonies, only recognised two sacraments, namely baptism and communion the latter according to them was instituted in remembrance of the death and suffering of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom they speak, not as the son of God, but merely as our Saviour. I left Mr. Pflücker's at 10.30, engaged a valet de place, accompanied by whom, in about three hours, I saw a good deal of Breslau, the capital of Silesia, situated on the Oder, formerly it was fortified, but after the battle of Jena, 1806, the French commenced, and the Prussian Government concluded the demolition of the ramparts. Spacious walks with intervening meadows have taken their place, even the Gates do not exist; instead of them are wide passages, which lead into the town. The walks in 1845 were encircled by a ditch which now in 1871, may also have disappeared, round the ditch ran fine avenues and then the suburbs extending into the country. The Sweidnitz suburb contained wide streets and large [] houses, new ones were about being built. [...] [476] a monument of General Tauenzien who distinguished himself in 1760 in a sally against the Austrians. The interior of the city has the antiquated appearance of all old German towns, very narrow houses, with pointed and curved gables, the streets however were rather wider, than I had expected to find them. In the course of our walk the Valet de place called my attention to the theatre, to the Government house, just finished, the residence of the Count Von Brandenburg the owner of Domantze, to the University buildings, extensive, and situated close to the Oder, at the other extremity of the town opposite the Schweidnitz suburb, to the Townhall in the ring or principal square, remarkable for its great antiquity and strange style of Architecture. It is adorned or rather disfigured with several small turrets in the shape of pepper boxes. Out of one of which three larger acorns of what material I do not know, protrude in this manner in commemoration of the Oakforest, which once occupied the site where the town hall now stands, below this edifice is a large cellar,

called that of Schweidnitz, because it has for many centuries belonged to that town, it is in repute on account of the excellent beer stored and retailed here; close by stands the public scales for the weighing of merchandize. A few paces distant from the ring is another open place, at the time of my visit covered with booths, for a fair was being held; this, formerly "the Salt ring" is now called Bluchers Square, his bronze statue, upon a pedestal of Silesian marble, or rather granite, is placed in the centre. He is on foot, in the attitude of stepping forward, sword in hand, his head uncovered, as he is said to have fought at the Katzback (aug. 26. 1813) where he defeated the French armies commanded by Macdonald, Ney, Lauriston, and Sebastian, one side of the Pedestal has this inscription "Mit Gott fur König und Vaterland dem Feldherrn Blucher und dem Heere die Schlesier", on the three other sides merely the years 1813, 1814, 1815. The Exchange rooms [...] [477] square. The Maria Magdalen Church has the peculiarity that the two steeples, of great height, are connected by a bridge. At the time of the Reformation, the Protestants of Breslau held here their first divine service. In the Cemetery which surrounds the Elizabeth church, I noticed a row of tombstones, under which, according to my guide, rest the bones of many Silesians, who under the Austrian rule (year not given) rebelled against the Imperial authority. Having crossed the Oder we entered the Nicolai suburb, where was the Catholic Cathedral, the interior of which, richly adorned, shewed to great advantage compared with the plainness of the Protestant churches, I had just visited. The Verger was very particular in showing me every thing he thought worthy of notice, I recollect a small silver tablet, with the Annunciation of the Virgin, a present from Count Schafgotsch, the high Altar of massive silver, a very pretty painting by Lucas Cranach of the Virgin and child, much better than any of his pictures, I had previously seen; the gilt wooden statues of four fathers of the Church videlicet St. Agustin of the Latin, St. Gregory of the Greek, and two others; also a chapel with the marble monuments of Count Frederic of Hesse, and of St. Elizabeth, daughter of a King Andrew of Hungary. Close to the Cathedral is another Catholic Church, built in the shape of a Greek cross and called the Cross Church. Beneath is that of St. Bartholomew, very damp and unhealthy where mass is only said once a year on the Saints birthday. My guide pointed out to me the traces left by the great inundation of the Oder in the Spring of 1845, a public garden, that of Kroll, in imitation of which the famous Krollsgarden in Berlin was established, had been overflowed entirely. During my long perambulations, it struck me the Breslauers, both men and women were uncommonly ugly, an opinion confirmed by Mr. Pflücker. Having dined at the table d'hote at 3 O.C. I was with him, when we took a walk over the part of the walls which surround the town, then to a public garden, where [...] [478] large tumbler of beer called here "Seidel", two of his children Edward, and Maria, very lively, were with us, the

time slipped away imperceptibly. Having returned to his house, he sent over the way to Mr. Scholtz an old acquaintance of mine, who immediately came to see me. When bidding good by to Mr. Pflücker he like Mr. Bobertag, gave me a kiss, which I would gladly have dispensed with. Mr. Scholtz then took me to his house, which, surrounded by a shrubbery stood retired from the road. Young Stanislaw Bergmann was the first to meet me, Scholtz told me, he was a clever good youth, I thought him a great booby, he had entirely forgotten his Spanish, some years later he returned to Lima to his father's counting house, where the cash was entrusted to him, but his great inclination for the bottle, soon manifested itself, it was found necessary to take his situation from him. After the death of his father, he remained with his two brothers Frederic and Charles, but his failing became an inveterate vice, he went to Europe to get cured if possible, but all in vain. He returned to Lima and died dropsical, and partly paralytic about a year ago. Scholtz inquired for many of his Lima friends. He showed me views of Valparaiso, a plan of the battle of Ayacucho, and a very good likeness of Mrs. Bergman in miniature, he said "if I were not married, how glad I should be to take another trip to the west coast", his wife between 35 and 40 years of age, I did not admire, her pursed up mouth and her eyes, shut occasionally gave her a puritanical look. Two ladies, a Miss Scholtz, somewhat taciturn, and a Miss Heinrich from Bonn came in, the latter pleased me greatly; no refreshments were offered, Scholtz accompanied me to the Golden Goose, where I packed up for my next day's journey, here I may say a few words about Mr. Scholtz. He was born in Silesia, in person small, and humpbacked, with a large face, well informed and agreeable. About the year 1821 or 1822 he went to the West Coast of Sh. America as supercargo of the Mentor sent out by the then existing Rhenish West India[n] Company he was one of the first Europe[an] [479] whom I saw on my arrival in Valparaiso in Augt. 1824, whether already then he was a partner of Huth Grüning & Co. I cannot say, but in that capacity he resided afterwards for many years in Lima, where he was very intimate at Bergmann's house. He returned to his native country with a competency, married, which I believe he had cause to repent, entered afterwards into a speculation of cutting slate, if I remember rightly. He gradually lost his money, which he had returned home with; during the later years of his life, his former partners contributed the requisite means for his support. The year of his death I do not know...

Sunday, 29th of June 1845. Boots not having called me as I had ordered him to do. I overslept myself, had to dress hurriedly and without breakfasting hastened in a droshka to the Freyburg and Schweidnitz Rway. Terminus, close to which is that from Breslau to Liegnitz. Though the weather was unfavorable, the number of people who took tickets was very great, and on my arrival at

Freyburg, I was astonished at the crowd which applied at the Post Office for seats to Salzbrunn. My route lay towards Sch[mie]deburg. At Reichenau horses were changed, and in Landshut I took my breakfast in the same room where I had been a week before, as far as here we drove over level ground, with the Schneekoppe right ahead. From Landshut onwards, the country becomes more hilly, before reaching Schmiedeberg, we had to ascend a fir covered hill, from the summit I descried the town prettily situated in a plain confined by the Giant mountains. In this place, an individual, gentleman I cannot call him, and I, engaged an open carriage drawn by one horse, to convey us to Warmbrunn, another small Silesian Spa. On our way thither, we had the Riesen-Gebirge to our left. We passed through the village of Erdmansdorf whither (see page 375 of this volume) a number of Protestants had emigrated twelve or fifteen years back, from the Ziller Valley; the Prussian Government granted them houses and land; the houses are [] exactly in the same manner of those which they [480] had abandoned in their native country; they are of wood with small balconies, and overhanging eaves, the inhabitants are under the obligation of keeping up their national dress. From the signposts I saw that the villages in which they live are called upper, middle and lower Ziller Valley land. In this neighbourhood is a royal linen Manufactory, and in Erdmansdorf a new protestant church and a royal park, also the palace of the Princess Von Liegnitz the morganatic second wife of Frederick William III. It is built in imitation of an ancient castle. We had come to the village of Stonsdorf where my companion took a glass of beer in a public house. I engaged a boy to show me the way to a hill close by, called the Prudelberg, recommended by the guidebooks as deserving a cursory visit, it is covered with a number of granite blocks, which form passages, arches and caves, the ceiling of one of the latter, is formed by a single block, measuring more or less twenty feet by fifteen. Every spot has of course its particular name, this was called the Arabian cave, and was the most remarkable. The sand stones at Adersback are higher, and cover a larger Area, however I was pleased not to have passed these by unnoticed. From the elevated spot the eye ranges over the plain, and at the verge of the horizon my little guide pointed out the highest peaks of the Giant's ridge, the Schwartz (or black), the "Kleine" (the small) and the Schnee Koppe, the last the highest was covered with mist and clouds. We continued our drive, and reached Warmbrunn by 6 O.C. I went to the hotel de Prusse where I found in the room a tariff, certified by the Police Authorities to the effect that the cost of a room in the second storey was one Prussian thaler per day, the bed 6 SGr per night. Having dressed I descended to the Promenade crowded with peasants and people of the lower class, of what we call select society I saw none; this Promenade was lined with shops, which though it was Sunday afternoon stood open, walks and avenues led into

the adjoining [481] fields; hence for the first time, I had a view of the "Kynast". At 9 O.C. it was still daylight but being very sleepy I hastened to bed.

Monday, 30th of June 1845. The Kynast is a mountain of which I had heard a great deal at school, being celebrated in German poetry [—], I was not far from it, why should not I have a look? [—]ght I" no sooner had the idea crossed my mind when [...] it into execution; I passed through the Village of Warmbrunn [—] of Hermsdorf; at the foot of the mountain, when a little fe[—] offered his services to show me the way; it is covered with wood, mostly firs; larger blocks of stone strewed the path, which [—] I may believe my guide were detached from the top by lightning in 1830. The Kynast, according to Reichart, is 1980 ft high, the castle which once stood on the summit was built in the year 1290, and withstood successfully two sieges, one by the Hussites, the other by the Swedes in the thirty years war, its ruins now the property of Count Schaffgotsch, owner of a palace in Warmbrunn are very extensive, they consist of an outer and inner wall, within the precincts of the latter, many partition walls, of two towers, the vault, the donjon, and some courtyards; to the highest of the two towers access was had in ancient times by an outside staircase, at present steps lead in the interior to the top, whither we climbed, and from this elevated point, I had an extensive and very pretty prospect; at my feet lay the thick wood, to the south, the Giants ridge, wrapped in clouds, whilst in every other direction a plain, sprinkled over with hills, and villages stretching as far as my eye could reach; at the very base lies the village of Hermsdorf, more to the left that of Petersdorf, more to the north another, "Kaisers-Waldau" thence to the right Warmbrunn and Schmiedeberg, further to N.E. between Schmiedeberg and where I stood were many other villages, their names I have forgotten. In the East, inclining a trifle to the North I distinguished [—] clearly though the sky was very cloudy [...] [482] Falkenstein, and westward on the same ridge as the Schneekoppe another mountain the "Schnee Gruben" or "Snow pits". We ran down the mountain; my little guide having left me, I continued my walk by myself to Petersdorf, through a level cultivated country, along a rivulet "the Lacken Wa[—]d". On approaching Schreiberau, masses of rocks appear here [—] there, and the mountains, seen at a distance hitherto, [—] near. To the right, a road leads to Bohemia. I turned a little to the left, came to a Vitriol Manufactory [—] to a valley, which further on changes into a gully, what [—] had been a rivulet, is now a mountain torrent. The [—] are clad with pines and beeches, the character of the whole scenery is wild; though in miniature. Here is the [—] fall, the height of which does not exceed 35 feet, but it is pretty, notwithstanding the small volume of water, which rushes down in one sole sheet into a cleft formed by two rocks. On my return I lost myself, and had to make my way through hedges and over cornfields to the Vitriol

Manufactory; thence to Schreiberau and Petersdorf, and avoiding Hermsdorf, was back in Warmbunn in time for dinner. This was a fair excursion of several hour's duration; but I had been so far favored by the weather, that the sun had not come out, and the temperature was cool. In the appendix under N° 25 I affix my bill in the hotel de Prusse, where will be seen the distances to various places, in the vicinity. At 7 O.C. I continued my journey to Hirschberg (on the Bover) only one German mile. The evening was very pleasant and the country through which we drove cultivated with such care, that in my original diary I find it compared to a garden. At Hirschberg I alighted at the Bergen, where I supped, secured my seat in the Coach for Dresden, strolled about in the pretty environs, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and on my return sat down on a stone bench outside the Post Office where I waited till 11 O'clock when [] [483] the coach passed.

Tuesday, 1st of July 1845. At 3.30 a.m. we arrived in Greifenberg, when it was daylight, after a short detention, we conveyed on, and were by 6 O'clock at Lauben, on the Quies, where we had to wait an hour, for the post direct from Breslau, whilst my fellow travellers and I took our coffee, I entered into conversation with a good looking young man, a native of Düsseldorf, who having finished his m[]al studies in Bonn and Berlin, had availed himself of some leisure weeks, to make a pedestrian tour through the Riesengebirge. He had been up the Schneekoppe, but complained that he had by no means been favored by the weather which had been foggy and rainy; when we started afresh, we had the good luck to have the "beiwagen" to ourselves, by this word is meant an extra carriage, which the Postmaster is obligated to furnish when the mail coach is filled with passengers. The country was sandy, firs and pine trees abounded, the scanty and stunted growth of the corn indicated the poverty of the soil. By 10 O.C. we were in Görlitz on the Neisse, in the streets I noted the low massive porticoes ("Lauben") mentioned more than once, some commercial activity prevailed, heavily laden wagons piled up with merchandize, such as were common all over Germany before the introduction of Railways, moved slowly on, and were being unladen. Some of the principal buildings had a very venerable look, such as the town hall, a round tower with a clock, the pack house or public store, and others. Out of the town were fine walks and avenues, many full grown trees, also some still in their infancy. We dined in an Inn, close to the post office, then I whiled away time, sleeping, reading the Newspapers and Tasso's Jerusalemme. The papers were full of details of the Christ Catholics, next to Ronge, Czarski was their principal teacher, preacher, and apostle. At 3 O'clock we left Görlitz in a Saxon Coach. The uniform of the []ducteur being yellow with blue [] hitherto that of the [484] Prussians had been dark blue with red. We passed through Reichenbach, close to the frontier; outside the

town, I observed people at work in the R-way. From Breslaw to Liegnitz, it was already concluded. At Löbau, the first town in Saxony, we were by 6.30. At 8, in Bautzen, a town of some importance; here again people were at work on the Rway, but owing to the rocky nature of the ground, little progress was being made. We crossed a small river which I learned to my surprise was the Spree, the very same, which many miles further to the North passes through Berlin. By and by, my companions, who with me occupied the body of the coach broke the silence, which they had so long kept; one was [...] ty old Pole, owning an estate to the south of Warsaw, the second, was his brother-in-law, the third was a deaf clergyman, all three on their way to Carlsbad. It was a lovely evening, ever since we left Görlitz, the plain we drove through seemed to be fertile, and under excellent tillage; gradually when the sun sank, our conversation slackened. I fell asleep and did not awake till

Wednesday, 2nd of July 1845, when I was roused by the rattling of the conveyance through the Streets of Dres-den, quiet and deserted at this early hour of the day. The handsome stone bridge, over the Elbe, having suffered by the inundation of the River in the spring of the year, was under repair, and a temporary one of boats served in the meanwhile. Having crossed this bridge we stopped at the Post Office, where I had to wait some time before a drowsy Porter made up his mind to carry my luggage to the Hotel "City of Vienna", situated in the New Town, here, I obtained in the third storey a sitting and bed room of rather small dimensions, but with a pretty view over the Elbe, on the other side of which I saw the Brühl terrace, the cupola, and steeples of our Lady's church, then somewhat to the right, the Catholic church with two steeples, [...] round tower of the Observatory [485] and, still more to the left, the new Theatre, resembling in some degree, the Coliseum at Rome, at the time, it was considered a masterpiece of architecture, and was built according to the plan, and under the direction of Gottfried Semper, younger brother of my friend Charles Semper of Altona. On this side of the Elbe gardens, and meadows occupied the space between its bank and the Hotel. At 9 O.C. I engaged a Valet de place, who as in duty bound conducted me, firstly to the far famed "Green Vault", our party consisted of two Gentlemen, two Ladies, a boy and self, the entrance money for all six was two Prussian dollars, which I should have had to pay, had I been alone. The rooms are very low, which perhaps may have given rise to the name of vault, and the prefix of Green is probably derived from the green diamond, certainly the most valuable article of the many hundreds, nay! I may say, thousands of which, the collection consists, but which I must confess greatly disappointed me; the walls are gilt and covered with mirrors, hardly one of an entire piece, in the style, which was in vogue during the reign of Louis Quatorze. What shall I say of the collection

itself? There were small bronze statues, some original, others copies, among the latter a miniature representation of the Farnese Bull, original in Naples, Vide page 120-1 of this volume, carved work, both in ivory and wood, in the shape of drinking horns and goblets, glasses, and boxes, etc., etc. In ivory a small copy of the large group in marble, which I had seen in Padua, in the Palace Trento Pappa representing the archangel Michael, hurling down from a height; sixty five rebellious Angels, Vide page 336. Many pictures carved in ivory, and wood executed with great art, and minuteness; a small vessel prettily finished in ivory, plates and [] of mother of [. . .] [486] portraits of Peter the Great, and his son Ivan beautifully done; a great quantity of small figures, in wood and ivory, also in pearls, each pearl forming a member of the human body; on a table, a court of the great Mogul, composed of a great many small figures. There were many valuable arms, also ornaments of all kinds, some inlaid with costly diamonds, others consisting exclusively of the same, amongst the latter the celebrated green diamond of great size and value. When we had finished, and of course duly admired all these extraordinary treasures, the impression left on my mind, was very vague and unsatisfactory I had seen a great deal of tasteless costliness and that was all. Now the valet de place hardly knew what he should do to fill up the time to earn his half Prussian dollar, for half a day's work. He conducted me to the "Zwinger" a name given to part of the Palace, planned and commenced by Augustus the Strong, but not finished, only the first court yard being completed, and the buildings which form its four sides, which in 1845 were occupied by the Museums for Natural History, and Historical Objects, a collection of mathematical Instruments, also one for Engravings, none of which I had any desire to see. The Court yard formed by these edifices, was filled with splendid orange trees; in the centre, there was the statue of that King of Saxony, who was the contemporary and steadfast friend of the first Napoleon. The lower pedestal is of polished marble, that above it, in the shape of a cube, on it the King sits in a Curule chair, uncovered a sceptre in one hand, a book in the other. The brass pedestal bears the following inscriptions, on the one side, "Freidrick August Geretchten (the Just) (why this epithet has being given him I do not know) das dankbare Vaterland", on the opposite side "Zu [. . .] [487] []" in commemoration of a reign of 58 years (surely it will be difficult to say what the blessings were; certain it is that when he mounted the throne, Saxony was about double the size as when he left it, at the time of his death); on the two other sides "Wohl dem Manne der den Ewigen fürchtet und grosse Lust hat an des Herrn Gebot" (blessed is the man, who fears the Eternal, and who rejoices in the commands of the Lord) I next went to the counting houses of Kaskel and of Bassanger, to the former of whom, Baur's, to the latter Donner's letter of credit was directed. I found here

two very kind letters, one from Sieveking, the other from Dl. Schutte with an invitation to be present at his wedding, on the 28th of June, which of course came too late. At one p.m., I sat down at the table d'hôte, with no more than ten persons including the Landlord, dinner being dispatched, I took a seat in an omnibus from the public Square in the new Town, as far as the public house "Waldschlosschen" (a small forest castle) no great distance out of Town, here I alighted here and walked a little further on came to Findlater's Garden, converted into a place of amusement, and public resort, much recommended by the Guide books, which is pretty enough but the prospect over the Elbe, can not be compared, to that from Rainsvilles Garden, (close to Altona) to the Hanoverian shore. The Elbe makes here a bend, on the opposite side I had before me green fields and villages, inland woods and hills; up the River on the same side where I stood, the high bank was dotted over with white buildings whilst down the river to the right, Dres-den itself appeared; close to Findlater's, a country seat, with a surrounding park, this also is much inferior to the beautiful villas between Altona and Blankenese, I walked back to town, and in my hotel, was busy writing letters, one to Mr. Schutte, a second to my cousin Hugues in Celle telling him of my near approach of my visit to him. Which being done I started afresh, with the purpose of calling on my friend Mr. Gottfried Semper, the [...] [488] his wife directed me to his atelier, on the Brühl-terrace, where I did not find him in. The Brühl Terrace, is of considerable length, running along the river, a fine wide flight of stairs leads up to it. From that irregular open space where the Catholic Church, Main Guard house and Theatre stand. The terrace is adorned with rows of trees, whilst to the right the back part of the Brühl palace looks upon it. The Count Brühl, who gave his name to the terrace, was born in 1700, became prime minister and favorite of Augustus III King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, he is most known in history for his immoderate personal vanity, according to Carl[y]le he had 365 suits of clothes. This was a lovely evening, the thermometer in the morning 15° R. 66° F. had risen in the evening to 21° R. 79° Ft., the terrace was crowded with people, some promenading, others taking refreshments, I myself leaning for a long time on the balustrades, with the river in view contemplated the scene with much pleasure, the sun was just setting and threw his last horizontal rays on the buildings of the opposite shore, on the Elbe, and on the bridge, through which rafts, sailing vessels, and steamers were passing one after the other. The terrace as before I remarked, extends for some distance up the river, then turning off to the right, it changes to a wide Street, boulevard like, lined with large modern houses with flat roofs, this Boulevard traverses the square with the post office, and finally leads to the "Zwinger", and back to the river.

Having made this circuit, I crossed to the new Town, on the Elbe's right side, went to my hotel, and hastened soon to bed.

Thursday, 3rd of July 1845. In the course of the forenoon I went to see Semper, in his Atelier, in his exterior, he was much changed, for many years had passed, since he was last parted, but his character seemed to have undergone no alteration, the same discontent with the whole world, the same feelings [...] [489] worldly advantages were as apparent now, as in his younger days. The Senate of Hamburg had rejected a plan, he had presented for the new St. Nicolai Church, the old one having been destroyed in the fire of 1840, and given the preference to that of an English architect "Mr. Scott", thus to judge by his words, the members of the Hamburg Senate, and all those who had joined them in the rejection of his plan, were stupidity personified. Of his religious opinions he made no secret, not only did he abhor all friars, Jesuits, and every thing that smacked of Catholicism, but even the Protestant Clergy did not rank higher in his estimation; Andrés Hugues, the Redemptorist Father, was a blockhead, and Theodore his brother, the Calvinist clergyman in Celle was not a bit better. Gottfried went with me to the Theatre, of which he was justly proud, I was particularly pleased with the Lobbies fine airy passages running behind the boxes, we then separated. I then visited the famous collection of paintings where I remained till One O'clock, dinner time at my hotel, this day more sat down than yesterday, I entered into conversation with my neighbours, the hour till two slipped away imperceptibly. The heat being so intense, I took a droskha which for five silver groschens, conveyed me to a small village a short way out of town, called Rachnitz, thence a small ascent brought me to a height, where Moreau fell on the 17 of Augt. 1813 in the battle fought here by the allied Powers against Napoleon. Under the shade of two young oak trees stands the Monument, consisting of a cube of Granite, on which lies a tablet of brass, upon the same, and of the same metal, a sword, a helmet, and a laurel wreath; the inscription says "Moreau der held fiel hier an der Seite Alexanders 17 Augt. 1813", around the granite block, lies some stones of smaller size; The prospect from this spot is very wide and well suited, to the object for which it was chosen by Alexander and Moreau in directing the movements of the allied hosts. I continued ascending for a short while the [...] road till I came to a small village "Kaitz", then striking [490] off to the right emerged in another high road, somewhat higher up than the Plauenscher Grund (or hollow of Plauen) where about are coal mines and iron foundries. At Patschappel I rested, being fatigued and in a very profuse perspiration, thence I returned to Dres-den, through the said Grund, which though pretty, hardly merits the praise bestowed on it by travellers, it is nothing by the high road through which a rivulet flows many

turns and windings, hemmed in on both side, by low hills, sometimes by bold steep rocks. I had now to make way through some pleasant cornfields, and finally to traverse the whole length of the Town, before I reached my Hotel, where I found a ticket for the Opera, purchased by my order. The Theatre according to Reichart, is capable of holding 1700 spectators, I thought it one of the most tasteful, I had ever seen. It is built in the shape of a horse shoe, the interior is painted white with gold, one tier of boxes is on the same level with the pit, then follow the 1st and 2nd tiers with the King's box in the middle, above, two galleries; the opera was "I Puritani" by Bellini. I liked the music, the singers were respectable, particularly Marietta di Maria, nevertheless the applause was feeble. It was over by 9 O.C. p.m., still daylight, a great many of the company ascended to the Brühl's terrace to take refreshment, I followed their example, then at 11 O.C. returned to my Hotel, the heat was almost insupportable.

Friday, 4th of July 1845. The Heat this day was so excessive, as almost to preclude the possibility of taking any violent exercise; at noon the thermometer marked in my room 25° R. 88° Faht. At 11 p.m. windows open 22 1/4 R. 83° Faht. I occupied myself with packing an unnecessary trunk, to be forwarded to Altona, through Bassange from whom I had taken 75 Prussian Thalers equivalent to 150 Bco. Marks. I read Galignani in a coffee house, looked in at a collection of pictures, dined at Sempers. We also supped together, not in his own dwelling but in Belvedere Restaurant, situated at the corner of Brühls terrace, where it turns off to the right [Gottfried] [...] such extravagant ideas on the [491] subject, was so perverse and so antagonistic to generally received opinions, that notwithstanding his acknowledged cleverness, his conversation afforded little pleasure. His lady scarcely ever addressed me, decidedly a want of good breeding. A doctor made the fourth of the party, neither was he to my liking. During our supper at the Belvedere, I succeeded by unremitting efforts in drawing Mrs. Semper into conversation, I cannot say my exertions were rewarded, for I found her uninteresting and scarcely above the average capacity. I traced a likeness between the two brothers Charles and Gottfried Semper, but he of Dresden, was more brusque in manner, his pecuniary circumstances were not particularly good, which may have contributed to sour his temper.

Saturday, 5th of July 1845. The temperature was almost as sultry as on the previous night, hardly had I stepped on board the steamer, 6 Oclock, which was to convey me to the famed Saxon Switzerland, when dense clouds drew up from the West, in a few minutes the sky was overcast, and it was feared showers of rain would put an end to the pleasure anticipated by all on board, (amongst whom were many ladies) from our excursion; however the sky soon cleared and the weather turned out exceedingly fine, during the two days my trip

lasted. The steamer was moored on the left side of the Elbe, close to Bruhls' Terrace, the boat bridge was opened for us; we continued our course up the river. On the left bank the country was rather level, whilst on the right the sandy hills were covered with vegetation, various country seats came into sight; I noted Findlater's garden, and the King's vineyard, plain in its exterior, but a favorite residence of his Majesty, in the summer months. The King of Saxony was, in 1845, about 46 years of age, plain and unpretending in his habits, and a scientific Botanist, his first wife was an Austrian Princess, who was afflicted with epilepsy, his second, was a sister of the King of Bavaria, by neither of [] had he any [] On the left the [. . .] house [] [492] the Banker Kaskel, was pointed out to me, also the place where the composer Neumann was born; a little higher up follows the town of Laubergast, of some importance; the environs of which still bore the marks left by the inundation in the Spring of the year, when the water rose to the first storey of the houses. To the right appears the royal country residence of Pillnitz, then the shores are rather flat on both sides, and gradually again rise into gentle hills. The Lilienstein (an isolated rock) on the right bank, is now the most prominent object; about this time my attention was attracted to a very animated conversation, and on listening I heard a Gentleman holding forth in a loud tone of voice, to a circle gathered round him, on the subject of Atheism, Conscience, the day of Judgement, etc. Topics in my opinion of too much importance to be idly discussed, on board a steamer, and in promiscuous society. Next on the left bank, the town of Pirna, presented itself, prettily situated, close to it on a height "der Sonnenstein" (the stone of the sun), stands a large edifice, formerly a royal residence, now used as an asylum for lunatics; on the beach, large masses of sand stone lay, piled up. Here the Saxon Switzerland commences, and the Elbe narrows, both banks are really picturesque, with wood covered hills, and sometimes with steep barren rocks; here and there, vineyards and houses peep out from under the green foliage of trees. Stone quarries commence to show themselves, the trade is sand stone being of great value to the surrounding country; on the same side with Perna, lies Wehlen, whilst opposite, uncommonly steep and isolated rocks, connected with others by wooden bridges, became visible, these are called the Bastei or the Bastion, close to them, is the village of "Nieder Rathen", then again the Lilienstein is seen, now of a different appearance from that I had hitherto observed, thus: It is succeeded by rocks, in the [. . .] [493] the Lilienstein, consequently on the left side of the river, lies the mountain covered with grass and trees, appeared of easy climbing, higher up the summit is encircled by abrupt rocks, from which rise the walls of the fortress itself, within these walls is a

well, of great depth, which precludes the possibility of the garrison being short of water. At the foot of the mountain near the waters edge, is the village of the same name. A trifle higher up, where we landed, on the right side follows Shandau – I say “We” because I had made the acquaintance of two individuals named “Drache” with whom I joined company, their object being the same as mine namely that of spending some two days in this part of the country. The elder was married, engaged in trade, parsimonious beyond measure, and always complaining of ill health; the younger had some employment under Government in Lu[_], and was on furlough, by their persuasion I entered a common public house, where labourers in shirt sleeves were eating and smoking, for us as table cloth was spread. For a large plate of roasted veal, with salad, bread, and two tumblers of indifferent beer, no more than five silver Groschen were paid by each; it will be remembered that thirty silver Groschen make a Prussian “thaler”, which latter is of the same value as a Bolivian dollar, when the exchange in Peru on England is thirty six pence per dollar. From Schandau, a carriage conveyed us to the Wildstein cave, and to the Lichenstein waterfall, the latter is very poor indeed, the height is small, the volume of water must be collected for the purpose, which even then is inconsiderable. From Schandau, to this cave and waterfall, the roads leads through Kirnitz valley, pretty enough, formed by woody hills, with a rivulet, the outlet of the fall, in the middle. Thence we took a path, through a dense wood of firs and pines, which brought us to a large naturally formed stone arch, known as the “Kuhstall” (cow’s stable) or the [_]steiner “Felsenhalle” [...] [494] hall of rocks) in front of which is a small terrace protected by wooden railings. The prospect from this point is, though not extensive, fully worthy of the praises bestowed on it by tourists; at no great distance the view is confined by a range of wood covered hills, whilst the hollow, which occupies the intervening space, is filled with trees, the top of which reach up to where the beholder has taken his stand. This is more or less its shape

Reichart in his hand book, gives the dimensions of it, as follows: 25 ells in length, 14 in breadth and 20 in height, but these can only apply to the arch at its very entrance, for after a few steps further on, the area widens and lengthens in every direction. Many [_] stones which strew the ground, form numberless clefts, rents and holes to each of which some ridiculous name is given, such as the Snails hole, the crooked Caroline, not one of which we passed unnoted or unvisited. Some itinerant musicians were

plying their trade here, refreshments were also sold; having listened to the former, and partaken of the latter, we continued our walk, descending and ascending till we reached at 5 O.cl. the great "Winter Mountain", where we rested for a short time. On the roof a tower is built, from this elevated spot, the eye ranges over a wide extensive country, over hills, dales, forests, and plains interspersed with villages, here and there. To the left, the Rose Mountain with a circular summit, and well wooded, is the most remarkable object. Eastwards two solitary mounts, whose names are unknown to me, are clearly visible; to the westward, we see the Elbe, winding its course to the "Lilienstein" and "Köningstein". Immediately after leaving the Winterberg, we crossed the Bohemian Frontier, and had to pass over a barren sand plain, partly covered with moss, and a few heath plants in blossom; further on here and there [...] large [...] stones till we reached the Prebisch H [...] [495] Prebish Gate, in reality, a natural bridge, formed by a single sand stone reaching from one solitary rock to the other, both the height and width are given by Reichart to be 60 ft. Other sand stones, which might be called monoliths of great height are grouped here, they are step and precipitous, connected with each other by wooden bridges, secured with balustrades, sometimes steps are cut into them, and their side walls are covered with countless names, written in characters legible to the shortest sight, between these rocks grow lofty firs and pines, one of which, of great height exactly under "Prebisch-thor", without however touching the lower part of the bridge. From this point the eye again embraces a vast extent of country, more or less, as that seen from Winterberg. Here we were 1370 ft. above the level of the sea; rapidly descending we [...] found ourselves in the "Biehl Grund" or hollow, through which [...] small rivulet, which joins another of somewhat more importance called the "Biehl", in which latter falls into the Elbe near [...]skretschin: nothing could be more delightful than this walk, in the cool of the evening; the Biehl puts many wood saw mills into motion, along side of which timber lay piled up. The rocks which hem in this valley, or rather gully, are of considerable height, and steep, frequently of very strange shapes, sometimes bare, sometimes wood covered. The distance from Herrnskretschin to Schandau is about two hours walk, the fare by boat was one Prussian thaler, which not being inclined to give, once more we had to trust to our legs. At first a pretty path runs between the Elbe, on the one side, and kitchen gardens on the other, but further on, where the stone quarries stretch from the mountain side to the waters edge, We had to cross them, which of course was very inconvenient walking, the village of Postelwitz, through which we passed, is a sombre place. At 10 Oclock we were at Schandau, rather fatigued, but I at least was highly pleased, not only with the day's trip,

but also with the conclusion of it; only for the last 1 1/2 hour the rosy western sky had ceased to be reflected in the waves of the rapid Elbe [...] Bohemian frontier [...] [496] chin, neither going or returning were we asked for our passports. We took up our quarters in Schandau, in the hotel D'Allamaigne where we got a good supper and beds; notwithstanding the great heat, I slept soundly till I awoke on

Sunday Morning, 6th of July 1845, at 5 O.C. At 7 a carriage stood at the door, we drove through the "Tiefen Grund" or the deep gully, lined on each side by rocks of sand stones, and overgrown with wood, as far as the base of the mountain called "Brandt" which we ascended on foot, its sides were completely covered with trees, particularly firs and pines, only on the summit are they partly cleared away, where a public house is built. Below we had the Elbe, on the opposite shore, meadows, cornfields, woods, and villages traversed by paths and high roads, looking in the distance like [...] many ribbons; on our, that is to say the right bank, far off, the Pffaffenberg and the Lilienstein, even the Könings[...] seemed to be on our side, such were the windings of the Elbe, which at times concealed came again into sight somewhat further down together with the houses of Wehlin, and far off, in the back ground, mountains, probably the "Erz Gebirge", rendered indistinct by the hazy atmosphere. A path, through the midst of trees, whose shade was most welcome on this hot morning, first ascending, then continuing on level ground led us to the prettily situated village of Hohnstein. We entered a public house and partook of some bread and butter, and of a tumbler of beer, which on account of its being stronger than usual, flew to my head and occasioned me a temporary inconvenience; a lutheran hymn book lay on the table, the hostess herself attended on us, for all the servants both male and female had gone to church. The high road from Hohnstein to Rathewalde well kept, was without a single tree, of course we suffered from the heat, from this latter place we descended into the very pretty "Amsel Grund". There is a great similarity between the various Grunds or Gulleys, sand [...] [497] forms the side walls, without exception abrupt, but of [...] height; a rivulet invariably makes its way through the middle, lined with fine trees. We, protected here against the scorching rays of the sun, which could not reach us, in this narrow hollow, tramped along merrily and contentedly, one moment we stopped to admire the strange configuration of the stones, then again wondered at the great height of the firs, or conversed on many topics, and thus reached the beach of the Elbe. Thence we had to retrace a few steps, and there lay before us a group of sand stone rocks, these we climbed up, they resemble those of the Prebisch-Thor, and stand the one apart from the other, their summits only connected by artificial wood or stone bridges, from which,

being searched by balustrades, one can with safety look down in the terrific clefts below; the highest of these rocks, 600 feet above the level of the Elbe, is called the Bastei and here houses for the sale of refreshments have been built, which on a Sunday afternoon, are filled with many visitors, burghers, traders and Artizans, whose loud talk and coarse laughter, in a great measure marred the pleasure, which this beautiful spot would have afforded me, had I been alone to enjoy it myself without such accompaniments. Beneath me, just at my feet, flowed the Elbe, whose course, I could trace both up and down, whilst opposite the landscape was much the same as above described. From the "Bastei" a wide carriage road brought us to the Zscherger Grund, which joins that of Ottowald, and in this, three natural bridges have been formed accidentally, by large masses of rock falling from above but which owing to their great size, have been jammed in between the two sides, about five feet before reaching the bottom. At the extremity of this Grund, a steep ascent leads to the village of the same name, which we did not visit but without turning to the right or left, walked to the village of Wehlin, close to the Elbe, where [...] house a large party was assembled, the young [...] off and the girls [...] [498] [...] looks, very different from the same class in Vienna; [...]re dancing, and polkaing, in high glee, caring little for the perspiration which ran down their faces. At 1/2 past 2 p.m. I was accosted, whilst on the beach waiting for the steamer by a Gentleman, who recognized me, having been my fellow traveller, on Sunday last, on the railway from Breslau to Freyburg, he told me he was going to Carlsbad, where I begged him to remember me to Madame Crombé, to Professor and Mrs. Löwy, which he promised to do. At 6 O.C. the steamer arrived, in the boat was an Englishman a Mr. Gibson with his wife a native of Sweden, with him I entered into conversation, we continued chatting till we reached Dresden; with the current we steamed much faster than we had done on the previous morning, when coming up. The sun was setting, its slanting rays illumined many of the windows of the houses in Dresden, the boat Bridge was again opened for us. At 8 Oclock; I stopped on shore, on the same spot, we had left just 36 hours before, hastened to my hotel, read the papers, supped and went to bed. In a Belgian paper which I took up, an invention was described to make trains on railways overcome ascends, by means of a "Propulseur", in March 1871, when I dictate these lines, I may observe that trains can ascend as much as 3 to 4% by the power of the Locomotive itself, even across Mount Cenis there is now a railway, but I do not understand its principle, nor do I believe to be quite safe. The heat this evening passed all conception, I rose in the middle of the night and in my night dress leaned out of the window, without feeling even the slightest cold. It lightened incessantly. The lamps

which illuminated both bridges together with those from the opposite shore were reflected in the dark surface [...] the Cupola, and the two steeples of our [...] I could distinguish in the obscurity [...] sketch [...] Saxony-Sw [...] [499]

Monday, 7th of July 1845. This forenoon I spent in the Gallery of Pictures; among the various visitors I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, whose acquaintance I had made on the previous day on board the Steamer, I was surprised at their indifference at the sight of these masterpieces; they seemed ignorant of everything relating to painting. They did not know that this collection contained the picture by Raphael called the Sixtine Virgin; compared with them, I, a mere tyro in the art, might be called a connoisseur. This picture was painted by Rafael in 1518-1520, by order of Pope Sixtus V for the friars of the Benedictine order in Placencia, about the middle of last century, Augustus the third, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland, induced the Monks to sell it to him, since then, it constitutes the great treasure of the Dresden Gallery; the price given is differently stated, however, it was more or less £5000. The Virgin with the child Jesus in her arms, stands on clouds, to her right, kneels Pope Sixtus, on her left St. Barbara, the former has his eyes towards her, the latter with hers turned downwards, at the foot of the picture are two little angels supposed to be an after thought; Close to this, hangs a copy by Guilio Ramano of Rafael's Madonna de la Seggiola, the original I saw in the palace Pitti, vide page 310 of this volume. In my original diary there is [...] [500] enumeration of bare names to recapitulate which I consider useless, however I cannot pass over unnoticed two celebrated pictures by Correggio, the one "the repentant Magdalen". She is reclining on the ground, her right hand supporting her head, in her left is an open book, on which her looks are fixed. The other the

holy family under a ruined building, the new born Saviour lies in a manger, encircled by the arms of his mother, shepherds and shepherdesses have approached, and contemplate the child, from whom the light emanates, which illumines the whole scene, some are dazzled by its effulgence, angles are seen above. Among the German, Dutch and Flemish Masters, I noticed one by Hans Holbein, who has in this instance surpassed himself; Jacob Meyer Burgomaster of Bâle, with his family, are kneeling and adorning the holy Virgin, who holds in her arms the corpse of a dead child, one of his children, whilst another standing before the Virgin, invites the spectators to a similar devotion. There are likewise very pretty drawings in "pastel" or colored chalks in which branch of the art, Anton Rafael Mengs has distinguished himself. The Vienna servant girl presenting a glass of water, and a cup of chocolate is excellent, finally many miniature portraits of Emperors, Empresses, Kings and queens. About noon the Thermometer in the sun rose to Reaumer 44° – Faht. 131° , in the shade it marked R. 26, F. $90 \frac{1}{2}$ at 3 Ocl. p.m. At 6 Oclock Mr. Drache called to go with me to the "Great Royal Garden", a park not extensive but tastefully planned. The Palace was uninhabited; in the middle of a lawn stands a marble statue by Thorwaldsen, representing Time as an old man, carrying away Beauty, in the form a of a youth, whilst a little Cupid stands by weeping. Mr. Drache made me observe a group of seven fine beech trees, two of which sprang from the same root. We passed through a promenade surrounded by handsome houses, chiefly occupied by English families, called Burgerwiese, or Burgersmeadow. We [...]. I called on Semper to say good [...] [501] he was not at home, I stayed an hour or so with his wife, and some lady acquaintance of hers. At a Confectioners in Brühl's terrace, I took some ice then read the journal des Debats and was in my room by 10.30 p.m., the Thermometer at 11.30 p.m. $25 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ R. 89° Ft. I may still add a few words, relative to the topography of Dresden. On the rivers right side, where lies the new part of the town, the Bridge debouches into an open place, in which the Guard house and Town hall are the most worthy of notice. An equestrian bronze statue of August the Strong (the second) with head uncovered, upon a large granite block, with no inscription, is in the centre of the same Square; the face is turned towards the avenue, through which I drove, when visiting Findlater's garden; a little further down the river, appears the Japan Palace containing many collections, especially of various kinds of earthen ware, with a garden extending to the Elbe. The Gallery of Pictures is in the Neumarkt, in the Altstadt. On the left the Bank, near the same, our Ladys church. In the Catholic Church, two passages run all round the interior, in each of the four corners, of the outer one is a chapel; behind the high Altar is a fine picture by Mengs of Christs resurrection, opposite to the high altar, the organ. The royal Palace is a quadrangular building, surrounding an inner court yard, it

looked so delapidated, so dirty, and so out of repair, that I much wondered how a royal personage could have taken up his abode in it, even the window frames were of the size now only found in the houses of the poor.

Tuesday, 8th of July 1845. The heat continued unabated, having settled my reasonable bill at the hotel, I took a droshka which drove to the terminus, where I took my seat in the second class carriages for Brunswick. My object being to visit my nephew Henry Limpricht who, his sister Elizabeth had told me, was studying chemistry in the Polytechnic Institution of this place; my fellow travellers were only of the [hardier] [..] One of whom a young H [...] [502] another a pleasant Englishman who spoke German, with tolerable fluency, he told me he had been in Guatemala, where he had know the "one eyed" Samuel Gibbeson. Our route lay on the Elbe's right bank, the river itself we could not see, but on the opposite side, a ridge of hills in the Meissen territory was clearly visible; at Niederau a road turns off to Meissen; a little further on, we crossed to the Elbe's left bank, and at 7.15, we reached the terminus of Riesa. At 9.30 we were at Leipsic, the heat was so intense, that I perspired profusely at the same time the rapid motion of the train produced a strong current of air which blowing over my person gave me a violent cold, I sneezed, and blew my nose incessantly, so that in Leipsic I had necessarily to enter the town to purchase a silk pocket handkerchief in company with an elderly Brunswick Lady and her pretty silent daughter, whose acquaintance I had made at the Restaurant; the objects, which met my view were of course quite familiar to me, for hardly had ten months elapsed since I was here in company with the Fischers and Geffckens. On continuing my journey, I passed also through the same ground, which we had gone over September last. Then the harvest was over, now the corn which covered the extensive plains, was ripe for the sickle; more than one of my fellow travellers with whom I conversed on the subject was however of opinion, that the excessive heat would have a pernicious influence on the corn, making it ripen too quickly so that the ears though they looked yellow, and well filled would prove in reality to have no substance, no mealy contents, the technical term used by Germans Farmers is that corn in this state is deaf. At 10.45 a.m. We left Leipsic my companions were pleasant people, the two Brunswick ladies, the pleasant Englishmen and a young Silesian who joined us here. At 11.30 we reached the Halle terminus, at 12.30 the Köthen, when an other [...] [503] commercial traveller (entered the carriage), he was rather vulgar and proved a damper to our hitherto animated talk. At 2 O.C. we arrived at Magdeburg, where the crowd and bustle were great so was the heat also which prevented my visiting the Cathedral as I had intended. After an hour's delay, we started afresh, the place of the Englishman, who left us here, was taken by a lady and her son, more *comme il faut* than those from Brunswick, she

was Mrs. Doctor Wenzel from Berlin, on a tour up the Rhine via Cologne. At Oschersleben we had to change carriages, but I managed to remain in the company of my lady acquaintances. We stopped for a few minutes at Schoppenstedt, and at the Wolfenbittel stations, and were in Brunswick long before sun set; during the last part of this journey I saw clearly the gently rising Broken, now, not wrapped up in fogs and clouds as in September last. A magnificent new Terminus was being built, near the old one; the Brunswickers went to their homes, Mrs. Dr. Wenzel, her son and I took a droskha, which conveyed us and luggage to the Rhenish Court, a very decent hotel. We drove over a small river the Ocker, on entering I noted in this ancient town of Brunswick, many small old fashioned houses, with antique gables, each storey projecting over the lower one. The great heat had much decreased, which induced me to walk an hour or so through the pretty promenades which encircle the town. At supper I inquired of 3 or 4 Gentlemen whether, they could give me any information relative to the Polytechnic Institution, but none knew of such in the town.

Wednesday, 9th of July 1845. I was awakened by a violent thunder storm, claps of thunder succeeded each other, it lightened incessantly, and rained in torrents, the temperature was much cooler, the sky continued clouded, the thermometer stood at R. 17 – 70 Fahrenheit; at 8.30 a.m. it had ceased to rain. I saw afterwards in the paper that this storm had been traced all over Germany, hour by hour, from the Russian to French frontier, hardly had I finished my breakfast, when [] nephew Henry Limpricht [...] [504] after my Valet de place, whom I had despatched in search of him. Henry had much improved in his exterior since I had seen him last, about a year ago, dark in complexion and on the whole good looking. He assured me he was devoted heart and soul to his profession of chemist; hitherto he had formed no intimate friendships, in Brunswick his only amusement was to go to the Theatre once a week, he lived in the house of a person in the employ of the Police whose pretty wife sang in the choruses at the opera; for a furnished sitting and bedroom, breakfast, dinner and supper with something occasionally in the afternoon if the required it he was charged only seven Prussian Thalers monthly? Having paid a short visit to Mrs. Dr. Wenzel, I started with my nephew for a walk through the town. The first we did was to go to a Public houses where Henry made me taste the Brunswick “mumme” a beverage which though called beer, has of this drink only its intoxicating quality, otherwise it differs in every respect, for it is thickish and sweet like treacle. Brunswick abounds in ancient public buildings, for instance the old Town hall also that called the Gewerbehaue, or Trades’ house used for commercial purposes, the principal square is the Burg Platz, one side of which is occupied by the Barracks of the Sharpshooters, who in the time of

the French wars from 1813 to 1815, earned great renown as the black Jägers then commanded by the duke of Braunschweig Oels, who died at Quatre Bras, these barracks were formerly the palace of Brunswick's renowned duke Henry the Lion, a brass lion stands in the centre of the Burg-platz, said to be a likeness of the Duke's domesticated favorite, on the door of the Cathedral this lion's scratches are still to be seen, made by the attached animal to get to his master interred in the vaults below. Close by the Cathedral stands an old lime tree (or Linden tree) said to have been planted by the same Duke, surrounded by a railing and carefully guarded, for according to tradition, the continuance of the present line of Brunswick's dukes is linked with its existence. [...] 1845 [...] to the sovereignty [...] [505] discontented burghers who in 1830 expelled his elder brother Charles, who since then generally resides in London. Both are sons of the Duke who died at Quatre Bras A.D. 1815 and grandsons of the old General who was mortally wounded at Jena A.D. 1806. Duke William does not marry fearful were he to do so, his elder brother Charles would do the same, and in case both had issue, the succession would go to Duke Charles' children, instead of his own. My nephew told me, the reigning Duke was by no means popular on account of his leading an extravagant and dissipated life and lavishing large sums of money on his mistresses, his at this time favorite was a Miss Wandt, the first Ballet dancer, to judge from these facts, there is hardly any doubt, but that the present line of the Brunswick dukes will shortly die out, and then these fertile lands will be asorbed by Prussia. There exists an old family compact between the reigning Powers of Hanover and Brunswick, (both descendants of the old Guelph) by virtue of which either of these two countries whose ruling Dynasty should become extinct was to pass to the other, accordingly in the present case, at the deaths of the two at present living Dukes without heirs male Brunswick will fall to Prussia, since by the annexation of Hanover in 1866, the former Kingdom succeeds to all the rights of the latter, and there can be no doubt that eventually Brunswick will be incorporated with Prussia. Further on we came to an obelisk resembling that in Munich, with the difference this was sheathed in iron plates, the latter in copper; the pedestal is of sandstone of the same material are the four single pedestals, on which, at each corner, lies an iron lion. On one side of the Obelisk, is the following inscription: "Des Vaterlandes vom Feinde neu bedrohte Gluck schutzend in rettenden Schlacht sank Braunschweig's Welfe Friedrick Wilhelm an seiner Krieger Spritze", anglicé: "The Brunswick Guelph Frederick William, fell at the head of his warriors whilst protecting in a saving army the happiness of the Fatherland, again manaced by the enemy," this of course refers to him, who died at Quatre Brass. On the opposite [...] the inscription [...] [506] Vaterland dem Feinde mit seinern Blute wahrend, sank Braunschweigh's Welfe Carl

Wilhelm Ferdinand mit ihm seine's Volkes Glück". – Brunswicks Guelph Charles William Ferdinand fell whilst warding off with his blood the irruption of the enemy into the Fatherland, and with him fell his people's happiness, this alludes to him killed at Jena. On the third side "Ihr Rhum lebt ewig dann mit ihm ihr Stamm, dem Vaterlande zum Segen". Their glory lives for ever, and with it their race for the happiness of the Fatherland. On the fourth "Seinen für Deutschland gefallenem Fürsten ihr Vaterland" dedicated by the Fatherland to it's princes, fallen for Germany, A.D. M.DCCC.XXII. The style of these inscriptions appears to me affected and constrained. The new Palace is an extremely tasteful edifice; Reichart says in his handbook that it is built in imitation of the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, but in this he is completely mistaken in my opinion. We followed the walk round the Town and came to an artificial mound whither all the rubbish is carried, and which is a second edition of the "Monté Testaccio" of Rome, from its top we had a view over the town, and the neighbouring country, both void of interest, and natural beauty. Continuing our walk outside, we reached the country seats of the two Dukes to which the name of Richmond is given, that of Prince Charles has the appearance of one of the old feudal Castles of Germany, with crenalated walls, the entrance into the Park, was prohibited. The house of the other brother, as well as the garden extending to the "Ocher" is insignificant, and requires no notice. On our return to town, we paid a visit to the Museum; always open and gratuitously to the Public, in the course of my journey, now drawing to a close I had seen so many similar collections of pictures, that I certainly thought but little of the carved work in ivory, alabaster, wood and mother of pearl, of the curiously painted china ware, Chinese drawin [...] exhibited here but [...] [507] objects there were, which much interested me. In an alcove a painting representing the duke killed at Quatre Bras on his death bed, the fatal wound in the right breast, another on his right hand, were faithfully depicted, part of his dress worn at the battle, part of his father's at Jena, also the buff jerkin of Christian, the Adminstrator of Halberstadt one of the many Protestant heroes in the thirty years war. Henry dined with me at the table d'hôte, he sat on the one, a lady on the other side of me; this latter I ventured to address and met with such a ready reply that ere long we were deeply engaged in conversation. This however did not seem to the liking of her husband, an elderly man not much favored by nature, in his outward appearance; before his better half had finished her meal, he rose up, and remarked to her that she might remain if she liked, which of course she did not do, he had eyed me, with a sinister look, he must be a jealous fool I thought, and soon forgot both, her and him. Having still some time to spare, we entered the Cathedral and were conducted to the vaults, in which lie the mortal remains of many of the Brunswick dukes and duchesses, amongst

whom, Caroline the unfortunate queen of George IV. I enquired from Henry about the establishment of Stobwasser, which, 20 years previously had a great reputation for its lacquered goods; but my nephew had never heard the name, he conducted me to Stockmann's, probably Stobwasser's successor, here I purchased a pretty tea-tray, lacquered, for Lima use; thence we went to the P. office, at 5 O.C. where I bade him good bye and if I mistake not, did not see him again till 1855, when he was a teacher of chemistry in Göttingen University. My only companion in this journey was an Englishwoman, wife of the Tobacconist Hymann of Hamburg, she spoke German pretty well, but I soon wearied of her conversation, and more so, of the barren country over which our journey led, I therefore ensconced myself in a corner of the vehicle and was soon [...] [508] after leaving Brunswick, we crossed the frontier, and entered Hanover, I may observe here, the Brunswick colors are blue and yellow, the Hanoverian, red and yellow, at Ohof, the name given to a solitary post house, horses were changed, further on, we passed the only village on the highway between Brunswick and Celle and at 11.30 p.m. arrived at the latter place; I had just alighted and was inquiring for an Inn, when I saw a Gentleman, who was asking for the Brunswick coach, I, though I did not recognize him by sight, concluded, he must be my cousin Theodore, which was the case. We embraced each other very affectionately, went to his house, where bread, cheese, wine and water were waiting for me. We conversed till one O'clock, when I retired to my bed room upstairs which with another room was placed at my disposal. Theodore commenced immediately on the affairs of his church, told me that not long ago the members of the Gustavus Adolphus league to which he himself belonged had decidedly pronounced themselves against Ronge and his sectaries, whilst in Brunswick the Church of "St. Egidius" had been allowed them for worship. Theodore belonged to the so called Evangelical party, his brother André was an Ultramontane. Father Passy I scarcely thought better than a hypocrite, whilst Bernard Pflucher, Gottfried Semper and many others with whom I had come into contact at table d'hôte, or in train, ever since I had passed the Silesian frontier were not only Antipapistical, antijesuitical, but I might also say Anticlerical; otherwise Theodore was very agreeable, also goodlooking, much like his father, altered of course since I saw him last, in his youth, but occasionally I could trace a resemblance and discover a feature of the boy, my playfellow in childhood.

Thursday, 10th of July 1845. At half past 7, I was called to breakfast, when I became acquainted with all the family consisting of Theodore, the father, his five children and a Miss Prell of Hamburg, who, as Theodore was a second time a widower acted as housekeeper and Governess to his children. [...] General B [...] [509] house Theodore had been tutor for many years, Anton a fine boy,

Agnes about twelve years old, a sensible child for her age, and Hannchen, by the second wife, a noble lady from Westphalia, Charles a quiet boy, and Bertha apparently the pet, I may say in anticipation that, Anton embraced the military profession; when Hanover [] annexed to Prussia in 1866, he threw up his commission, but according to latter accounts from Altona he was major in the Prussian service and commandant of the place. In the forenoon my cousin and I took a walk through the town, the so called palace is a tasteless irregular edifice, indicating clearly that it had been the work of different periods; in it was confined, and died at an early age, the English Princess Caroline Matilda, wife of Christian VII, and banished hither after the fall of Struensee 1772. After a nice dinner I went with the children nicely dressed to an Exhibition of Paintings by modern Masters, some of which afforded me great satisfaction, for instance, a Roman fisherman carrying a sleeping child; a very small landscape in moonlight, the orb of night throwing her silvery rays upon the sea; Rubezahl appearing to a mother surrounded by her terrified children; a Dutch morning landscape, with a house through the window of which a candle is seen burning, the country covered with a thick fog; also the Temptation, a copy of that I had seen in Frankfort, see vol. 2, p. 784, the subject is a pretty white smiling girl offering a glass of wine to a turbaned black boy, whose countenance shows that he finds great difficulty in resisting the tempting offer. On our return I spent some time in Theodore's study, amusing myself with looking at engravings and reading a letter press in french, of a book called Musée Napoleon, which Theodore's fatherinlaw Gl. Braun had carried off from Paris, at the time of the first talking of this capital by the Allies in 1814. At a later hour we with some of the children went to a Public Garden, crowded with people, we obtained with difficulty, even two seats; in this manner, the burghers of many German towns spend their summer afternoons, they listen to a military band, [] refreshments the [...] [510] the elder people discuss civil matters. The ladies of Celle, whom I saw, appeared to me neither handsome, nor the reverse. At home, we took tea and retired to rest at an early hour. Theodore's house was thoroughly German, rooms low, floors boarded and uncarpeted, walls painted, a stove in every room.

Friday, 11th of July 1845. Since the last thunderstorm the temperature had entirely changed, the sky was always clouded, this morning the Thermometer in my room, the windows shut, marked R. 17 1/2 – 71 Faht. I passed the day in a pleasant manner, the greater part in my cousin's company, the more I knew of him, the better I liked him, he was quite the Gentleman, well informed and had a particular knack of rendering interesting any little anecdote he related. His acquaintance lay completely among the nobility, perhaps this leaning was a little foible in his character, perhaps also the remainder of the Celle

population, few of whom ranked higher than small traders or shopkeepers though they called themselves merchants, was really void of education, that no pleasure could be found in their society. With a certain Van-der Osten, member of the supreme Court of Justice, Theodore was very intimate, on him we called in the evening, he and his lady came to us, and stayed tea. We had also a nice little genteel supper, I listened to the conversation of the Gentlemen with great pleasure, which embraced a variety of subjects. Mrs. Van-der Osten was pleasant and Mess Prell knew how to make herself useful; it was 10.30 p.m. when we separated. Celle lies between the rivers Aller and Fuse, a little to the N.W. the Fuse; to the S.E. the Ocher; and to the Et. the Lachte which falls into the Aller, an affluent of the Weser. The environs are arid and sandy, here and there groups of trees honored by the name of a wood. Celle has some peculiarities, a street which runs quite straight, is called the round Street, the oldest one is named New St., a very low house which serves for a Coffee room, is the Tower. The [...] [511] laborers were working on the Rway., which was to run from Hanover to Harburg of course going through Celle. I have omitted to mention that my cousin was in 1845 and still is in 1871 the Pastor of the Calvinist Congregation in Celle, by no means numerous, his house, with church and school house adjoining, form the 3 sides of a square, open on the fourth, stands in the outskirts of the Town, I might say in the country. The church is more like a chapel in its exterior, the interior is completely unadorned.

Saturday, 12th of July 1845. Bremen was the next place which I intended to visit, there to make acquaintance of my daughter Enriqueta's relatives and also of those of Mr. C. W. Schutte, who resided in this town. In 1845 there was no direct communication between Celle and Bremen, I therefore had to make a detour by way of Hanover situated to the south of Bremen and to the south west of Celle, accordingly this day I said good bye of my cousin and family; he accompanied me to the Post Office, where he introduced me to an acquaintance a titled personage bound like myself for Bremen. At 8 O'clock a.m. we drove off, in addition to us, there were in the body of the coach two young men, who hardly opened their mouths, and a lady whose loquacity fully made up for their silence. She told us, she was the wife of a Government Architect, that this was the first time she had ever availed herself of a public conveyance, being accustomed to travel always in her own carriage, that she had eight daughters, one about being married etc., etc. At Schellerslage, we changed horses, the nearer we approached the Capital the more the appearance of the country improved and the cultivation increased. In Hanover we alighted at the hotel de Stretlitz, after dinner, my companion and I went into the streets, but as it rained hard, he turned back, whilst I, under my umbrella walked out of town,

along an avenue, which brought me straight to the royal country residence of Herrn-hausen, the outside [...] palace has nothing of interest [...] park [...] [512] to the same which surrounded by a moat on three sides is intersected by clipped hedges and fine rows of trees; close to the Herrn-hausen a Mausoleum was about being constructed, which, the King in 1845, Ernest Augustus, late duke of Cumberland, intended for himself and deceased Queen; her mortal remains, enclosed in a sarcophagus, which the celebrated Rauch of Berlin was occupied in sculpturing would be the first deposited in the vault, which was of sandstone whilst the walls of the chapel to be erected over the vault would be covered with slabs of Carrara marble, also the columns sustaining the roof of the same material. Hanover is traversed by the Leine a small muddy river of a brownish color, the greater part of the houses are old fashioned, built in the old style of architecture in vogue all over Germany, several centuries back, their distinguishing mark is the pointed, curved gables; here in this city not a few of them are ornamented with a short steeple from which waves a flag. The so called Promenade (Anlangen) forms the exception. On one side it has a handsome street of water, on the other a row of modern houses, George St., not far from this is a square, Waterloo place, in the centre of which is to be seen the Waterloo monument a fluted sandstone column on a pedestal of the same material, one hundred and ninety six steps lead up to the top, where stands a by no means well looking figure of Victory, protected by an iron railing, one side of the pedestal has this inscription: "Den Siegern bei Waterloo, das dankbare Vaterland" rendered thus, To the Victors at Waterloo, the grateful Fatherland. On the three other sides are engraved the names of the Hanoverians who fell in that battle; close to this column is a bust of Leibnitz, much injured by time (he died A.D. 1716) under a colonnade, which the Germans are fond of calling a temple. The old theatre was on the point of being pulled down, the more necessary as this ugly building could in no ways correspond to the symmetrical proportions of the new palace which was very near being completed and when finished would be an ornament to the Capital [...] its [sit]uation was a great deal [...] [513] the street in which it stood, was so narrow as to preclude the possibility of taking in at one glance the great breadth of its façade which, constituted one of its chief beauties. At 7 O'clock p.m. I went to the British Hotel, where I passed the leisure time in reading; at about 10 p.m. was in due course at the coach Office, on my way thither I noticed Hanover was lighted with Gas (in 1815 many streets and public buildings in London and other English towns and cities were illuminated in this manner) my titled acquaintance from Celle was going to Osnabruck, I, as already said, to Bremen. I took my seat in the coupeé, although I sat in the middle the most inconvenient place, I soon fell asleep and notwithstanding our various stoppages did not awake till

Sunday, 13th of July 1845, at 4 Ocl. a.m. broad day light, when we stopped at Nienberg and alighted a few moments to stretch our legs. We then rolled on, and I slept again till, at 6 Ock. we passed through the village Asendorf, here I roused myself, looked at and addressed my companions, one a young man of Bremen told me he had been 15 years in Rio (S.A.), the other with gentlemanly manners was Dr. N. N. from Leipsic, the country through which we journeyed, differed little from that between Brunswick and Celle, and Celle and Hanover but here also on nearing the town, it was clearly perceptible that more care was bestowed on the cultivation of the soil. He of Bremen called my attention to the damage done by the inundation of the Weser, which on the 31st Mch. broke through a dyke, many houses were still lying in ruins, and masses of sand, left by the waters of the river yet covered a large extent of ground. We overtook numberless wagons full of Emigrants and crossed the Frontier (The Bremen colors are red and white) thence over a bridge spanning the lesser Weser and another over the main river and found ourselves in the town itself. At the P. Office I received a letter from Sieveking with many enclosures; from C. Ropsy, J. Limpricht, Gibbs & Sons London, and Eck, who invited me to an excursion in the Highland, [] the P. Office, the doctor and I walked to the Hotel [514] "the City of Frankfort", both before and after dinner, which was excellent we strolled about the town, the old part of which resembles Hanover, and all ancient German cities, the streets narrow and frequently not straight, the houses high with gables, but here I did not observe the small steeples with flags I had seen in Hanover. The ramparts had been levelled and in place of them fine promenades encircle more or less the whole city, on one side flowing water, formerly the moat, on the other an uninterrupted row of handsome modern houses, amongst which the Theatre must not be overlooked. The open place or square called that of the Cathedral or "Doms Platz", is surrounded by this Church, by the "Stadt haus" Main Guard house, two hotels, the "City of Francfort" and that called the Lenden Court, by a Coffee room and many respectable dwellings; close to this square is the market with the old Town Hall "Rathhaus" with singular antique ornaments in which I suppose the Senate was in the habit of assembling, whilst in the Stadthaus the inferior Authorities held their meetings, in front of this stands a colossal figure, said to be Roland or Orlando one of the Charlemagne's paladins, rudely sculptured in stone; if this heroic personage ever existed, of which there are many historic doubts, it appears to me very questionable that the Saxons within whose limits only in Northern Germany, say in twenty old cities similar statues are found, the inveterate enemies of Charlemagne and his Franks would have erected any monument to perpetuate the prowess, or memory, of one of his most devoted

champions. I incline to a more recent supposition namely that Roland's column may be derived from "Rügeland's Column", "Rüge" an old German term for court of Justice, thus the meaning would be the same with the "Weichbild", the symbols of towns possessing jurisdiction over their own members; the Bremen statue represents a man in armor, a sword in his right hand, on his left arm, a shield with the imperial double eagle; bosses protect [...] between his feet in bas-relief [...] [515] and two arms. Bremen is traversed by the Weser, large vessels cannot however, owing to its shallow water[s], go as far as the two bridges I have before alluded to, but must remain at Bremerhafen at the mouth of the river, their cargoes are there, transhipped into lighters with masts, and sails, which carry the said cargoes to the bridges, in case the same have to be forwarded further up the country, large flat launches must be used. In the course of the afternoon, I paid a visit to Mr. C. W. Schutte's relatives, they lived in the Neustadt and appeared to be comfortably settled. Mrs. Wickelhausen, Mr. Schutte's mother, a second time a widow, aged 76 appeared robust for her age, though she complained of feebleness in her legs, her second daughter unmarried Conradina Hanchen, though no longer young, and deaf was still good looking, resembling her brother Daniel and agreeable in manners. Whilst the elder sister Theresa married to a captain of a whaler, just returned from thirty three months absence, fishing in the Kamtschatka seas, struck me as less pleasant than the rest of the family. Of course I had much to say regarding their son and brother "Christel", his abbreviated name, the marriage of Daniel likewise was brought on the tapis. At a later hour I called on the Kock family, who lived in Am Brille; Mrs. Koch was sister of Mr. Von Lotten, accordingly Enriqueta's Aunt; not finding them at home, I left a note saying I could call next morning.

Monday, 14th of July 1845. Without the assistance of a Valet de place I found my way to the Sacristan of the Cathedral he commissioned a woman to conduct me to what is called the "Blei keller" or lead cellar, which is however a complete misnomer, for the same is merely a lateral chapel, only a few steps lower than the Cathedral itself. This chapel has a singular peculiarity, that if a dead body be deposited in it, no corruption takes place, the corpse dries up, the skin [...]es as hard as horn, at the [...] [516] coffins with their dreary occupants stood exposed to view, the oldest four hundred years, the most recent 56. I had previously seen bodies similarly preserved in the vaults of the Church on the Kreutzberg near Bonn, see vol. 2nd, page 737, and in the convent of the Capuchin Friars, Palermo, see this volume page 155, but neither in the nor the other, were they so perfect as here. I was much struck at seeing the remains of a corpulent Swedish Colonel, who had died in the thirty years' war, exhibiting scarcely any

marks of decay, though his decease dated two centuries back, as the burials of persons was now prohibited in the church, a trial was occasionally made with a dead fowl which as it dried up immediately showing no the tendency to putrefaction proved that the air had by no means lost its preserving property. The Cathedral in ancient times used for Roman Catholic worship has its nave and two aisles, that to the left considerably wider than that to the right, the roof is of pointed arches, behind the high altar is a picture of Christ bending under the weight of the cross which he is bearing to Golgotha, my guide told me that it was a copy of Rafaels, the original in Madrid, judging from the dark coloring I rather assign it to Velasquez, there was also a last Judgment by Rubens, much damaged, finally portraits of Moses, the apostles, St. Peter, the Fathers of the Church, Luther and Melanchton, a few ornaments carved in stone and wood were of little importance. Otherwise the interior, whitewashed was unadorned, its exterior gave evidence of its antiquity, but no proofs of its architectural beauty. I next went to the cellar under the "Stadthaus" which no stranger omits visiting as little as the just described Bleikeller, this cellar with its contents belongs to the town, but is let to an Innkeeper who retails the wine, solely Rhenish, kept in the enormous barrels, with which the place is filled, one division on the ceiling of which a rose is painted, contains the best quality said to be of the of the 17th century, some are called the apostles, and three others have a wooden statuette of Bacchus placed on them. There is truly speaking nothing in all [...] not to have taken [...] [517] glass of Rhenish wine would be deemed a great omission on the part of the tourist. It was now time to call on the [K]ocks. Theodore the son the head of the business an extensive Iron mongery had gone in search of me; until he returned I conversed with a relation of the family a Lieutenant Peter Bach in the Prussian service; as soon as Theodore had come back, we drove in his carriage out in the country, where old Mr. and Mrs. Koch lived during the summer months, he about seventy, she a few years younger, bearing some likeness to her brother, Anton Enriqueta's father, seemed to be nice people; they took a great interest in everything I told them concerning my wife and Enriqueta, the old lady bustled about, and soon had provided for us a good lunch. I stayed fully two hours, at parting, was saluted with a kiss by the old Gentleman; on my return, of the country I saw absolutely nothing owing to the constant rain, with difficulty did Bach and I dissuade Theodore from treating us with dinner at the Hotel, we assured him, we would greatly prefer going to his own house, where we found the family just sitting down to dinner boiled ham and beans. Miss Jetchen, thin and delicate looking, Bernard the brother and three clerks, on our arrival rasp berries and cakes were added. The following I learned were the brothers and sisters of Mr. Anton von Lotten:

1. The eldest Magdalen married to Mr. J. E. Koch whose acquaintance I had just made.
2. Franz, dead.
3. Bernherd married to Elise Koch, daughter to J. E. Kock by his first wife.
4. Catharine m. to Friese, on the estate Frieschede, near Twistringen.
5. Lisette m. to Hk. Wilhelm Franke in the Hanoverian Minden.
6. Anton, my wife's second husband by whom he had Enriqueta now Mrs. G. G. died May 1826 in St. America.
7. Mary-anne m. to Gustav Franke in Minden (Hanoverian)

After dinner Koch, Bach and I went to the Club house Union, on the promenade, which judging from the little I saw in the few moments I was there, appeared well arranged. We then parted, Mr. Koch put his [_]ence at my disposal. I hastened to Mrs. [...] [518] to bid her and daughter good bye-bye, by 6 O'clock, was at the P. Office, whence the diligence started for Harburg, once more I had an inconvenient seat in the middle of the "cabriolet", my companions were two Italians, who post haste were visiting all the principal cities of Europe, and thought of being in Moscow before the beginning of cold weather. One spoke a little French, the other a little German, thus with the aid of the little I knew of their language we managed to understand one another. Hardly had we left Bremen when we were again on Hanoverian soil; the country was pretty well cultivated, buck wheat which thrives best on poor land was very abundant. At 7 O.C. we reached Ottersberg where we found a supper already prepared after partaking of which and when we had re-entered the Coach I could not fall asleep, something I had taken at our last meal had disagreed with me for my bowels became disordered, during the night I was seriously inconvenienced and it was only towards morning that I could doze a little. On

Tuesday Morning, 15th of July 1845, at 5 O'clock we arrived in Harburg, where I had time to take a strong cup of tea which put my stomach to right, with my two fellow travellers I walked to the place of embarkation, where the steamer Punius was moored. At 6 O'clock we were under way, various times have I given a description of the pretty views which Hamburg, Altona and their environs present to those who come from the opposite, the Hanoverian side, especially vide page 452 Vol. 2nd to which I refer. Many passengers filled the deck, the two Italians with whom I had come from Bremen and a Spaniard who told me he had been a long time resident in Mexico, and was the proprietor of the coaches which traversed that country from the Atlantic to the Pacific overwhelmed me with questions regarding the places and objects before us, to the one I replied in Italian, to the other in Spanish and had the great

mortification to find I confounded both languages, a proof of my not being perf [...] the steamer landed the passe [...] [519] at the usual place in St. Pauli. I took a droskha which put me down at Semper's in Altona. My grand tour was now brought to a conclusion, its duration had been nine and a half months, in which I had had much pleasure and had acquired, at the same time much information, and I may add much instruction.

Residence in Altona, including an excursion to Eutin and Kiel, and back from July 15th to 2nd September 1845

In continuation of the same date. Once more I was in my native place, again to experience the same kindness, and again to be received with the same friendship, as had been the case at the time of my former visits; well might I feel gratified that, though I had lost the novelty of my first arrival in 1843, this current of friendly feeling towards me had undergone no diminution. At Sempers I again occupied the large room on the first storey of his handsome house in the Palmaille. In the manner in which he and his wife received me, I never observed the least alteration, I really seemed to belong to the family. By Sieveking, his wife, by Mr. and Mrs. Knauer and by the numerous members of the Reinhe family I was treated by all alike. Wihelmina Reinke had been during my absence married to a Mr. Andresen an agreeable gentleman, master of a large school in the König Strasse, where in my childhood and youth was Bettacks school. Mr. Andresen by industry and close attention to his occupation succeeded in realizing a small fortune, he was if I mistake not, the nephew of the Mr. Andresen whom Mr. C. H. Donner had for some time in his house as tutor of his children and who in later years had the large Academy in Einsbüttel near Hamburg, with him it was my intention in 1862 to place Mr. Garlands children, but his death about the time, led me to place them with his successor Mr. C. A. Schuler. I have omitted to remark, as an indication of the kindly feeling entertained towards me by my old friends of Altona, and Hamburg, that old Mrs. Sieveking frequently addressed me as "thou"; as [...] had been accustomed to do, in my younger days, to [...] [520] had always been like a second mother, her daughter Ernestina never put a handle to my name, with her I was Henry, and "You", nothing else, with her (Ernestina's) daughters, young ladies, I was on a more ceremonious footing, one, "Sophia" had much improved, in "savoir vivre" since she had become Mrs. Löhmann, being more conversable and agreeable that when unmarried. At this time I had no fixed, or obligatory occupation, yet my leisure was as much taken up, as if I had been a man of business, many hours were consumed in packing various cases, intended to be sent round the Cape (Horn), others in bringing up my mercantile Books, and in

writing letters. I had often to go to the cabinet makers “Werner & Piglh[eim]” in Hamburg, from whom Mr. D. Schutte had ordered the furniture, required for my house in Lima, they were at this time considered the first in their line, their prices were in accordance, but the articles they furnished me with, in no way corresponded with the reputation they enjoyed. On other occasions I had to go to Cometa, the dealers in articles of Vertu, whom I commissioned to clean my Naples paintings somewhat spoiled, by having been rolled up in a tin plate tube, before the colors were quite dry, to Ruperti where I purchased linen for sheeting, table cloths, napkins etc., for Lima use, to Geerds & Schroeders, the tailors whom I employed to make clothes for myself, to the Exchange where I saw gentlemen whom I should not have met anywhere else, but though many a day, and many an hour, were spent in these various ways, yet the chief consumer of my time, was the numberless visits; which I had to pay, and the somewhat what less frequent dinner parties to which I was invited. To give a detailed account of all these visits, and parties, would be a tedious repetition, but to pass them over in silence, all without exception, would be an omission unpardonable in a work (work I think I may justly call these my dictations, which have already filled far more than two thousand quarto pages) in which it is my object not only to give a true [] [521] of my own experiences and feelings, but also some particulars, often perhaps superficial, of the persons, with whom I have come into contact, and with whom I have been more or less intimately acquainted during the course of my life which, thank Heaven has been extended to more than three score and ten years, the term allotted to our earthly pilgrimage (16 Mch. 1871).

Wednesday, 16th of July 1845. When paying my first visit to my cousin Kramer and her husband, I took the opportunity of looking at the Bazaar which a certain Sillem was building on his own account, and would, when finished, be an [] nament to the Jungfernstieg, it resembles in every respect the arcades of London, or “les Passages” of Paris, two rows of handsome shops, one of each side of a broad passage, the roof of which is a glass; widen in the middle, forming a circle. This day being the anniversary of my friend Semper’s marriage, of course I remained at home to dine with him, in the evening I witnessed a pyrotechnic display in Rainville’s garden, wither I went with the Sieveking family, the fireworks were by no means anything great; yet they elicited frequent applause and repeated ejaculations of a favorite exclamation of German young ladies “wunderschön”, meaning wonderfully beautiful. My politeness prevented me from expressing any dissent from the general opinion, but I could not help mentally reverting to the splendid Girandola seen in Rome not many months back; vide this Vol. page 208. On the other hand I was delighted with the really beautiful prospect afforded by the river, filled with all kinds of crafts,

gathered together, to witness the fireworks, now and then, the acclamations of the pleased multitude reached us, for a few minutes the boats were concealed from view, when clouds passed over the moon, but soon again was the Elbe's wide expanse of water silvered over by her rays, and hardly [...]led by the slow motion of countless sliding boats. [522]

Thursday, 17th of July 1845. I called on my good, I may say philosophical friend Albert Smith, who during my absence had grown thinner, his complaint, paralysis incurable as this complaint always is, of course had not improved. I have already mentioned, that from the hips downwards, he was completely lame, at the commencement of the disorder, he managed with the assistance of a male servant, to go down stairs, and even to venture to the pavilion in the Jungferstieg; he also went to the baths of Pymont, but in time he was obliged to discontinue both the one and the other, the only exercise he took, if such could be called so, was to cross his room a dozen times or so a day, supported on either side by a servant, he could lift up his legs, but they fell down again like lead. I always found him seated on a sofa, books, daily papers, and writing materials on a side table near him, a bell within reach to summon a domestic, when wanted; close to his sofa stood an arm chair with castors, with difficulty he could get to it, once seated, by giving himself an impetus against any fixed object he managed to roll about his small domain, consisting of two or three rooms, all on the same level. A servant came in at certain hours, to bring him his meals, and to assist him in dressing and undressing, he perhaps also slept in his master's room, but I am not certain if this was the case or not; Gustavus the doctor, looked in on his brother several times daily. In 1845, Albert had still many friends who visited him daily, but in later years he lamented, that their number was fast decreasing by absence and death, even thus situated, and frequently suffering pain in his diseased limbs, he was cheerful, and extremely agreeable in company. I am not sure now, in 1871, if he is still alive; he told me in 1845, that his partner Müller had liquidated the business of their firm July 1st, which had existed twenty years, money being in request for rebuilding the many houses destroyed by the fire [...] [523] in Hamburg he had succeeded in investing his small fortune with good security, at 4 1/2%, which interest will allow him to live in the same manner, as he had hitherto been accustomed to do. This day I dined with my cousin Mrs. Kramer; the great man of the party was the Senator Heinecken from Bremen, who made us wait a long time before appearing, and was the first to leave. Mr. Jonas Mylius whom I had last seen in Frankfort, and Mrs. Hachmann, wife of Kramers physician, he himself was always too busy to attend dinner parties, the lady was in deep mourning for her brother young Hockmeyer, who died in Lima as clerk in Mr. Pfeiffers office, some time previously, very good looking and agreeable, she asked many

questions to which I answered with much pleasure, about the west coast, where she had heard, I was about returning, and this circumstance had made her desirous to meet me.

Friday, 18th of July 1845. In Hamburg whilst taking shelter from a shower of rain in a Confectioner's shop, I was suddenly accosted by a person whom I surely did not recognize, till he made himself known to me as Capt. Schroeder, now commanding a Chilian Vessel, the "Biobio" with him in 1843, I had become acquainted in Islay, he then commanded the Swedish barque "Lydia". This evening Semper had his usual Friday "reunion" from which I never absented myself, nor from old Mr. Reinke's receptions on Tuesday nights.

Saturday, 19th of July 1845. The Knauer family, who, as usual during the summer months resided at their country house in Eppendorf; had placed a small bed room at my disposal, of which I made use, once or twice during my stay in Altona. This evening drove thither in Mr. Knauer's carriage, with the second daughter Emily; her features might have been called pretty, had they not been in some degree marred by an expression of sulkiness which could occasionally be traced in her countenance; [_]theless, she was much liked by all her acquaintances [524] for her great vivacity and good spirits, her age at this time would be about 15, for in the next Easter she was to be confirmed. Her elder sister Maria, a sweet creature and handsome, had received confirmation the Easter preceding. On reaching Eppendorf, we found many visitors collected round the teatable, Mr. and Mrs. Knauer were so frank and hospitable, that all who knew them were most eager to have the entrée of their house, the visitors left; in their place came Edward Reinke, Mrs. K.'s brother and her two grown up sons George and William.

Sunday, 20th of July 1845. It was our intention to take a long walk to the villages in the vicinity, as we had done the previous year, however the unfavorable state of the weather this day, preventing our doing so, the time for breakfast to lunch, I spent reading in my room, at the latter meal, we were joined by a number of young people of both sexes, Miss Clara Thomson, her two cousins, and the three Miss Kellinghusens; of the young men I will only specify Lorentz Göttig son of Harriet Rode, the acknowledged belle of Altona in 1821 and 22, Edward Aal, son of Betty Matthiesen, young Nopitsch, son of old Mr. Nopitsch, bookkeeper in C. H. Donner's counting house, many years later, I saw him Lima, on board the Danish man of war the "Bellona", in 1871 he is, and has been for many years partner of Theodore Reinke of the firm of M. Matthiesen & Co. and Eckerman, a clerk of Knauer's, with whom afterwards, George Knauer entered into partnership. Lunch over, I had to show my engravings, collected in my journey, which took up some time. We then strolled about in the garden, walked over to Winterhude thus it was as late as 4 O'clock, dinner hour, before

we were aware of it. Mrs. Knauer presided at table; for young people no great delicacies were required, but excellent plain food was in abundance. After coffee was served, the young men played at ninepins, then leapfrog, afterwards with the girls the game called "strike the pot". An old pot is placed on the lawn, the players each in two stationed at a certain distance, blind [...] [525] with stick in hand, walk towards the object, endeavour to hit it, many of course deviated from the right direction, and fruitlessly strike the ground, amidst the jokes and laughter of the lookers on, till at last some one succeeds in his attempt; with the breaking of the pot the game is finished. At dusk tea was served by a young person from Lausanne, named "Susette", whom Mrs. Knauer had engaged as assistant house keeper, I conversed a long time with her in French, later on in the evening a musician who played only on an accordion was called in, and to his simple music the young people danced in high glee, till it was time for some to return to Altona, others to their dwellings in the neighbourhood.

Monday, 27st of July 1845. I drove to town with the two girls, who went to take their singing lessons, to whom, as well as several other young ladies of the Reinke family I had presented lava bracelets and brooches from Naples, also other trifling ornaments bought in Algiers and Rome. In course of the forenoon I walked to C. H. Donner's country seat in Neumühlen, to pay my respects to Mrs. Von Zahrtmann, who however was on the point of going out, but I remained some time with the second daughter and with Mr. Zarthmann, the "Commodore", who though polite, had something in his demeanour, that impressed me with the idea that in rank he considered himself much my superior, I believe I have already said, in later years, he rose so high, as to become minister of war in the Danish Cabinet. From Donner's garden the two villages of Overgonne and Neumühlen, vide page 427 of Vol. I, extend westward along the beach of the Elbe for about one and a half, to two English miles, in one, not continuous row of houses, some of which, though small, without the elegancies and conveniences of the country seats in the vicinity of both towns, were usually rented during the summer months by Altonaers of moderate means, or humble pretensions. In this season, three of them contiguous to each other [...] inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Elmenhorst, Mr. and Mrs. [526] Aal and by Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Matthiesen, the latter had invited me to dinner; to while away the time till the appointed hour, I looked in at the former houses, as the Gentlemen were absent, each attending to his business I conversed with the ladies, both of whom I liked very well. Adolph was the third brother of the Matthiesen family alluded to in Vol. 1st, page 393. In his youth he went to Mexico, where he soon established himself as a merchant and returned in a few years with a considerable fortune; he married Elvira the youngest of the Rode family, pretty in early youth, but at this time, when

I first became acquainted with her, her features were too marked to be pleasing; she and her husband had not always agreed, for four years she had resided in Pisa, on account of the delicate health of her daughter, whilst her husband in the meanwhile travelled over Europe, he had studied astronomy, and several branches of Natural Philosophy, in some of which he had made greater progress than “Amateurs” usually do. The party including myself was a family one, Adolf and his wife, Mrs. Göttig neé Rode, Miss Emily the only unmarried one of the many sisters decidedly plain, Betty Rode who in personal appearance came nearest to Harriet, her husband Wm. Matthiesen, Betty Matthiesen with her husband Mr. Aal, and Constanze Adolf’s only child; the dinner was excellent with plenty of good wine, when coffee had been served Adolph who was something of a ship wright, and seaman, invited us to an excursion in his pretty sailing boat. He placed himself at the helm, unfortunately it commenced raining as soon as we had put off, we had to shelter ourselves under umbrellas and wrappings, nevertheless, as our spirits were high and all in good humor despite the inconvenience, conversation went on merrily; we sailed almost as far as Harburg, when the weather gradually clearing up, we had a beautiful sun set and moon rise. It was 10.30 p.m. when some of the party including myself landed in Altona, when I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs. Göttig home. As a proof of the courageous and daring spirit of Adolph, I will give an instance: in this same small boat he circumnav [...] Holstein, from the Elbe he steered right to [...] [527] German sea, passed through the Eider and the Schleswig Holstein Canal into the Baltic, then entering the river Trave and availing himself of the Stecknitz and the canal, which commences close to Alt möllen, he reached the Elbe; no great distance higher up the river than Hamburg.

Tuesday, 22nd of July 1845. This being the birthday of Theodore Reincke, I went to his house in the forenoon, to congratulate him. Many relations and friends of the family were assembled and treated with chocolate, wine and cakes; the evening party to celebrate this event at old Mr. Reincke’s was more numerously attended than it was generally in the summer months, when many used to be absent in their country dwellings.

Wednesday, 23rd of July 1845. Thermometer at 9 Oclock, sky clouded, was 16 R., 69 F. The whole day was taken up in making calls of which I will merely specify three, in Hamburg to Mrs. Chas. Willink, a native of St. Croix, a Danish Island in the West Indies. In 1845 her knowledge of German was but imperfect, as she had been brought in the United States she spoke English fluently, accordingly our conversation was in that language in which to my great satisfaction I did not find any difficulty to expressing myself; secondly to old Miss Schluer of whom I have made mention in in Vol. 1st, as house keeper

to my great grandfather Beets, notwithstanding her advanced age and gouty hands, she was otherwise in good health and spirits till her death (when it took place I do not recollect), I gave her annually two hundred marks currency; and thirdly to the great people in Neumühlen, Donner and the Zahrtmanns, whom with the Astronomer, Professor Schlumacher, I found sitting in the Verandah enjoying the beautiful evening. I remained with them too long to be in time for the homely supper at old Mrs. Semper with whom Charles and his wife used to spend every Wednesday evening. Old Mrs. Daniel W[?]ll, whom I saw last in [...] [528] at her son's farm of Obdrup had died during my absence.

Thursday, 24th of July 1845. This day I made one of a small party given by Mr. Lubbes; the old Gentleman as well as Warmholtz had rented for the season one of the small houses in the large establishment of Rainville, fronting the road leading to Flottbeck. There were besides myself and some of the Reincke family, an old Gentleman from Archangel, another from Bergen, and Otto L[a]nge one of my fellow pupils at College, the conversation was animated and amusing and coffee having been served in the always beautiful Rainvilles garden common to all the occupants of these houses we separated.

Friday, 25th of July 1845. I received letters from Peru, dated 29th April, Castilla had been named President; hopes were entertained that the country would, for some time to come, enjoy tranquillity. Juan informed me that there was some chance of Schutte recommencing business, that three friends of his, Santo Domingo of Cuzco, Le Platinier and Aurigan had promised to place together \$100,000 in his hands wherewith, to trade in their joint account. Santo Domingo withdrew in after times, the others kept their word. In the evening the usual party met at Semper's.

Saturday, 26th of July 1845. This day the Kramers and I had fixed on to visit the small country seat of Mühlenbeck; in the beginning of the century the property of Nelly's and my grandfather, Diedrich Willink; of this place we both retained a faint recollection, and were anxious to see it again after the lapse of so many years; for the trifle of four shillings currency, less than fourpence in English money, an omnibus conveyed me from the western extremity of Altona to the Steinthor at the eastern end of Hamburg, a distance I should say of two to three English miles; not far off, was the, at this time Bergedorf after [...] here I took my ticket second class [529] and in twenty five minutes the train arrived at Bergedorf, two German miles; the country through which the line runs, is very level and lies lower than the Elbe, against which it is protected by dykes, the soil which is well cultivated is intersected by canals for drainage, I even noted a windmill to pump out the overabundant water. In May 1844 I had occasion to speak of this part of the country, also of the pretty walk from Bergedorf through a wood, over the Bille, across the bridge to the village

of Reinbeck; I now pursued the same way and reached the Kramer's lodgings in the house of one of the Customs officials. At 2 Ocl. p.m. having previously taken a plain dinner, we started in an open carriage for Mühlenbeck, the road thither leads over a sandy plain through the miserable village of Ohe, on our arrival my cousin and I were much disappointed, every thing had changed for the worse; the fine house had been destroyed by fire, the modern one built in bad taste and was moreover much dilapidated, the flower garden behind was rich only in poppies, the beautiful park like garden was transformed into corn fields, instead of the straight avenue with lofty trees along the Bille, we had now a narrow tortuous path, overgrown with Alders, the two ponds filled with gold and silver fish were gone, so was the enormous stone in the Bille, of which object I retained a more vivid recollection than of anything else; instead of my Grandfather's large Ferry boat, there was now a wooden rickety bridge, over which we passed to the Saxon Forest, having first given our thanks to the present proprietor, who in Hippers, dressing gown and with pipe in mouth had shown us over his small domains. The Saxon Forest I knew well, many of its stately trees had come to the ground to make room for the R-way. which was to run through it to Friederich's Ruhe, thence to Berlin; we walked to the Aumühle (the mill of the Aue) put in motion by the small rivulet of that name, then to Friedrich's Ruhe, whether we had ordered our carriage. We drove back [...] Reinback; in thirty two [...] [530] dorf in time for the 8.30 train, from the Steinthor in an omnibus, I reached Semper's at 9.30 p.m.

Sunday, 27th of July 1845. A splendid morning, the sky clear but a little hazy; Therm. 8 a.m. 18 1/4 R., 73 Faht. The greater part of this forenoon, as it was my custom on Sundays, I was occupied in making calls on my various Altona acquaintances. At old Mrs. Elmenhorst, I met a Gentleman whom having lost sight of for a long time I scarcely remembered, it was a Mr. Ursinus a relation of the Walls, established as a merchant in Altona 1823, when Philip Lilie was his clerk, now he seemed in reduced circumstances, having considered himself fortunate in obtaining a situation in the Altona Kiel R-way., no doubt through the influence of Mr. Semper. I also looked in at young Mr. and Mrs. Lübbes' very agreeable people, he, nephew of old Mr. Lübbes was a lawyer with good prospects for the future, she a native of Eckernförde was a handsome woman with beautiful black eyes; she had been busy, packing up for a visit to her native place, and owing to the exertion her cheeks bloomed like two roses. They were about building a house, and though the ground had stood them in dear, they calculated that two stories high, with ten rooms, and a cellar half vaulted, it would not cost them more than sixteen thousand marks currency, not quite £1000. In my room at Sempers, I was so deeply engaged in my commercial books, that it was 4 Oclock, before I was aware of it and though I made the best of my

way to Elmenhorst's small country house in Ovelgonne, they were already at dinner, when I arrived, excepting myself there were none but members of the family: Theodore, wife, and three children Mimi, Margaret and Otto, the four younger boys were: Theodore, Percy, Walter and Bernard, old Mrs. Elmenhorst Theodore's mother, Warnholts and the Apothecary Siemsen with their wives; these two Gentlemen had been married for the second time, the former's first wife having been Maria, Siemsen's, Theresa Elmenhorst; dinner was very nice not as it should be [...] [531] host and hostess having been some years in London, had adopted many nice English customs, the conversation however after dinner was rather dull; we sauntered about [...] small garden in front of the house, some taking coffee, and ot [...] king. We looked at the broad river and the passing vessels, but to pass the time in such a way to speak the truth was very flat; old Mrs. Elmenhorst her son, Warmholtz and I sat down at the whist table, it was quite dark when we broke up, we had to ascend the steep path leading to the Flottbeck road, where a carriage was waiting for the ladies, whilst we Gentlemen walked home.

Monday, 28th of July 1845. In the course of the forenoon I spent more than an hour in company with Mrs. Fischer, a lady very stout, not handsome but very agreeable and full of life and spirits, whilst there Professor Ulrich came in, married to one of Fritz Baur's daughters Theresa; I learned that he was the brother of Mrs. Fischer's mother, old Mrs. Dankart. In the afternoon I, with Henry Sieveking, his wife and children drove out to Blankenese to pay a visit to Fritz Baur, Henry's uncle, Mr. Bauer had aged much during my one year's absence, whilst his lady was partly paralytic and was rolled about in her chair through her apartments, at this time filled with her children, and grand children. It was a beautiful evening when we drove home, to enjoy it thoroughly, we alighted and walked about some time, in the handsome Flottbeck park, rich in noble oak trees, (at present the property of Mr. Jenisch of Hamburg). I could not help feeling sad and downcast when I thought, that soon I should leave Altona, its charming environs and the many kind friends I had there and my hope of a return vague, indefinite, and not likely soon to be realized. At Semper's several of the Reincke family were assembled, playing at cards.

Tuesday, 29th of July 1845. On change I met Christian Hellman, partner of Hüh in Lima, just arrived from England, from him I learned that the last date just received from the west coast, was May 21, very [...] dering at this time there was no steam connection between [532] there and Europe. After having dined with Sieveking, at [...] p.m. I walked out to [...] als small country house in Ovelgönne, I met here [...] than nine ladies and two gentlemen only, the ladies were [...] Mrs. Knauer and two daughters, Mrs. Elmenhorst and her two daughters, Mrs. Gettie Göttig and Mrs. Wm. Matthiesen; the Gentlemen were

Wm. and Adolphus Matthiesen. A small sailing craft called an "Ever" lay ready to receive us, we stepped on board, and sailed about the river, a little rain fell occasionally, but altogether it was a pleasant little trip, we chatted, ate, and drank champagne; at 9.30 the greater part of us landed close to Knauers stores, and opposite the large house, once my father's property, sold shortly after my mother's death to Mr. Steen, at a great sacrifice, say 12,000 marks currency. At old Mr. Reincke's I found the usual Tuesday's party assembled.

Wednesday, 30th of July 1845. Hellman who lived at Streits hotel in Hamburg had invited me to breakfast, he was polite and even kind, but seemed not to have lost his dissatisfied temper, in fact he was an inveterate grumbler, he expressed an opinion in conversation that Castilla would not long sustain himself in power, in which anticipation, as the event proved he was entirely mistaken. Castilla's party had succeeded in annulling the election of Elias as senator, Miguel San Roman was named "Presidente del Consejo". I dined at Kramer's with Theodore Hugues of Celle and his son Anton, also a titled aristocrat of the same town, and supped at old Mrs. Semper's with her family say her three children, Charles, William the Hamburg apothecary, Eliza unmarried. All the Sempers and Charle's wife were clever, at the same time rather eccentric particularly the old Lady.

Thursday, 31st of July 1845. On the previous evening, my cousin Theodore, Mr. von Harting and I had settled to [...] [533] a visit this morning to the far famed beneficent establishment called "Rauhe Haus", the rough House, which strange name, it derived from the circumstance that the [...] had been for beggars to hold their meetings [...] edifice is situated in the village of Horn, at a short distance to the east of Hamburg. We took our seats in the omnibus from the college, "the Johanneum", and drove through the Steinthor through the villages Horn and Ham, both of which are lined on each side with country residences, those to the right have here and there a gap which permits a view of the low lying land traversed by the Rway. to Bergedorf. The object of the establishment of the Rauhe House is to reclaim boys and girls of the lower order who may have either committed actual crime or were of a vicious and depraved nature, the number of boys greatly exceeded that of the girls; every twelve boys were under the especial charge of a grown up person, called the "Brother", the same number of girls under a Sister. We were informed that one of the sisters belonged to the Nobility. The children of course are instructed in booklearning, but as far as I could see, they seemed more occupied in various handicrafts, as tailors, shoemakers, painters, bookbinders, carpenters, carvers, lithographers etc.; others were working in the fields, the girls were employed in needlework, probably in winter their education is more attended to. Both Brothers and Sisters are bound to keep a very detailed and exact account of the

conduct and progress made by the twelve children entrusted to their respective care; which accounts are laid with great regularity before the Director, who at the time of our visit, was a Mr. Vichern, a candidate of Theology, he lived with his family, wife and aged mother in the Establishment, which owes its origin to the syndic Sieveking of Hamburg; without any capital of its own, it is supported by voluntary gifts entirely; my charity was also solicited. I gave fifteen marks currency besides 12 shillings currency for a lithograph of the [...]nal building which I have still in my possession; [534] my companions gave nothing; Mr. Wichern showed us over all the various small houses, some of which were actually built by the boys for themselves and [...]. This Hamburg Establishment, is considered so well [...] conducted that it serves as a model for similar institutions all over Germany, one was just about being founded in Celle, the Syndic Sieveking, Miss Amalie Sieveking who has done so much for the relief of poor people, Wichern, the apothecary Siemsen of Altona, my cousin Hugues, and many other protestants, who take a great interest in this and similar institutions, in missionary and temperance societies belonged to the party called Pietists directly opposed to the Rationalists, between whom and the followers of Ronge, I thought the difference was but small if any existed at all. I dined in Altona at old Mrs. Sieveking's, the party was numerous, as every thing went off, in a manner I have often previously described, I will only say I led to the dinner table Mrs. Chas. Willink who I dare say was not disappointed at having me for her neighbour. I excepting her husband being the only one that could converse with her in English; to my left I had Mrs. Lawyer Lemfert, a very nice woman.

Friday, 1st of August 1845. My cousin Theodore Hugues called on me, together we walked to the end of the Paille Maille, to the right R-way. terminus was drawing to a completion and promised to be a very handsome edifice, whilst to the left where the inclined plain descends to the Elbe, and is crossed over by a carriage road, the Engineers had still to contend with many difficulties, for the hills of a sandy and consequently porous nature continued to give way, though contained by enormous masonry work of which I have previously made mention, moreover many fresh water springs bubbled forth, so that the ridge was full of crevices, though so far of no great importance or rather extent; we called on old Mrs. Sieveking, and I remained at home the remainder of the day.

Saturday, 2nd of August 1845. Yesterday died Count Conrad Von Bl[...] [535] Altona of dropsy after very severe suffering aged somewhat more than 80, Peter Olde, of whom I had occasion to say a few words in 1844, at the time when my collection of coins were stolen in Rainvilles Hotel had also expired, and thirdly architect Persius my very pleasant companion whilst in Naples. In Hamburg I went to see a Mr. [K]ochhammer who had called on me, some

years back he was clerk at Huths in Lima, I had perhaps seen him once or twice at Mr. Lima's, Brazilian Charge d'affaires. In Sta. Fé de Bogota, this Kochhammer had formed a mercantile establishment with his brothers. Between 6 [...] p.m. Mr. Knauer and I drove to his country seat in Eppendorf where his wife and lovely daughters received me with their wonted cordiality, Henry, Mr. Knauer's brother with his wife joined us at tea, afterward we sauntered about the garden. At a later hour, we were joined by Edward Reincke and by the two sons: George and William, we supped on cold meat, bread and butter, cheese radishes etc., which kept us till the usual bedtime.

Sunday, 3rd of August 1845. It was a beautiful morning, when I rose at 6.30, the sun shone merrily into the bed room, where I remained till breakfast time, amusing myself reading an Italian novel by Rossini, called "Ugolino"; at this meal the whole family assembled, when over, a carriage stood at the door to convey us, that is to say Mrs. Knauer, her two daughters and myself to the Jacobi church, where a famous divine the Revd. Mr. Schmaltz was expected to preach, on our way the conversation turned on Ronge's new sect, it would appear, that my companions were not opposed to his doctrines. Emily, the second daughter, only sixteen if so much, expressed her opinions as follow, Jesus Christ is not God, only a mere human creature, otherwise how can (or could) God crucify himself, how can be one, and three, at the same time: [...] ideas have been instilled [...] her by [...] [536] ligion. The Jacobi Church appeared to me a singularly ugly building, more so than any I had hitherto ever seen devoted to divine worship. I could not make out how many aisles there were, the nave was certainly not in the centre, the interior simply whitewashed, was filled with unsightly pillars, with pews and benches, in short nothing pleased me except the sermon, which not delivered by Schmaltz the father but by his son treated on a point that has been the subject of much controversy; the Preachers views were, that faith alone, does not suffice for salvation, it must make itself evident by good deeds. On our return we separated at the Dammthor, where I alighted, and walked to Altona over the ramparts. At 3 p.m. I took a droshka to visit Mr. F. Baur in Blankenese, the cost 40 shillings currency, besides twice four shillings for the turnpikes. More than once, I have spoken of Blankenese, of Mr. Baur's extensive property there, of his house, and of the great wealth of this, I may term him merchant Prince, the party assembled was numerous, his sister Mrs. Sieveking, nephew Henry and niece Ernestine and her daughters, many of Mr. Baur's daughters with their husbands, his sons George and John, a few strangers, correspondents of his, the first from Stutzgard, one from Dantzic and a third from Riga, a few unmarried Altona Gentlemen and myself. At the dinner table I had to my right Mariana, Mr. Baur's only unmarried daughter, to my left Caroline Willink, I did my utmost to keep up conversation with my

neighbours but as far as regarded myself, I found that the trouble such efforts cost me rewarded me but little, George and John Baur showed the strangers, whom I joined to the artificial ruin, the hot houses, and to the massive quay of stone from Pirna with its solid iron balustrade, which protects the garden from the inroads of the Elbe, when the party broke up I walked home in the cool of the evening, with Otto Heyne, a distance [...] [537] German mile in an hour and forty minutes.

Monday, 4th of August 1845. The reader may remember, or as Carlyle is in the habit of expressing himself in the life of Frederick the Great, which is being read to me in the evenings (April 1871), the Reader will probably have forgotten that towards the end of 1844, see Vol. 2, page 733, I wrote a letter to Mr. Gibbs in which I indicated [...] I should have no objection to join again his establishments [...] west coast to which after some delay he replied by saying, that as regarding himself he was willing to comply with my request, but must consult Messrs. Hayne and Da[vy] in Lima and Valparaiso as the issue depended in a great measure, on what they might determine. It was now quite time for their reply to have come from St. America and [...] affirmative or negative I had to prepare for my [...] and before leaving for Lima to make a trip to [...] and Kiel etc. there to bid good bye to the Bobertags and other relatives and friends, having fixed on my departure for the day following, I called on Mrs. Steinart whose acquaintance I had made in the previous year in Alexisbad, also on Mrs. Gustavus Schmidt, who though an invalid received me very agreeable and was lively and conversational. Semper had invited several friends to dine, I supposed it was a farewell party in my honor, at least I imagined so from the presence of my cousin Nellie and her husband who seldom appeared in the Reincke family circle. I led to the dinner table my favorite Mrs. Fischer who perhaps was as well pleased to have me for her neighbor as I was to have her for mine. After dinner the weather was so fine as to allow us to remain in the garden till tea time, there being no card playing. We separated at the early hour of 9.30.

Tuesday, 5th of August 1845. I was up by 5.30, the servant girl [...] [538] a pretty peasantess had coffee ready for me, I saw none of the family, I took a droshka to the Lübeck Post Office in Hamburg whence the coach started at 7 O.C. a.m. I had a seat in the body of the Coach, in which my companions were a young Gentleman on his way to St. Petersburg, the post master of Oldesloe, another Gentleman [...] to judge from his conversation must have been a great traveller, and a married couple who had been all over Europe, the Lady wore a mosaic brooch representing the Colesseum in Rome, on my noticing it I asked her if she had visited Italy; this, as she replied [...] the affirmative, paved the way for an agreeable conversation, in which her husband joined, it lasted till we

reached the Post Office in Lübeck, the road thither led through [?]dsbeck, Ahrensburg, Oldersloe and Hamberge, which [...] ces I noted on my previous journey in May 1844, vide [...] Page 466. The country is level and presents nothing of particular interest, nevertheless the yellow corn, ready for the [...] and especially the green hedges, not stone or mud walls, which separate the various properties, under the rays of a clear sun gave a cheerful and an enlivening appearance to the landscape. At the Pt. Office my cousin Theo. Hugues was waiting for me, with him I went to the house of his cousin Mr. Souchay of which cousin Mark André, I will say a few words before continuing my narration. He was the son of a Mr. Souchay married to Cornelia, sister of my uncle Hugues and godmother to my cousin Nellie, in his younger days this cousin of his (Nellie) did not much admire him, and said he would make an excellent Upholsterer from his being so fond of dilating on draperies, furniture, silk stuffs, chintzes; now in 1845 he must have been not less than 50 years of age, good natured, and very soft; having nothing to do for by death of his parents, he was left one of the, if not the richest man in Lübeck, perhaps his very want [...] occupati [...] ered him miserable and was the cau[...] [539] of his frequent complaints of the unhappiness of his destiny, he had no brother, his only sister Mine, married to Mr. Jonas Mylius, [...] years previously at an early age. Before my going to England in 1823, I had not been particularly acquainted with him, for his visits to Hamburg were of rare occurrence, [...] when he came being my senior by five years, he might be classed rather among my sisters' circle than mine; in 1845 he received me with great politeness, showed me over his house, large, extensive and elegantly furnished, a connoisseur of the arts, he had amongst other things a few paintings of real value. Afterwards he took me in his carriage to his country seat, a short distance out of town called [...]pelsdorf, where the following sat down to a very nice dinner [...] Mr. Souchay and his wife, (he had been twice married), an elderly deaf lady, mother of Mrs. S., Mr. Geibeld a clergyman of Lübeck, a Miss Heise from Celle, the children with the [...] her Mr. Becher, Theodore and myself; our conversation was variated and turned on many subjects, more than one time I could not [...] dissent with some opinions expressed, for instance about this [...] the Lübeck authorities had asked the Danish Gment. for permission to construct a railway which passing over Holstein territory would have united Lübeck with the small town of Büchen, where the Rway. branches off to Berlin and Hamburg, which was refused. Souchay and Theodore said, this was an abuse of territorial power it was unheard of; abominable etc. I, on the contrary, "it was very natural the concession was not made, for otherwise all the traffic from Sweden and Russia, also from the Baltic would go by the new line to the prejudice of the old the Altona-Kiel R-way. The Revd. Mr. Geibeld denounced

the book *Les Mysteres de Paris* as a vile work and the clergyman Smaltz, whom Mrs. Knauer had recommended me to hear was called by Theodore my cousin, a very dangerous man. On the whole I was pleased with all them all, with Mrs. Souchay and with various friends who dropped in during the evening, Mr. Nöltink, his wife, daughter a very pretty girl, and son, who as third mate on board [...] Bremen vessel had just arrived from A[...]la[...]de [...] [540] Singapore a physician Heiland, and a painter M[i]lde; we had supper and at eleven O'clock separated when some returned to Lübeck, a few I among them slept in the house, my room was small but very neat.

Wednesday, 6th of August 1845. When I arose at 5 a.m., the fa[...] were already up and stirring, the carriage came to the door, and together we drove to Plöen. A turnpike road was being made but it was only finished here and there, our road lay for the greater part over sandy ground, the Rye harvest had commenced and the mown corn stood together in heaps, I alighted in Plöen and without difficulty procured an [...] carriage for Eutin, though my seat was very inconvenient [...] ck being low, I was so drowsy that I slept [...] the whole way, on arriving at 2 O'clock p.m. it began to rain, during [...] forenoon the weather had been fine; in Eutin my broth [...] aw and his wife, not my sister be it remembered, gave me a hearty welcome, Mr. Bobertag and Elizabeth immediately joined us, the rain not having ceased, we were compelled to remain within doors. Johannes and Henry were away from home, the former I believe in Heidelberg, Henry in Brunswick; Hermann, son of the second marriage was grown up not very bright in intellect, Elizabeth very thin, with her first born Hans, a plump little fellow of two years and a half.

Thursday, 7th of August 1845. The weather continued unfavorable; however after dinner Bobertag and I, well wrapped up, ventured to drive in an open carriage to the village of "Kirch Nüchel" where since Mch. last Ernest Lilie was residing as Curate with his mother, my dear "Mamme"; we drove thither by the road well known to me, for last year I had gone over it on foot, when walking to Lutjenburg; on our reaching the place we walked round and round the Curate's house but all was silent; no entrance could we find, at last a little peasant girl [...]peared, who told us that the "Pastor" had gone to Ra[...] [541] and that "Frau Docterin" was at the "Hoff" a name of a small farm close by, thither we directed our steps and found a number of girls knitting and chatting, I should like have remained with them, but when Mrs. Lilie entered, she insisted on our returning to her house. Mrs. Lilie was at this time upwards of seventy years old, but on her buoyant spirit, time seemed to have made hardly any impression, she was still animated, good tempered and merry. In my original diary I find an observation which I consider a just one and worthy of repetition to the effect that even in what is called good society the *few* can be numbered who

have the tact to manifest an interest, real or feigned in the affairs, which lie within the experience or the intellectual reach of the person with whom, they may have come into contact, whilst *many* are those who largely expatiate on what concerns themselves, displaying the utmost indifference of every thing that is not in their own immediate sphere. The very reverse is my plan when meeting strangers or common acquaintances I speak but little on personal matters but endeavour always to turn the conversation to the subjects I think they are most acquainted with or like best to converse upon; to all I am a good listener, thus without vanity, I have (I may say) found and still find myself acceptable in society. My dear Mrs. Lillie and the well informed Mr. Bobertag formed no exception to what I have said, what could be more natural than they should be solicitous to hear something of what I had seen, what I had done or where I had been during my absence of ten months, and from which I had just returned, nothing of the kind, their own concerns and what lay nearest to them where all they could speak about. Mrs. Lillie told me her son was in Rendsburg, visiting a young lady to whom he was betrothed Miss Betsey Land, also that they were on good terms with the patron of the Cure Count Brockdorf. I bade good bye to my old friend, we drove back, supped at the Limprichts and was in bed betimes.

Friday, 8th of August 1845. The weather improved gradually [542] which enabled Bobertag and myself to take a stroll through the ducal park, and after dinner to walk as far as the village of Fissau, where we enjoyed the pretty prospect over meadows and cornfields, to the lake and even to the Eutin itself, the steeples of which and the ducal palace peeping through the green foliage. When last here in the summer of 1844, I gave such a detailed account of the environs of the town that it would be superfluous to go again over the same ground. I then spoke of the widow Mrs. Tramm and her maiden sisters Nancy and Betty Willink, my mother's cousins, also of the cheerful Mrs. Muller the clergyman wife, on all of whom I again called on this occasion. This day the Limpricht's dined at the Bobertag's where an excellent roasted leg of mutton was the main dish to stand by. There lived with the Limprichts at this time a young lady whom her relatives had placed under Mrs. Limprichts charge for the purpose of her becoming a thoroughly and well versed housekeeper, with her I had occasion to enter into conversation and true to my rule spoken of on the previous day, in a few minutes I led her to tell me all about Echenforde, her native place, and Copenhagen where she had resided for some time, when she was called off to her avocations, she was I am persuaded more pleased with me than if I had given her a description of Mount Vesuvius of Naples and of Rome. In the course of the day, Bobertag showed me the banner of the Eutin (originally Utin) Liederstafel or club of singers, it was

of blue velvet, presented to them by the ladies of the city, on the banner was emblazoned in gold a cross of this shape, the arms of the town ornamented with roses and lilies, the former at the two end of the horizontal line the latter of the perpendicular and encircled by gold wreath of oak leaves. Finally Bobertag told me, that there was a chance of his improving his circumstances of which he certainly stood in need, a new public school was about being established in Ratzeburg, where he was to teach mathematics and [...] [543] ural Philosophy, his emolument was to be 680 per annum, instead of 450 prussian thalers as hitherto, both the one and the other a wretched stipend, on which it was literally impossible to rear and bring up a family in a respectable manner, nevertheless to receive about 50% more was a great thing to him and he was in hopes that the king would not deny the confirmation which I am happy to say, came in due time.

Saturday, 9th of August 1845. When I went below before 5 O'clock, Limpricht the excellent man and his wife a bustling industrious housewife were already waiting for me, the coffee stood ready for me. Bobertag and his wife came round, I bade them good bye, poor Elizabeth (in the family way) could not restrain her tears, Limpricht went with me to the coach office, where a common stuhlwagen, over which a linen awning was spread, was the conveyance destined for us, I was surprised as its want of comfort, but soon learned that it was owing to the impediments made by the G-ment. to prevent this embryo Couch establishment for interfering with the traffic of the Mail coaches. The driver of the so called omnibus was not allowed to change horses, the whole way to Kiel, he could merely feed them; he was prohibited from taking passengers above a certain class, and if he did so, he rendered himself liable to a fine of eleven and a half shillings currency for each person to be paid to the Post master in Preetz, to elude this law, the real station in life of the traveller was not always correctly stated in the book which had to be shown; thus I went by the name of gardener Holst and a female passenger was represented as my wife. These certainly were very injudicious measures tending only to keep down the development of the industry of the country. We left Eutin at 5.30 a.m. the weather was pleasant, the road in several places clayey and owing to the rain, rather bad, from Preetz, the principal town, onwards we had a "chaussee", or turnpike road; at [...] p.m., we reached Kiel, where I took up my quarters in [544] Marsellys hotel, dined a la carte, at 4 O'clock I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Federsen who last year lived close to Stift. Mr. Federsen being land steward to count Schack; Henrietta was not visible, having just been confined, with her husband Mr. F. I went in search of Chas. Willink, him from St. Thomas who with his family had taken lodgings in the establishment in the pretty wood of Dusternbrook, the lady and children we did not find in, but Charles with his brother Hermann, we

hunted out and remained together till 7 O'clock p.m. I then went to spend the evening with Professor Pelt and his lady; superior people, conversation with whom was really an intellectual treat, though I confess the good looks of the lady may have also contributed to the pleasure I experienced in their company. Whilst with them I received a letter from Sieveking inclosing one from Mr. Wm. Gibbs dated Augt. 4. London, couched in most friendly terms; he informed me, that he had received from the West Coast reply to the proposal made by me and backed by him to rejoin his establishments on the West coast, Hayne and Da[vy] had replied, that there was no opening for me, which was very natural, for on my leaving in 1842 they had made their arrangements which could not again be altered, in consequence of this intelligence I lay awake a long time in bed revolving in my mind my future plans.

Sunday, 10th of August 1845. The morning being rainy I remained within doors, amusing myself with reading Alfieris "Mary Stuart", very different from, and in my opinion much inferior to Schiller's drama of the same name; the Italian Author takes that part of Mary's life when her husband Henry Darnley is blown up in the lonely Kirk in the field, of this atrocious deed he makes Bothwell the author who, according to his account had been ordered by the Queen to surround the house [...] [545] armed men I suppose with the intention of making Darnley prisoner, Bothwell exceeds the order received and to vindicate himself invents the fable that Darnley in his despair had fired some powder deposited in the house but how it came there, why, when and for what purpose is left to the reader to conjecture. At a later hour, I with Mr. Feddersen, his children Harold Charles and Nancie drove to Stift, the farm of his father in law Herman Willink Senior, his son Herman Willink junr. was already there, shortly after came Charles, his wife and several of his children; we sat down to dinner of course a great number, what was provided was plain but good and abundant, Mrs. Charles and I sat at the head of the table, all were in good spirits, I was surprised how Mrs. Willink got on in her still imperfect German. At 8 we drove back to Kiel, the evening had become pleasant, last night I was rather down in the mouth, thinking about Mr. Gibbs letter, but this day I had recovered my usual elasticity of spirits thinking that either in conjunction with Dl. Schutte or by myself in Lima, I could not fail to do some good business. Chas. Willink told me that Schön, Willink & Co. of St. Thomas imported nearly all their manufactured goods on their own account, chiefly from Manchester and sometimes in their own vessels.

Monday, 11th of August 1845. With reading Alfieris dramas I whiled away several hours, then took a long walk to Düsternbrook and back, being greatly absorbed in thought I took no notice of the country. On my return to Kiel, I looked in at the Pelts to bid them good bye, then in my lodgings I waited for

Charles and Herman Willink who soon came, the former was my companion pr. train to Altona, which we reached at a little past six, having left Kiel at 1.30 p.m. The second class carriages were quite as good and convenient as the first in [...]land, of the country not much was to be said, here and [546] there it is pretty, but frequently the line runs over heaths and moors, when the view may be said to be dreary, the principal places passed were Neumünster, Elmshorn, whence a line branches of the Glückstadt, and Pinneberg. At Semper's the Saloon was again at my disposal, till late Charles and I played at chess, he won two games, I one. The four weeks more or less which my last sojourn in Altona lasted was to me a very busy time, not only had I to make my customary calls on my numerous acquaintances, greatly increased by additional farewell visits, the 2nd of Sept. being fixed for the day of my departure, not only had I to accept frequent invitations to dinner parties and to one or two excursions into the country, not only had I to continue making purchases of articles for myself, for my wife and for my house in Lima, not only was my time employed in these different ways, but now that I intended to set up in Lima on my own account, I found myself under the necessity of taking various preparatory steps for the object. Thus for instance, I made the acquaintance of Manchester Commission Merchants, who bought for the West coast, of Mr. S[...]. Meyer who acted in that capacity for Mr. Fco. Schutte and of a partner of Lomintz & Co. agent for Schön Willink & Co., also of Mr. Wagner Lembcke's agent in Hamburg, though I may here remark in anticipation I made no use of the services of any of them. I adhered to my old friends Antony Gibbs & Sons of London and to Sieveking & Co. of Altona, finally I bought some articles of German Manufacture for trial in the Lima market, vid. 12 doz. black laqd. calf skins at 35cy. and [?] 6 pieces of silk-velvet at 3.13 Bo. disct. 10%, the Hamburg Ell (100 = varas 81) 40 ps. cold. oil cloth, 10 ps. black- 16 H.burg ells long, 36 inches wide, the former at 7 and 6 ch. cy., the latter, disct. 2% [?]. For my own use I bought an iron money safe one hundred marks currency, from the already mentioned cabinet makers in Hamburg, a round table prettily inlaid with two different kinds of wood, from the Altona cabinet maker Ott, a book case and two linen presses [...] [547] Hamburg tailors a complete Danish Consul General's uniform from Berlin beautifully embroidered with gold lace of the best quality, a cocked hat, epaulettes and a sword for the, in my opinion very moderate sum of 400 Banco Marks, now in April 1871 this uniform still exists though the cut has been altered. The weather during this month was very changeable, in the first half cold disagreeable and [?], towards the end we had beautiful summer days, on the 13th of Augt. 45, I dined at Theodore Elmenhorst's in Neumuhlen, on the 14th with Warmholtz in one of the small houses in Rainville's Garden. Elmenhorst and Warmholtz were play fellows

from early youth, the latter the only son of his father, a widower, was treated by old Mrs. Elmenhorst like one of her own family, he married later on her eldest daughter Maria and with Theodore continued the old firm of Elmenhorst Brs. Warmholz was a steady going merchant, lived always within his means, after the death of his first wife married Augusta the dullest of the Reincke family, in the course of the time he aspired the civic honors and became Burgomaster the highest dignity attainable by a citizen, when I saw him last in 1863 he had something of a consequential an[d] about two years ago he died, leaving a fair competency to his wife, he was also fortunate in his children, who all turned out well. Theodore Elmenhorst and his elegant, in her youth, beautiful wife Constance Heyne were of a different stamp, they lived up to, if not beyond their means, for some years they resided in London, on their return to their native place they introduced many English customs and comforts, in London he left a cousin in charge of his business there; who towards the end of 1857 at the time of the dreadful mercantile crisis suspended payment when of course Theodore suffered to a great extent. His son Theodore, a beautiful boy, in 1845, turned [] rather good for nothing and cost his father much [548] money, his youngest daughter Mimi died early in life as Mrs. Ferdinand Reincke; these circumstances must have contributed to depress the spirit of him, who for seven years, my desk neighbour in Donner's counting house, was always full of fun and jokes, now in 1871 he is represented to me as hypochondriacal and obliged to do business to maintain his family. At the dinners of the 13 and 14 August 1845, the difference in the characters of the two partners could easily be traced. At Elmenhorst's every thing was in style, at dinner we had ice, champagne and other choice wines, at Warmholz our entertainment fell short of this, the great treat was the favorite Hostein dish "Eel soup", the faces whom I met at these different parties were pretty much the same as I had met before; sometimes the Reincke element, sometimes the Donner prevailed. The whist table was always resorted to, to pass away time. The 15 and 16th Augt. were quiet days, on the former I dined with Sieveking, on a leg of mutton and bilberry pancakes which latter I suppose I had not tasted for the last twenty years, or may say for the last 25. At Semper's his Friday's reunion was more numerous than usual, on the 16th I was in Hamburg at the Kramers in company with two unmarried ladies. One Miss Schlüer before mentioned was advanced in years, the other Miss Mine Magius a native of the Hartz mountains, whom I recollected as a friend of my sisters' though their elder by a few years, she was then good looking, very active, talkative and agreeable, acted then in the capacity of assistant housekeeper to my grandmother Mrs. Diedrick Willink on the estate of Raguth. Mr. Salomon Willink a nephew of my grandfathers of a consumptive tendency resided there at that time in the vain expectation that

the fresh country air would benefit his diseased lungs. Miss Magius was his kind and attentive nurse, gradually a mutual attachment sprung up [...] [549] could take place, he died. At the death of my grandfather the estate of Raguth was sold, Miss Magius then, if I am n[...] mistaken retired to the family of a Dr. Litzman, in Gadebusch a country town of Mecklinburg Schwering by whom, she was greatly befriended, and at this time 1845 supported herself by keeping a school, a great change in her appearance had taken place since I had last seen her, her good looks had gone, in manner she was quiet, sad, and taciturn.

Sunday, 17th of August 1845. Old Mrs. Sieveking had invited me to accompany her on a visit to the Löhmanns of Glückstadt one of which family was married to her grand daughter Sophia Willink; accordingly at 8 a.m. the following left pr. train second class, Mrs. Sieveking, her daughter Ernestine, her son Henry and his wife with 3 of the elder children, and I; the distance from Altona to Glückstadt 6 1/2 german miles, say 4 1/4 to Elmshorn, where we were detained full half an hour; thence to Glückstadt 2 1/4 further, the latter place we reached at 9.30, where Löhmann Sophias husband was waiting for us. At the Terminus as yet only a temporary building, he conducted us to his Mother's house, an old lady of 75 years, yet lively and still active. There were with her her son William whom I had seen previously in Altona and an unmarried daughter, we were treated with wine and cakes, as the rain prevented our going out, time was whiled away in conversation. The Löhmanns were no doubt the most opulent family in Glückstadt, in former years they had been engaged in the whale fishery which of later they had abandoned, for the killing of seals they in conjunction with other Glückstadters had continued to send out vessels to the Arctic Ocean as far north as 72 and 73 North latitude, a voyage took more or less five months, I learned it was the custom to leave the car[...]ses of the animals on the [ice], the vessels returned laden [550] with barrels filled with their fat cut into slices which in Glückstadt was boiled down and oil extracted. They had also a manufactory of chicory Coffee. Their house stood on one side of the public square opposite the antique town hall an old fashioned structure with two stair case shaped gables. The third side of the square was occupied by a church where an anchor was preserved said to have been found on its very site, deemed a conclusive proof that in passed times the Elbe extended so far, the rooms in the house were square and large but low and not carpeted in accordance with continental custom but otherwise well furnished. When it had ceased raining we went to see the harbor formed by the river Rhyn which falls into the Elbe south of the city. In 1845 the harbor was so choked up with mud, that only a passage was left which vessels drawing from 15 to 16 feet could anchor and this so narrow that one vessel lying

crossways sufficed to fill up its entire breadth. The Glückstadt people however were in hopes not only of equalling but overtopping the trade of Altona and Hamburg, a dredge had been sent for from England, a mole was to be made. The Danish G-ment. had granted some money, had promised more, moreover the situation of the town some miles nearer the mouth of the Elbe than either Hamburg or Altona was in their eyes of great importance; “firstly we were so many miles nearer the German Sea, secondly we pay no Stade dues, which Hamburg and Altona have to submit to, for Stade lies higher up the river than Glückstadt; and further down than the other two cities and thirdly the Elbe freezes up here later than at Hamburg and Altona and never forms here such thick and compact masses of ice as there”. Yet notwithstanding these apparent advantages Glückstadt has always remained what it was, a town of no great importance in 1845 its population was 5600, at one time it was a fortress but after the [...]1815 the ramparts were levelled and their [...] [551] converted into public walks. At table I sat between Ernestina and Therese amused myself well, we had all kinds of french wines [...] champagne but neither port, nor sherry. At [...] we returned pr. train, when at Sempers I immediately went to bed.

Monday, 18th of August 1845. I was invited by old Mr. Isaac Hesse to dine with him en famille and particularly to come early as he was desirous to have a long confidential conversation with me, accordingly I went a few minutes before the appointed time say 5 p.m. but was surprised and even annoyed to find that Mr. Hesse was not yet dressed also his lady, though she came and addressed a few words to me soon left the room, and thus I was alone till the guests began to drop in, namely Senator Arning married to Miss Oppenheim a niece of our host Mr. Hesse, Otto Heyne, Newman and wife, neé Mary Hesse, and the host's 3 sons Geo, Emil, and Theodore, the latter a little weak in his intellect. At dinner we had turtle soup and everything else also corresponded in Style. After dinner our host and the Senator Mr. Arning went into the garden; we others conversed till tea time, when the above named gentlemen joined us, I was glad when the party broke up at 10 p.m. for of all the houses which I visited this was the only one in which I felt constrained and not at ease.

Tuesday, 19th of August 1845. Very differently did I spend this day from the one previously. At 4 p.m. I was in the comfortable house of my good friend Johannes Limpricht, he was very agreeable, his wife also, and Doctor and Mrs. Löhrs, both very lively, after dinner the doctor left, whilst we others together with the two eldest boys of Johannes called Hans and [...]old drove to the village of H [...] [552] where we alighted and walked to the church to look at the monuments of Dr. Abrendroth and Syndic Sieveking, the former I suppose was that Abendroth who, at the times of the french occupation accepted at

their hands the Mayoralty of Hamburg for that reason he was looked on by his fellow town's men with suspicion perhaps in later years, he disarmed all suspicion by his popular manners, and regained all the popularity he had lost. Of Syndic Sieveking I always heard people speak with the greatest respect. The Syndic of Hamburg had under his charge the department for foreign affairs, I say now "had" because since the Han[] towns have been absorbed into the North Germans Confederation all matters relating to foreign policy are managed at Berlin. From Ham we walked in the cool of the evening to the Wandsbeck wood of no great extent where a plain monument surrounded by stately trees is erected in honor of Claudius who towards the end of the last century was a very popular author and wrote a weekly paper called the "Wandsbecker Bote", anglice, the Wandsbeck messenger which was much read and of great circulation, the monument consists of a granite block, roughly hewn on 3 sides, on the fourth, highly polished are engraved his hat, staff and satchel with his name above. We also observed in the wood and old castle the property of young Count Schimmelmann, the son of the daughter of Count Von Blucker Altona. At the end of the wood the carriage was waiting for us, in it we returned to Limpricht's took tea etc. and I was back at Semper's just when he and his wife had returned home from the usual Tuesday's party at old Mr. Reinckes.

Wednesday, 20th of August 1845. For the last few [] [553] Mr. E. Sieveking and his wife had been staying in an Hotel in Hamburg on their return to London from their usual summer excursion which this year had embraced the south of Germany, both were Hamburgers by birth and connected with the first families of the place; Mrs. Sieveking was the daughter of Senator Meyer, in society particularly pleasant, Mr. Sieveking must have gone to England at an early age, though his accent betrayed a little the foreigner, yet in every other respect he had become quite an Englishman. His private character was much respected but as a merchant he had not been succesful never having been able to climb high the mercantile ladder, owing perhaps to the circumstance that he had always done business with Sweden and Norway where the Merchants possess little capital, require large credits from their correspondents, and are on the whole ticklish people to deal with. When I commenced my mercantile career I heard of the firm of Koch & Sieveking. After the former's death, Sieveking for some time stood by himself, then took into partnership his eldest son Gustavus when, under the name of Sieveking & Son, he was obliged to suspend payment in 1857. Having arranged with his creditors he recommenced the firm of Sieveking & Droop; now in 1871 both he and his wife are dead. I was sorry for his death for I liked him well, they left two sons Gustavus and his younger brother a doctor of medicine whom I could not endure in 1845,

he was nothing but a dandy who scarcely vouchsafed to exchange at word with any one, he must however have been well versed in his profession, for in course of time he became one of the physicians of Alexandra princess of Wales and was the first to be called in at her first accouchement. In 1823 when I was at Gibbs my friend Henry Sieveking was in the counting house of his cousin Edward, his elder by eight or ten years, now in 1845, Henry of course had to give [] dinner in honor of his relative and his wife to which I [554] was invited; besides those mentioned we sat down the following, Miss Malchen Sieveking, Edward's sister, who has devoted the whole of her life to amelioration of the condition of the poor, old Mrs. Sieveking Henry's mother, Statsrath Behn who since the death of count Blucher was the first authority in Altona with his wife, Commerzrath Stuhlmann, Mr. and Mrs. Semper, Mr. and Mrs. Warmholtz, old Mrs. Elmenhorst, Theodore and wife, the two latter I had never seen at Sievekings before, I knew that they were estranged from each other; when Lucas Willink failed Theodore Elmenhorst lost by him and thought that at the time Sieveking might have saved him from loss or might at least have diminished it, whilst Sieveking asserted that Theodores assertions were without foundation, but on this occasion Edward Sieveking had expressed a wish to see the Elmenhorsts, whom he had known in London and Henry gave way. This party went off in the same manner as many others of which I have given an account.

Thursday, 21st and Friday, 22nd of August 1845. Nothing of note. I called on Mr. Paulsen late Danish Consul in Valparaiso whom I found busy making out accounts, he gave me to understand that the later firm of Kedenberg (lately deceased) & Paulsen was by no means in a sound condition.

Saturday, 23rd of August 1845. In the afternoon I drove with Knauer to his country house in Eppendorf but we did not remain long, for Mr. Knauer had promised his daughters to take them to the Thalia Theatre, whither I went with them; Mrs. Knauer remained at home with her a Miss Jette Julius, who had called to see her, of this lady I had only a slight recollection she had formerly been the teacher of the Reinecke children and was again in the same capacity with one of the same family. Mrs. Knauer, [...] the education of her [...] the [] [555] represented was trivial and of no literary merit, but amusing for the actors performed well, it had the peculiarity, that two scenes went on simultaneously, one below stairs, the other above in the upper storey; the play was called the Whims of fortune. So to bear out this title, the poor family having gained a prize in a lottery became possessors of the apartments of those who were above; whilst those who formerly possessed them, by reverses of fortune not explained, had to occupy those the poor family had quitted; on these changes the whole story turned. We returned to Eppendorf and found

a numerous party assembled the two sons of the house and Ed. Reincke who never failed, other friends had dropped in, Whist was played, after supper we all dispersed, I retired to my pretty small bedroom.

Sunday, 24th of August 1845. I was the first to make my appearance in the breakfast room though it was as late as 8 o'clock next came Mad'moiselle Susette, then Mrs. Knauer and by and by the remainder of the family. After breakfast I sat in the garden amusing myself with reading Orlando Furioso. At 10 O'clock four young men presented themselves dressed in genteel nautical costume carrying the Schleswig Holstein Flag, the displaying of which had lately been prohibited by the Danish G.ment. this prohibition had created great dissatisfaction in the Duchies; the flag consisted of a white nettle leaf, on a red ground, the Holstein arms, on the white leaf a yellow shield with 3 blue lines, the Schleswig Arms, the young men were Johannes Reincke and 3 friends, who had come in a boat from Altona, rowing up the Elbe, then through the Hamburg Canal as far as the Jungfernstieg, where they had to carry their boat on then shouldiers over to the Alster, there they launched [_]in and continued rowing till their arrival in [556] Eppendorf; all did ample justice to the lunch, excepting myself, this over I walked back to Altona, not much enjoying the fine weather, or the beautiful country, for my future prospects absorbed all my thoughts. In Altona, I dined with Mrs. Sieveking, there were also present, Henry Sieveking and his family, Mr. Löhmann and his wife Sophia, wearing an enormous bow of ribbons of the Schleswig Holstein colors and some of the Glückstadt Löhmanns, whose faulty German pronunciation grated on my ears. For instance "Schwager", they pronounced "Swaager", giving to the double "a", the sound of "ow" in the English word "sow". After dinner, an Armorer Mr. Figge called on me, with him I went to the "Hahnenkamp", where I fired at a target with a rifle invented by him; also with my own hair trigger pistols, bought long back in Lima. Sieveking joined me and when the Glückstadt Löhmanns had left per train we spent the evening very quietly at his mother's. Semper this day had gone to Kiel on R-way. business, the King being shortly expected from Föhr; Semper as director strictly prohibited the display of every flag, banner, or Standard of any description whatever.

Monday, 25th of August 1845. Edward Reincke's birth day 45 years old to celebrate which his sister Mrs. Knauer had invited to dine in Eppendorf, nearly all her brothers and sisters with her their husbands, though I did not belong to either, I was not excluded, on a former occasion Knauer had been twitted with being niggardly with his champagne, to prove this was not the case, no claret, the usual wine was placed on the table, in its place a bottle of champagne between each two guests; a splendid vase stood on the table with a beautiful bouquet made of Georginas. Round Edward's plate and napkin, a wreath of

flowers was prettily arranged [...] Knauer commenced [...] [557] Edwards health, after which [...] persons present followed in [...] Knauer our host was in excellent sp [...] is vessels laden with sugar had just arrived [...] from Batavia, and other with similar cargoes from different quarters of the globe were expected. After dinner I gave my arm to little Emily, piquante and lively and much to my taste, we walked about in the garden and whilst the married ladies retired to their chat, the elderly Gentlemen resorted to the card table, Edward, Otto, I, and some others, whose names I have forgotten accompanied, or rather remained with the young ladies, amongst them was a Miss König seen by me for the first time, we remained out of doors, till it became so dark and cold, that Mrs. Warmholtz thought it prudent to summon us within doors. We had tea, the Miss Knauers played and sang. At 7.30 we drove home, I, in the same carriage with the Sempers and Theo. Reincke. Thusnelda had not been at the party, expecting daily her confinement.

Tuesday, 26th of August 1845. I dined with Sieveking, together with Edward Reincke; Theresa, Henry's wife, bantered me about the marked attention I had paid on the previous day, to the Misses Knauer, especially to the younger one, Miss Emily, to this badinage I quietly submitted, knowing in such cases, a denial is always considered a confirmation of the charge, and especially as I could not altogether deny the accusation.

Wednesday, 27th of August 1845. Miss Betty Wall who was a relation of Semper's dined with us, also in the evening she went with us to Charles' mother, Miss Wall appeared to me, looking very delicate, greatly altered since I had last seen her, in 1843, then Governess in the family of a Mr. Ferrand, residing near Bingley. She told us she had given up teaching, intending to live with [558] her [...] their mother Mrs. Wall having [...] have before said. She, her cousin Jette, [...] sisters, and Marian Charlton, were in their [...] intimate friends. Jette died young, my sisters also in the prime of life, neither having reached her 40th year, Marian Charlton, the oldest of the five friends survived them by many years, Miss Wall, at this date 53 years of age, appeared much older than she was, it struck me from her appearance, she would not live much longer, which conjecture turned out correct, her death took place soon after, but the exact date I do not know...

Thursday, 28th of August 1845. I walked out to Fritz Baur's Blankenese, to bid them good bye, but had not the good fortune to find them at home, on my return I looked in at the Arnemanns in Nienstadten, Mrs. Arnemann accompanied me part of my way back, the evening was beautifully fine, a feeling of sadness came over me when I thought that in a few days I should leave this lovely country and all the truly kind friends I had here. I little anticipated then, that in a few years I should return, accompanied by my wife.

Friday, 29th of August 1845. The weather continued splendid, the wind from the East, sky cloudless. Thertr., 11 a.m., R. 17°, Faht. 70°. The Schleswig Holstein enthusiasm or mania was spreading like wild fire; since the Danish G.ment had prohibited the display of the ducal colors, they were seen every where, the boys placed in their caps cockades, red, blue, and white, if their school masters took them off, they were immediately replaced. The girls followed the example displaying the obnoxious in colors the ribbons and adornments of their dresses, the beautiful patriotic song "Schleswig Holstein Meer-Umschlungen, Stamm-Verwandt, Wanke nicht mein Vaterland" interpreted [559] thus: Schleswig Holstein Sea encircled, race-united, tremble not my Fatherland. Amongst the many farewell visits I had to pay, I will mention, that to Miss Hanchen Willink, who shunned by all, even her nearest relations lived in the strictest seclusion in the village of Ottensen, where she had a comfortable house and farm, and seemed contented though I think she could not have been so; with her were two elderly ladies and two young girls, whom she called her adopted daughters, they appeared well brought up, I did not know any of these four ladies. I also looked in on Mrs. Adolf Matthiesen and Mrs. Theo. Elmenhorst, who as already said lived during the summer in Ovelgonne, whence to find my way home on such a dark night, as this turned out, was no easy matter.

Saturday, 30th of August 1845. Birthday of little Augustus Semper now 3 years old, according to the family custom 3 small wax candles lighted, were fixed in a cake, placed on a table and around it the presents for the little fellow. In the afternoon a party of children came to play with him, I would have been among them but could not, being occupied the whole day long in Hamburg, partly making purchases, partly paying calls. My departure being close at hand my cousin Nelly insisted on my dining with her which I did. She was very partial to me and I also liked her as well as her husband, for both were really excellent people but rather too positive in their assertions, they frequently gave their opinion on matters they could know nothing about in such an authoritative manner that I sometimes actually felt quite glad when I could escape from them. In every respect more agreeable was Hy. Sieveking and his wife, with them I took supper. Theresa, Mrs. H. Sieveking, was remarkable for her lady like manners, in a great measure innate [...] perhaps improved by her having been brought [560] into contact at an early age, for she was married when very young, with her husband's mother old Mrs. Sieveking, who might be called a model of gentility; this lady had when young resided for some time in Regensburg, where her husband the Syndic represented the intests of Hamburg in the German Diet, which used to hold its sittings in that town, of course previous to that disastrous period when the first Napoleon's victories put an end to the Holy German Empire and with it to the Regensburg diet,

and there Mrs. Sieveking no doubt learned that “*ton de bonne societé*” which distinguished her ever afterwards and which in some degree she imparted to her daughter in law.

Sunday, 31st of August 1845. Again a birth day in Sempers numerous family, today that of his only daughter Elizabeth, by his first wife, eleven years of age, accordingly the cake had eleven lighted candles, and was ornamented with a garland of flowers in consideration of her being a girl. Mrs. Semper having promised her an excursion into the country, two stuhlwägens (open carriages) were ordered to the door. At 9 O.cl. a.m. we drove off notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, the wind had changed to the N.West, which is usually accompanied by a clouded sky and rain; however we did not allow this to deter us, as I before had said, our party was large, mostly children, Mr. and Mrs. Semper and, of course, all their children, namely Otto, Charles, and the little heroine of the day, George, Irwin, and August. Hy. Sieveking, wife, and children – Henry, John and Theresa, Maria Warmholt, their cousin, a Mr. Bech, a friend and temporary inmate of Sieveking’s family, including myself, we drove as far as Eppendorf, the well know road, further-on, over a some[] [561] sandy ground to the next village Wellingsbüttel, here we alighted to have a stroll through a pretty wood close by. The Knauers had also come. The two brothers and sisters Maria and Emily who looked exceedingly well in their riding habits, having come on horseback, the Father and Mother with the younger children in their carriage. They lunched here, whilst our party preferred walking on as far as Poppenbüttel, where in an indifferent inn we fared well, for we had keen appetites, on ham, eggs, soft and hard boiled, bread, butter, and a Cake Mrs. Semper had brought with her. We then mounted our conveyance and drove to Wöhlldorf, where another shady wood tempted us to alight. I gave my arm to Mrs. Sieveking, with whom I always felt quite at home and had always much pleasure in her conversation, the children who had jumped about and rambled in many directions were tired and flagged glad to take their parents hands for support and were, I dare say, glad when it was time to return home. Wöhlldorf is three German miles from Altona, we left at 3.30 p.m., following for the greater part the old Lübeck high road and entered Hamburg by the Steinthor, we were at Sempers by 7.30 where a nice dinner awaited us, all tired with the days pleasure retired to rest at an early hour.

Monday, 1st and Tuesday, 2nd of September 1845. Here follows the list of the various individuals on whom I called in the course of these 2 days, the last of my stay in Altona; namely Mr. and Mrs. Schüster good quiet people from the vicinity of Leipsic who notwithstanding a long residence in Altona, had so it appeared to me never felt themselves at home, Otto Reincke authoritative perhaps in manner but quite the Gentleman, Elmenhorst and Warm [562]

holtz at their office, Mrs. Warmholtz, Old Mr. Lübbes, Commerzrath Stühlmann, Theodore Reincke, these three latter in the counting houses of M. Matthiesen & Co. of which firm the two former were sole owners, after their death Theodore Reincke became their successor, Mrs. Theodore Reincke, a very accomplished lady, my old principal Mr. C. H. Donner who though busy in his office received me graciously, with him I also found his daughter Mrs. Zarhtmann, Mrs. Elmenhorst, Mrs. J. C. Donner and Miss Schlüer, 3 elderly not to say old ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Löhmann, Mr. and Mrs. Andresen, Betty Wall and the two Misses Fink, aunt and niece, the latter in 1871 residing in Concepcion del Uruguay, Entre Rios, Mrs. Semper and her unmarried daughter Eliza, Mrs. Stühlmann the lawyer's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Senator Hesse. He an old fool, she beyond measure affected, old Mrs. Sieveking, her daughter Ernestina and grand daughter Caroline, the two former I am certain were really sorry that I was leaving, Mrs. Dankart and her two daughters, Mrs. Fischer and Mrs. Geffchen the latter two my pleasant companions in our trip to Alexisbad, Mrs. Jette Gottig née Rode, of the many who in the time of her prosperity twenty years back paid their court to her, now in her reduced circumstances perhaps I was the only one who still looked in; I dictate these lines, April 30 1871. The greater number of those I have enumerated above are dead and in a few years not one of the same circle will be in existence according to the ordinary course of nature.

Monday, 1st of September 1845. I took pot luck with Albert Smith who was as conversational and agreeable as ever, his brother Gustavus was also with us, after dinner I bade good bye to the brothers. At a ship brokers I s[...] [563] my passage for London by the steamer of the next day and caught the omnibus, which took me to the Eppendorf where with the family Knauer I spent the evening. Knauer seated me on the sofa in his own seat near his wife and all were as kind as ever. I will give a few particulars of this family with whom I was and still am on the most intimate terms. Maria the eldest daughter was married at an early age to Arthur the fourth son of J. C. Donner younger brother of the principal, and for several years his partner. Arthur established himself with two of his elder brothers John and Conrad under the firm of J. C. Donner. They have several children, the eldest died from a wound received in Sept. 1870 in one of the murderous battles fought between the German and French armies near Metz. Emily the second daughter made an unhappy marriage, when travelling with her parents, she became acquainted with a Swiss named Gänsli, at the time established in business in Rio Janeiro who, though of not a bad character individually yet commercially failed in every thing he undertook. So that his wife, too proud to receive pecuniary assistance from her father, opened a school for young ladies mostly from the West Indies and

South America, she had two daughters only, one, whilst on a visit to Eppendorf, became the wife of Geo. Semper, who is interested with his father in the lucrative and extensive manufactory of spinning and dying wool; the third daughter Julia a pretty child of eleven years of age in 1845, had hardly grown up to womanhood, when she was asked in marriage by a respectable Hamburg merchant Mr. Kochen, the representative of the well known firm of L. F. Lorent am Ende & Co. Of the four sons, George the eldest commenced business in Hamburg, with a former clerk of his father, and is doing well [] first wife was the accomplished daughter of Johannes Limpricht [566] {A sheet cut out} who died young, when he married again, whom I do not know. William the second son is with his father, whose business he manages, also as Senator in civic affairs he does his utmost to advance the good of the town of Altona, his native place. The third son Edward is now in 1871, established in Lima with a certain Pfaff, as dealer in manufactured goods, he has lately brought out a young wife, neé Fritsch, educated by his sister Emily. The 4th and youngest son Hermann an agriculturist, with an impediment in his speech lives on a small estate in Silesia, near the frontiers of Poland, bought for him by his father. After this digression I return now to the first of Sept. 1845 when I remained the night in Eppendorf.

Tuesday, 2nd of September 1845. I was up by 6 a.m., went into the garden – it had rained during the night – dew covered the ground, I was lost in thought, when Knauer joined me. After breakfast, he, his 3 daughters and myself drove to Altona, Maria pensive and pretty. Emily with her little pouting lips, studying her lesson; this evening the usual party assembled at old Mr. Reincke's but on my account not one of the family was absent; even the Knauers had driven in from Eppendorf with their grown up children. We were so many that supper had to be laid out on two tables, Champagne was brought in – an indication of an event greater than ordinary – accidentally, or at least without my observing it, I found myself placed at the head of the table, to the right of Mrs. Knauer, a compact between us followed, we arranged that if anything occurred, leading to a more intimate relationship between our respective families, we would write to each other. The first toast was given by Mr. Reincke Senr. "The health of my family", the 2nd by Knauer, "A fortunate Passage", when his daughter Emily rose and touched her glass with mine, then I proposed Mrs. Knauers health, her sons, daughters and grand children, time passed away rapidly till Hy. Sieveking told me [567] that it was time to leave, now came the moment of trial, the saying farewell, old Mr. Reincke embraced and kissed me exclaiming "Gott geleite Ihnen" – God bless you, I am ashamed to confess that a grammatical error he made in his parting address did not escape me much moved as I was and almost made me incline to smile. I saluted, Mrs. Knauer on the forehead,

I kissed the hands of Maria who begged me not to forget her, then I impressed repeated kisses on the hands of Mrs. Theresa Sieveking, I shook hands with the other ladies and Gentlemen, perhaps I omitted some of the latter for my feelings were greatly moved I even stumbled over my stick in getting into the conveyance ordered by Sieveking. He, Semper and Edward accompanied me to San Pauli where the steamer "John Bull" bound for London was moored close to the shore.

Passage pr. Steamer from Hamburg to London, Stay in England, Voyage pr. steam. to Lima including the crossing of the Isthmus of Panamá.

Tuesday, 2nd of September 1845. (continuing this date) contrary to my custom I did not accost a single one of my fellow passengers, from all I held aloof, so much so that when they gradually retired to their respective berths, I had not exchanged a single word with any. It was as late as one o' clock,

Wednesday, 3rd of September 1845, when I went to my bed not over clean for I felt, or fancied that I felt a continual itching over my body as if vermin were crawling about, perhaps this was imaginary, but I lay awake for a long time. During the last two days of my stay in Altona I had been in an incessant [] and greatly excited, packing up, writing, calling etc. [568] now in my lonely berth reflections crowded upon my mind with a saddening influence and with an affect perhaps more depressing than even that I experienced when leaving my native place in Jany. 1823, when I was 20 years younger, with the world before me, hope and expectations great, in 1845 I had seen much, and no reason to be dissatisfied with my lot, for I had gained a competency, solely by my own exertions, but what this night and many succeeding days rendered me beyond measure depressed and melancholy was the idea I should never again in the course of my life revisit Altona and Hamburg and my many friends there who had literally overwhelmed me with proofs of their kindness and friendship. I must add that I then had not the slightest expectation in six years I should return in company with my dear wife. At 2.45 O lock the John Bull got under way, at 6 next morning I rose, for all the Passengers, there were no more than eight washstands, of course those who came last found the basins filled with dirty water and the towels used. In short every thing untidy and uncomfortable, I went on deck when we were a little to the east of Glückstadt, the sky was clear but the wind blew strong from the North, the Elbe of a muddy brown color was violently stirred up, at 9 O.C. we 25 in all sat down to a substantial breakfast, chops, steaks, sausages, bread, butter, tea, coffee etc., etc. Shortly after this meal we came to Cuxhaven, staying only a short time, to the right of us we had

now the dangerous sandbank Vogel Sand over which broke the white framing surf and which I had not forgotten since Decr. 1843. Before we came in sight of Heligoland sea sickness compelled me to go below and to my berth, where I remained the rest of the day as well as the whole of

Thursday, 4th of September 1845. I slept, dozed, and when awake thought of the past and future, above me [...] English [...] opposite to me two German Jews with [569] whom, all 3 as sick as myself, I exchanged a few words, a cup of tea and two slices of toast were my only nourishment.

Friday, 5th of September 1845. Before 6 O'clock I was roused by some one calling out we are at anchor, a mistake, merely a stop page at Gravesend, I hurried on deck, the weather was cold and raw, the sun rose but its rays imparted no warmth, fortunately the steamer's motion was hardly to be felt, Greenwich and Woolwich, the somewhat barren Essex shore, tiny steamers towing large Merchant vessels, further up uninterrupted lines of shipping, though objects well known, never failed to interest me, in the middle of the river the John Bull stopped, boats came off, the luggage had to remain on board whilst the passengers were allowed to land, in a few minutes I found myself again in London City on Tower Hill, whence laden with my cloak, Peruvian hat, and stick without much difficulty found my way to Finsbury Square, where at N^o 41 (Mrs. Dakins) I again took up my quarters, for a bedroom, breakfast and tea I agreed to pay 30s weekly which I thought then very dear. It was now 9 O.cl. as the Custom House would not be open till 10, I availed myself of these leisure moments to pen a few hasty lines to H. Sieveking telling him how miserable and low spirited I was. In the Custom house I was quickly despatched, my six packages were slightly searched, with them I returned in a cab to Mrs. Dakins. Installing myself, getting rid of my long beard etc., etc. took up some time. When ready I sallied forth first to Theodore Elemenhorsts office the head of which firm was his cousin Christian Donner, next to Hermann Sillem's, where I learned that Chas. Willink had gone into the country by which was meant a business trip to Liverpool, to Manchester and other manufacturing places and that Daniel Schutte was living in Morley's Hotel Charing Cross; my [...] call was at Gibbs' [...] hou[s]e Lime St. [...] where [...] [570] absence at his country seat near Bristol, Dankaert was the person in responsibility, Mr. Chas. Crawley signed occasionally and Mr. William Parish Robertson had left Gibbs' to join one of his sons, connected in business matters with the Lima dealers Melendez and Castañeda. Mr. Dankaert's cordial and friendly reception did much to dispel my blue devils, he told me that the stock of huano in Gibbs's hands did not exceed Tons 1200 and that at £10 pr. ton, there was no ready sale for it, that the large bark speculation in which I well recollected A. Gibbs & Sons, Ildefonso Villamil of La Paz, Grl. Sta. Cruz, and Franco Heros

were interested, had at last been wound up, leaving a large profit to each of the parties, that the Bolivian G.ment. had sold the privilege for the exclusive exportation of bark to some one whose name Dankaert did not give me, and many other circumstances, to which I listened with great attention. We dined together at a Chop house, then went to the New Exchange, finished since my last London visit. It stands where Lombard St. and Cornhill join, its principal entrance, which looks westward to the Poultry, and to which several steps lead up, is ornamented with a porch of colossal columns, covered porticoes, or piazzas run round the interior area, not sheltered against rain or the sun's rays, above are offices for Lloyds and other insurers; freestone is the material used in the construction of the building, the Architrave above the principal entrance is ornamented with bas reliefs, the ceiling of the Porticoe is divided into compartments, each one painted with the arms of a different country, it was understood that Merchants, trading to such countries would take stand exactly under the compartment so decorated; to the Eastward a wide passage separates the Exchange from a [...] of [...] houses whilst to the westward an [...] [571] open space is occupied by an Equestrian statue on a granite block with an inscription: "Wellington, erected June 1844". On my saying to Dankaert that the Exchange in Hamburg was more spacious he repli[ed] [that] might be the case but I must consider that in Hamburg and Altona there is not a Merchant who does not daily visit the Exchange generally [ac]companied by one or more of his clerks whilst in London such is not the case, moreover on the Hamburg Exchange, every kind of mercantile business is transacted, whilst in London besides this there are the Stock, Corn and Coal Exchanges, all frequented by the [diff]erent traders and finally the public Sales Rooms in Mincing Lane where colonial produce is sold. We now separated, I continued my walk to Charing Cross where I also found improvements. Trafalgar Square had sprung into existence. On the South side is the mansion of the Duke of Northumberland, a stone lion over the gateway. The Northern boundary is formed by the National Gallery, the tasteful church of St. Martin in the Fields, opposite private houses. In the square not exactly in the centre stands a very high column, the statue of Nelson on the top, in front of the National Gallery two fountains, with then respective basins, along side of them, two Granite pedestals one of them in 1845 was empty the other with an equestrian figure of George IV. At Morley's Hotel, I did not find Mr. Schutte. To reach the New Road, I had to cross a wilderness of Streets, which fills up this part of London, and emerged at Kings Cross an open place, where many streets meet. Cumming St. where my aunt lived is thence Eastward, whilst I had walked a mile at least westward before I discovered my mistake. The consequence was that when I reached my aunt's place of abode I was greatly tired. I felt a pain in

[_]y left leg and foot which lasted for several days. Frances [_] absent on a visit to her Uncle and [...] Rober [...] [572] Maria in Hastings. Mrs. Willink and old Mrs. Dubois were as friendly as ever, they gave me tea, and afterwards supper – by eleven O clock, I was home in Finsburg Square.

Saturday, 6th of September 1845. Whilst breakfasting Ferdinand Reincke a handsome young man a clerk at Friedenthal & Hinsche called. From Mr. Schutte I received a not[e] [sa]ying that this very morning he with his wife would leave for the Isle of Wight and not return till the next week. At a later hour I commenced my daily task of perambulating London. At Christian Donner's I met Conrad just arrived from Altona on a visit to his w[i]fe's relatives in Woolwich. She, a Miss Sylvester, was though German born of English extraction. At Gibbs' whom should I find but Eck from Valparaiso. He had received leave of absence for a year. Of the profits made during this period he had his share, as if on the spot, paying a salary to a person whom he appointed to do his work. When he returned he would again occupy his former position. Had I in 1842 been aware that such an arrangement could have been made, who knows whether I should not have effected the same and how different would my pecuniary circumstances have been now (in 1871). Eck and I had much to say to each other. Whilst we were in a private room Mr. Dankaert introduced to us Mr. Wm. Wheelwright the founder of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. After a long nego[t]iation he had at last succeeded in obtaining from the British G'ment a subvention for the Company of £20,000 annually as an equivalent for carrying the Mail as far as Panama; but as the two steamers running then between Valparaiso and Callao did not suffice another was to be sent out to the West-coast without loss of [...]Wheelwright [...] Eck and I drove [_] [573] his Lodgings, then I called on Oswald Pflucker, who not being at home, I walked back to Finsbury Square, dined in a chop house, a plate of roast mutton with potatoes, bread, cheese and butter, a pint of porter including a penny to the waiter 1/1 was all I had to pay. By 6 1/2 Oclk. I was in good time at the door of the Haymarket Theatre, in the pit I got a seat close to the stage. The interior of the house was small, prettily painted and very well lighted by means of a chandelier, and branch lights, affixed to the boxes. The performances disappointed me, twenty years previously the Haymarket was the genteelest theatre in London, now, in my opinion it was not much better than the other minor ones, Sadler's Wells for instance. The first piece was called "Past and Present" or "Annals of the French Revolution" very melo-dramatic, and full of claptrap, which never answer its purpose, at least with me. The best characters were those of the Marquis of Florille [?] French dandy, his attached and faithful servant "La Rose" was extremely well represented by Mm. Ferran, but to me, it afforded no pleasure to see on the stage a representation of a man

aged 90, in his dotage though occasionally lighted-up with gleams of intellect, then followed two comic songs sung by Parry who made me laugh more than once. The second piece "Mrs. Candles Curtain Lectures" I considered vulgar, not to say indecent. The third, "Born to Good Luck" or "An Irishman's Fortune" was crowded with improbabilities, however the character of the fortunate Irishman by Mr. Hudson was very well done; an omnibus conveyed me home at midnight.

Sunday, 7th of September 1845. It was my custom to take breakfast with Mrs. Dakin, her daughter Harriet, and another boarder [] Miller from St. Lucia, occasionally [. . .] [574] land-lady sat down with us. Young Oswald Pflücher (whom I rather liked) called to see me, he was very undecided about his future movements. He having taken his leave, I dressed quickly and was in time to catch an omnibus, which put me down in Camberwell-Green, whence, the weather being fine, I had a pleasant walk through the pretty country to Denmark and Herne Hills, here Mrs. Grautof resided, she was as kind as ever, and as agreeable as she had been in []43, she actually insisted on my staying with her, during my short stay in London. I could not accept this kind offer, but promised sometimes to drop in, in the evenings. In 1843 I did not wear spectacles, now that I did so, I could see dearly her features, handsome still, notwithstanding her advanced time of life, even though her teeth were defective, and her eyes had lost their brightness. Her eldest daughter Caroline was with her, Ellen "the younger" came in afterwards from Church accompanied by several young Gentlemen. Lunch over, the visitors left, I, of course remained, sometimes in company of all three [], sometimes with the daughters only, when their Mother had retired to her own apartments to read a long letter I had brought her from Betty Wall, time slipped away rapidly, Mrs. Grautoff told me, that she was reading German with some young friends, and when trying to render into correct English some parts of Schiller's poem "Die Kunstler" (the Artists) she found a difficulty in so doing, and asked my assistance to understand those passages which were to her obscure, this request surprised me, for I knew that she was as good a German scholar as myself, yet on reading the work attentively, I met with many intricate parts which cost me some trouble clearly to explain to her. At a later hour, Gustavus Sieveking called who remained for dinner. Mr. S. and I left at [. . .] the Elephant and Cas[. . .] [575] whence we walked to the city. I had spent a very agreeable day, everything at Mr. Grautoff's was in the English style, even her small Garden with its hard gravel walks, closely mown lawns, Peach and Nectarine trees trained against walls and green house.

Monday, 8th of September 1845. The weather was beautiful, it was almost a pity to spend such a day in the city of London, whose boundary I did not cross. I commissioned Dankart to buy on my account three surones cinnamon of the

first quality at 4/10 pr. lb I went to the office of Hadden, the great Nottingham hose and thread Manufacturer in King street Cheapside, where I conversed with an elderly Gentleman about an order for silk hose which I intended giving them, wrote to Gibbs & Co. and called on Mr. De la Fosse whom I had known in 1843 and on Bernard Charlton a clerk at Oppenheim & Co.'s Bowlane. He did not like to talk with me in the office, so for some time we walked up and down the streets; the poor fellow told me he left his house Shooters Hill Road before 8 Ocl. a.m. and did not return till the same hour in the evening, however to earn something was better than nothing, he added with a sigh, I dined at the Exchange dining Rooms and was at home by 11 O clock.

Tuesday, 9th of September 1845. In the morning the atmosphere was foggy, when the thermometer outside the window marked 14 Reaumur, 63 1/2 Faht. At a later hour it cleared up and we had fine weather, in the forenoon I rambled about the streets, purchased several trifles amongst them Gibbon's decline and fall of the Roman Empire, for the cheap price of 14s with the Eck dined at Simpsins chop house enjoying a great name [...] rump steaks, a large one of which cost us eighteen [...] [576] Eck told me that Mr. Gibbs had of late been very fortunate in his speculations in R-way. Shares, having cleared £16,000 also in bark and nitrate the Firm had gained much money. 5 francs pr. lb was the price for bark in France – very high. The Jany. Backet had arrived bringing as passenger Antonio Flores later President of Ecuador, at the time particulars were not known to me but I learned afterwards that it was at the battle of "La Elvira", his authority was overthrown. The dates from Lima were to the 24. of July. Serious differences had arisen between the Peruvian G'ment., Castilla President and Mr. Wm Pitt Adams the British Charge d'Affaires who had threatened severe proceedings, and at last obtained complete satisfaction, however Castilla intended sending General Iturregui, as especial envoy to London to demand the recalls of Consuls Wilson and Crampton, respectively of Arica and Islay, both of whom, or at all events, the former had (and this is my true opinion) mixed himself up with Peruvian politics, as was his habit. At 7 p.m. O. Pfflücher called and with him I drove to the Vauxhall Gardens, on our entring we were struck by the glare of hundreds or perhaps a thousand lights. A few steps further on our attention was called to a comic declaimer, who as Mr. Candle held forth from a raised stand complaining of his wife's curtain lectures, very poor, I thought also the Orchestra was not much better, continuing with the stream, we came to a small theatre where the famous Chiarini family (quoted from the Bill) performed on the tight rope, next came a Ballet pretty tolerable, finally an amusing dance by five individuals from a tall man down to a little boy painted and dressed as Negroes, the ascent and descent of Signo [...] the tight ripe from the "Firework Gallery" [...] [577] to

the top of the "Gallery of Honor", was wonderful on account of the enormous height, but the terrific descent of Signore [T]ool "Il Diavolo" on a single wire, if it were actually done at all escaped my notice. The gardens were by no means crowded, perhaps 500 were present, chiefly of the lower class with some unfortunate Pariahs of female society; we left before the conclusion at 11.30 p.m. having had enough of it and quite ready to exclaim with a latin Author "Ohe I am Sates".

Wednesday, 10th of September 1845. At the Office of Baker's I made inquiries about silk pocket handkerchiefs and at Haddens again about silk hose, which business being done, an omnibus put me down in Islington, where Oswald Pfflucker had lodgings, in the house of a Mr. Bowring, with one of whose daughters Georgina a pretty lively and chatty girl Oswald had arranged a visit to Westminster Abbey. We took her for our guide, but I soon found out, I knew more of London than she did, we spent much time and went a long round about way, before we reached the Abbey. The admission was gratis, no more than sixpence was demanded by the verger who showed us the Chapels of Edward the Confessor and Henry VII. I much admire the gothic style of the inside, the aisles are lofty but their width narrow. Within the Abbey's walls are interred the remains of the most renowned British Lawyers, Statesmen, Poets, Engineers and Warriors, to some only monument's are erected. The statue of James Watt is very good. The expression of the Negro kneeling at the death bed of Fox denotes gratitude and sorrow. The benevolent smile on Wilberforce's face is true to nature, Wm. Pitts statue occupies a prominent space over the West Entrance. A bas Relief order by George III commemorates the death of poor Major André [...] epitaph says "Life is a jest all things show it. I [578] thought so once, now I know it". There are hundreds of other monuments, of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Rowe, General Wolf, etc. etc. which I will not enumerate for a better description than I can give, can be found in the handbooks offered for sale, to the visitors. The shrine of Edward the Confessor is shewn, also three Coronations chairs, for the King, Queen and Consort; that for the King dates from the time of Edward the first, under it lies the stone on which the Monarchs of Scotland were crowned. Hence we directed our steps to the building where for the time being the houses of Lords and Commons met in their respective chambers. The previous houses of Parliament in St. Stephen's Chapel had been destroyed by fire sometime previously, and of the new houses erected at a later period close to the Westminster Bridge in 1845 not even the foundations had been laid, thus those we visited were temporary, neither the one or other was of large dimensions, that of the Lords still smaller than that of the Commons, the seats of the former were covered with red plush, that of the Chancellor's, in the middle, "the Woolsack", is a couch stuffed with wool, to his

right sit the Ministerial Lords. Temporal and Spiritual, to his left those of the opposition, behind him under a canopy, stand 3 arm chairs some what raised, the one in the centre is for Queen Victoria, to her left for Prince Albert, to her right for the prince of Wales. The arrangements in the Commons were more or less similar to those in the Lords, the seats looked less comfortable and rose amphitheatrically on both sides of the speakers chair, also here the right [...] occupied by the Ministerial members [...] [579] by the opposition, opposite to the speaker, not many steps from the entrance a bar could be drawn across outside of which such individuals as were to be interrogated, serve as witness, reprimanded etc. took their station. The gallery above the speaker's chair was intended for Reporters, that over the entrance for Strangers. I may also mention that the cellar was pointed out to us in which Nov. 5 1605 Guy Fawkes and his accomplices had converted into a powder magazine which when lighted on the 5th of the same month was to blown up King James, the royal family, and both houses of parliament. By 4 p.m. we were back in Islington whence I made the best of my way to Mr. Ed. Sieveking's office in Skinner's place Size lane where Gustavus who conducted his Fathers business during his absence was waiting for me. We walked to one of the whar[...]'s close to London Bridge, from which point one of the many steamers which ply the Thames, conveyed us for 4 pence to Greenwich where Gustavus ordered dinner in the Trafalgar Hotel, whilst it was getting ready, we strolled about, and entered the Hospital just when the inmates perhaps eight hundred were sitting down to their evening meal along several rows of tables. All without any exception had a respectable appearance in their blue coats, some with white cravats, others with three cornered hats, before each stood a tin jug, into which tea was poured. Four messed together, that is to say, they had their butter and a loaf of white bread which latter once of them divided into four parts, with the greatest scrupulosity. Our next visit was to the Park, but it was then too dark to see much of the fine view one has hence over the "Thames" to the opposite shore, our way to Trafalgar Hotel led through a [...] where "Nymphs of the Pave" where seated at [...] [580] windows inviting passers by to come in "a nice cup of tea or Coffee Sir". Our dinner consisted mainly of white Bait fried, a small fish peculiar to the Thames which is generally served at table with brown bread, butter and Lemon juice; our wines were Port and Sherry. Mr. Gustavus paid for every thing even for my return pr. train.

Thursday, 11th of September 1845. In pursuance of a note from Mr. D. Schutte I called on him at the address he gave me, namely New London Coffee house, Bridge St., Blackfriars, where he and his lady, whom I had known as Miss Bertha de Yo[n]gh, received me with politeness. She having left us, we talked about the business, we might do together after my return to Lima. When I first knew to

Mr. Dl. Schutte on my arrival to South America I thought him the quintessence of good breeding, and a "gentleman" in every sense of the word, in 1845 this opinion, or estimate of his character was greatly modified, and though I still liked him, I doubted his sincerity and feared that in his mind he kept something back whenever he conversed with me. In later years I discovered that both he and his wife were great gossips and had a terrible propensity for back biting. In the course of the day I selected in Bakers store, a hundred pieces of silk pocket handkerchiefs, to be sent to Lima on my account, I dropped in at Gibbs', saw Eck, at 7 p.m. ock. drove to Mrs. Grautoff's, Herne Hill, here I made the acquaintance of her last born son Albert, her favorite child, as far as I could judge 18 years old, pale, and sickly looking, in his demeanour, diffident. We had tea and [...] her and daughters I chatted very pleas[...] [581] till we ret [...] est, when Mrs. Grautoff put at my disposal a comfortable bedroom.

Friday, 12th of September 1845. From my window, I could see at a distance, looking over the intervening country the villages of Highgate and Hampstead, I went below where I whiled away time in the pretty, and well kept garden, reading the interesting German drama "Der Sohn der Wildniss", till I was called to breakfast. Albert left before me, I took the 10 O clock Coach. In my lodgings I had two long visits, one from Chas. Willink, just returned from a journey, in the Manufacturing districts, the other from Mr. Stiepel of Costa Rica, an old Correspondent of Gibbs', who with his daughter a little mulatta lived at Mrs. Dakin's. I dined with Mr. Dl. Schutte, at 10 O clock we took into our heads to drive to Vauxhall Gardens which had more frequenters than on Tuesday last. The company was more or less of the same grade, with many pretty faces flitting about. In the Fireworks, Illuminations, Orchestra, etc., there was no notable difference. We left at 12, from Bridge St. I walked to Funsburys Square.

Saturday, 13th of September 1845. After breakfast Daniel Schutte called to discuss an agreement between him and myself, which I had drawn out in rough, specifying the conditions to be observed, and the commission to be charged, if here after we were to enter into mercantile transactions, on joint account, though Schutte did not relish the idea that he was to act in anyway as Agent, yet upon the whole, he was satisfied with what I had put down. At 4 p.m. I took my place in the second class which left London Bridge Station for Croydon, ten miles distant. These carriages had neither stuffed seats nor Backs but at all events [...] [582] I had not always found in the second class conveyances in England, besides the two lines already in use, another had been just laid with Iron tube along side, with which many experiments were being made, to ascertain whether, the atmospheric principle, of which I have given some idea in Vol. 2nd, Pages 227-8 could at last be made to answer. Many, at the time thought that it could, but it is well known that after much expenditure of time

and trouble this new plan was abandoned, the various small houses, where the engines were stationed to extract the air from the tubes, to produce a vacuum, were very pretty and built in the Gothic style. I reached Croyden at 5 p.m., loitered about, not to be too early at Mr. De La Fosse's who had invited me to dine with him; when I entering the drawing room I found only the lady of the house, Mrs. Grautoff and her 2 daughters, by and by a few others came in. I was requested to lead to table Mrs. De la Fosse, where we were seated as follows, Mrs. De la Fosse at the head, to her right a Gentleman, name to me unknown, then Ellen and Caroline Grautoff, and an elderly lady "Miss Schetky", at the bottom Mr. De la Fosse, Mrs. Schetky, I, Mrs. Grautoff, Mr. Schetky and again Mrs. de la Fosse. The dinner was good, of wines we had variety – Claret, Hock-Moselle- Champagne, Sherry and Port – the conversation though not animated was tolerably sustained. Albert Grautoff came in followed, at intervals by some friends, some of the younger people played and sang, Mr. Schetky an elderly and pleasant person greatly diverted us all, with Italian and Spanish songs, accompanied by himself on the guitar; of all present I considered Mrs. Grautoff the most lady-like, I was well pleased, and returned to town by the [...] [583]

Sunday, 14th of September 1845. Breakfast over I went to Schuttes Hotel Bridge St., Blackfriars, having reached it, I was informed, he and his lady had left. I hastened, after them, and found them, on board the "Antwerp" steamer, moored close to St. Catharine's wharf. On board were many passengers, amongst them Oswald Pfflücker, on his way to Waldenburg, to bid good bye to his relations, before going to South America. I introduced him to Mr. Schutte, he, me, to his landlord Mr. Bowring, who told me, he would be glad to see me at his house in Islington. With Mr. Schutte I arranged, that one copy of our agreement, signed by me, should be forwarded to him to Cologne, the other with his signature to me in London. From the steamer, which superior in every respect to the dirty John Bull from Hamburg, I hastened to the London Bridge Station, the same where I had been on the previous day. Today I took the train to Greenwich and hardly had I stepped out of the Coach when Bernard Charlton was there to conduct me to his small dwelling on Shooter's hill road. Now with the aid of my spectacles, I distinguished the features of his wife Luisa, who rather good looking, was of dark complexion, indicating a descent, though perhaps remote from an African or East Indian percentage, the more I knew her, the better I liked her. She and her husband were greatly attached to each other, and though their circumstances were straitened, they were happy. After taking a little bread, cheese and porter, Bernard and I started for a walk; the weather in the morning foggy, and at times rainy, had now cleared up and become fine. The country in the vicinity is really charming, it is true there is nothing grand or majestic, the ground is [...]dulating diversified with gentle hills [...] [584]

splendid trees, fine lawns, Gentlemen's country seats, an occasional view over the Thames, with its steamers and sailing vessels. Above all I admired the neat roads, with now and then, extensive commons. We walked through the village of "Charlton", further on we came to the Artillery Barrack of Woolwich, in front of which were placed various cannons, in their centre one of enormous size, taken in the East Indian Wars. On our return home, at 6 p.m. we had dinner, a glass of good beer, and some good port wine enlivened me, our conversation was agreeable and prolonged. At 10 O.C. Bernard Charlton went with me, to an Inn in the vicinity, where I obtained accommodations for the night.

Monday, 15th of September 1845. Next morning by 6.30 a.m. I was in Bernard's parlor. At 7 he and his wife appeared, we breakfasted, and at 7.45 he and I walked to Greenwich, whence a train took us to London; it was a very disagreeable day, and with the exception of calling at Gibbs' I remained at home all day – writing a long letter to my wife – till it was time to go to Cumming St., where I dined with Frances, her betrothe Jn. Cresswell, one of the young Dubois, Robert and Maria, who, whilst their house in D[oc.] commons was being painted resided with Frances. My aunt and Mrs. Dubois Senr. were absent on an excursion to South End, a village at the mouth of the Thames. It was quite a family party, young Dubois entertained us with some sleight of hand tricks – cleverly done. He with myself, left at nearly 11 O.C. from Sieveking[s] I received letters in which, he informed me, that the King of Denmark [...] [585] with all honors, his reception was better than had been expected, in the presence of Royalty the Slesvig Hostein patriotism appeared to have lost its voice, and something of its fervency. C. H. Donner had entertained his Danish Majesty at a splendid banquet, to which the King led his daughter, Mrs. Zarhtmann "resplendent with diamonds", Knauer and Semper had been graced with the cross of knights of Dannebrog, as an appreciation of the encouragement given by them to Industrial pursuits in Altona. On receiving this intelligence I conceived two ideas, both turned out erroneous. The circumstance of Knauer having being chosen "Deputy" for Altona, at the meeting of the Holstein Estates, which was to take place shortly in Itzehoe, and of Semper's being named to fill Knauer's place, were he prevented from attending might, I imagined, have induced his Majesty to confer these distinctions on them. In a later letter, however Sieveking assured me, that the Cross had been given to the one as owner of a Manufactory of tobacco, to the other for one of Woolen Yarn – without any political views whatever. My other suspicion was that Semper's fervent and well know sentiments in favor of the independence of the Duchies from the Danish Crown, would have been lulled by the condecoration accorded. This was by no means the case for several years later Semper returned the Cross to the King stating the wearing of it was not consistent with his political

opinions – old Mr. Reincke a true Dane, was much affected by the honors conferred on his sons in law, more so than they [...] selves were [...].

Tuesday, 16th of September 1845. A disagreeable rainy day which spent in Gibbs' Counting house occupied in writing my correspondence. I dined at Simpson's chop house and took tea at Mrs. Dakin's with her daughter, a not very agreeable female lodger, Mr. Miller from St. Lucia, Mr. Steeple and his mulatta daughter from Costa Rica. Mr. Miller, Miss Dakin's and I amused ourselves with french and english conundrums and cha[...]. At 10 p.m. Thermometer in my room, windows shut market R. 16, Faht. 61 1/2.

Wednesday, 17th of September 1845. Till 4 O.C. p.m. I was in my own room busy writing a long letter to Mr. D. Schutte in which I gave him all the particulars that were within my reach of the state of the Lima market. I dined in the Exchange dining rooms, inferior and of course less expensive than Simpsons – here I spent scaraly 1/6, there always above 2/- my drink was porter sometimes half a pint. At 7 I took a seat in a coach from Grace Church St. to Denmark Hill – to Herne Hill there was none. I thus had to walk a good distance and in the dark to Mrs. Grautoffs where I found the mother and children by themselves. Ellen liked better than Caroline, but both less than their mother. Of Caroline's singing I formed not a great opinion, her voice was weak. At 11 Ocl. we broke up. [586]

Thursday, 18th of Sept 1845. The weather continued bad, the wind blew from the South West, accordingly I did not go into the Garden, but remained in the drawing room, till the breakfast hour reading Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers", severe in its remarks but amusing. Mrs. Grautoff told me, that on the very day in Feby. 1824, when I bade good bye to her husband, being then on the point of embarking on board the "Wanderer", in the employ of Gibbs' he, and his partner Mr. Sillem thought of offering me a situation in their Counting House, how different would my destiny have been, if they had carried out their idea a few weeks previously. In London, I had to go to my tailor's, Optician's, Bookseller's etc., etc. also I looked in at Maria Cresswell's, whom, I found at lunch. She though one year younger than myself, was very stout and red in the face, probably the results of Port and Porter. At 7 p.m. notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, I walked to the house of Mr. Bowring in Islington, he was at home, with his daughters Georgina and Emily, two nice lively girls; they, Mr. Weiner – a boarder – and I, played Whist for love. I left at 11 O.C. pretty well pleased.

Friday, 19th of September 1845. I secured at the Steamers' office my passage to "Chagres" pr. "Trent", to leave October 17th. To my great surprise all the first class berths were taken, I had to content myself with one inferior, as far as Madeira, there to exchange for a better one which would be [...] liberty, by a Gentleman

landing at that island [...] I bought Mr. [...] [587] life of Sir Walter Scott, in 7 volumes at £1/18, also at Cornish's, Middlesex Row, "Ainsworth's Tower of London" for 8/-. Mr. Henry Kendal whom I had known in Lima, Peruvian Consul in London, I did not find at home, and as the weather had much improved I continued my walk to the British Museum which, at the time was undergoing extensive repairs. The first saloon I entered, contained various articles from China, the South Sea Islands, and [arctic] regions such as Idols, dresses, weapons, Utensils, pots for domestic use, etc., etc. but one thing with another this collection was in my opinion not so complete as might be expected from a People, whose flag is seen in every part of the globe. The next suite of rooms was filled with objects of Natural history, the first was for stuffed quadrupeds – in an endless variety, two specimens struck me particularly, namely a Giraffe, owing to its great height, and a Walrus, on account of unwieldy bulk. Of stuffed birds the numerous was legion, then followed birds' nests, Squirrels, Monkeys, Baboons, Crocodiles, Lizards, Snakes, Crabs, Lobsters, Tortoises, Fishes, Beetles, Butterflies etc., etc. In the centre of the next apartment stood many long tables covered with shells, which as I have not the slightest knowledge of Conchology, I passed rapidly over, along the walls of the same saloon were ranged in glass cases the fossil remains of Antedeluvian Animals found in the bowels of the earth, sometimes in loose sand, or soil, sometimes embedded in layers of clay; these glass cases were labelled as follows: Fossil Remains of "Enalios aurian (maritime) Reptiles", of "Betrachian (Froglike)", of "Chelonian (tortoiselike)", of "[?]saurian" (Incomplete Lizards); amongst the last named I noticed particularly the Ichthyosaurus or fish eating Lizard, a pretty well [...] [588] served skeleton of this reptile, and found in Lyne Regis Dorsetshire, to whose name is added the word *Platyodon*, or "broad toothed". It measured about 16 feet English. In the same glass case were the vertebral column, ribs and some bones of another truly monstrous *Ichthyosaurus* found in the same place. There were in addition to these I have named the fossilized skeletons of a *Plesiosaurus* (almost Lizard) from eight to nine feet in length, of an *Iguanodon* (Gigantic Lizard) of a *Teleosaurus*, so called by Monsieur Geoffrey St. Hilaire from "*Τηλε οαυγος*", of a *Hylesaurus* (Forest Lizard) and of a *Mososaurus*, long known by the name of the great animal of Maestricht, a gigantic head of this reptile having been found near that town, embedded in calcareous Freestone. From a quarry of Kentish Rag, near Maidstone there was a rock in which a heap of fossilized bones were lying, also on the surface of a large piece of gray sandstone the foot marks of some large bird were clearly distinguishable. Of Minerals my knowledge is very limited – among them, however one or two specimens, which interested me – namely a fine piece of virgin gold from South America, opalized trunks of

trees from Van Dieman's land, highly polished, meteoric stones from the Gran Chaco, South America, an Esquimaux knife and harpoon made from Aërolites, or rather from the iron contained in them, certainly very extraordinary. The apartments below were allotted to curiosities from Egypt, such as sarcophagi, covered with hieroglyphics, several busts of enormous size, and stat [...] sightly shapes peculiar to the Egyptian [...] [589] The collection of Grecian and Roman Antiquities was in my opinion, comparatively of little value, I had lately seen the immense museums in Italy, which had perhaps made me too critical and fastidious. I met here with the casts of the "Aeginites", the originals of which I had seen in Munich, see page 413 of this volume, and a copy in Stuttgart (v. vol. 2, page 802 etc.) – on both which occasions I have given a detailed account to which I refer. The Elgin marbles have a great repute and are by connoisseurs just considered the "ne plus ultra" of Sculptural perfection, being much broken I could not appreciate their merits, they are partly statues, and partly in Bas Relief, most of them adorned the Parthenon in Athens. Lord Elgin, British Ambassador in Constantinople, discovered them when exploring Greece, removed them to England in 1814, and sold them to the Government for £35,000. I dined at Doctors' Commons' with Robert and Maria who, besides myself had invited my cousin Frances, Theodore and Douglas Dubois, every thing was agreeable, but I could not help observing that, except Frances, they were too much English. I mean that, their knowledge of what I did not immediately relate to their own country was rather limited, for instance Theodore asked me, whether the Prussian Language differed from the German? After dinner, whilst the others played Bagatelle, Robert took me to his bedroom and showed me some pretty stuffed birds, also some views of Winchester College; where he had received his education and of Hastings, which he had just visited along with his sister. At 10 O.C. spirits, wine, and water were placed on the table. At 11 O.C. we [...]rated [590]

Saturday, 20th of September 1845. A clear cool morning, at 9 a.m. Thermometer outside the window, marked 11 R., 5 Faht. At 2 p.m. an omnibus put me down at the corner of Sloane St. in the South Western extremity of London, close to Knightsbridge, a few steps further on, Brompton, and thence to the left, near the river, Chelsea, with its hospital for Invalid Soldiers; my original diary says these outskirts are not included in the bills of Mortality. In N^o 16 Sloane St. Mr. Edd. Dubois lived. He was not at home, his wife and daughter were – we lunched, and I spent an hour very pleasantly. Mrs. Dubois, Harriet Cresswell, as I have remarked before, was the sister of my Aunt, her junior by a year or two, both sisters greatly resembled each other, both exquisitely fair, with hair of slightly reddis tinge. Mrs. Dubois was however less delicate, and rounder in her contour, than my Aunt, her sister. In their characters, there was a

great similarity, both were goodnatured, and very lively, both had been well educated, and in every respect superior to their unmarried sister Maria, nine or ten years younger. Emma, Mrs. Dubois' only daughter was more or less of the same age as Frances Willink, her cousin, and mine; with the aid of my spectacles I saw, she was not quite so good looking as I had thought her two years ago. She had the reputation of being talented and accomplished – her forte was languages, I can testify that her portraits in balck chalk turned out to good likeness. From Sloane St., I walked to the Polytechnic Institution, the ground floor just as at the time of my first visit was [] [591] with all kinds of machinery, in motion and producing a buzzing noise, just as then, I hurried past them, and gave my attention to sundry exhibitions and lectures in which I took great interest; when last here, very small objects were magnified to an enormous size, by an apparatus to which I have alluded in Vol. 2, Page 195, and reflected on a wall whitened, but I then, noted the defects of the outlines being indistinct, owing to thier great extension, now, this was remedied, and though the objects magnified were greatly enlarged, such as a white mouse, some gold fishes, a shrimp and flowers, yet their outlines were distinct and their natural color preserved. Our lecture was on the properties of heat, of which on coming home I only recollected part – metals expand with heat and contract with cold, but not the same extent; a clock put in motion by a metal pendulum goes slower in summer, than in winter, because the Pendulum extend's or lengthen's in the warm season, has thus a larger space to travel in its oscillations, and requires a longer time to do so, consequently the clock goes slower. In winter the reverse is the case, to remedy this difference a small nut is attached to the end of the Pendulum which can be raised or lowered and by these means regulate the movement. Black painted metal absorbs heat, well polished, reflects it, to prove this Lecturer placed a piece of hot iron between a black metal plate and one highly polished, on each side of the heated iron some matches, those turned towards the bright metal, instantly ignited, the others did not. Another experiment, was two polished metal plates were placed at some distance apart, close to one, a candle, near the other a red hot iron. The [. . .] itted by the [] was throw[] on the [. . .] [592] close by, and reflected to that opposite, whence it fell on the candle, which lighted. On the ground floor some experiments were made to illustrate the atmospheric principle applied to Railways; a few children were seated on a seat which, rested on wheels, and these ran on rails, in the middle of which lay a small tube, by an air pump the air was drawn out, and the Piston moving through the vacuum in the tube, carried the seat along with it, to which it was fastened; the tube was closed with a soft mass this, the rod, which connected the Piston with the seat, tore open, by some ingenious machinery, the working

of which I did not clearly understand, it was again closed, here a man smoothed down the soft substance, which proved that the mechanical means employed did not do its work efficiently – this I believe is the main difficulty which the Projectors of the atmospheric R-way. have to contend with. Once more a rush was made upstairs, now the face of a man was magnified, his mouth became of such a size as if capable of swallowing at once seven human beings. Next followed dissolving views, the whole concluded with the reflection of moving circles of various sizes and colors on the same white walls, they twisted and twirled in every possible shape and presented a pretty sight. At 5.15. the Institution closed, as a general rule. On my way home, I lost myself more than once, so it was 6 O.C. I reached Mrs. Dakin's, the family were at dinner, not wishing to intrude on them, I went without any. I occupied myself with writing and went to rest early.

Sunday, 21st of September 1845. Though the sky looked threat[_] I had no idea the [_]ay would turn out [_] [593] unfavorauble and disagreeably wet as it did. At 10 O'clock I embarked in one of the steamers bound to Gravesend. There were many passengers who, very soon along with myself were driven below by the pelting rain, I however could not endure the suffocating heat in the cabin, and returned on deck, where, my umbrella above, and cloak around me, I quietly sat down, till we reached our destination, where I was so fortunate as to obtain an inside place in the omnibus which, put me down at the house of Surgeon by courtesy designated Dr. Robertson in Chatham. The family was at dinner, I joined them, and could find no fault with it, but the soiled table cloth, on a Sunday, gave me no great idea of the cleanliness pervading the establishment. Miss Emma Robertson had left a few months previously, to live with her sister Mary Anne, of course with ulterior matrimonial views. I will add in anticipation that, in such she succeeded, though not quite so well as her two elder sisters Isabel, Mrs. Dr. Gallagher, and Mary Anne, Mrs. Went, Mr. Thos. Rennie, a Scot in the office of Graham Rowe & Co. Lima, became enamoured of her charms which personally were but slight. After their marriage, Rennie by the interest of Went obtained the situation of head of Gibbs' house in Arequipa, but after a few years, superior orders came from London and removed him. He returned to London, or rather to England with his wife, children, and servants, from Arequipa but without a fortune. Elizabeth was the only daughter who remained at home, besides her 3 little boys, two sons and their cousin. The convict Establishment had been removed from Chatham since my last visit, thus Mr. Robertson had lost his employment as Physician on board the Convict vessels and was reduced to half pay which of [_] [594] produced a change in his pecuniary circumstances. After dinner when the rain ceased for a moment, I ascended the street close to Mr. Robertson's house, which leads to

the high ground behind the town, where I looked round to refresh my memory, again it rained, I hastened to Mr. Robertson's; in the omnibus I returned to Gravesend thence per steamer to London. It was a most unpleasant passage, the fore cabin was crowded to excess, in the after cabin, where the company was mixed, I secured standing room close to the door, afterwards a chair with great difficulty. We landed at Blackwall, I took a ticket for the second class carriages, I had again to stand; there was a cover over head but the sides were open, altogether it had been a most disagreeable excursion. The trains between London and Blackwall are put in motion not by a locomotive, but by a rope and stationary engines. The Viaduct or continuation of arches, on which the rails rest, is on a level with the roofs and garrets of the houses on both sides; and owing to the immense sums which had to be paid for the ground this Railway not withstanding its great traffic gave in 1845 an extremely low dividend, no more than 2s per share of £20, equal to one half pr. cent per annum. I was assured the expropriation of the last mile which, runs through the Minories and its vicinity, cost £500,000; the terminus was at the southern end of London Street, Fenchurch Street, thence I walked home through the dirty muddy Streets of the city.

Monday, 22nd of September 1845. It was a fine clear morning, the Thermometer in the open air was 12° 1/4 R. [...] [595] at eleven O clock I accompanied by Mr. Stiepil, drove in an omnibus to Regent's Park, a fine piece of ground with extensive meadows, intersected by walls, surrounded by broad streets, and handsome houses; having traversed the Park, we came to the Zoological Gardens which, in former years no one could enter without producing a subscriber's ticket, now every well dressed person was admitted on his paying a shilling – this Garden, seen without its attraction, the valuable collection of animals, would afford a pleasant promenade, with its well trimmed lawns, neatly kept gravel walks, fine trees, dense shrubs and pretty flowers. The many animals brought here from different parts of the world, are comfortably lodged, and if it were not for the want of liberty, would have no great reason to complain of their lot – to enumerate even 100th part of them, is out of the question, I will therefore only stop to mention a few, there were two elephants, one of very great size, it lifted up its trunk and opened its capacious mouth in expectation of some bread or fruit which visitors were wont to throw into it – in the adjoining cage lay a rhinoceros a dingy inert mass – the Camel and Llama, which I had seen in 1843, were dead – there more four Camelleopards, two old ones of great height and two young ones – two goats with long pendulous ears – a Bison – two Buffaloes, a [Bramah] Bull and two Cows – Birds of all kinds, such as Parrots, Macaws, Cockatoos, Pigeons, Herons, Storks, Peacocks, Pheasants, Vultures, amongst which two

fine Condors – Eagles in great varieties, also Tortoises – many monkeys and Baboons – a particularly fine wolf, foxes with their strong smell, small [_]kals, a few dogs among which two fine English [596] blood hounds (bitches) – several bears, a splendid large Walrus, a small seal, Swans, white and Black, and many other water fowls. Of the wild beasts the Hyaenas, five or six in number, had their peculiar characteristic of savage cunning and treacherous look, which creates in the beholder a feeling of repugnance and distrust – the south American Lion was there also, of a darker fawn color than the many dead ones, which stuffed, I had seen hanging as trophies round the walls of houses in various estates in Peru, particularly in Angasmarcas, the lion and lioness in separate cages were quietly asleep, the former just opened his eyes and hardly deigned to look at his visitors, another lioness more lively roamed up and down her place of confinement. The royal Bengal tiger sat inside, hidden, probably the weather was too cold for him, nevertheless I could distinguish his features, truly formidable, and terrific – of Leopards there were many, these are animals I greatly admire, their spotted skin looks so pretty, these I saw were so sleek, and in such excellent condition, two or three in a cage together who played and gambolled like kittens – a tiger cat is hardly anything else but one of our domestic cats on a larger scale. In a large box some snakes the “Tiger Boas” were confined in a case, at our request, the keeper opened the covering, they were enclosed in flannel, on this being removed four of them two and two lay coiled up together; the keeper told us they were in a state of torpor, their color a dark brown with large white spots, of their length I cannot exactly judge, he pulled them about which they apparently did not seem to mind. I touched them, they were clammy and cold. We left greatly pleased, an omnibus conveyed us [_] [597] that is to our lodgings where for the first time I dined with the family. We had a plain, but good dinner – everything was nice, the company by no means disagreeable. Nevertheless I cannot say I like dining in a boarding house, because it appeared to me as if the Hostess begrudged every morsel I put into my mouth, though I by no means insinuate that this was the case with Mrs. Dakin. The Evening, I spent at Herne Hill at Mrs. Grautoff’s where as I have before remarked I usually remained for the night.

Tuesday, 23rd of September 1844. After breakfast I returned to town with Albert; the forenoon I spent in the society of Maria Cresswell, and my cousin Frances, together we went to the extensive Establishment of Hitchcock’s, St. Pauls Church Yard, where I bought 40 yards of carpet at 3s pr. yard. At a later hour in Gibbs Cg. house I met José Marco, whom I had known in Arequipa he was the younger brother of Manuel Marco del Pont, partner of Ambrosio Ybañez, both frequently mentioned by me in 1824, at the time of my first arrival in Arequipa. José like his brother, a native of Bs. Aires was a particular

protegé of the Gibbs' now established in Paris. Two years previously married to a Miss O'Brien, a native of Mexico, but brought up in the French capital. From my cousin Nellie Kramer, Henry Sieveking and his wife, I received very friendly letters, I was particularly pleased with the contents of the last one from Mrs. H. Sieveking.

Wednesday, 24th of September 1844. This being a fine day Mr. Stiepel and I took advantage of it, to roam all over the city and to look in at many shops, and to make purchases, for instance, I bought a dress of French material for my wife and for myself I ordered a [...] [598] scales with Spanish weights, which have turned out first rate, and now in 1871 are still in my possession. It was as late as half past 4 O.C. when we got home I had merely time to dress for a dinner party at Mr. Edd. Sieveking's. I called on Mr. Bernard Charlton, whose principals were such particular people, that though Charlton was a man of about 50, he was not allowed to converse with his friends in the office, and to enjoy their company for a few minutes – he, and they, had to walk about the Streets – and so he did with me, he went with me also to Bishopgate Street, where I took a Stoke Newington omnibus which put me down outside the turnpike, just before Mr. Sieveking's house on Stamford hill; still being too early, I walked about a little, to enjoy the fine country. The environs of London in every direction have their charms. The party at Sieveking's was small, consisting, "with the inmates" namely Mr. and Mrs. Sieveking and their son Gustavus, Mrs. Droop, English by birth and her companion Miss. Tohl from Bremen, a young German the Revd. Mr. Cappelain, a Norwegian who had been sent to London to learn the English language, and myself, of eight persons. I sat near the hostess Mrs. Sieveking, whom as I have said before I had always found very agreeable and on this occasion she was the same. When the ladies had retired, we remained over our wine and nuts rather longer than was the custom in 1845. Mr. Sieveking whom I also liked very well compared notes with me about travelling in Italy, the expenses of which he thought high, I, on the other hand considered them low. The "Augsburg Allemengue Zeitung", he an Ultra Liberal in his political opinions, called [599] an infamous paper, I, inclined to conservatism, gave it as my opinion that it was a pleasure to find it, and Galignani's "Messenger" in nearly every Italian Coffee house. We took tea and coffee with the ladies and separated at 10.30 p.m.

Thursday, 25th of September 1845. This day was devoted to a highly interesting visit to the Bank of England, for which Mr. Dankaert had procured me a ticket and I much regret that when next morning I tried to note down all I had seen and learned, certainly more than one important circumstance had escaped my memory The white paper on which bank notes are printed with its water mark is not made in the bank nor even in London, the ink used in printing the notes is

made of Linseed oil, and what is called Frankfort black, a substance made from the refuse of grapes. For printing the notes, eight presses are continually at work and to prevent the possibility of a single note being kept back, or concealed, an index put in connection with each press, which by a very ingenious process shows the number of notes thrown off. One clerk is allotted to each press, who in a separate apartment receives through a hole similar to that into which in the Post Office letter are thrown, a small box containing the notes 100 in number so far finished, on which he stamps the dates and numbers, then he returns the box with its contents, and in a few moments receives it again, with another hundred, of course without being numbered and dated. In another room two gentlemen were occupied the whole day with signing these notes, no note once paid into the Bank, is ever reissued, those received are immediately cancelled and in this state are preserved for 10 years in case there should be any [...] to refer to the [...] which time [...] elapsed the notes [...] [600] each year separately are burnt, and it is calculated such burnings when they occur last three days. My companions Mr. Stiepel, Mrs. Dakin, and a female boarder, with myself were conducted into one of the vaults, where one eighth part of the Bank's treasures was kept. In it were piles of gold and silver ingots, the former weighing each Lbs 16 – value £800, the latter lbs 80, value each £320. Small bags filled with ten Dutch guilders, larger ones with Spanish and other dollars. In the Bullion Office men were occupied in emptying boxes filled with dollars just as they had come from the West Coast marked F. H. L. (F. Huth Lima). In another room a young man was busy weighing the sovereigns paid into the Bank, he had before him a small machine in which he placed ten at a time, it was so constructed that those which were too light fell to one side whilst those of due weight fell to the other; the former were immediately cut in two and thus put out of circulation, the loss on each light coin was calculated not to exceed four pence. In another apartment which served as an office round the walls stood heavy iron safes in which the gold and silver English coins, also the notes ready for circulation were kept. Four small parcels of paper were placed in our hands, their value not less than £2,000,000, each parcel contained five hundred notes, each note of a thousand pounds value. Other offices were similar to those that I had seen in the private Banking houses in Lombard St. Young men were standing behind broad counters paying and receiving money, gold, silver and paper, again in another warrants were issued which enabled the owners of them to receive their dividend [...] [601] English funds and these were paid in an adjoining room. On our return from the bank, Mrs. Dakin ordered lunch to be served, and some what later I drove to Mrs. Grautoff's, Herne Hill who had invited her Brother and his wife to meet me, Bernard was however unable to leave the Counting house, and Louisa excused herself under plea

of indisposition, thus I dined only with Marion, her daughter Caroline, and her son Albert, who had managed to get leave of absence from the Office. In Mrs. Grautoff's company time never hung heavy, she had not only always something to say, but knew how to introduce topics of mutual interest. For form's sake Albert and I remained a little time over our wine, but quickly followed the ladies to the drawing room; pretty engravings of Italian costumes were brought in, and thus without my being aware of it, it was eleven O'clock, the hour for separating; at Mrs. Grautoff's as well as at the Cresswells' it was the custom to say Grace before dinner.

Friday, 26th of September 1845. Our breakfast was as late as nine O'clock, this meal was also very nice and neatly served. Albert and I returned to town together; the weather was splendid. In my lodgings I occupied myself with drawing out assortments and making up samples to be forwarded to Daniel Schutte in Hamburg. I was interrupted by a visit which I thought strange and out of place, namely that for the two Miss Bowrings who called to invite me to their house and in the evening to take tea and crumpets. I dined for 13 1/2d certainly not an extravagant expense then called on my Aunt and Mrs. Dubois both of whom [602] had just returned from their excursion to South End. When I reached the Bowring's house in Islington, they were already at tea, however I had my share, the father, Mr. Bowring, had to go out, but left in his place, his eldest daughter, nearly 41 years old, no doubt for the purpose of taking care of the young people, besides the previously mentioned, Mr. Wiener, there was another Boarder, a Mr. Dietrich young, and diffident. We again played whist for love laughed and talked continually, when on my return home, I reflected how I had spent the evening, I was really surprised, that married, and not young, I had been able to keep up for several hours, such a lively conversation, or rather nonsensical chat as I had done, with these two young girls, whose principal charms were youth blooming cheeks, smiling lips, and unaffected manners. When Mr. Bowring returned, we had a glass of wine, at eleven O.C. I was in Finsburys Square.

Saturday, 27th of September 1845. Somewhat past 5 O'clock Ferdinand Reincke and I were at my Aunt's in Cummin St., she, having invited us to dine with her, to celebrate her daughter's birthday, a small party assembled in the first storey, in a room arranged for the purpose; down stairs in the parlor, we dined – the following sat down old Mrs. Dubois, one of her nephews, Mrs. Willink, Frances, John Cresswell, Robert and Maria Cresswell, Miss Bolus Frances' friend, a young Mr. Brooks, Reincke and myself; I sat between Mrs. Willink and Maria Cresswell. I wish that one of the many writers, who authoritatively state that the English ladies are the most reserved in the world had been present at this party – I am fully convinced, he would have changed his opinion; in no part of

the globe could a mer[] [603] set have met, every one appeared happy, and bent on contributing to the general entertainment. My aunt and my cousin, Frances, called me "Henry", which was but natural, but that Maria Cresswell and Robert should have done the same, showed that even with the latter, the intimacy between us was great. Robert as soon as the cloth was removed, proposed the health of her niece – dinner over, and the toast having been duly honored, we went up stairs to take coffee, after which we again descended to the apartment below. Whilst Miss Bolus sang and played, of course silence was kept, otherwise the chattering was incessant. I presented Frances with a Cameo brooch bought in Rome but set in Altona. Reincke and I left at eleven O'clock highly pleas [...] very much with the kindness that had been shown them.

Sunday, 28th of September 1845. By eleven O clock, I was in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, a small but pretty structure. On both sides of the organ the children boys and girls were seated on benches, one above the other, the service was of course celebrated according to the Anglican mode but the singing owing to the children's voices was sweeter than it generally is. The anthem was sung by a single beautiful tenor voice, the sermon was plain merely treating on a well known truth, that one ought to choose one's friends among the virtuous, the preacher dilated on this subject in a very proper manner, and added that in his opinion, it was no where said in the Bible, that friends would recognize each other in the world to come, this lasted till one o'clock, two hours later I was in Doctor's Commons, whence I walked with Miss Maria Cresswell to attend [] [604] noon service in St. Paul's; there was no time to examine the monuments with which the interior is adorned. The small space reserved for divine worship is separated by a screen from the rest of the church. Miss Cresswell seemed quite at home, on addressing a few words to the Verger he showed me to a gallery where she placed me in a carved arm chair with a crimson velvet cushion and a footstool before me, on a desk lay a large prayer book, with large clear type; the singing I considered not so good as that I had heard in the Foundling Hospital, the anthem was sung by high male voices, the sermon, I beg Mr. Hall's (the Preacher) pardon, was in my opinion absurd. He spoke about the quarrels between the Archangel Michael and Satan, concerning the body of Moses, and who should be its possessor, and also of some extraordinary miracles performed by the angels quite as apochryphal. At the dinner table (at Mr. Dubois') I did not hesitate to say that such were fables and were unworthy of belief. At 5 O'clock Mr. Cresswell and I went pr. omnibus to Sloane St. there to dine at Mr. Edward Dubois'. If I had been amused on the previous day here I was delighted, it would have been impossible to have been in more entertaining society. Mr. Dubois perhaps 70,

tall and erect, with fine black eyes, gray curling hair, and aquiline nose, was still a handsome man, notwithstanding his advanced age, almost as lively as in 1815 when he courted Miss Harriet Cresswell, and the same now as then full of fun, and witticisms. Of Mrs. Dubois I spoke the other day and of the daughter, Emma, who sat to my right at dinner, I had now a good opportunity of [605] judging. She was about this time 26, neither timid or reserved, on the contrary frank and communicative – during the two hours the conversation lasted, at [...] not a moment's lull, [...] dest son, Edward, Douglas, and Theodore, his younger brothers were nice [...] men, and particularly polite to me, all three [...] studying the law, there were besides, two [...]ssrs. Brookes, a pretty young girl, Miss Sewell [...]mas friend and finally Robert and Maria Cresswell. Miss Dubois played on the piano, and [...] English, French and German songs also [...]. At 11 p.m. I drove with Robert and [...] in a cab as far as the top of Ludgate [...] (cost 2s) thence I walked home. In 1871 I [...] Dubois is still alive, but her husband [...] Maria are all dead, also my Aunt.

Monday, 29th of September 1845. After breakfast Stiepel and I went to many shops in the city, in the course of our peregrinations we had an opportunity of seeing the cumbrous heavy gilt old fashioned Lord Mayer's coach, followed by two equally antiquated vehicles of the Sherrieff driving along Cheapside; the canvassing for the election of the next Lord Mayor was going on, placards were pasted on the walls and also carried about on long poles, some with Johnstone's name, some with Alderman Wood's, the rival candidates for the Mayoralty. At a later hour I called on the Bowrings, where I invited the two young girls to go with me to the Vauxhall Garden. In the evening I looked in at Gibbs' to say Good day to Mr. William, who had come in today from Tynesfield. At a later hour I returned to Islington, but the weather had turned [...] [606] unfavorable that we could not go to the Gardens; I finished my day at my Aunt's, who never tired of [...]ing of her son Diedrick.

Tuesday, 30th of September 1845. As quite a day, as the preceding, I [...] ceived a letter from Mr. Daniel Schutte, who [...] signed the agreement above spoken of, to ac [...] my agent in Hamburg, now expressed a wish to be become my partner, to which I replied [...] the negative. In the evening I went to the Bo[...] with whom I drove in an omnibus to the [...] Zoological Gardens, where we arrived [...] fire works were over. We walked to Vauxhall [...] it was shut up also. We called then, on [...] acquaintances of the young ladies, and ret [...] ton St. Vincent's Terrace, where the Bowrings [...] one of the young ladies played and sang, accompanied by her sister. I walked home at 11 O.c. not having been particularly well entertained, and having come to the conclusion, that the two sister though good natured and goodtempered, were rather deficient in intellectual qualities, and insignificant.

Wednesday, 1st of October 1845. In my notes of Monday last, I have omitted to add, that the contest for the Mayoralty resulted in favor of Johnstone, Wood was rejected by the court of Aldermen owing to some suspicions of unfair dealing on his part in former years. Johnstone the mayor elect, was the son of a common Irish pavior; he carried on the trade of his father on a large scale, making contracts for the pavement not only of streets but also of large parishes. In the forenoon of this day, I was at home occupied preparing of my departure. After an early dinner I went in a cab [...] [607] Gibbs' counting house where Mr. W. Gibbs who had invited me to spend a day or two at his country seat, jumped in, and after a moment's stoppage at his town house, in Hyde Park Street, We reached the Paddigton Station, in time for the 5 O.C. train to Bristol. We of course went first class, the seats were divided, so that each passenger sat as if in an arm chair, otherwise the stuffing and accommodation was scarcely superior to the second class on the Altona-Kiel Line. This R-way. being on the broad gauge principle, the carriages were wider than those in which I had hitherto travelled; they were partitioned lengthways, so that each four passengers sat in a compartment by themselves, one to the right, and one to the left. As long as day light lasted, I admired the pretty country, to my left or Southward, I noted the Lunatic asylum, Windsor Castle, the elegant Slough station, all objects fresh in my memory, since my journey in 1843. The Electric Telegraph just beginning to be known in 1845, attracted my particular attention, when we arrived at the splendid station of Swinden, it appeared to me as if I had been there only a few weeks before, so well did I remember everything. A cup of tea cost us each sixpence, and for three slices of bread and butter Mr. Gibbs paid eighteenpence. He and I conversed on many subjects, by 9.35 p.m. we arrived at the Bristol terminus – distance from London, 112 miles – thus including stoppages, many in number, we had travelled at the rate, two minutes and a half (a little less perhaps) pr. mile. Having waited in vain for Mr. Gibbs' carriage [...] [608] a fly, and at 11 O'clock p.m. we arrived at his place Tyntsfield; his lady and an elderly female friend of hers were still waiting for us. I was presented to them, but little notice was taken of me, Mrs. Gibbs in an undress, sleepy and yawning, only conversed with her husband, after a little time, the domestics came in, two females, and prayers were read; afterwards I was shown my sleeping apartment, the room, comfortable, but the bed, not curtained!

Thursday, 2nd of October 1845. When looking out of my window I saw before me meadows and woods belonging to the property, the land gradually rising to a continuation of heights, which confined the horizon. At the foot of them ran the "Bristol and Exeter Rway." At 8 O.C. I descended to the breakfast room, the first to appear was an elderly lady Mrs. Bra[n]skarn, the widow of

a later partner of Gibbs in Cadiz, now on a visit at Tyntesfield, the little girl with her. Honor Davy was a daughter of a niece of her's married to a cousin of G. Thos. Davey of Valparaiso. Mrs. Goodfellow (Mother inlaw to Mr. Heyne and Davy), whose maiden name was Leigh, was also cousin to Mrs. Bra[n]karn. Mrs. Goodfellow, I was told was at this time in Jersey, with her grand son, John Heynes eldest boy, instead of placing at school, she took him with her wherever she went. Next came the lady of the house, the Governess with two of the elder children Dorothea abbreviated into Dolly a nice little thing and Anthony who did not please me so well as his sister; and then the servants 3 male and four female all knelt, whilst Mr. Gibbs read mornings prayers. Mrs. Gibbs appeared to be near her confinement, she had a slight impediment [...] her speech, these two circumstances [609] may perhaps explain her taciturnity and quietness. The breakfast was plain, tea, bread and butter and eggs; this over, Mr. Gibbs took me through his grounds, masons, carpenters, and other artisans were at work, walls were being built, walks laid out, shrubs planted etc., etc. The house in the Tudor style, was built of sandstone, with a castellated appearance, several hundred acres of land belonged to the estate, two farms were let, one Mr. Gibbs worked on his own account more for pleasure than profit. The adjoining estate of Belmont was owned by Mr. George Gibbs, Mr. William's cousin, and also brother-in-Law – partner of Gibbs [...]right & Co., Liverpool – formerly of Gibbs, Son and [...]right of Bristol. Thither Mr. Gibbs and I walked. Mr. George, an elderly man, who was in his study, received me in a polite manner, and I liked him well, so also his lady who kept me company, when the two Gentlemen went out together. After our return to Tyntesfield and before lunch which was served hot and answered for the purpose of dinner for the Governess, and children, Mr. Gibbs and I walked out – his property was wooded, Elms preponderating, among the trees – he showed me the dairy particularly neat and clean, a marble fountain played in the centre, refreshing the air. Till 3 p.m. I was in my own room, then we drove out together of course in Mr. Gibbs carriage, but rather to my surprise with hired horses, for his own, he said, would suffer too much from the hilly country, over which our way lay. On a fine day these inequalities in the ground would no doubt have presented many a pretty view, but this day the thick atmosphere and the occasional rain prevented me from distinguishing any thing even at a short distance. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs called [...] various houses of their neighbors liv [...] [610] great distance from each other, with some they left their cards, at one they alighted. Whilst they were in the house, I took up a book left in the carriage, it treated on religious matters. Also in the library at Tyntesfield, which I had the curiosity to inspect, I found but scantily stocked, the works being solely on religious subjects, Burns' Poems, made one of the few exceptions. The only

daily paper, taken by the family, was the high Tory "Morning Post". We dined at 6 O.cl., the children sat with us but did not eat (having previous by dined), the youngest, Alice, about two years of age I had not seen before. A male servant out of livery and a boy in livery waited. We had, at table, c[.]ried soup, roasted mutton, goose, vegetables, game, and different kinds of pastry, and the usual accompaniments of an English dinner – the wines were Madeira, Sherry, and Port. Every thing was very nice, when after our wine, we joined the ladies, we found our hostess asleep, Mr. Gibbs and I sat down before the fire, after a little conversation, we followed Mrs Gibbs' example, and indulged in an after dinner nap, after tea, prayers; at 10 p.m I withdrew to my bed-room. Mrs. Gibbs in my original diary I have said gained on nearer acquaintance, at dinner, when dressed, she really looked well. In complexion pale, eyes of a greyish color, eyes brows well defined, nose delicately shaped, teeth white and regular. I must acknowledge I was much astonished to find that, occupying as she did, the position of wife to a very eminent merchant, she knew so little of what was going on in the outer world, she had not heard of Ronge, Czerski, not even of the at this time much talked about work: "The wandering Jew" by Eugene Sue [.] life she led was in my opinion too [.] [611] too quiet, at 11 O clock I was in my room. Window shut, Thermometer Reaumer 13 1/2 R., Faht. 63°.

Friday, 3rd of October 1845. The weather was beyond measure bad. It rained, the whole day long, so that excepting prayers, Breakfast and Lunch, I was in my room the whole forenoon writing letters to some of my friends. Mr. Gibbs told me he had been similarly occupied with a long epistle to Wm. J. Myers & Co., Lpool., which firm and that of Antony Gibbs' and Sons were for several years joint sellers of huano in Grt. Britain, receiving it from Quiroz Allier & Co. of Lima. Myers had been the original importers, but in course of time when the sales increased and the freights to be paid required an enormous out-lay, they needed assistance and Gibbs' entered with them into the business. Some years after Myers withdrew, and Gibbs remained sole Consignees, until 1860, when the Peruvian G.ment or rather Congress took the Consignment out of their hands, and divided it, between various houses, each house, being a consignee for a sale in a different country. So it went on till Augt./69, when the entire business was again low contracted in the hands of Dreyfus Bros. & Co. At lunch a stiffness prevailed, and a quietness which might be the pink of gentility, but to me was irksome – not a word was spoken, when the children opened their little mouths they were silenced with a hush! from their mother, only little Alice was allowed the privilege of speaking, or making some noise. At 4 o clock the sky cleared and a little afterwards I went outside but the grass was so wet, the soil so muddy and slippery that I did not derive the least pleasure from my walk. At a distance to the S. West I could see the waters of the

Bristol Channel. At 6 O.C. we drove to dine at Belmont [...] [612] found only the family Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gibbs, Mrs. Joseph Gibbs, and Miss Anne Gibbs. In the drawing room very comfortably furnished – a large fire blazed in the grate, most acceptable, on such a day as this was – I led Mrs. George Gibbs to the table who sat to my left, Mrs. Joseph to my right. Of course dinner was in good style, Cider was handed round, the little wine drunk at table surprised me, Mrs. George, the day, before so agreeable, now showed such a reserve, that I did not address a single word to her, not much more to Mrs. Joseph. The general conversation was dull and I scarcely took any share in it, thus left to my own reflections I wondered what might be the cause of the ladies' failure in the common rules of politeness, namely of making a guest, and a stranger feel at home – was it haughtiness? Was it ignorance? Or was it an erroneous opinion, that to be reserved and distanced was a sign of good breeding? When the ladies had retired I remained with the Gentlemen, Mr. Wm. Gibbs was always friendly, Mr. George rather deaf, endeavoured to make me feel at home, and frequently addressed me. At tea and coffee the same frigidity reigned, and I was really not sorry when we left at 10 O'clock. A custom prevailed in the Gibbs' family which struck me with surprise, the male and female members kissed one another, on meeting and parting, Mr. Wm. saluted in this manner Mrs. Bra[n]skarn. In course of conversation the former told me, that Tyntesfield had cost him £20,000, more or less, adding in a jocular manner, "I could well do so out of the profits of the Bark speculations" he also expressed [...] [613] hope he might shortly retire from business. I suppose he meant from active cooperation in Counting house work, for till now, June 1st 1871, he has the "Lions" share in the house, for José María Costas told me a few days back, that he is supposed to be worth at least £3,000,000. Henry Gibbs, son of the late George Henry in 1845, 26 yrs. old had lately married and was on the Continent for his health, his father at the time of his death settled on him, in "entail" an estate of value.

Saturday, 4th of October 1845. This day Mr. Gibbs had fixed on for his departure, in company with Mr. Geo. Gibbs for Exeter, thence to Teignmouth, I, for mine, to Liverpool, accordingly, after prayers and breakfast I entered a gig which stood at the door, with it a footman, who took the reins. This was the first place, which, after being invited by its owner to spend a few days with him, I left without any regret, since my arrival in Europe. To the kind hearted Seymours of Sea Point, the quiet unpretending Rodgers at Bridge Lands, the rich aristocratic Edwards of Pie Nest I had been sorry to bid farewell, but at Tyntesfield the reverse was the case. I rejoiced when I turned my back on it, of my host I had not the slightest reason to complain but Mrs. Gibbs' chilling reserve had been such as to damp the gaiety – and to depress the flow of good spirits, of which I could boast in 1845. I felt that both the one, and the other,

would have been out of place, and thus it may be easily conceived, that I again breathed more freely when I had left behind me, the Sandstone Mansion of Tyntesfield, with its Tudor castellated architecture. The day was pretty fair, the road from Tyntesfield to Bristol leads [...] [614] nay hilly country, partly wooded and partly cultivated. On approaching Bristol, the town of Clifton came in sight, a row of handsome white buildings, on the summit of a rather high hill, to the left of us, then we skirted the town of Bristol, a canal, a dry dock, and crossing a small bridge arrived at the Railway terminus. The train for Birmingham left at 11 O.cl. for some time I was undecided by which class to go, I fixed on the 2nd for I thought that the price or rather saving between the two, was well worth the trifling inconvenience of a few hours. The carriages were as wide as on the Bristol line. The seats of the second, merely boards without any stuffing, the sides open, without glass windows, the company of course very mixed, Passengers went out and in without my taking any notice of them fare 15/6. The country wore the usual aspect of the English Champaign, fine meadows, fields under cultivation, now being the time for manuring, here and there a small wood, a village, a solitary farm house, a Gentleman's country seat. By 1 Ock. We arrived at Gloucester where the carriages were changed, and every one had to look out sharp for his luggage. In 1845 it was not the custom in England, so general on the Continent, to give tickets for the packages. Many years passed before this improvement was adopted. From Gloucester onwards we travelled on the narrow gauge, the second Class carriages were provided with glass windows, otherwise uncomfortable as the previous ones. We were half an hour behind time; in reaching Bir [...] [615] I bought two biscuits, and on we went, fare 14s. Wolverhampton is the most important place between Birmingham and Liverpool; just before the latter town, we entered a tunnel, whence we emerged into the Lime St. Station, in the centre of the town, whence an omnibus took me to the Stork Hotel Queen's Square, where I had put up in 1843. In the Traveller's room, I took tea with excellent cold meat, and saw in the papers that Earl Spencer had died; when Lord Althorp he was well known as Leader in the House of Commons at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, Earl Grey being then at the head of the administration. The R-way. mania was about now at it's height, several supplementary sheets were filled with advertisements of Railways projected and with concessions granted.

Sunday, 5th of October 1845. Till 10 Ock. a.m. I was in the Commercial room, breakfasting, and writing, other Gentleman were similarly occupied, for in these rooms, writing apparatus were always at hand. My cousin Diedrick Willink's lodgings were in N^o 61, N[t]. Bedford St. (Miss McDonalds'). I easily found him out, he appeared to me quite a different person, from what he had been two years ago, perhaps he had actually altered, perhaps and this is

more likely, now with the aid of my spectacles I could clearly distinguish his features which in 1843, I could not. We conversed in English then in German, which language he could not speak very fluently and with a foreign accent, and again fell into English. We entered the Chapel of the Blind Asylum, somewhat similar to that of the Foundling in London, here like there the children [] [616] ranged on both sides of the organ; the service and singing were also the same; as regard the sermon, it is really a pity, in my opinion at least, that the preachers in all Protestants Countries did not limit themselves to inculcate from the Pulpit sound moral principles, they frequently indulge in explanations of dogmas, of sentences from the Bible, which may be good in themselves, but of no use to the audience, this one made no exception to the general rule. Service being over, Diedrick accompanied me to Mr. Schutte's, Shaw St., but the family being at an early dinner 2 O.C., I left my card, and went to Jack's, Nth. Bedford St. I had to wait a few minutes in the parlor, elegantly and comfortably furnished before Mrs. Jack came in. She had not forgotten me, since my last visit in 1843, and unlike the ladies of Tyntesfield, she freely entered into conversation with me, and did not think it below her dignity to be agreeable and chatty, till her husband came in; his attention was more taken up with his son Charles John's pranks, than was perhaps consistent with strict politeness, the boy, a fine little fellow of some four yeas of age, was called after his Father. Mrs. Jack, a Scotch woman, daughter of the Revd. Mr. Church, was tall, and fair, her features, not exactly handsome, were prepossessing. Jack, I found was the same as I had always known him, perhaps the harshness of the otherwise excellent character of "Juan Doble" of Arequipa, had been somewhat smoothed down in the course of his connubial life. His three other children were girls, two of whom, older than their Brothers had in their eyes the same [617] sinister expression which I had occasionally noticed in their father's countenance when in deep thoughts or in anger. It was 3 O.Clock when I left and the weather having much changed for the better I determined on taking a walk into the country – first to the Edge Hill, here the R-way. enters into the Tunnel, about two miles long, reaching to Lime St. Station; in this part I lost my way, but keeping to the right, I came to the banks of the Mersey, to the Docks and Custom-house, thence to my lodgings, where I dined on fried soles, beefsteak and apple dumpling, my porter and ale I divided with Diedrick, who, after having dined at Mr. Stolterfohts, now kept me company till 10 O.cl.

Monday, 6th of October 1845. At 10 Oclock a.m., Diedrick called and accompanied me to the office of Gibbs, Bright, & Co., a splendid establishment in North John St., when I mounted the stairs, Mr. Bright came running down, he shook my hand warmly, invited me to dine with him, adding that a bedroom was at my disposal at West Derby. Upstairs I found Mr. Shutte, and Mr. Eck.

For information regarding the Lima market, they referred me to Monday, one of the head Clerks, who gave me all the details I required. The West Indian Mail which, arrived in Southhampton on the 4th had brought Lima letters dated Augt. 5th; only two months old, at that time a rapidity unheard of. Gibbs, Crawley & Co. had sold the two cases of Muslin handkerchiefs with printer borders, bought by me, from Mayer of St. Galle at 14 reales, per dozen in bond, which [...] [620] 24 reales; thus my gain on them was 4 to 5 pr. Cent only, a miserable result; nevertheless I gave Meyer another order for two cases, if he could give me the same article which he had charged three florins for, at 2 3/4 per doz. At 5 Ocl. Mr. Bright, a nephew of his, son of Bright of Bristol, Eck and I went in an omnibus to Mr. Bright's very handsome house in West Derby. His lady whose maiden name was Jones, a member of one of the richest families in Liverpool was friendly towards me, and this time I liked her better than I had done the year before. Conversation at dinner though not so dull as at Mr. Wm. Gibbs' was not particularly interesting. The children, eight in number, including a little cousin, Miss Jones came in when the dessert was placed on the table – their spirits were not so much repressed and checked as at Tyntesfield. At tea time Mr. Eck disappeared for a few moments, and reappeared in a rich dress, that of an Andalusian Majo, with silk stockings, breeches, jacket covered with bell shaped buttons, a waistcoat of a costly texture and a sash round his waist. He looked very well, and sang, accompanying himself on the guitar, and in his assumed character appeared so fascinating, at least to the two elder daughters respectively 14, and 12 years of age, that they could not keep their eyes from him, and when they had to retire at 10 Ock, with their mother they could not conceal that to them it was much too early. Mr. Bright had been meanwhile perusing a number of letters, received from the West Coast. At 11 O.C. we withdrew to our respective rooms.

Tuesday, 7th of October 1845. Mr. Bright, his nephew, and I took an early breakfast. An omnibus conv[er] [...] [621] us to Liverpool, thence the train in little more than an hour to Manchester, 32 miles distant, in the same carriage sat Mr. Wm. J. Meyers whose good natured countenance was much to my liking, and another Gentleman, name unknown, who opened letter after letter, all addressed to [...] Edwards & Co. When I alighted from the train I had a momentary glimpse of Christian Hellman, when I separated from the Brights, I went to the office of Mr. Rt. Yates, Gibbs' agent, with him, I was occupied the whole forenoon, making purchases on my account, amounting nearly to £900, the details of which belong to my mercantile books. We had merely time to snatch a hasty dinner in a room, to which we had to descend several steps. I learned to my surprise from Mr. Yates, that the two young Robertsons, sons of Wm. Parish Robertson, before leaving for South America, had been

in Manchester for some time, and still owed him about £70, which the father though he knew of the circumstance had not refunded, as little had he (the father) repaid to Rodgers a similar sum borrowed from him. We returned to L-pool. by the 5 O.Clock train, the remainder of the day I was in my hotel, taking tea and reading the papers in which it was said that in Algeria there had been a general rising against the French, and that in the Caucasus the Russians made but little way, or rather satisfactory progress, against the Natives.

Wednesday, 8th of October 1845. The first hours of the day I was busy writing letters in the Counting House of Gibbs, Bright & Co. I, then went out to make several calls, on Hellman [...] [622] on Samuel Laing; Don Diego Power, La[n]g appeared in very good health, agreeable, talkative, and as pompous as ever. Valdeavellano & Co. in Lima had suspended payment, Alsopp & Co. and Dickson & Co. being the principal Creditors. The former for \$20,000, the latter for \$17,000. Otto Fink of La Paz was in June 1845 still in debt to Laings house in Valparaiso for purchases made in June 1843. Diego Power, a native of Arequipa, and of Irish Extraction preferred living in England, and in the office of Mr. Atherton a Gentleman whom I did not relish, he had a little room where he wrote and read the papers; with him I went in search of my old good friend James Watson Leadley, but without success. On the other hand we met John Yates nicknamed "Lion Yates", with whom I had been acquainted since my arrival in South America – and now with his big mouth reaching from ear to ear and chewing tobacco he was quite as disagreeable as he had always been to me. At 6 O cl. I was invited to dinner at Jacks, besides myself the Guests were a stout Scotch lady, in mourning like Mrs. Jack probably a relation, and two young men, Clerks I supposed sons of correspondents of Jack's. I need hardly say dinner was very nice as it is always in the houses of wealthy English families, a servant in black, with enormous shoulder knots, a distinction I had not observed before in any other house, waited at table. The conversation ran for some time on noble persons with whom the Jacks had come into contact when on a visit to Douglas in the isle of Man, the religious squabbles in Germany, Eugene Sue French Novels, Bulwer's Novel of Ernest Maltravers then came on the tapis so I took great cares not to say anything which might [623] offend Mrs. Jack's delicacy, yet on coming home, and reflecting, I feared that I might have given utterance to some opinion, not quite in accordance with the austere religious principles in which she, the daughter of a Scotch Clergyman, had been brought up. As regards Jack, recollecting what he had been in Arequipa, I had not much faith in his devotional feelings, nor did I think them deeply rooted – they must have been the growth of later years. After tea I left at 10 O.C.

Thursday, 9th of October 1845. This day I had fixed on for paying a visit to the family of Garland, who lived in Bootle, 3 miles to the N. West of L-pool., this family consisted of an old lady, and her 3 daughters, Mother and Sisters of Gerard Garland. Then in 1845 and still in June 1871 when I dictate these lines a resident in Lima – Garland's name has occasionally occurred in these Extracts, and will henceforth be mentioned more frequently. I therefore think it not out of place to give an account, in anticipation of what I know of him. His native place is Hull. In 1832 when I, then head of Gibbs Crawley & Co. in Arequipa came to Lima, on account of my health, he was in the employ of Heyworth & Co. with a very moderate salary and was induced by Charles Crawley to enter, as a Clerk into the Arequipa firm of Gibbs; accordingly in Sept. of the said year, he and I travelled to Arequipa by land, for vessels scarcely ever offered from Callao, to Islay at that time – and if they did, the passage, lasted from 20 to 30 days – to accelerate our Journey. We did not encumber ourselves with beds, and reached Arequipa in a fortnight. He was at the time scarcely 20 years of age slender and rather good looking; [624] he made himself pleasant to my wife, and spent many hours in my family for I liked him; my daughter Rosa was about 14 years old, my son Juan at school in Germany, Enriqueta a child. In 1833 when I was called to Lima and Went took my place in Arequipa, Garland remained, but one or two years later, when Hayne visited the latter place and found that Went and Garland did not pull well together, he brought the latter to Lima, where he made himself so useful in every situation which he undertook and was intrusted to him, that in 1842 on my leaving, he took my place as Chef du Bureau, but with a smaller share in the profits of the house than I had had. He is an excellent accountant though not a ready cipherer and a good though somewhat prolix correspondent. Meanwhile the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, every Sunday and holiday he dined with us. Everyday in the week he was at our teatable, and it is not to be wondered at, that Enriqueta who had grown up a pretty and engaging young girl, and he became attached to each other and in July 1848 they were married. At this time Garland was in the height of his prosperity, on the high road to affluence, but unfortunately for him, he and Went could not agree for over six months, the business was not so lucrative as Garland expected, then in a evil hour he listened to the suggestions of an North American, Alexander Ruden established in Paita and other Americans, McCall, Forster and Polhemus who made him believe that he would do well as acting partner of Ruden Co. in Paita. A [...] could not have [...] [625] taken. To leave on his own accord the house of Wm. Gibbs & Co. who had already entered the Huano business, and to bury himself in Paita no one could believe. Nevertheless so it was, this happened in 1851, how many years

the partnership lasted with Ruden I do not know neither if at the time of their separation Garland had increased or not, the capital he had when he left Gibbs'. What was now to be done? There was in Paita a North American Adventurer Alfred Duval, who called himself an Engineer. He persuaded Garland that the oil extracted from the seeds of a plant, called Higuierilla the "Palma Christi" growing abundantly in the vicinity of Paita would find a rapid and profitable sale for the purpose of lubricating the machinery used in steamers and in the estates along the coast. This was true, but who was there to gather the seeds – no one – and thus after much money was laid out, in buying ground, putting up machinery and building sheds etc. the speculation had necessarily to be abandoned. Garland's finances were now very low. We have come to the year 1860, when the international war broke out in the North American States, when the price of cotton rose from day to day and many landed Proprietors on the coast of Peru turned their attention to the cultivation of this plant. Pedro Arese was the owner of much land on both sides of the River Chira, a few leagues to the N.E. of Paita, it was wooded and a yet uncultivated, but the soil fertile requiring only irrigation to produce almost everything. These lands however lay at a great elevation above the river so that they could only be watered by the means [...] [626] worked by steam. Garland made a contract with Arese for 15 years, the details of which I do not recollect. Arese had to contribute the ground, Garland, the labor – both, money in equal amounts – the profits to be divided. Duval procured machinery from the United States, but of so little power did it turn out, that it could scarcely irrigate more than 150,000 plants, and the quantity of raw cotton sent home was very insignificant, just at the time when prices ranged so high, consequently the profits could not amount to much. Money was required to pay the cost of the new machinery, the Engineer, the Machine builder, other subalterns and the laborers in "Monte Abierto" (the name given to the New plantation) and as Arese was short of ready money, at all times – as Garland had no capital of his own, and as moreover, not withstanding his wife's economy, his expenses, owing to his numerous family were great, the natural consequence was, that he became more and more involved in debt. For several years not with standing his apathy and indifference evident on every occasion, his mental anxieties must have been severe, until about the year 1867 signs of an improvement in his situation became more apparent. Mr. Schutte and I had had high words, but the quarrel between us in 1866, was of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of a reconciliation and as I absolutely refused every proposal to take charge of the house, Schutte who was anxious to leave Peru, had to look for other persons to take his place, he turned his attention to Garland and my son Juan, made them offers, which were accepted by both [...] the latter withdrew after the lapse of less [627] than

six months. Garland situated as he was could not but bless his stars for this unexpected opening and since March 1868, when to my great satisfaction the old firm of H. Witt & Schutte was changed into Schutte & Co., he has been the active partner of this house, Schutte being absent in Europe, I do not recollect what share Garland has, but I am confident that it will be a difficult task for him to work off the sum he owes to Schutte. From Arrese he separated, selling to him his entire interest in the plantation of Monte Abierto, not one real was paid in cash, and I acquainted with Arrese's want of regularity in his pecuniary transactions apprehend that notwithstanding the documents drawn up in legal form, Garland will never receive a cent of the purchase money.

To return to my Bootle excursion, and to 9th of October – it was with Miss Emma older than Garland, I conversed, his favorite sister perhaps about 35 years old, good looking, with black hair and eyes, but the latter were so swollen and laden with tears, that she could hardly repress them, scarcely had we exchanged a few words when it became clear to me that though in the course of my life I had come into contact with hundreds of females, ladies and women of all nations, never had I seen one like her. She was a compound of nervous irritability and mental depression. Garland had requested her to join him in Lima, and I encouraged her to do so, but her invariably answers were, oh no Mr. Witt, I cannot, my spirits fail me. You do not know what I feel, and so on. I learned from her, that she had had pupils 15 or 16, whom she always spoke of as my fine boys, though there is no doubt there must have been [...] [628] unruly little disobedient fellows, by these means she gained a respectable livelihood. She even taught latin in which language she was such a proficient as to be able to translate Ovid's Epistles into English verse, with a printed copy of which she presented me. Garlands letter calling her to Lima, upset all her plans, she gave up her school, prepared for her departure, then suddenly changed her mind, what may have caused this change she did not tell me, but when she left the room for a moment, her Mother very different from her, a cheerful old Lady, of a determined character gave me to understand that her daughter had been disappointed in love. When Emma returned she continued harping on what she ought to have done, all the while pricking her fingers with a needle and then cutting the raised skin, caused by the puncture, with a pair of scissors – a proceeding rather unusual in the presence of a complete stranger like myself; besides Miss Emma there were two other sisters, Mary-Anne the second who was not at home, the third Frances was a Governess in Ireland. In the evening I drove out with Mr. Bright and his nephew to West Derby, where we were quite by ourselves, host and Hostess were very agreeable. As they intended going on the continent in the ensuing year I had to relate to them a great deal about my late tour and to point out to

them on the Map all the different places I had visited; the daughters were very unaffected, played the piano and at 11 O Clock I retired to my room, when Mr. Bright had the attention to send me a hot drink to take in bed for I had caught a severe cold from travelling in a [_] [629] class carriage.

Friday, 10th of October 1845. After breakfast Mr. Bright questioned me about my travels in South America and whilst I did my best to satisfy his curiosity, I had the pleasure to observe that even his daughters were attentive listeners, a proof that what I related was not void of interest. Together we drove to town and a few hours later I accompanied him on board the "Great Western", a steamer lying in the Coburg dock where we found Mrs. Bright, some of her children and her sister Mrs. Heywood, the Banker's wife. The Captain, Mr. Matthews, treated us with champagne etc., then showed us all over the vessel. Both the Grt. Britain and Grt. Western, running at the time, between Liverpool and New York were consigned to Gibbs, Bright & Co. The Great Western had four masts, had accommodation for 140 odd passengers. The Great Britain with six masts could accommodate 300. Neither took second class. The latter steamer having been on the station but a short time the former was yet the favorite. She (the latter) generally made the passage in about fifteen days, the daily consumption of coal being about 30 tons. I now bade good-bye to Mrs. Bright, and returned to town. In the street I saw John Jack talking with a Gentleman with an extremely dark complexion. Mr. Bright afterwards told me that this was black Graham and head of Graham Rowe & Co. of Lima, a son of his married in later years Rosita, a Limeña by birth, the handsome and accomplished daughter of the excellent Mr. John McClean, the founder of the said firm. A daughter of black Graham had just married Mr. [J.] Rowe, [...] [630] me in Lima, of whom I will subjoin two anecdotes. A short time after his arrival when he was head of the firm he rushed into Gibbs store in Lima one day with the words "what is Cloth worth?" for this question from its vaqueness, he was much laughed at, for the most insignificant shopkeepers know that the quality of it differs materially and the prices vary accordingly. When married he was quite as much an object of ridicule for his rigid observance of Sunday or the Sabbath as he said, on this day no fire was lighted, all the provisions were cooked the preceding day. Young William Cotesworth a clerk in the house even asserted though this may be an exaggeration that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rowe would eat fruit if they thought it had been gathered on Sunday, consequently many a fine "Chirimoya" and "Palta", fell to his share, which, added he "I should not otherwise have had".

I dined at Samuel Langs, who resided to the north of Liverpool, his house was small, prettily furnished, with a pleasant view over the surrounding country. We were Mrs. Lang insignificant only remarkable for her large

nose, Miss Lang plain, Mr. Middleton a young man, partner of Blundell then in Singapore and his wife the most agreeable of the whole party. We dined, took tea, had some music and singing and I then drove home. Lang as he had always been was his own trumpeter, a term which he applied to a certain Mr. Valentine Smith. He said among other things, that he himself spoke Spanish so well, that in South America he was often taken for a native, there is no doubt he spoke the language well, I believe I have [...] Valentine Smith's name in the first [631] Vol. of these extracts, but whether or not, he merits a short notice, if it were for no other reason but his sudden death, and I may say even tragic. He came to Arequipa in 1830 or 1831, where he took charge of Dickson's Establishment, after John Robinson had been turned out; he was perhaps two years my senior, honest, and upright, gay and cheerful in society, and a good man of business, though as Lang said singing his own praise. Miss Flora Tristan who travelled with him from Islay to Arequipa says in her work – "that he brought to the deserts of America the polite manners of an English Dandy." At a later period he during the absence of Henry Read managed the business of Tayleurs, Read & Co. of Lima. Soon after he went home and came out again as representative of the Frenchman Roux, to Huth Gruning & Co. a complete change had come over him in regard to his religious opinions, on Sunday he would do no kind of work, would not allow any one to speak to him on business. On Saturday night when reading his correspondence, as soon as the clock struck 12, he closed his letters and did not look at them again till Monday Morning. When again in Liverpool some night or other a large meeting was convened in a public building, where certain speakers were to hold forth on some religious subject, considered of great importance; Valentine Smith had made up his mind to take his turn after the first speaker but broke down – he was over excited and so greatly agitated that he was taken ill on the spot and shortly afterwards died. Blundell mentioned above is the same of whom I have spoken in these Extracts and who [...] [632] greatly influenced my destiny. Gibb's sent him to Gibraltar on account of his fine handwriting, me to South America, where my indifferent penmanship would do. Many years later, when Blundell had also come out to Gibb's on the West Coast, Mr. Charles Crawley spoke to me of him, as a thorn in our side, which must be got rid of. In the coffee room my cousin Diedreick was waiting for me and we remained together till past midnight.

Saturday, 11th of October 1845. Mrs. Grautoff had written me a note inviting me to dine with her, this day being her birthday. I therefore made up my mind to go to London by the night train, which left L-pool., not from the terminus in Lime St., but outside the town, from the Edge Hill, whither I went about 3 O.Clock having whiled away the intervening time as well as I could in the

Coffee room, accompanied by a porter, who carried my luggage. I took my seat in a first class carriage, and was I think the only traveller. The train started at 4 a.m. I wrapped myself up well, and comfortably settled in a corner was soon fast asleep. In Warrington, I was asked for the fare, £2, frequently did we stop to deliver and receive letters, and as often, did I awake, but on the whole slept well till I entered Birmingham at 8 O clock; where We changed trains, I had henceforth now and then one or two Companions. At One O clock We were at the Euston Square Station, a cab conveyed me to Mrs. Dakins, Finsbury Square, where Mr. Stiepel occupied my old room; I ob [...] as good. In Gibbs' [...] [633] I found many letters, which had been delivered there for me, and then drove in an omnibus to Herne Hill, where in celebration of her birthday Mrs. Grautoff had invited a few friends. At dinner of course, she sat at the head of the table, to her left Miss Monkhouse, an elderly unmarried lady related to the De la Fosses, next to her, Mr. De la Fosse, Mrs. B. Charlton, a young Mr. Hoare and Caroline, Albert at the foot, round the corner, Ellen, another Miss Monkhouse, Mrs. De la Fosse, and I. Bernard, no doubt detained in his office, came in at a later hour. Mrs. Grautoff, as she was always, was very agreeable, and had a word to address to every one. She, her daughters, also Mrs. Bernard, a handsome Brunette, had the appearance of being ladies, which I think could hardly be said of Mrs. De la Fosse, and the two Misses Monkhouse, nevertheless as I sat near the former I tried my best to make myself agreeable. Dinner, tea, music and Conversation filled up the time till 10 O.C. when the party separated. I slept in the house, my cold still being very bad, Mrs. Grautoff kindly sent me, some lemonade to take hot in bed.

Sunday, 12th of October 1845. It was a most beautiful morning. We breakfasted as late as 10 O.C. Soon after, I returned to town, I lunched at my Aunt's and by 3 O.Clock was in Grace Church St., whence an omnibus took me to Tulse Hill where Bd. Charlton was residing. It, "Tulse Hill" lies to the south of London, about 5 miles distant, a little further than Brixton. I need hardly add, that the country hereabouts is quite as pretty as it is [...] [634] tensive environs of London. Though already we were in the fourth week of Autumn, the trees had not yet lost their foliage to such an extent, the ground was not so much covered with brown and yellow leaves as I had observed in the vicinity of L-pool., a difference arising in course from this latter place being nearly two degrees more to the North than the Metropolis. It is natural that Nature did not wear here such an Autumnal garb as there. With some difficulty I found out Bernard's dwelling, Park Cottage, a small but neat little place, with a large garden, and a splendid view over meadows, fields, and beautifully group of trees. At a distance the steeple of Herne's hill Church was just distinguishable. Our dinner was of course plain, but this was made up for by our lively and

agreeable chat. Bernard had really a philosophical twin of mind, and took a humorous view of worldly occurrences, and things, that might have distressed other people between us, we finished a bottle of Port. In a lovely moon light night, he accompanied me as far as Brixton whence I returned to London in an Omnibus.

Monday, 13th of October 1845. Whilst I was occupied writing in my room I heard some one speaking Spanish – the sound of this language so familiar to me, induced me to go out to learn, who the speaker was. It was Mr. Wm. Parish Robertson who had brought a certain Julian Melendez to board at Mrs. Dakins. The latter I had known in Lima, where his partner was Don Domingo Castañeda, yet a [...] [Lima] very old, and very wealthy [635] (June 1871) but Melendez is dead. At this time he usually resided in Paris and was connected in business with the young Robertsons, of whose future careers I know little or nothing. Hardly had Mr. Wm. Parish Robertson gone, when Oswald Pflücker appeared; just arrived from the Continent. I strongly advised him not to refuse Mr. Wm. Gibbs' proposal to go to Glasgow where, through the intervention of Mr. Ed. Alexander, he had secured him a situation in a large warehouse, and where in the course of a few months he might acquire some knowledge of manufactured goods, accordingly he decided for leaving for L-pool. this very evening. I dined at Mrs. Willinks, and after dinner accompanied Francis to the Prince Theatre where Mr. McCready after an absence of three years from the stage was to act Hamlet; a tremendous crowd was assembled at the door, however we ventured into it and I, protecting my cousin as well as I could, obtained seats in the dress circle (10 shillings for both) in the second box from the stage, which preventing my having a full view of the stage, even when standing. When McCready made his appearance, the applause was great, it seemed really as if it would never cease nor the waving of handkerchiefs, according to the Times Newspaper it was stated these indications of approbation lasted ten minutes. Mr. McCready looked a Gentleman, his face was handsome, but his voice harsh, and his acting, generally so much admired, I did not like; his fits and starts were not true to nature, I am almost ashamed to say a little song sung by Miss Stanly Ophelia pleased me better than all [...] [638] the Evening's entertainment. Next we had a Court Ball in the custome prevailing in 1740. This was very pretty. Finally a stupid farce, the "Man without a head" – so oblivious, that he even forgot his having been married. Francis and I walked home, the weather could not have been finer. At my Aunt's, we had a little supper, it was 2.30 when I got to my Lodgings.

Tuesday, 14th of October 1845. I felt sleepy, but had too many letters to answer, which I did at Gibbs', to give way to drowsiness. At 6 p.m. I drove to Herne Hill to bid farewell to my dear friends there, for my departure to

South America was close at hand, after dinner a Revd. Mr. Anderson, Curate of the district and his wife came in, we had tea; cakes and wine, at 10 O clock, soon after the visitors left.

Wednesday, 15th of October 1845. Immediately after breakfast I bade good by to Mrs. Grautoff and her daughters – very grateful to the former for all the extraordinary kindness, she had shown me, during my this time residence in London. Caroline had cut out in black paper the profiles of my two sisters which she gave me. Maria's was a good resemblance, Betty's not. In the course of the forenoon, I drove to the Stamford hill to pay a farewell visit to Mrs. Sieveking, with whom I remained perhaps half an hour, she was one of my female acquaintances in London whom I much admired, her husband I did not find in his office. Bernard was in his but had again to walk in the streets to be able to con[] a few words with me. He accompanied [...] [639] the door of the house of Robert and Maria Cresswell, whom I found at their wine, with them I remained but a few minutes, for they had to dress for a dancing party. Mrs. Willink and Frances to whom I next hastened were already in full attire, and both looked very genteel. It was a pity that the Mother had already lost some of her teeth and that the daughter 25 or 26 was very flat in the bust. On taking leave of them, I kissed my Aunt on the eyes. She seemed sad, to part with me, however, jestingly, as her was her habit, she said "well Henry – I think John will not be angry if you give Frances a kiss", both she and I were quite ready to comply with the Mother's behest. In the course of the day Gibbs had given me a letter of introduction to Byrnes of Panamá. In the course of the day, I had bought eight Patriot ounces, each at £3 4s 6d. In my lodgings I was busy packing up till a late hour.

Thursday, 16th of October 1845. Last night I had made my arrangements, in such a complete manner that I could sleep soundly till 7 o'clock and take my breakfast with all leisure; both of which, few travellers can say on the day of their departure for a long voyage. The name of Mrs. Dakin will not again occur in these Extracts, I may on parting bear testimony, that she was an extremely well conducted respectable woman, and that every one who lodged in her house, could not be otherwise than satisfied with the treatment, they received. Ferdinand Reincke came in, and with him I drove to the South Western Station; at Nine Elms, outside of London, by Waterloo Bridge I took a ticket, for the first class Carriages, for the distance to [Southamp-] [640] ton seventy miles I paid 18s. One hundred weight of luggage was allowed, carriage free, for my seven packages, weighing, two and a quarter hundred weight, I had to pay four and sixpence overweight – a mere trifle. My companions were two Gentlemen, not a word was exchanged between us. Of the country through which we passed I have not say anything in my original diary. At 10 minutes to 2 p.m.

we reached the station at Southhampton, where I had to keep a sharp look out after my seven packages, which I took with me to the Rway. Hotel, small and comfortable, but not much frequented, on my way thither I was molested by Watermen, who offered their services, and by other persons presenting cards of different Hotels. I wrote a short time in the Coffee room, dined on roast mutton with vegetables, and strolled through the streets, some of which were broad macadamised and lined on both sides with handsome large houses – just before my hotel, was a large dock yard, also solid quays, and Steamers, some building, others repairing. The ground was covered with rails not for Locomotives but [for] trucks and carts. On the other side of the water I could discern some land which I suppose was the isle of Wight, to the left or eastward a small river falls into the straits which divide the main land from the Island – the opposite shore was hilly and well wooded. For 2 or 3 hours till bed time, I was occupied writing letters to various friends in Altona.

Friday, 17th of October 1845. After having breakfasted, [641] I took my luggage in a sailing boat to the Steamer lying a good way out for this I had to pay f[] shillings – my cabin, as I said before was not first class. It was [...] re part of the [...] and [...] uppermost deck I had to ascend two stair-cases; otherwise it was roomy and when the port hole was opened light and airy, when shut the only light came from above through a thick glass, usually called a “bull’s-eye” – there were two berths, but the second was unoccupied. I kept with me my two Portmanteaux, Carpet bag, and Hatbox, the other three packages were stowed away in the hold. Having returned to shore I walked about a good deal. At 12.30, a small steamer conveyed all us passengers amongst whom many ladies to the “Trent”. In my cabin I arranged my traps, whither I again returned after having paid a short visit to the upper deck – I took up my diary, and put to paper a few sentiments with which my heart was overflowing “Once more I bid good by to you my dear friends, whom I leave behind me in old England, and on the Continent. God bless you all. Those plans which in S. America had haunted me by day and night, the visit to Altona, the travels over a great part of Europe – all is over, all past. Some day or other my whole life will lie behind like this journey at the present moment – may I, then, be able to say, as I do now; I have not been disappointed.” The Mail bags came on board. At 3.15 we got under way, at 3.30 we were summoned to dinner which was served in the saloon on the same level with my cabin. About 90 persons sat down, at 4 long tables, I placed myself at the bottom of one of the [...] [642] when I was accosted by one of the officers Dr. Monk who requested me to take his place, and help the soup which I did – the [...] of a [...] turkey was beyond my p [...] pleasant Englishman Mr. Falconer was kind enough to d[...]ch[...]ge the officer. We had besides, cold mutton, Gooseberry pie, [...] and cheese – I ordered a pint of Madeira, being

very moderate in the use of stimulants it lasted me several days, to my left sat Mr. Michelena from Venezuela next to him, several South Americans, whose destination I afterwards learned was for Buena Ventura, a port in the Pacific on the Coast of Nueva Grenada between Panamá and Guayaquil; to my right a Mr. Christie related to a young lady passenger, who was apparently in the last stage of Consumption for she never rose from the easy chair in which she reclined – Mr. Falconer, and others who spoke English. The South West wind blew so cold that no one could keep on deck, I read below in Chambers Extracts an excellent work bought by me in Southhampton. The first vol. contained an interesting article on Norfolk island – an extra penal settlement whither convicts are sent from New Holland who from insubordination or other causes require fresh punishment and doubtless more stringent and severe. The climate of the Island is delightful, it is included within the jurisdiction of New South Wales, distant from there nine hundred miles. The next article equally interesting was the life of Jean Baptiste Colbert the famous finance Minister of Louis 14th. I made the acquaintance of a Sweden by name, Haassum, a Colonel, on his way to St. Bartholomew in the West Indies as Governor of the said Island – of the above Nueva Granadi[_] [643] who had been in Europe, making purchases of manufactured goods, and of a Mr. Levy, from whom I gained three games at chess. As long as we were protected by the Isle of Wight, the steamer's motion was scarcely felt, at 6.30 O.C. we stopped at the Needless, a few isolated rocks at the South West end of the island, here the pilot left us and we were now in the Channel, the motion still gentle.

Saturday, 18th of October 1845. Anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic. I slept pretty well, though I awoke more than once during the night, perhaps owing to my having turned in too early on the previous night. Between the two berths a small box with a window pane was introduced into the partition of the cabin in which a lighted candle was placed, put out by the Quartermaster every night at 10.30. Both at breakfast and dinner about half the number of those present on the previous day made their appearance not one of the ladies, except a young daughter of Colonel Haassum, perhaps twelve years of age – our entertainment was good, waiting indifferent, to my right sat Dr. Monk who presided at one end of the table, to my left the Nuevo Granadinos. The Trent was considered a "Slow Coach" making about 6 knots pr. hour – it is true against wind and water, I felt not the slightest nausea and passed the day walking the deck, extending my acquaintance, reading, and playing many games at chess, none of which I had as yet lost. After tea, at seven O clock, small parties formed themselves, some played at Whist, others conversed over their brandy and water, and several like myself were occupied in writing. From the Pictori[_] [644] Times" I copied the following, date Oct 18th 1845 – the correct account, obtained by a

laborious compilation gives, we understand, 332 railway schemes, brought out to Sept. 30. 1845; requiring a gross capital of £27,900,000! On which £23,057,499 will have to be deposited, but this does not include 137 projects preliminarily noticed but of which we do not know of course the capital, they not having been published.

Sunday, 19th of October 1845. During the night the Vessel rolled considerably so much so that towards morning several passengers particularly ladies began to be sea sick, also I felt a little squeamish when I rose at 7 O.C., however as my bowels continued open I felt certain I should quickly get over it which proved the case. The Vessel's motion did not increase and I spent the day as contentedly and in the same manner as the previous one, only on account of this being Sunday, there was no chess playing. After breakfast the crew cleanly dressed ranged themselves on the quarter deck and were reviewed by the Captain this being over prayers were read in the Saloon, at which the greater part of the passengers, I amongst the number, attended. The weather was what the sailors call dirty, we were skirting the Bay of Biscay, there was a long swell from the south. The steamer Teviot from the W. Indies had passed us at 7 O.C. a.m. The following were our meals, at 7 O.C. when still in bed the Steward entered and offered tea or coffee, neither of which I took. At 9 O.C. breakfast, at 12 lunch, never tasted by me, 4 o'clock, dinner, tea at 7 O.C. between 9 and 10 those who ordered [...] [645] had their wine or brandy and water, which latter was mostly preferred. For the many children on board a dinner was prepared after lunch. The young daughter of Colonel Haassum, pleased me much, named Harriet Caroline. She spoke English fluently and I frequently talked with her, I likewise entered into conversation with her father, with Don Fco. Michelena, a great traveller, who had been in Lima in 1826, together with Bolivar, and who was acquainted with some of my friends there, and in [?] ayaquil, also with a Dr. Evans, who knew Iturregui of Truxillo.

Monday, 20th of October 1845. The temperature grew warmer at Noon Thermometer marked in the shade 15 1/2 R. 67 Faht. The day was spent like Saturday, I lost one game at chess. In the evening after tea, Colonel Haassum, his daughter, Michelena, Dr. Evans, Mr. Grimshaw, a pleasant Irish Gentleman, his daughter Susan, an extremely pretty young lady, and I, made a party by ourselves, and spent the time very pleasantly, till 9.30 p.m. Michelena, who spoke French fluently, English but indifferently, was the most admired, on account of his extraordinary travels, and many passports, which he produced; Miss Grimshaw's cabin was next to mine, together with her married sister, and some of her children; when I went to my berth to fetch my diary, I overheard her remark to her sister, that she had passed a very pleasant evening. Including children, and servants, we numbered one hundred and fifty passengers, of

which number 56 were to land at Madeira, for this was exactly the season when all such as dislike or dread the English climate in winter fly to this genial island – one of the passengers [646] Colonel McMahon, 72 years old, who had served in the peninsular War, unfortunately fell on the deck, and fractured his thigh.

Tuesday, 21st of October 1845. The wind had changed to the East. We went 8 knots, the motion of the vessel increased, but the Trent being an excellent sea boat, it was not so great as to produce sea sickness. It was a beautiful sight to see the wide Atlantic covered with white crested waves, as far as the eye could reach. So far I had not felt the slightest tedium, which many say, is the necessary consequence of a sea voyage. My new hat (2/6) blew overboard, so I had to take out my Scotch bonnet, purchased in Halifax. After tea in order to have the pleasure of Miss Grimshaw's Company, I played two games of chess with her father, who though inferior to me gained one game, for which, he had to thank his daughter's presence.

Wednesday, 22nd of October 1845. A beautiful day, the sun shone brightly, and the heat began to be felt. Ther. at noon in the shade 17 Reaumur, 70 Faht. Nobody thought of sea sickness, and I much enjoyed this way of living, fine weather, no cares, agreeable society, good eating and drinking – my Antagonists at Chess were Mr. Levy, a Jew from St. Thomas, Mr. Colbert Harvey, and Mr. Grimshaw. I was more frequently a gainer than a loser. At dinner Mr. Falconer, and his niece, Miss Christie, made me, and one of the Nuevo Granadinos whom his companions had nicknamed "El Mono" (the Monkey) [] up our seats to them, which at first rather [647] annoyed me but as both the Gentleman and Lady were pleasant, and even the doctor threw aside his usual roughness, I did not resent having been turned out so unceremoniously, hitherto with the Capt. I had not exchanged a word.

Thursday, 23rd of October 1845. The wind blew from the south, I took up Miss Garland's translation of Ovid's Epistles, but found it rather stupid, and was glad when a Gentleman lent me "A Guide to the West Indies" by Osburn, secretary to the General Steam Navigation Co., from which I copied some interesting extracts, relat[] to the several places, at which the steamer would stop and which, will be found in the appendix under N° 27. Whilst I was thus occupied, I noticed the sky-light was suddenly darkened by a wooden grating being placed over it, and Colonel Haasum who sat near me, said a water spout is coming – "keep quiet" otherwise there will be a rush on deck. I quickly put away my writing materials, but the rain came down so unmercifully, that I, and others quickly took shelter under the Companion way. There was no actual spout (French "Trombe", Spanish "Bomba marina") as I had seen on board the Wanderer, Vide Vol. 1st, page 22, but two whirlpools, at a short distance from the Trent, which the Captain had avoided by altering his course. The pelting

rain lasted perhaps five minutes, when the sky above us, cleared in some degree; but to the North East, it continued dark and threatening. Suddenly came a vivid flash of lightning, succeeded by a loud clap of thunder, towards 2 p.m. the weather improved, and We had a fine afternoon and evening. A sailor who [...] [648] been sent aloft, let go his hold when, half way up, and fell on the deck severely injured, a young Englishman, Rivington Wilson, expressed an earnest desire to try his strength with me at chess, to which I willingly acceded; I beat him four times, with difficulty I must acknowledge. At draughts, he was by far, my superior – I being not accustomed to the English mode of playing this game. After tea, Mr. Grimshaw, and his daughter Susan came to that part of the table, generally occupied by Colonel Haassum, his daughter, the Nuevo Grenadinos, and myself. We remained together until Nine O’Clock, when the Grimshaws retired, then the Haassums – I, the last; the St. Americans when present could take no share in the conversation.

Friday, 24th of October 1845. The weather was squally, the wind adverse, Ther. 18 R. 72 1/2 Faht. During the day time, I wrote and played many games at chess with Mr. Rivington Wilson, the strongest antagonist I had yet found on board. After tea, our usual party met; we sat as follows – at the head of the table, Mr. Grimshaw reading, to his left hand, the Nuevo Grenadinos, similarly employed, or staring about vacantly; on his right I, then Miss Grimshaw, by her, little Harriet, whom I had taken under my especial care, then her father, Colonel Haassum, our number was completed by a Mr. Radcliff from San Croix whom the Colonel on account of his tremendous whiskers had nicknamed Don Whiskero, sweet on Miss Grimshaw who however did not fancy him; this lady was really particularly handsome and [649] Colonel Haassum, though perhaps rather in fun, confessed to me that, he, a widower, would have no objection to offer her his heart and hand. She was tall, well made, her waist slender and bust well rounded, complexion very fair and clear; Checks rosy, eyes hazel and sparkling; hair, light brown, nose aquiline, lips of the reddest I had ever seen, with teeth very white and slightly apart; her chin, the only feature that did not please me, was long and straight, resembling in this respect the Spanish Bourbons; her feet, arms, and hands were partly concealed by her skirt, and long sleeves of her black silk dress. This evening to pass time, she proposed to play one of the insipid German “Schreibespiele”, in English of course, which we agreed to, but soon gave it up, for it was really void of interest, and even while it lasted, it was only made endurable by Miss Grimshaw’s presence. For curiosity’s sake, I have preserved in the appendix under N° 26, one of our papers, covered with our scribblings of this evening.

Saturday, 25th of October 1845. Before the usual hour I was awakened by the words – “Land in sight”. At 7 O’Clock, I was on deck, about five miles to the North West of us, lay the Island of Porto Santo, 35 miles distant from Madeira.

It appeared much indented, being intersected by numerous valleys. The higher or mountainous parts had a brownish color, Miss Grimshaw who I supposed had been previously in Madeira told me it was arid and dry in soil; close to it I could distinguish [...] [650] ious isolated rocks, the weather was pretty fair, Thermometer 19 1/2 R., 76 Faht., in the shade, though, a squall now and then drew up. At one of these gusts of wind accompanied by rain, I assisted Mrs. Dunville below, she was also a nice person, but so delicate and suffering from consumption that even speaking was an effort – on her account the whole family was to leave at Madeira. By and by, I took an opportunity to express to Miss Grimshaw my sincere regret that we should lose her so soon, and added that our little evening parties would be void and dull without her, I begged she would allow me to bid her good by now, for otherwise when the bustle of departure came it would perhaps be impossible. Her answer was as kind as I could expect after so short an acquaintance – “One is always sorry to part from people one likes”. I have never heard anything since of this family. I think it was 12:30 when we made the South East point of Madeira whence a ridge of low rocks stretches out into the sea. We ran along the South shore of the Island, gentle hills slant down towards the waters edge, they are cut into terraces and covered with vines, which now, the vintage being over, had a brownish appearance, other hills were clad with vegetation, higher up, country houses lay sprinkled about. On the summit, more or less 6000 feet above the level of the sea clouds rested. Now we had a bluff headland before us, crowned with a pine wood. We rounded it, and were in the Bay of Funchal whose western boundary is formed by a [...] [651] of land extending southw[...] several vessels were at anchor in the roadstead, of which the steamer “Dart” was to leave this very day for England, by it I hoped to forward a letter to Hy. Sieveking, written on board. Funchal at the end of the bay, is situated like Valparaiso on a narrow tract of land, between the sea and the hills which rise immediately behind the town. The same as in Valparaiso, up these hills run gullies or quebradas lined with houses, which with few exceptions are all white washed. Towards the West a spur of these hills reaches the sea, so that that part which forms the Almendral of Valparaiso is here wanting. At the eastern extremity is some building intended for a fortification. On the summit of the ridge, another fort, towards the West a flagstaff, also in this direction lies a rock in the Bay on which is the Quarantine Establishment, on the beach I noted a heavy conical pillar which, I learned was originally intended for a crane but had never been used. The Government house was of a larger size than the generality of houses here. I counted two or three churches and was told by Miss Grimshaw that many inclosures painted white like the Country houses, on the brow of the hill served as fences for the vineyards. Dr. Evans told me that as might be expected

the superior wines are produced from the grapes on the southern side of the Island – the first class vintage is generally sent to the U. States and East Indies; the next in quality to England and the lighter sort produced from the vines growing in the Northern parts is sent to Frankfort on the Main, whence after some manipulation it returns as Rhenish wine I much doubt the correctness of the [652] statement – the engine stopped at 1.45 Oc. We did not come to an anchor, many shore boats came off, also the sanitary boat, from which through a trumpet, for no one ventured to come on board, the question was asked “What is your state of health”? – the reply given in the same manner was – “one case of Measles”, the night before a child had been taken with this disorder. The sanitary boat moved off, meanwhile all the passengers, many of them new faces, who had not left their berths, since the first day of leaving crowded the quarter deck, there was no wind – the heat great, an hour elapsed, a second, still no answer from the shore; the gun was fired a mark of impatience but in vain, the first dinner bell rang, then the second, all hastened below. A lady one of the new faces turned me out from my original seat, my second I offered to Miss Christie and thus having swallowed only a few mouthfuls I returned on deck to converse with Miss Grimshaw. At last the sanitary boat came back bringing this sapient order – “The family with the sick child is to go in quarentine with all the children on board under seven years of age, all other passengers are permitted to land.” It was also added that the parents might accompany their children. This was a sad blow to Mrs. Dunville she was too weak to go into Quarentine and separate from her little Annie she would not, her sister Miss Grimshaw proposed to go in her place, but this her father would not allow. At last they determined to smuggle the child on shore, as above seven years. Colonel Haassum took great care of Miss Grimshaw, I had little Harriet under my charge, and thus we remained [...] till the last moment, when the family [653] entered the boat. We called after them “good night” and followed them with our eyes till they were out of sight, lost in the surrounding darkness. It was much too late for those who were going on in the vessel to go out shore. A great many passengers landed amongst them poor Colonel McMahan with his broken leg. At 10 p.m. we continued our voyage, half an hour later, I went to my berth. It was midnight when I fell asleep.

Sunday, 26th of October 1845. This was for me the first tedious day, since our departure from Southhampton. Already when I awoke I missed something, it was the prattle and singing of Bobby and Annie, in the cabin close by. It was Miss Grimshaw’s sweet voice, it was even Mrs. Dunville’s cough, which no more sounded in my ears. In the course of the day I removed from the second Class cabin hitherto occupied by me, to one of the first class, which not larger, was much lighter and one flight of stairs higher up. We had no prayers.

No ladies made their appearance, I did not know whether they had all landed at Madeira, or whether which was more likely, those who might be on board kept within their cabins, for the weather was row and the sky cloudy. Chess was prohibited, I read the "Last of the Mohicans" by Cooper till I grew tired of reading. After dinner and after tea, I tried to kill time by chatting with little Harriet, who at last commenced teaching me Swedish and made me read to her in this language.

Monday, 27th of October 1845. In my present berth the laboring of the engine was more clearly heard [...] [654] the vessel's motion more felt, than in my previous one, but owing to the continued favorable state of the weather, and the smooth sea, the motion was not such as to cause me the slightest sea sickness, that horrible complaint which when on board the Wanderer in 1824 and on board the Vicar of Bray in 1843 caused me inconvenience, had more or less entirely left me. This day was clear and fine, we had a trifling swell in the morning which increased as the day wore on, also a breeze which though contrary had in the first hours of the day hardly impeded our progress, it grew so strong towards evening as to occasion a falling off in our speed from eight to seven knots. Miss Grimshaws departure had left a great void on board felt by the Colonel, myself and others. I spent the day, reading, conversing and playing Chess.

Tuesday, 28th of October 1845. Thermometer in the shade 20 R. 77 Faht. I passed the day like yesterday. Another Chess player turned up Mr. Andrew Ramsay, established in Trinidad with a Mr. Jamieson brother of Jamieson of the firm of Patterson Jamieson & Co. of Glasgow. We were evenly matched; between dinner and tea, little Harriet taught me Swedish.

Wednesday, 29th of October 1845. The warmest day we had had as yet, Thermometer 20 R. 77 Faht. We were now in the N. East Frades. Chess playing was sole occupation, Mr. Ramsay proposed that we should play two against two, which was agreed to. Two sat down to one board, two to another, each move being duly considered was communicated to the other party by writing. Ramsey and Levy against Harvey and myself – the game lasted from [...] 4 and from 5.30 to 6.30 when the for[...] [655] gave in. An account of the game will be found in the Appendix under N° 28.

Thursday, 30th of October 1845. I changed my warm clothing for light. At noon we were in Lat 25° 35', Long 30 1/2°. I played a game of chess against Mr. Ramsay and Harvey, Mr. Levy having retired from the Contest which I gained. The Trent measured 1400 Tons, without including the room for the Engines. The Captain a gentlemanly quiet man, "Boxer", brought up in the Navy, found the provisions; the Company allowing him for each adult, first class cabin passenger, seven shillings daily; for each of the crew 15 pence. The entire Crew

consisting of sailors, firemen, engineers, cook, and his helpers, butcher, baker, confectioner, steward, doctor, inferior officers and Captain numbered nearly 100. There was on board a negro who has accompanied General Flores from Ecuador, and was now returning to his native country. He was half cracked, and gave rise to the following amusing colloquy between two sailors. A – “I say Jack, the black chap they say is crazy.” B – “They say he is in love with the fine girl who went on shore at Madeira” A – “what fine girl?” B – “oh she, with the fine figure and red cheeks”; A – “Ah! Ah! I understand you, her whom half the passengers were mad after”.

Friday, 3rd of October and Saturday, 1st of November 1845. On the latter of these two days Thermometer in the shade at noon stood at 21° R., 78° Fah., on the former at 21 1/2° R., 80° Fah. An awning was spread over the quarter deck, between dinner and tea the heat was much felt below, the evenings were delightful [] deck. The moon in [...] [656] Venus shone with uncommon brightness, and my old friends Mars, and Jupiter, in the Vicar of Bray, I never failed to look up to, recollecting that long voyage. At chess I was more frequently a winner than a loser; I became acquainted with a pleasant English man, Mr. Ellice, a great traveller on the Continent and in the East; with a Mr. Magnus, from Jamaica and with a lady with two children from the same Island. The Doctor read to me, and Colonel Hausum, part of an amusing diary kept by him in New South Wales, in 1840.

Sunday, 2nd of November 1871. We were within the tropics, Thermometer at Noon in the shade 21° R., 81 Fah. The weather was splendid, but the heat almost intolerable, fortunately in some measure it was tempered by the wind; blowing from the N.Et. After breakfast the sailors had to pass muster on the quarter deck, they wore their clean blue jackets, white duck trousers and shining broad brimmed hats, the review over, they gathered round the Capt. and listened to the reading of the regulations of the Company, as to the conduct to be observed in case of fire on board; next followed prayers, this day, read on deck, which attended by me, more than once on my future passages, has always struck me as a very impressive solemnity. Here, where perhaps a hundred persons no fellow creature near them, for many, many miles, directing their prayers and let us hope their thoughts also, to God Almighty, above them the Azure sky, below the unfathomable deep ground, as far as the [657] eye reached the wide expanse of the dark blue atlantic, dotted at great intervals, with a small white speck, a solitary foaming wave. Surely, he must be a man cast in a very peculiar mould, who at such a moment, is not impressed by a sense of his utter insignificance who does not feel impelled to recommend himself to the divine Protection of our father “who art in Heaven”. The Captain stood with his back to the wheel, before him a table covered with the Union

Jack, and a prayer book on it, the sailors sat on temporary benches, such of the passengers as were present, I amongst them, on chairs and stools along the bulwarks. Towards the south, flags were fastened between the awning and the deck to keep out the fierce rays of the unclouded sun. In the course of the day I made some extracts relative to the Steamer, the "Great Western", from Chamber's Journal interesting at that time, when steaming was comparatively in its infancy, but not so now in 1871, when Steamers are seen in every part of the Globe, and their number daily increasing for which reason I will copy here only one or two of the principal points.

"The Great Western left Bristol 3 ap. 1838, to solve the great problem of Atlantic Steam Navigation, she arrived at New York in 15 days, 10 hours, having run a distance of three thousand, one hundred and eleven miles. Her consumption of coal being 450 tons, her measurement was 1340 tons, length of deck 230 feet, her two engines 225 horse power each. Between the 8th Apr. 1838 and 24 Nov. 1844 she had made 70 passages, altogether 256,000 statute miles, average speed miles, 10 and a half, pr. hour, perhaps a fraction less. The number of passengers during that time was 57[_] [658] her cost Sixty three thousands of Pounds sterling.

From Monday, 3rd to Thursday, 6th of November 1845. The heat increased daily, at night time it was such that I often lay completely uncovered, sometimes a sheet over me, the Thermometer on the 5th in the shade was 23° R., 84° Faht. The speed at which we went was moderate, even with a fair wind, when all the steam on, it was somewhat more than seven knots pr. hour. The fair wind caused a saving of 6 tons daily of coal, the average consumption per diem was from 25 to 26 tons, on leaving Southampton we had 800 tons on board. My occupation did not vary; conversing a little, reading a great deal, and playing at chess whiled away time. In the course of the two next days, Mr. Ramsay and I played Chess against Mr. Levy and Harvey which lasted about 8 hours, and consisted of about sixty moves, on each side, when the latter gave it up. I read in "Warburtons Cross and Crescent", that the island of Pantellaria, whence comes the excellent breed of Asses, used in Messina, is the "Botany Bay" of Naples, and also believed to be the Island to which Homer refers as being the island where Calypso resided. With the ladies I was a little acquainted, only little Harriet Haasum was a great friend of mine and occasionally, I exchanged a few words with the Lady mentioned on the 1st inst. I made also the acquaintance [...] blue s[_]tacted Scotch lady. [659] On the evening of the 5th there was a great hubbub on deck. The sailors invaded the quarter deck, they then commenced dancing a reel, whereupon one of them, meant to represent Guy Fawkes, wrapped in sheepskins with a lighted lantern in his hands, sitting on a bier, was carried about the decks

by four of his companions, now and then, they lowered the bier and ranged themselves round the same, singing some songs, another acting the part of buffoon, covered with an ox hide which emitted a very unpleasant odour, the horns stuck up from his head, he skipped and jumped about, in a very grotesque manner. The main purpose of the performances was doubtless to obtain money from the generosity of the passengers, which one of the Sailors collected. The whole lasted about an hour, when the Boatswain with the sound of his whistle, recalled the men to the fore-castle, and to their various duties. This being a beautiful evening, all the passengers were on deck. The ladies were requested to sing, but they having refused, some of the Gentlemen volunteered to do so in their stead, and thus a few hours were passed agreeably, till it was time to retire.

Friday, 7th of November 1845. Spent like the previous ones, the heat nearly insupportable, the Therm. rose half an hour after Noon, to 24° R., 86 Faht. Of all the Gentlemen I liked best, was Mr. Ramsay, with whom I walked the deck very frequently, with the Scotch learned lady, Miss McKinnon, though very attractive I had a very long talk. At 5.30 the island of Barbadoes [660] came in sight, at 9.30 we were hardly a mile from Bridgetown, having fired a gun and burned a blue light, We dropped anchor. The lights of the town were clearly visible, many shore boats came off, little Harriet and I leaning over the bulwarks, listened to the imperfect English of the boatmen, badly pronounced and very energetically spoken, but hardly intelligible. The night was splendid. It was nearly eleven when I left the deck to retire to my berth and past eleven, when I fell asleep.

Saturday, 8th of November 1845. I awoke at 5.30 a.m., rose at 7, arranged my traps in my berth and went on deck at 8 O.C. this was the first time I saw a West Indian island and one glance convinced me that the graphic description, written it is true, in glowing colors, which I had often read and admired in [Toms] Cringle's log, were at the bottom truthful and correct. The bay in which the Trent lay, called Carlisle is formed by two necks of land, which at its two extremities stretch into the sea, bearing respectively from the Trent N.N.W. and S.S.E., the latter considerably longer than the former had a signal flag staff at its point. The entire shore with the exception of where a cluster of houses formed Bridgetown was filled with a continuous row of all descriptions of trees and bushes, overtopped by various kinds of Palms which bear the date, and the cocoa nut, also the mountain Cabbage tree. Between them stood isolated houses partly concealed by thick foliage behind this [661] along the coast the ground carefully cultivated rises into an undulating plain with gentle acclivities. The weather was beautiful, but the heat intense, at 9 O'clock, the Thermometer marked 23 1/2 R., 84 Faht. The sea unruffled by the slightest

breeze was as smooth as a mirror, the bay was pretty well filled, mostly with one masted sloops, also with full rigged ships, one of which had just arrived, with a cargo of huano, from the coast of Africa, the steamer "Reindeer" belonging to the same Company, as the Trent, of 400 tons lay alongside of us. She left the same day for Demarara taking with her the mail and one of the Passengers, Mr. Harvey. I learned on this occasion that the British Government paid this company "The Atlantic" for conveying letters £20,000 pr. month. From an early hour in the morning several Mulatto girls had come on board, decently dressed in printed cotton gowns, with a colored cotton handkerchief tied round their heads, the object of their visit was to present cards of the various hotels in the town, with one of them, Colonel Haasum, his daughter, and I went on shore; in what she called her own boat. We were rowed round the corner of a small mole and landed, following our guide through a part of the town still in ruins, having been destroyed by fire on the 3rd of July last. We came to the public house kept by a mulatto woman Miss Phillips, a character at that time well known in Barbadoes, she used to attract general attention, by her extremely showy dress. Colonel Haasum having ordered dinner, he, his daughter, and I sallied forth to see, what was to be seen in the town and its environs; the streets were not paved, the soil of [662] a heavy clayey nature; the houses were partly built of brick, and white washed, none above one storey high. Glass windows were also seldom seen, Venetian blinds being used in their place, not a few, miserable wooden huts – of the population hardly one in twenty was white, nineteen twentieth part colored from the deepest black of the true negro, to the lightest yellow of the mulatto and Quarteron. Of the dress of the females I have given an idea, when speaking of the Mulatto girls who came on board. The clothing of some of the negresses was so scanty as to expose a great deal of their persons; my companion who, owing to his long residence in St. Bartholomew knew well how to treat them, accosted early every one in a jocular manner, never omitting the word "Lady", many were ready with a quick answer, others grinned from ear to ear, showing their brilliant white teeth. The males without exception wore jackets and trousers of some coarse white stuff, not unfrequently out of repair. The porters carried every thing on their heads, from the heaviest loads to the most insignificant trifle. We entered a store of some importance, where the Colonel made several purchases its owner was a white. I bought a pair of light trousers for one dollar equal to 4s 2d and a trunk for 2\$ both very cheap in my opinion. This being done, We engaged a little black fellow to show us the way out of town, and not withstanding the great heat walked a great distance into the open country. The vegetation was very luxuriant, and no where have I seen such a numberless vari[_] [663] of flowers covering bushes, and trees. Of Peruvian growth, I found here the B[?]nana, the Cactus, and Penca, but

none of the three in great abundance. On the other hand, sugar cane fields covered the ground, as far as the eye reached, and it was clear to us that sugar formed the principle produce of the Island, notwithstanding its comparative smallness and scarcity of water, it exported annually 30,000 hogsheads of sugar each weighing 1500 lbs net. This large amount was attributable to the cheapness of labor and the consequent careful cultivation of the soil. The inhabitants are fond of calling Barbadoes "little England" and when they have occasion to visit one of the other islands, are in the habit of saying we have been to the West Indies. A sudden shower of rain came on when our little guide knocked at the door of a house, which was shut-up, it was opened, and we entered, taking shelter under a verandah, but the rain increasing, went inside and there were joined by the lady of the house, a very light colored mulatto woman, wife to a Mr. Pitcher, a store keeper in Bridgetown. The room was clean and neat, the floor boarded, and without window panes, Venetian blinds being their substitute. The rain over, We continued our walk, as far as the Governors and the General's gardens. From the gateway of the latter we could see country similar to that we had walked over from Bridgetown extending to a considerable distance from this point, we returned, the Colonel, and I accosting nearly every one we met, even the stalwart Grenadier at the Governor's gate; having reached Miss Phillips', the Colonel insisted on my dining with him, but I declined, desirous of seeing something more of Barbadoes, the little black sho[] [664] [?] to the bathing establishment, out of town from the shore a long narrow bridge runs out into the sea, at its extremity a small wooden building for undressing where a few steps lead into the sea, here a small quadrangle covered with awning is enclosed by strong stakes driven into the ground to protect the bathers against sharks, not infrequent in these waters, the bottom was a smooth firm sand, but the water, disagreeably warm was so shallow as only to reach my waist. Returning on board with the two trunks, my own, and Colonel Haasum's, I came to the market place, cool and airy, in the middle stood a stately tree, under the shade of which, and its vicinity, heaps of sweet potatoes, Yams, pumpkins, and other vegetables lay piled up on the ground, whilst meat and fish were exposed for sale on stalls. The buyers and sellers, keeping up an infernal din, with their English gibberish. At dinner on board, we mustered only half the Passengers, I took my seat near Mrs. Levy from San Thomas, with whom I conversed very pleasantly, the heat was excessive, nothing was to be seen but a constant wiping of faces. The Thermtr. in the evening in the Saloon stood at 84° Faht., in the first hours of the night, vivid sheet lightning played all round the horizon. In Bridgetown I exchanged a five pound note for 24 dollars, for a two real piece I had to pay a shilling and a halfpenny. This two real piece was equivalent to four pieces, each 5 West Indian

pence. The bath cost me one of the five pence, the fare to, and from the shore two shillings. [665]

Sunday, 9th of November 1845. Last night all the passengers had returned on board, with the exception of Mr. Harvey, who as already said had gone on board the "reindeer" for Demerara, and Mr. and Mrs. Alison, with whom I had not become acquainted, who remained in Barbadoes. During the night, We had left Carlisle Bay, without my observing it, and when this morning I went on deck, the Island of Grenada, belonging to the English, like Barbadoes was just distinguishable to the S. West. After breakfast, We were running along its southern coast, the sea smooth as a mill pond. The heat tremendous 89° Faht. in the shade. Grenada, very unlike Barbadoes which may be called level, is extremely mountainous and rugged, grey colored peaks rise to a considerable height, with here and there, a small patch of cultivation of a light green color. This island like Barbadoes produces sugar, but to a smaller extent, owing to the sterility of its soil. Towards the west the mountains decrease in height, and the southern coast terminates in the same direction, in a bluff head, which we doubled, then shaping our course to the N.W. we had to our right high steep rocks covered with wood to their very tops. Immediately after them, the town of St. George opened to us. It lies picturesquely upon and between hills and encircled by woody heights which are covered with fortifications. Two Churches could be seen, one with a steeple, belonging to the Episcopalians, one with a square [] to the Bresbyterians. We still steamed on [666] and rounding a rocky promontory on the extremity of which stood Fort George, came to an anchor, in a small cove, almost completely land locked. Half an hour or so previously, the harmony, which had prevailed on board during our passage, was disturbed by Michelena, who could express himself in English, complaining to Captain Boxer, that the servants did not attend on him, as they ought to do. I could not hear what he said, but the Captain's answer was, "if it is your intention to insult me, you may do so on shore" before Michelena could reply a certain Mr. Miller, a watchmaker from Kingston, a rough old fellow, thought it his duty to take up the cudgels for the honor of a British steamer, and went up to Michelena threatening him with his stick. Other passengers interfered, and the Antagonists were separated, Michelena being convulsed with rage. In the cove, probably the "Carenage" of which the extracts N^o 27, page 2nd in the Appendix speaks, we lay so close in, that a scaffolding reached from the coal depôt, to the steamer and coaling immediately commenced for which purpose Negresses were mostly employed, who carried their loads on their heads. The prospect which the island presented was really superb, and I think hardly surpassed by anything I had seen in Europe during my late long travels. Immediately behind the wooden sheds

under which the coal lay piled up, rise the grey rocks with ramparts and fortifications encompassing not only the cove, but also the town, which somewhat to the right is visible between the hills, and along the beach here and there [667] where a few trees were cleared away stood a house surrounded by a patch of ground, the light color of which gave evidence of its being under cultivation, whilst the Cocoa nut trees, laden with fruit remind you of being in the West Indies. It was now about noon, nearly all the passengers landed, but I am certain none of them would have thought of taking such walk as I did, in the middle of the day, under a tropical sun, perhaps it was not quite prudent, but I knew what I could do, or rather bear, and to be sure, this day's violent exercise – crossing the town in every direction, had no bad effect. I found many streets extremely steep, stone steps leading down to the shore. The houses, three storeys high, in general were built of wood, some of brick and stone. The population as far as I could judge, consisted exclusively of black and colored people, some of the former I saw dressed as Gentlemen and Ladies, the greater part however, were of the laboring classes. This day being Sunday, and the doors of their huts being open, I saw them lolling on the ground, doing nothing! Some of them not unfrequently picking parasites out of the heads of their little ones. Besides the above two churches, just mentioned, there was a French Chapel probably Catholic. In the Episcopalian there were three monuments erected to commemorate the deaths of the loyal British subjects, who had fallen victims to their fidelity to the Crown, during the rebellion of 1795. That, in the middle bears the names of Ninian Home, Lieutenant General and of a few others who, were taken prisoners 3rd of Mch. 1795, murdered by “execrable Bandits stimulated by [...] [668] insidious arts of French Republicans, murdered in the rebel Camp of Quagua”. The monument to the right is to the memory of Josias Rogers, Captain of the “Quebec” Man of War, who died 25th April 1795; that to the left, to the memory of “the loyal military men, and Inhabitants who lost their lives in 1795 and 6.” When out of town I ascended a path through the midst of bushes, till I reached the fortifications on the summits of the hills mentioned before. These fortifications were in a ruinous state, the walls dilapidated, and the wood work decayed. In one of them there was still a cannon with balls lying around it on the ground, but no Sentry to guard them, from this elevated point I looked around me. At my feet lay the town separated by the promontory with Fort George from the Cove, in which 3 steamers were at anchor and beyond, to the west, the wide ocean, the firmament apparently resting on it. Inland I discovered a rivulet, on the banks of which black women were lustily beating, and washing linen. On the other side, another ridge of mountains, similar to that on which I had taken my stand. I returned to the town, thence in another direction, I walked along the

beach, on which stood miserable looking hovels, occupied by Negroes, a little further on I came to the rivulet which I had seen from the mountain top. I followed its course up the valley, it brought me to the Cemetery, shaded by Cocoa Nut trees, with a few wooden monuments and many humble graves. Once more I returned to town and now directed my steps to the rocky promontory garrisoned by black soldiers in English Uniforms, who also occupied the Barracks. [...] about 3 O.C. I [...] [669] been on my legs for more than two and half hours under a broiling sun. In the fortification my Thermr. in the shade marked Faht. 95° , I was bathed in perspiration and returned on board. The coaling was not yet finished. We dined at 3.30 p.m. and several of the Gentlemen probably beacuse of they knew I was leaving the Vessel, invited me at dinner to take wine with them, after dinner I returned the compliment when the dessert was placed on the table, by ordering a bottle of Champagne, very good, at the price of 4 shillings. I directed the waiter to pass it round to Captain Boxer, the Purser Mr. Boutch, Colonel Haasum and daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Levy from San Thomas, Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Ellice of Leadenhall St. London. When dinner was over it was time for all on board bound for Jamaica, to think of going on board the "Tay", about the same size as the Trent lying near us. The "City of Glasgo" a small craft had already left for Trinidad. I kept a strict look out after several packages belonging to me, and saw them safely put in one of the Trent's boats, which after I had said good bye to my friends on board, conveyed me with several others to the "Tay", in which, my berth was exactly like the one I had had on board the Trent, with a small window to the sea, and one towards the main deck, a flight of stairs leading down to the dining saloon, another to the upper deck. At 7 we got under weigh, shortly after were called to tea, not by the ringing of a bell but by the striking of a gong, an instrument introduced into Europe from the East Indies and China; it consists of a concave plate made of Zinc and copper or perhaps [...] [670] with a wooden mallet covered with leather, the sound produced is very great. It was a beautiful cool moon light night. I accosted Miss McKinnon, Captain Sharp joined us and we remained together till 10 O.C., the motion of the steamer was also imperceptible.

From Monday, 10th to Wednesday, 12th of November 1845. In Southampton one hundred and five passengers had embarked on board the Trent, now on board the "Tay", we were twenty five or thereabouts, namely Mr. Miller, a watchmaker from Kingston, Mr. Pinnock, merchant of the same town, with wife and two children, Mrs. Chapman, a widow, who was to be married in Jamaica, her two children and sister Miss Stellard. Mrs. Ramos and her young son, Miss McKinnon, Mr. Magnus, Mr. Phillips, a Mrs. Mancor with two children to join her husband a military man in Newcastle and a Mrs. Nathan. All these

were to leave at Jamaica, and for Chagres, besides myself myself the Neo Granadinos, Gabl. Martinez, his brother in law Pio Ranjifo, Miguel Escobar, and his two nephews Gonzales, Varcona, and Joaquin Vargas. The first day at breakfast I took my seat at the table presided over by the Captain, but at dinner I removed to the other with the doctor at one end, the purser at the other, exclusively occupied by the South Americans, I did so partly because I did not much admire Capt. Sharp by far not so much the Gentleman as Captain Boxer, and partly because I thought it prudent to court the acquaintance of the Neo Granadinos who would [...] [671] probably be my companions as far as Panamá and perhaps still further. The heat during these three days was excessive, at noon on deck it ranged in the shade from 85° to 86° Faht. One night I awoke bathed in perspiration; though the window towards the sea was open, and I was not even covered by a sheet. Time passed rather heavily, there was no chess playing, the ladies possessed no particular attractions, Miss Stellard though young and tolerably good looking, was rather insignificant, Miss McKinnon, to my sorrow had taken such a fancy to me, that I really found her a nuisance, and most difficult to escape from her when once she had fairly taken hold of me. The reading of Chamber's Journal afforded me some amusement, I noted particularly an account of Marshal McDonald of the first French Empire and one of the Napoleon's Generals. He was the son of a poor Scotchman, whose original name was Mac Kechan, who served as a footman to the heroic Miss Flora McDonald, who, it is well known, after the defeat of Charles Edward, the Pretender, contributed in a great measure, to his escape. In an open boat Miss Flora, the prince in the attire of a servant, under the name of Betty Burke and the footman Mac Kechan rowed from one of the Hebrides to another. The Evenings on deck were beautiful the moon shone, not one passenger remained below, once or twice Mr. Leas contributed to our amusement, by singing and playing. The rate at which we went through the water, was on an average about from seven to eight knots pr. hour even though we were favored by the steady N.E. Trade winds. The motion of the vessel gradually went on [...] [672] creasing so much so that on Wednesday I felt squeamish; in the afternoon I recovered however after dinner, and was able to play at whist, with three of the Gentlemen, Mr. Magnus, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Pinnock. The Peruvian Palta is a fruit indigenous in the West Indies. It appeared at breakfast, under the name of Alligator Pear, a corruption of the "avocado pear".

Thursday, 13th of November 1845. At 8 O.cl. when I went on deck, we were steaming along the southern coast of the Island of Santo Domingo which, as far as I could distinguish from the distance at which we were, say from five to six miles, was a highland covered with wood from its base to its summit, when

drawing nearer I saw here and there, a gray rock protruding from amidst the forest, also some pieces of cleared ground, but these attempts at cultivation were so scanty and far between, that I willingly gave assent to what some of the Passengers told me of the extraordinary laziness and indolence of the present occupiers of Santo Domingo – the free Negroes, the Sugar plantations had been neglected to such a degree that instead of exporting as in former times, it had become necessary to import sugar from Porto Rico and that if no stringent measures were taken to avert the evil, the same fate would befall the Coffee estates, for the Negroes would not take the trouble of planting new trees, they contented themselves with gathering the berries from the old plants, which in course of time [] necessary die out. At 12.30 We stopped [673] in Jacmel Bay opposite the town of the same name. We did not drop anchor but kept ourselves stationary by means of the paddles. Therm. in the shade stood at 86 Faht., the ladies came on deck, hardly had I addressed a few words to Miss Stellard, when Miss Mckinnon pounced on me with a french book “La Lanterne Magique” in her hand. She was desirous to show me the engravings which it contained, and also request me to explain some things which she did not understand, this would have been pleasant enough had she been younger, prettier and not of the deepest blue. We lay about one and a half miles from the shore and the two extremities of the extensive bay, bore respectively S.S.E. and E.S.S. Jacmel appeared to me a miserable place consisting of some huts built partly on the beach, partly on the surrounding heights, the fortifications corresponded to the wretched look of the town. When steamers first touched at this port the letters delivered were very few, at this time the correspondence had much increased, especially for the town of Port au Prince, situated across the mountains from 28 to 30 miles distant. The Admiralty Agent was the only one who went on shore taking the mailbag with him, after his return and a detention, of one thing with another about an hour, We continued our course. We passed the cape Jacmel only remarkable on account of several large blocks of stones which apparently had recently fallen from the coast into the sea. We steamed westwards to Jamaica and soon lost sight of Santo Domingo. After tea the same as last night we played whist till half past 10 O.C. At 8 O'clock we were interrupted [] [674] being called on deck to see an almost total eclipse of the moon, only a minute portion of her disk remained being uncovered by the earth's shadow. Of course as long as the eclipse lasted the stars were visible, they disappeared as soon as the greater luminary recovered her light; before we left the deck Mr. Lees, quite a humorist, diverted us by imitating McCready and other famous English Actors. It was past 11 when I retired to my berth and had to undress in the dark, the lights being put out.

Friday, 14th of November 1845. At 8 a.m., we were opposite the most western point of Santo Domingo, Cape Tiburon, my original diary does not say, whether it could be seen from on deck or not. It was as late as 6 p.m. before the high land of the eastern part of Jamaica came into view, at its extremity is a light house with a revolving light. We ran along the southern shore of this island which unlike that of Santo Domingo, does not rise immediately from this water's edge, on the contrary for a rather long distance the coast appeared to us low and level ascending gradually into ridge after ridge, the highest of which is known by the name of the Blue Mountains, both the low land and the Heights are covered with timber, occasionally a white house peeps through from under the luxuriant vegetation and patches of land are also under cultivation, here I suppose not quite so rare, as in the islands of the blacks just left behind us, for some time the Captain was doubtful whether to enter Port Royal in the night, or not, having decided on the latter, all the passenger went be[_] [675] this evening we had no whist and all together the time hung heavily on my hands, I endeavoured to while away an hour or so, conversing with Miss Stellard who, on board the Tay, was more accessible than she had been in the Trent, where the Admiralty Agent had kept her under a strict surveillance, the naïveté of some of her expressions made me conclude that she had not been much in society, she was however pert enough to term Miss McKinnon an intolerable chatter box, and her light blue eye [...] covered in the raven locks of that [...] few silvery indications of a mature a[_].

Saturday, 15th of November 1845. During the night we had kept off and on, without making any progress. At 5 a.m. we steamed on, I awoke and was on deck at 6.30, the sun had just risen, it was a beautiful morning, a few passengers, both ladies and gentlemen were assembled, casting anxious looks towards Port Royal which we doubled leaving it to our right. It consists of a cluster of houses, the greater part Government buildings, such as the dock yards, the hospital etc. massed together and interspersed with Cocoa nut trees, at the end of a narrow neck of sandy land, where it widens a little, whilst this narrow part called the Palisades connects Port Royal with Kingston, at some distance from the former place rocks lie scattered about, called the "Keys". Our pilot a black whom we had taken the previous day at some distance from the Island steered the [676] steamer through the difficult navigation marked by many buoys. Boats came off and a few passengers went on shore, a little further in, a Man of war lay at anchor, serving as a Guardship, close to it a hulk as a store ship, also a Man of war steamer and three smaller crafts, water carriers for the larger vessels, opposite Port Royal, we had on our larboard side, wood covered hills and mountains similar to those seen on the previous evening, on the top the

fortification of the 12 Apostles, further on the same ridge of heights, but somewhat lower lies the village of Port Hende [...] from this point onwards the heights slope [...] low piece of ground, level, woody and [...], through which as I was told and behind the just mentioned ridge of heights, the road ran in 1845 from Kingston to Spanishtown in which latter place the Jamaica parliament met. One of my fellow passengers Mr. Samuel Magnus, resident in Falmouth, though a Jew, was a deputy. On we steamed, Fort Augustus lay to our left, and rounding the corner Kingston opened to view, the first impression it makes, is not favorable, the houses insignificant in themselves, have shingled roofs, overtopped by one or two church steeples, several vessels lay moored along the shore and two or three wretched wharves with the object to facilitate the landing projected into the sea. At not great distance the town is encircled by other mountains, the healthy climate of which had induced Government to construct there at the elevation of 3 thousand feet above sea level for the use of the English soldiers, who cannot stand the heat of the plain below, Barracks, one of which, with [677] a few huts around, is called Newcastle and this was the destination of Mrs. Mancor there to join her husband an Ensign. From on board, I could see her, and her two children enter a small light vehicle, to convey her a part of the way, further on she had told me there was no carriage road and she would be compelled to make use of mules, Mrs. Chapman, her two children and Miss Stellard also left, the former was to be married this very day at One O clock, to the Superintendent of prisons. I had not observed their departure and they were pretty far off, when I saw them, they waved their handkerchiefs to me and soon disappeared from sight. At breakfast, we had the company of one lady, Miss McKinnon, who requested me on my going on shore to deliver a message from her to one of the Custom house officers, I rendered her readily this Cast service, which done I bought a pair of spectacles for nine shillings, and then strolled about the town, a closer view of the same did not improve the opinion I had formed when on board, the houses had a poor dilapidated appearance, there were Porticos (Patales) in front of them and upon them galleries along the first storeys, but the pillars sustaining both the one and the other, were no where of brick and stone, all of wood, painted. Some of the porticos were raised several feet above the carriage road and a few steep steps descended to it. The streets were not paved, as a motive I should rather say excuse, for this imperfection the natives alleged that the torrents in the rainy season coming down from the neighbouring mountains would tear away the stones, only embedded in deep sand. The principal streets [678] which run parallel with the beach are called Harbor St. and Port Royal St. In them most business was carried on, and some of the stores of the principal Merchants, Importers of manufactured goods extend right through, from one

Street to the other, at the one end, they sell by retail, at the other, by wholesale, not by the package but by the piece; other streets cut the two at right angles, in the part of the town opposite to the landing place, I came to an open square formed by the barracks, for the black soldiers; the Theatre and the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches, the latter by far the handsomer. Continuing my walk I soon found myself in one corner of the market place mainly occupied by fruiterers and dealers in vegetables, going on, I soon found myself in a sandy high road, where I saw nothing of particular interest, miserable huts on both sides, rows of high cactusses, some pencas, some Cocoa nut trees, and mostly Guarangos, here called Cashaws, I met a few white people driving to town in their gigs, for the greater part black, and colored, who predominate here as in all the West Indian Islands, almost all carried fruit, vegetables, and sugar canes on their heads. When on good terms, they address each other as Sir, Ma'an, and Miss, but when they come to high words, the epithet of black negro was invariably used. Having returned to Kingston I called by appointment on Mr. H. Pinnock one of my fellow passengers and owner of one of the large stores spoken of above. He was very polite and invited me to lunch with him in his dwelling house. Whilst the carriage was getting ready, I had a few moments leisure to [...] [679] a look at the railway to Spanish town, which was to be opened on the 21st inst. The terminus was not yet concluded, I also came to the market halls for the sale of meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits; amongst the latter I observed a few small Chirimoyas. On our drive to Pinnock's house he pointed out to me the Court house, where the members of the Tribunals met, the commercial hotel containing a large reading room, and the Club house, with three ball rooms, the largest of which was ceded to the colored people, from whom the real whites held aloof as much as they could. Mr. Pinnock's house was about a mile out of town surrounded by shrubs and trees, when I entered, I was struck with the appearance of comfort which pervaded the whole, there was no splendor, no extravagance, but every thing very neat and nice, Mrs. Pinnock, our fellow passenger, her married sister and her husband, probably Mr. Pinnocks junior partner, all were very civil and polite. At the lunch I liked best the ice ale, my host told me he was the the greatest importer of dry goods in Kingston, also that he had bought some property in the Isle of Wight, whither he thought of retiring after the lapse of a few years, always continuing his business in Jamaica. He added he would be very glad if I would give letters of introduction to him to any of my friends who might come that way. I recollect I availed of this offer some years later in favor of Mr. Henry Read, of the house of Tayleure, Lima. I bade good bye to these my new friends, and returned to town and on board, of our original 105 passengers only 6 were left, the 5 Neo Granadinos and myself, the new were Mr. Cartwright, British

Consul in Cartagena, Mr. Brandon, a stout Dutch Gentleman from Curaçoa, now residing in the same place, Juan [680] Diego from Panamá, and a young man from Barranquilla a place fast rising into importance four leagues up the river Magdalena; besides these a Captain Rastorick with his daughter, since the loss of the *Acted-on* commanded by Capt. Jamieson, on a reef close to the Main, Sept. 1844. Capt. Rastorick served as pilot to the Company's steamers from Jamaica onwards. At 4 O'clock we left Kingston harbor and the same objects noted by me in the morning, passed again under my review. The access to Kingston is well defended on the one side by Port Royal and the man of war; on the other, by the Twelve Apostles, and fort Augustus. We did not dine till fairly out at sea. Our course to Santa Marta was south, inclining a little to the East. I went to bed at an early hour.

Sunday, 16th of November 1845. We had a stiff breeze from the N.E. and the Steamer's motion was very perceptible. After breakfast, the crew was mustered on the quarter deck, not in such a sharp man of war-like-manner, as by Capt. Boxer on board the *Trent*; prayers were read in the Cabin by the second in command, which being over, the day was to me very heavy, and dull. There was no chess in the forenoon, no whist in the evening, no Gentlemen with whom to converse, no Miss Stellard into whose ears to whisper sweet nonsense, only after dinner, I made bold to address Miss Rastorick, she was about twenty years of age, but seemed to me though not so pretty as Miss Stellard to have mixed more in society, and consequently to have seen more of the world [] [681] told me she knew (nothing strictly speaking) of England but that she had lived with her parents for six years in Falmouth in Barbadoes, and Kingston one year. Mr. James the Admiralty Agent related that nine years ago he had been living in one of the wildest parts of Sussex where he had sent a little girl, his own daughter, to school; her education had cost him five pence weekly, two for tuition and three pence for being taught good manners.

Monday, 17th of November 1845. The motion of the steamer was such that I felt sickish and was obliged to lie down to prevent actual vomiting, however I made an effort to go to dinner, and in the evening had so far recovered as to be able to walk the deck for a long time with Miss Rastorick and one of the Gentlemen, I was told that the passage between Kingston and Santa Marta is generally a rough one. The Ther. at noon on deck and in the shade both on this and the previous day marked Faht. 85, R. 23 1/2.

Tuesday, 18th of November 1845. A few minutes before midnight a shot was fired from on board. I dressed in the dark and went on deck. We were in the bay of Santa Marta, the moon had risen and the outlines of the coast, and of some mountains in the back ground, covered with vegetation, as I was told, were distinguishable. Of the town itself, which sketches along the beach nothing

could be seen. The two headlands, which formed the bay, bore N.W. and S.E. from where we lay. There are two entrances into it, separated from each other by a rocky island called “el Moro”, the anchorage is safe, the shipping being only exposed to the sudden squalls which [...] down from the mountains, even during [...] [682] we had one or two. The Captain ordered another shot to be fired. Nobody stirred on shore, not a light was visible only the braying of an ass was heard – now the admiralty agent went off with the mail and met a shore boat which came along side of us, a few questions were asked and replied to. Mr. James returned, and at 2 a.m. we resumed our course, it was in Santa Marta where Bolivar died. At 8 O.C. when I was at my usual post, on the deck, we were about ten miles from the Coast, clearly to be seen – during the night we had passed the Magdalena at the mouth of which river Savanilla lies. We had a nice breeze in our favor, but being somewhat sheltered by the land the motion was but little felt and I was well enough to bring up my diary. I think it was about 2 O.C. p.m. when we were near the spot where the Actaon was lost; the greenish color of the sea gave evidence that we were nearing the land, shortly afterwards the white houses of Cartagena, and a little inward the mountain la “Papa” with a large white building, a convent, on its summit came into sight, this latter is a conspicuous object, the more so as the country around is very flat. At 3 O.C. I went below to dinner but did not remain long for the heat was actually suffocating, Thermometer on deck ranged between 85° and 88° F., 23 1/2 and 25 R. Cartagena was left behind. We were running along a large low island, which westward of the town is separated from the same by a broad branch of the sea which under the name of la Boca grande was in former time the principal entrance to the spacious bay of Cartagena, the Spaniards however to prevent the approach of venturous enemies blocked it up, by sinking [...] [683] and masses of stones, so that at this day the access by this channel is impracticable, the Government of Nueva Granada, had the intention to clear these impediments but hitherto had not carried it out. At the western end of the said low island is another entrance, la Boca chica, considerably narrower than la Boca Grande, through this we passed. It is defended on both sides by two forts, the one close to the main on a rock El Castillo San José the embrassures of which only a trifle above the level of the sea, the other el Castillo de San Fernando in the Island from which flouted the flag of Nueva Grenada, Red, Blue and Green in vertical stripes. This bay is the largest and most completely landlocked, which I have ever seen, the water is tranquil, its depth not very great, at least such was my impression. Nature has formed here a natural dock, what a splendid naval establishment could be made of it in the hands of the English or any other enterprising European nation, but possessed by Neo Granadinos descendants of the Spaniards it lies useless and neglected.

If I am not much mistaken, at the time our steamer was the only one in the bay, capable of holding hundreds of vessels. The low land which encircles it, is entirely covered with wood, without any attempt at cultivation. On the Island stands a few huts meant to constitute a village, but so insignificant as not to need any further notice. On our approaching the town, on a hill lower than the Papa another fort called San Felipe came into view. We dropped anchor close to the town, the sanitary boat came off and as we had no sickness on board. [...] [684] were allowed to land, first went the Admiralty agent with the mail and the Consul Mr. Cartwright. In the second boat the Purser, Mr. Brandon and myself and two or three of the South Americans, hardly had we landed on the Quay when we had another fortification La Pastelita to our right old cannon balls lay scattered about on the beach, whilst in the embrasures of the fort not a muzzle was to be seen, a few steps further on we passed under a gate way and were now in the town of Cartagena. I kept company with Don Gabriel Martinez, who met a friend of his Colonel Nuñez and together we perambulated the town till I had had enough of it. In a coffee house pretty clean papered, and well lighted we took some refreshments, I, a cup of chocolate, for which Colonel Nuñez insisted on paying. It was dark when we returned on board where I finished the day conversing with Mr. Leas and Mr. James. In the course of my travels I may say without any exaggeration I have seen very many towns but not one made so melancholy an impression on me as Cartagena, it was a complete personification of decay – the streets cutting each other at right Angles as is the case in all spanish towns, were narrow, and save a few, not paved, sandy and frequently filthy. The houses were one storey above the ground, the upper graced with miserable balconies and sometimes with an opening protected by a wooden railing to answer for a window, from which might be seen a female face peering out. Hardly a single dwelling was neatly whitewashed, all appeared [...] [685] and dilapidated, the ramparts which my companions said had cost the Spanish G-ment. 58,000,000 of dollars were in a similar state of decay – one battery only, St. Domingo, was in good repair, some fine cannons and motars stood here, shots lay piled up. The barracks were nothing else but wide saloons occupied by soldiers dressed in white linen frock coats with red cuffs and pantaloons of the same light material. Several of the Churches were converted to secular purposes – one, being that of the Augustinians, for a University, another as, a [?] and the third La Merced, stood empty, fast falling into ruins, only the Cathedral and Santo Domingo had been preserved for divine service they were of small extent, but gave evidence that some care had been bestowed on them, the Population as far as I could judge, consisted mostly of black and colored people, not a single pure white did I see, as little had I the good fortune to encounter a single female, who to judge

externally, I could denominate as a lady – the Gentlemen in the Coffee room, some of whom were playing at Chess gave without exception some indication of a mixed descent. When it grew dark, many doors of the ground floors stood open and in my peering into them, there were blacks and mulattoes sitting in the ground, or low seats, tailoring, shoemaking or playing, the guitar – every thing denoted according to European ideas wretchedness, if not misery. Above all, I was shocked to see children of all shades playing in the streets completely naked, my companions [686] were of course rather annoyed at the unqualified unfavorable opinions which I expressed about this the second town of Nueva Granada – Bogota the capital of course, being the first. They dwelt much on what Cartagena had been, and what it would be, as soon as it was made a free port, and the Canal finished which would connect the town with the River, Magdalena. As late as 1840 and 41 it had sustained a siege for seven months by Obando's party, which at last, though the inhabitants suffered much from famine had to retire.

Wednesday, 19th of November 1845. The sea was uncommonly rough, with difficulty did I write my diary and hardly had I finished, when I had to go to my berth, for the first time, having been 33 days out at Sea, I was really sick, I had to lie down on deck quite flat, partly dozing, partly reading Butlers Hudibras till the first gong was struck. Hudibras I found no easy matter to understand, owing to the many old and quaint expressions which the work contains, it required frequently repeated perusals before I could clearly comprehend the Author's meaning.

Thursday, 20th of November 1845. Chagres is distant from Cartagena 280 miles, westward a little to the South, when I went on deck the sky was clouded and had a wild appearance, the motion of the steamer however was less than on the previous day, at 9 O.C. we were off cape Manzanares, an hour and a half later, opposite Porto Bello, the coast just visible – the heat was such, that when I busied myself in arranging my luggage the perspiration ran down [...] [687] in streams. I took up a life of Sir Walter Scott and also conversed with Miss Rastorick, until we were opposite the port of Chagres – our destination. When we were at about a mile and a half distant the engines stopped, I bade good bye to Capt. Rastorick, his daughter, and to Capt. Sharp, and then looked after my luggage. The coast is woody and rises gradually into hills, of the town nothing could be discerned, except some trifling fortifications on the top of a rock, projecting into the sea. As soon as the mail, passengers and luggage had left, the Steamer continued her course to San Juan, Nicaragua lying N.W. from Chagres – when we had doubled the rock with the fort, on the walls of which the Granadian colors were hoisted the miserable place of Chagres came into sight merely a collection of some few wretched dwellings. The river of

Chagres, which owing to the late rains was much swollen flows into the Bay, to the waters of which, and even to the sea itself it communicated a dirty yellow color. The luggage was placed on the green soft damp turf on the beach, thence carried by porters "cargadores" to the Custom house, the largest building in the place, whitewashed, and with porticoes in front, but otherwise in as poor a condition as the rest of the so called houses, which constituted Chagres – some were constructed of canes, others of mud, a few with openings in the walls intended for windows, the greater part with only the door opened to admit air and light, chimneys were luxuries unknown. The Collector of the Custom house "Administrador de la Aduana" Eckelsen, in appearance like a sailor, was Dutch by birth, but Danish by extraction; the luggage [688] was but superficially examined, and then carried to another building, where a boarded room was placed at our disposal, namely of the five Neo Granadinos and myself. The furniture consisted of a table and a few clumsy chairs, a Mulatto Ramos, a shopkeeper, was apparently the principal man in the place – to him I delivered a letter of introduction from Don Tomas Mosquera, once President of Nueva Granada, and resident minister in Chile, when in 1844 I made his acquaintance in Santiago, Vide page 827 Vol. 1st, to my great surprise he scarcely took any notice of it, hardly had we taken possession of our lodging when many boatmen, here called Bogas, offered their services, with one, a very ugly negro José Maria Alarcon I came to terms; for 12\$, he was to convey me to Cruces which being arranged I took a walk through this wretched place. Scarcely a single street was paved, here and there lay big stones and logs of wood, over which I had to pick my way not being inclined like the colored inhabitants to wade ankle deep in mud. To the fortifications only led a paved road, which though garrisoned, were in a dilapidated condition, no more than 20 years had elapsed since they were erected yet the very damp climate of the place had given them a ruinous and decayed appearance. Swamps covered with a soft treacherous grass gradually extending upwards encircled Chagres, which from all I saw, must necessarily be unhealthy. On my return my companions and I made but a poor supper on fried meat, with badly dressed rice. At 9 O.C. we laid down on the floor, fortunately I had a mattress, which I had carried with me from South America to Europe [...] [689] never made use of since landing in Penzance, now it came quite apropos.

Friday, 21st of November 1845. At as an early hour as 4 O.C. my boatman nicknamed "Cunco" and companion came for my trunks, and at 5 for [...] mattress when together we went to the beach, as it was still dusk I could form no idea of the comparative size of the boats and did not observe that the one I had engaged was uncommonly small made out of a trunk of a tree hollowed out long and narrow, so much so that Cunco continually desired me to lie

quietly in the middle in order to preserve its equilibrium, above and on both sides was an awning made of palm leaves and oiled paper, but so low that when my mattress was sketched on the bottom I could not sit upright and when I crept outside to take a seat which happened to be a portmanteau Cunco warned me that I was endangering his precious property. I lay with my face turned towards the stern, my luggage, piled up behind me was sheltered by a tarpauling; one boatman sat in the prow, the other in the stern. They did not actually row but shoved the boat through the water by an oar of this shape

called Caneleta towards the end of the journey near Cruces where the river was shallower they made use of poles called palancas for pushing the boat along when we left Chagres they were dressed in Pantaloon and shirts but by and by as the heat increased first the one then the other garment was laid aside only their shirts rolled up were tied round the loins, not even covering the posteriors – the eye must accustom itself to the sight of grown up men in almost a state of nudity. Scarcely had I installed myself in the just described conveyance when it was broad daylight and at first sight the scenery around me struck me with its beauty [690] gradually however the charm of novelty wore off, its almost unbroken uniformity became wear[] ine and this day as well as the two following, which the journey to Cruces lasted, passed away heavily and ted[]ly. On both sides, the river is lined with a dense forest; Trees of which I only knew the Benana and the co-coa nut met my eyes my bogas being as little acquainted with the names of the rest, as myself, bushes and reeds intertwined with all description extending into the very water formed apparently an impenetrable barrier, at great intervals a small part of the forest was cleared away, and there stood a hut similar to those in Chagres with a small tract of cultivated ground, logs of wood floated down the river and often a bird was perched on them, enjoying it would appear this easy way of travelling; storks white and grey, wild ducks and other waterfowl skimmed the surface. Owing to the swollen state of the river, the current in the middle was so strong that it was impossible to make any progress against it, consequently we had to cross from one side to the other, where the impetus of the rushing waters was less strong, to enable us to make way – not only as Mr. Scarlet says, Vide page 6 of Number 27 of the Appendix, did the branches overhang the Cayuco but in our case we were actually rowed under the branches of trees, which at the distance of 20 to 30 ft from the shore dipped into the river and perhaps took root, the first place at which we stopped is called Elgat[un], on the right side of the river, its wretchedness was like that of Chagres. The weather was pretty fair, sometimes the sun came out, and sometimes a shower of rain fell which however did [691] not pass through my awning, as regards myself I whiled away time, reading the life of a sailor by

Dana an American writer, and occasionally dozing. At 5.45 we stopped at a solitary house called Pala Mateo the ascent up to the shore was so muddy that Cunco had to carry me on his back. The house or rather the hovel was uninhabited, some of the canes had to be torn off, to feed a fire to drive away the insects which object we obtained, but the smoke made my eyes water. The floor merely dried mud, there was no place to sit down on, except steps cut into the trunk of a tree, which served as a ladder to the loft – under these circumstances having made my dinner on the provisions brought with me, I had nothing better to do than to be carried back to my Cayuco, another boat was lying alongside of mine, occupied by Don Diego, a Panama Shopkeeper who had joined the Tay at Jamaica. He was a foolish disagreeable young fellow, but here I had to put up with his company; now the rain came down in good [_]est. I crept under the awning Cunco let down an oil cloth with which to shut the opening toward the stern. It is true I was sheltered against the rain, but the heat was so great I could not bear it – I crept out, when erelong I became so wet that I was compelled to return to my den, and here I spent the most miserable night imaginable I tried to pull off my coat but could not for want of room, of my nether garments I fortunately got rid, and stretched out my feet to refresh them with the cool rain, but this appeared to me brought insects in its train, and thus till 6 a.m. without having slept a wink, I had nothing to do, but to defend myself against their attacks, the abominable humming [_] “Sancudos” was the most troublesome [_] [692] the day time, the Thermometer stood at 87° Faht.

Saturday, 22nd of November 1845. At 6 O.C. a.m. the Bogas who had slept on shore, came to the boat; it still rained a little, I threw open party of my awning and saw in the bloody streaks on my hands, signs of the many murders I had committed during the night. We continued our journey, between eight and nine O'clock the rain ceased, but the heavy fall had so much increased the volume of the river and consequently its violence, that we were obliged to keep so close to the shore as actually to pass over the submerged bank – the Cayuco of Mr. Diego being larger than mine, led the way and its boatmen cut with their “machetes” or big knives the impediments of branches and slight stems which obstructed our passage. At noon we stopped at a hut Piedra Blanca del medio (for each of these separate places has its own designation) which owing to its being inhabited was not quite in such a wretched state as that of the last night. The river having so much risen this dwelling stood but a few feet above its present level; four walls of canes, with an opening, instead of a door enclosed a quadrangular space of dry ground, whilst all around was nothing but a sea of liquid mud – the canes did not reach up to the loft, sustained by four poles one in each corner – the indented trunk of a tree served for a ladder – within

this inclosure, the Mistress a fine dark Mulatta, with her four naked children and other negroes and colored men of different shades of complexion were either lolling, standing or moving about; their companions were pigs, poultry, and some other domestic animals. A few seats, a bench, a primitive hearth, some [...] [693] hide for the children to play on [...] trunks and finally a mortar and pestle very large, and made of wood filled up the space, this last named utensil was used for crushing maize into a coarse meal, of which, mixed with water and boiled without even a little salt the natives make long round rolls covered with leaves of the same plant, called “bollas” so nutritive that 3, or 4, costing a half real, will suffice for the daily maintenance of a grown up man, in first tasting them they appeared rather insipid by and by I liked them well. At a short distance from this hut grazed a horse; and a few cows, on the swampy grass, also some orange trees, had been planted; for 16 oranges I paid half a real. Of course the boundless forest still encircled the place, whilst close by, the already mentioned animals augmented the filth, to crown my description I must not omit mentioning a poor young negro, who was to me an object of great compassion – a horse leech sometime before had fastened on his leg, which being violently torn off, had left a wound which, had festered and the leg swollen to an enormous size. It was covered with dark red spots, contrasting shockingly with his dark skin – I was glad when it was time to move off. At 4.30 p.m. my boatmen put an end to this days Journey. We had arrived at another hut, a trifle less wretched than the last one, the canes reached up to the loft and at night time the door was shut up with two wooden posts, I induced Cunco to carry up my mattress which he thought an extraordinary favour, I lay down on it, and was lulled to sleep by the monotonous croaking of frogs, not toads or “sapos” as the natives said in the Neighbouring swamps.

Sunday, 23rd of November 1845. [...] [694] the sky clear and the sun shone, the heat had decreased from 87° Ft. which the Thermometer marked F. [?] to 83°, in the scenery as well as in the mode of our progressing there was no change, once or twice we were so completely entangled amidst trees that we had great difficulty in extricating ourselves. At 9.30 we stopped at el Barro Colorado the name given to a hut, the immediate vicinity of which was still if possible more muddy and frethy than that of La Piedra Blanca del Medio. It contained a small sugar mill “Trapiche” not used for the present; amongst the various habitations which we passed on both sides of the river that of most importance was la hacienda Palenquillo and at 4.30 we arrived at la calle de Mamé where we remained for the night. This dwelling stood at a greater distance from the river than the generality, it was built on a slight eminence, the three sides of which were covered with a soft grass, whilst behind the ground sloped up towards the

wood covered hill [] the owner was more polite than I had hitherto found the natives to be, and when, having made a slight repast on a little cold fowl, bread, some oranges and boiled rice, I was on the point of returning to my Cayuco, he had the civility to offer me a hammock in which dressed as I was I lay down covering myself with my poncho – the frogs croaked like those of last night, but what was new to me was the singing of a bird called “el perro Mulatto” which words the natives fancy they can discover in its notes.

Monday, 24th of November 1845. The []ther continued [695] favorable, after a slight breakfast we were again on the move, having passed the village of La Gorgona we stopped at a low sandy island in the middle of the river where the Bogas refreshed themselves with a bath. I owing to the humidity of the climate felt no thirst, the river was now shallower and the poles above spoken of were in request to push the Cayuco along. It was a little past eleven O clock when we reached Cruces the goal of my fluvial journey. One of the boatman carried me up the steep and muddy ascend, and put me down on dry ground which being done I followed Don Diego to the dwelling of Don Antonio Parra to whom I had again a letter from Mosquera and who at all events was some what more civil than Ramos in Chagres. The boatmen brought up my luggage into one trunk I was sorry to find the wet had penetrated. Cruces at this time contained about a hundred houses similar to those in Chagres, the streets not completely level and over grown with grass, were however dry owing to the two last day's sunshine, on an eminence stood a church partly in ruins, the river, the swamp and forest rendered it impossible for me to extend my walk in any direction, and thus for a long time I amused myself with watching a file of black Ants each carrying a small bit of a leaf larger than itself and which covered the insect's whole body when first noticed them it appeared to me as if the pieces of leaves were of themselves crossing the path but a closer examination discovered the truth namely that they were carried by these industrious little crea [...] [696] wild ducks and parrots which he had shot I should like to have toasted the latter, but they were not placed on the table. Mr. Diego and I had for dinner stew of brains fried meat boiled rice etc. after dinner I had a long talk with Parra's youngest daughter Vicenta a light colored mulatta who though her dress was none of the cleanest was otherwise by no means disagreeable and we chatted together till 9 O.C. when her Grandmother for her mother had died called her and chid her for staying out so long. I learned from her that Mr. John Moens lay buried in the Cemetary close by, he was drowned or as some suspect he drowned himself in the river in 1841. I believe I am correct in the date, concerning him I have given a detailed account in the first volume of my extracts. It was he who brought me out to Arequipa on board the Wanderer it was he who whilst in Gibbs' employ in Lima caused the firm such heavy losses

that Mr. Charles Crawley thought proper to dismiss him. He then established himself in Arequipa where he did not prosper, then went to England where the slighting reception he met with even from his own relations it is believed made such an impression on his [?] as induced him to commit suicide – his widow Doña Paula Zavalaga is still alive in Arequipa at this date 1871 one of his daughters married Samuel Mardon the son of my first principal in Arequipa Saml. B. Mardon what has become of his other children I do not know.

Tuesday, 25th of November 1845. It was nearly 7 O.C. when [...] [697] for Mr. Diego and myself came with their beasts mules for the luggage and horses for us, but mine was such a miserable looking creature that Mr. Diego declared it quite incapable of performing the journey of 21 miles to Panama, and added that I should not surprised be were he to leave me for not for a thousand ounces would he be two days on the road. What a fool! – thought I to myself the man is, for never had he in the course of his life seen 1000 ounces in a heap now he talked so big to whom the dealers in Jamaica refused to give any credit. I arranged with the muleteers that they should follow slowly with the luggage, and furnish me with a little Negro boy as guide – with whom I would try to keep up with Mr. Diego. The muleteers provided us with spurs and saddles in the bags of mine I put a medio's worth of "bollas" and the same boiled eggs. In the pocket of my pellon a change of linen, whilst my Chilian boots or polainas and poncho would I expected protect me against the splashing of the mud. It was 8 O.C. when we started, Mr. Scarlett gives a very fair idea – vide page 7 of N^o 27 in Appendix of this Vol. The following is a copy of what I wrote to Messrs. Gibbs of London in my letter of 26 Novr. "The road I had to pass, is such as no one, who has not been in these countries can form an idea of, in the times of the Spaniards it had been paved, but now for many years nothing has been done toward its reparation, so that with the exception of a few patches here and there where the pavement still holds together the road, seven leagues long, is covered for the greater part with loose stones, which are lying, in pools [...] [698] one is mounted flounders from one hole into another, in other places where the ground is dryer the animal walks over a mass of unconnected pointed loose stones then again through hollows so narrow that the rider must lift up his legs in order to pass through them, sometimes up and down ascents and descents of the live rock" – so far my letter to which I may add that the narrow path hemmed in on both sides by a dense forest – trees and bushes, underwood and creepers – is in many places so perilous that even I, who in the course of my Peruvian and Bolivian travels had become well acquainted with bad roads thought it prudent to alight and lead my horse, frequently I had to draw up my legs in order not to knock them on the banks in either sides. Once I fell off, when the girth of my saddle broke, fortunately

without receiving any material harm. At great intervals a few trees were cut down a small patch of land under cultivation and a hut was constructed, occupied by negroes of course, perhaps there were 8 or nine of these Oases in the wilderness. We met a few negros carrying pottery ware on their heads also Mulateers whose mules were laden with dried ox hides. Butterflies flitted about, in them I took a great delight having in my childhood been an eager collector of these beautiful insects. I noted especially one of an uncommonly large size and of a light blue color with a dark border. After a ride of 15 miles we came to the estate of Guayaval – here a considerable part of the forest was cleared away, several houses or huts were [...] [699] grew, pigs, ducks and poultry abounded. Here we alighted, entered a hut and took our lunch, I contented myself with a hard boiled egg balla and a piece of fried wild duck which Parra had given to Mr. Diego, on our leaving Cruce, after an hours rest we started afresh Mr. Diego who had hitherto taken the lead complained I had followed him too closely and insisted on [...] riding in advance which I readily agreed to. Hence forward the country was more of [...]en, the path wider and the forest less dense. Here and there the old Spanish pavement of the road still existed, but when it did not, the mud lay [...]per if possible hitherto. my little [...] fell into it up to its ankles and more than once I apprehended it would stick fast unable to draw its feet out of the adhesive matter. Nevertheless we got on, and wherever it was practicable I splashed through thick and thin at a sharp trot, two leagues from Guayaval we reached what seemed to be a suburb, passed through the hollow way of a fortress under a gateway without gates and found ourselves in Panamá, where at every step, ruin and decay met the eye. I rode to the hotel del Istmo kept by a German, Jansen no ever ready waiters appeared I had to make myself heard before I was attended to – a large uncomfortable room with a brick floor was placed at my disposal, I took out my clean linen and dressed – not withstanding my Chilian boots the mire had passed through and wetted both shoes and stockings, of the latter I purchased a new pair. The dinner was abundant in the usual South American style Mr. Jansen, Mr. [...] scoth [...] [700] banished from the Ecuator, and I sat down to it, this over I got a boy to show me the way to Mr. Byrnes' to whom I had a letter from Gibb's of London, he together with Mr. Davson were just on the point of going out to call on me. The latter had much changed for the worse since I had seen him in Lima ten years back, now he was old, prosy and tiresome. I may say almost in his dotage Mr. Byrnes was an open hearted Irishman, his wife I also found agreeable and pleasant. I remained with them till a late hour, Mr. B. gave me letters received from Lima from my wife and Juan, the former complained very justly of my long silence, but I was in hopes that my last letter from London would have put her mind at rest – both expressed a belief that

Hayne who was going home at the end of the following year would make me an offer to join again the establishment of Gibbs & Co. for added they though Charles Pflücker has been longest in the house, yet we know that Mr. Hayne is displeased with him on account of his devoting so much of his time to, and spending too much money on, his copper mines of Morrococha. I judging from what Mr. Wm. Gibbs had written to me doubted that this would be the case and weighing the pros and cons I lay awake the whole night, or at least the greater part of it. Peruvian Politics were quiescent – the Congress was dissolved and Castilla, President. The Minister of Finance, Manuel del Rio had published a very clear statement, showing that the revenue of the country did not suffice to meet the expenditure.

Wednesday, 26th of November 1845. [...] time before breakfast [701] I employed in a walking about the town which certainly did not gain in my estimation on nearer acquaintance. Panama is situated at the end of a deep bay, when taking my stand on the beach which consisting of a stone like slate slants very gradually seawards I had to my left a woody coast, extending into the Pacific, whilst to the right four islands were in sight, called the Perrico Group, first Perrico next Flamenco where Mr. Davson had a coal depot, for the use of the British men of war then N[?]o, and la Culebra which two latter are separated from each other only at the time of high water. Between the beach and the walls, which extremely dilapidated encircle the town is the market place, where provisions were exposed for sale. Its wretched appearance was in accordance with all I had previously seen in Panamá. Thus for instance many streets and *even* the Plaza were overgrown with grass – several churches were mere heaps of ruins, creepers covered the outside walls, in the interior where the roof had fallen in trees and bushes had grown up with all the luxuriance of a tropical climate. In the Plaza Mayor stands the Cathedral, its façade bears a great resemblance to the churches built by the Jesuits which I had seen in Italy. In it are many niches for the statues of the 12 apostles, two clumsy white washed towers are clearly a modern addition, besides the Cathedral two or three other churches were in a fair state of preservation. Of the streets which cut each other at right angles, the principal ones are those of La Merced and San Juan, the former [702] mainly occupied by shops, the latter by stores where European manufactured goods are sold by the piece – here Mr. Byrnes had his store and Counting house. The hotel “del Comercio” stood in 1845 in the Street La Merced, many houses had a second storey along which ran balconies. Glass windows were a scarcity – shutters taking their place, Mr. Scarlett’s description of Panamá, Vide page 8 Appendix 27 is in my opinion much too flattering. He speaks of Villas of which I saw none, though perhaps there may be some at a distance from the town. Mr. Byrnes told me the property of Mr. Sackchrissen

Swedish Consul was the only one that could be classed as such. I only saw the poor suburbs already mentioned on the previous day and not far off a wood I must have passed when coming from Cruces, the breakfast was such as I had been accustomed to in South America only the tea was so bad that I could not drink it and had necessarily to ask for chocolate. In the forenoon in Mr. Byrnes' Office I wrote a long letter to Gibbs of London. My luggage did not arrive till 3 O.C., Mr. Byrnes went with me to the Custom House where it was slightly searched and quickly despatched now I could thoroughly clean and dress myself. At Byrnes' I partook of a plain substantial dinner with him and Davson, the latter as prosy as ever, also there was present Mrs. Byrnes a native of Bogotá who evidently considered herself far superior to the Panamá ladies – her complexion was rather dark, she yet retained traces of former beauty. [703]

In my above mentioned letter to Gibbs I requested them to sell the small amount of Peruvian bonds, which they held of mine at 35% or better – I was induced to give this order by Don Manuel del Rios' unfavourable account of the Peruvian Finances – Gibbs sold them at a profit it is true, but had I kept them, I might have gained an enormous percentage, selling them at 90%, when if I remember correctly they cost me 17 or 18%. The Gentlemen told me a strange story which I repeat for what it may be worth. At the time of one of the revolutions in Mexico, I believe in 1841, some Mexican Merchants embarked on board a merchant Vessel, in one of the ports of the West coast, with a large treasure, for along time nothing was heard of them – suddenly appeared in Liverpool a sailor who related that the vessel had been lost, but the treasure saved, and concealed in an island to the west of Central America. He and another sailor being the only survivors, he gave an exact description of the spot where the treasure was deposited, and was rewarded for having made known such a secret; and the very extraordinary part of the story is that the man imposed on four different parties in succession, all of whom sent out vessels in search of the treasure, found the spot, but nothing else. Mr. Johnson with whom I had dined at the hotel belonged to the last expedition, and had been as unsuccessful as the former.

Thursday, 27th of November 1845. The greater part of the day I was in my room occupied in writing, dined at the Hotel, and went to Mr. Byrnes' where I spent [] few hours conversing with him and [. . .] [704] the latter entered into long details, relating to the state of this affairs and of his account with Gibbs' Crawley & Co., what he said, had so little interest, that I hardly gave him any attention – however I could gather from the drift of his communications that he had no intention of paying what he owed to the Firm. Mr. Byrnes spoke rather in unfavourable terms of his two countrymen residing in Panamá – of

Mr. Lewis, he remarked that about two years back, he made large purchases of manufactured goods, in Jamaica, and that at present he was asking for six year's "esperas" which means that he promised to pay at the end of six years, without interest, on condition that his creditors would let him alone for that period. Some had agreed, others not. I should not wonder if this is the same Lewis, who many years later was partner of Patrick Gibson in Islay – and again took charge of the business of Calisto Pfeiffer in Lima during his absence in Europe – in both which situations, he showed clearly that uprightness and honesty were not ruling principles in his conduct. Of Consul Perry, Mr. Byrnes said, that he was a man between 40 and 50, son of the well known Perry, Editor of the Morning Chronicle, and that he obtained his post a short time before the Whigs were turned out, through the interest of Mr. Baker the present Editor with Lord Palmerston, that he lived separated from his wife, and that he had with him his daughter, a nice young girl of fourteen years of age, and her governess, of whom evil tongues said that she was on [...] terms with the Consul, th[...] [705] was consistent with propriety in consequence of this the Byrnes' had kept aloof from any intimacy, for the truth of this Statement I cannot vouch, but I know that some time afterwards Miss Perry was married to Mr. Hurtado of Panamá, a very well informed Gentleman, who was for several years Manager of the United States Huano Consignment Company in Lima. At the present day (Sept. 1871) he and Mr. Hobson late of the Firm Alsops & Co. are the Consignees of the Huano Co. in the United States, Mr. Perry whose acquaintance I have never made was when I last heard of him, British Consul in Venice. On my return to the Hotel I found there was dancing to celebrate the anniversary of the Independance of the Isthmus. When in bed the music and stamping overhead kept me awake a long time. A few houses were illuminated in honor of the event – Thermometer in my room 83°F., 24 1/2 R.

Friday, 28th of November 1845. This morning the Neo Granadinos arrived from Chagres – the Mail had entered on the previous day, both the one and the other, having landed with me on the 20th of the month, it followed that the former had taken eight, the latter seven days to cross the Isthmus – whilst I had done the same in four days. Private individuals may take their own time, and travel as slowly as they like, but that the Mail in which thousands are interested should have moved at such a slow rate, was inexcusable, and called for immediate remedy, walking about in the streets afforded little of interest – thus I who had nothing better to do was for a long time [706] in Mr. Byrnes' off[...] looking on, whilst he was busy with a great number of letters received from Europe, I believe I have already mentioned on a previous occasion, that from the time the Atlantic steamers first took the European Mails to Chagres, until the date that the Pacific steamers ran as far as Panamá, for its further conveyance to

the south, the break, or interruption in the line between this latter place, and Callao, was filled up by sailing vessels, which took the mail to, and brought it, from Panamá; for this purpose Mr. Eldredge, a North American, residing in Lima, employed two of his vessels, but as these were old slow crafts, they did not answer, and Mr. Dionisio Boulanger of Payta performed the same service by means of two fast sailing vessels, the Mazeppa and the Josephina, as long as this arrangement lasted, there was of course no postal understanding between the two steam navigation Companies, the letters from Europe were received by Mr. Byrnes in Panama who was paid an annual remuneration by the greater part of the houses on the West coast, for forwarding their correspondence, and for paying the Postage. To give an idea of the progress made in the last twenty years, not only in the ease and rapidity, but also in the cheapness of communication between the West coast and Europe I will give here the tariff of what was paid in 1845 for a letter weighing half an ounce.

From Panamá to Payta and vice versa	2 reales
From Panamá to Payta and vice versa above 1/2 ounce to 1 ounce	4 reales
for each additional ounce	4 reales

[...] [707]

From Panamá to Lima and vice versa double the previous rates.

These postages of course went into the pockets of Boulanger – to the Grenadian Government maritime postage to Panamá, One rial, on every letter and package of whatever size, and to the same, from Panamá and Chagres and vice versa for a letter weighing up to

a quarter of an ounce	1 rial
up to half an ounce	2 rial
up to three quarters	3 rial
up to one ounce	4 rial

and so on in proportion. Finally from Chagres to Great Britain, The Colonies, Germany and France, and vice versa letters not above

half an ounce	1s
above half an ounce to one ounce	2s
From one to two ounces	4s
From two to three ounces	6s

and so on.

At the present day Sept. 1871, the postage of a letter up to half an ounce from Lima to Callao is one real and from Callao to a British Port is eighteen pence, and the time taken is from 30 to 31 days. To return to November 28-45 one of Boulanger's vessels being under repairs he had sent to Panamá for the

conveyance of the Mail a miserable small Schoner of 45 tons “La Roncadora” built out of the timbers of a whaler, wrecked on the coast of Peru, on a rock called by the same name – in this wretched craft I was to take my passage, the fare or cost, ten ounces, a sad alternative to me lately accustomed to the fine English steamers on the Atlantic [...] was moored [...] [708] bidden good bye to the Neo Granadinos, and to Mr. Byrnes I was rowed on board in a shore boat, a long narrow canoe, by one man who used a shovel shaped oar. With me went the Captain, my luggage, a box with the correspondence and two bags of newspapers. The Roncadora lay low on the water so much so, that from the boat I was able to step over the bulwarks, on to the deck, part of my luggage was stowed away in the hold, part in the cabin to which five steps descended. There were four berths, one for the captain, Pimentel, one for myself, the two others were filled with a variety of things. In the middle of the Cabin stood a table, no chairs, instead of which, a board nailed against the berths served for seats. We left Panamá situated N. Lat. 8° 58' Long. West from Greenwich 79° 27' – with a fair wind and soon bade good bye to the Perrico Group of islands. We took tea on deck where I remained till 9 O.cl. lying down on the companion way for walking there was no room, I conversed a little with the Captain, a poor insignificant Cholo from Paita. The evening was mild and pleasant, the sky beautifully clear, great was the change when I went below, the heat and closeness were insupportable. Cockroaches were, in great numbers, crawling even over my bed clothes – my berth was so low that I was compelled to creep into it.

Saturday, 29th of November 1845. Contrary to my expectations I passed a fair night. At 6.30 I went on deck when we were going along with a gent [...] [709] about our little nutshell, to our left we had the Main – not then discernible – to our right Punta Mala, the most western point of the gulf of Panamá; breakfast was served on deck – rather greasy, biscuits and fried plantains its best constituents. When we had rounded this last mentioned cape and were on the open ocean we found ourselves opposite Central America – the beach along the Coast we could see, behind the same hills and mountains; the heat was excessive Therm. 87° Fah., 24 1/2 R. – no awning was spread. At 3 O.C. We had dinner on deck, plain and good. As long as day light lasted I read Tristram Shandy, and did not go below before midnight. I repeat once for all that walking was out of the question, for want of space I had always to lie down. The crew of the Roncadora consisted of seven persons – the Captain, the mate, the Steward, the Cook and three sailors, all of whom appeared to be on an equal footing.

Sunday, 30th of November 1845. This day I felt very poorly and was actually sea sick. At 2.30 about fifteen miles to the South We saw a water spout, from the

heavy clouds a large black tube descended towards the sea, whilst from the sea, the waters bubbled up, and muted themselves with the tube, which after a few minutes lost its distinct outlines and dissolved itself into rain. I went to bed, it rained heavily during the night – Ther. 90 1/2 F., 26 R.

From Wednesday, 3rd to Thursday, 16th of December 1845. A miserable fortnight it was that I spent on board the Roncadora the south wind wh[_] [710] varying a little to the East, or to the West, blows almost continually down the coast was of course contrary to us; and put us to the necessity of tacking a mode of progressing which always slow was in our case the more so because the Roncadora which owing to her small size was unable to present any resistance to the opposing winds, and waves, lost much sea way. The Sailors, very expert in this kind of navigation for they were well acquainted with the coast and knew every landmark, gave the Captain much useful information and often told him when it was the right moment to tack. When we stood out from the coast, our course was west sometimes even with a slight inclination to the North, when running landward we made as much southing as possible I was surprised to learn that the Roncadora could not sail closer to the wind than ten points in a rough, and eight points in a tranquil sea. On the 6th of December we made the cape la T[a]lla, the North western point of south America. On the 11th, we passed the line, where the temperature was cool, owing I suppose to the clouded state of the sky. On Sunday in the evening, we were 20' South – the further we proceeded southwards the more the heat decreased, also towards noon the clouds and fogs used to disappear, and the sun shone out for one or two hours. The variation of the Compass was 9° degrees east in Panama, but it increased more and more to the east, the greater our distance became from the Equator. My [...] [711] I generally woke at 6 a.m. when the Steward brought me a tumbler of hot water sweetened, and with a little Bordeaux wine in it, this agreed pretty well with my stomach and the acid for a short time absorbed the nasty taste in my mouth, as well as the dirty saliva which always troubles me as long as I am not quite well on awakening. An old dirty wooden spittoon stood before my berth but the more necessary conveniences of a water and chamber pot were not to be found on board. Having taken the said beverage I turned round and managed to doze till 8 O clock when I got up, I washed myself on deck, then took breakfast below – the mate shoeless and stockingless taking this meal and dinner with us; for the first week or so none of us wore either a coat or a waistcoat for as already said the heat was very great. Our breakfast consisted of a nice chupe broth of fowl, sometimes potatoes also of fish when we could catch them such as “dorados” or dolphins. Bonitas, rather, dry and Agujas the shape of which latter is long narrow and high. After breakfast I lay down on my trunk which was placed at the side of

my berth with a pillow under my head perused the Newspapers destined for the various ports on the west coast for the bags containing the same Mr. Byrnes had left open – now and then I took up Tristram Shandy, or the sentimental journey, whilst Hudibras, Mrs. Garland's translation of Ovid, and my Italian books, required more attention that I could besto [...] [712] state – often I put all aside and thought of times passed by, and what the future would bring and thus managed to get over the monotony of a life on board a small schooner. At 12 O'clock I took a glass of lemonade. Our dinner at 3 O.C. was like our breakfast, with the addition of pancakes with treacle. By this time the heat had so far decreased that I could go on deck, where I had again to lie down and read. Now and then the waves splashed over and wetted me, every time we tacked I had to shift my place to the lee side, which happened more or less every two hours, for the distance we stood out from the land never exceeded nine miles; and the utmost the Roncadora could make in an hour was four miles, at 9 O.C. I turned into my berth, in the middle of the night I often saw the Captain with a slipper in his hand doing his utmost to kill the numerous cockroaches which infested the cabin. On the 16th we made the coast of Peru, barren and high, no mountains were visible inland, thermometer on the 16th this day at noon in the shade 81 F., 22 R. Some of the principal news which I thought worth while extracting is as follows of course taken from the papers I have previously alluded to destined for the various ports on the coast. The Russian Campaign of 1845 against the Circassians had been unsuccessful, General Warenzof with 50,000 men at his disposal had penetrated as far as the capital Dargo, but want of provisions and the unhealthy weather had forced him to abandon the place, and much loss had [...] his retreat [...] [713] by the pursuing enemy.

In Algeria the French had suffered some reverses, among the killed Colonel Berthier grandnephew of the first marshal of the same name, Ab-d el Kader had reappeared, the French forces amounted to 80,000 men. Also in Madagascar the so-called savages had gained some advantages over the Europeans – the Queen of that [...] and had given orders that all Foreigners must be naturalized, or leave the country. Against this measure the Captains of the English and French Men of war had protested, but their representations received no notice from the Queen, they thereupon resolved to take severe measures, the European residents took refuge on board, from two small French and one English Men of war a force of about 400 men were landed with the object of making themselves masters of a small fort – they took the outworks, but found it impossible to storm the citadel with walls of twenty feet high and awarded by a ditch of the same measurement, from this they were repulsed with loss. The Potatoe disease, sometimes called potatoe murrain, had spread from the Continent to Ireland, the Plant had become black spotted, however some

chemists were of opinion that the nutritious and mealy part might be made use of for human sustenance. From the Andover poor house fearful details had come to light which if proved to be true, would render the overseers guilty of impardonable way of highly culpable neglect, it was stated that the poor people [...] [714] in grinding the bones for manure had been seen, compelled by hunger, gnawing the gristle and sucking the marrow from them even though in a disgusting state of putridity. From [...]mer and Smith's *European Times* I copied the following:

Revenue of Great Britain and Ireland

for	1842	1843	1844
	£51,120,040	£56,935,[_]	£58,590,217
Expenditure	£55,295,159	£55,501,740	£55,103,647
Made up to Jany. of the next Year	4,175,019	1,433,852	3,486,570
	deficit	surplus	surplus

From the *London Illustrated News* of October – 11. – 1845:

New R-way. schemes to be laid before Parliament in the session of 1846 for the United Kingdoms. 399. Capital	£329,290,000
Deposits required	£289,940,074
Foreign Schemes. 70. Capital	£197,280,000
Deposits required	£176,899,750

Wednesday, 17th of December 1845. In the morning we had a strong wind, and a heavy sea, generally met with, near El Cabo Blanco 4° 8' S. which we made at One p.m. – having rounded it, the sea was more tranquil, and I recovered a little from the squeamishness which I had felt in the morning. From 6 to 10 p.m. I lay as usual on the Companion way.

Thursday, 18th of December 1845. As we were in hopes of reaching Païta this day the Captain had his dirty [715] cabin a little cleaned out. I dressed and shaved and made preparations for going on shore, at noon we were 4° 55' S. Païta lying 5°, there was but little wind, to the right we saw a hill, the “Cerrode [...]” to the South another “La Villa de Païta”. Our course was due East; at 6 p.m. when the sun set, the last named hill a mountain and the barren coast could be clearly seen from on board, one hour longer I remained on deck and took up for the first time, a book my aunt had given me when parting from her, and strongly recommended me to read, it was called “*Tales of the Village*” by Francis Paget M.A. Rector of Elford and Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. I had

no need to read many pages, before the motive of the gift was clear – the work treated on religion, and attempted to prove that the Anglican Protestantism was superior to any other Christian creed – in my original diary I have spoken of it with little favour, remarking, “I considered it to be written in an [illiberal] intolerant manner, the principles bigoted and the style arrogant”. I prepared myself for going on shore. At 8 O cl. p.m. we were in the bay of Paita, not far from the land, the lights of the town were clearly visible, the Captain of the Port came off in his boat, with him a clerk of Boulanger and Dr. Simon – the German physician from Kiel, who was in Lima when I left in 1843; both assured me, that every bed in Boulanger’s was occupied, and thus nolens volens I had to pass another night on board the “Roncadora”.

Friday, 19th of December 1845. At 5.30 I went on deck to the [716] West, South, and East I saw the barren coast of Peru, without a vestige of Vegetation; towards the south, the hills recede a little, leaving a small half circular space and on this sandy beach stand the houses which constitute the town of Paita, nothing can look more des[] – the bay is very spacious being only open towards the north, whence the wind [] blows, it affords a save anchorage, there were at the time several vessels large and small amongst which, the Cormorant, a British Man of War Steamer – Captain Gordon. By and by, one boat after another made its appearance, one filled with Caulkers another with the Captain of the Resguardo, and a custom house Authority, a third with Dr. Simon, with whom I returned on shore. We landed at a small mole just finished and walked to Boulanger’s house, one of the largest in the place. Boulanger was very pleasant and also Francisco Almirall, an old acquaintance from the time I was with Gibbs’ in Lima – the same I may say of Charles Higginson Junior. We all breakfasted together at Boulanger’s, I much enjoyed the meal on terrâ firma, having been tossed about in the Roncadora nearly three weeks. With Chas. Higginson I went to his Father’s whom I begged to procure me a passage on board the Cormorant which was to convey the mail to Callao; in his office I made the acquaintance of Colonel Stagg who, married to the second daughter of General Flores had been banished from the Republic of the Ecuator – before proceeding I will say a few words of the Higginson family the father was [...] Engl[] [717] born in the East or West Indies. Of Mrs. Higginson I only remember she was of expensive habits, of the children, the eldest were born in Bs. Aires, the younger in Peru – Charles the oldest of all, was for many years a very useful clerk in Gibbs’ Office in Lima. In 1845 he was in Paita, there to take charge of his father’s business, who named British Consul would henceforth solely attend to his consular duties. After his father’s death, Charles continued the Paita business for several years, till the time of the marriage of his sister Eliza, with a Mr. Alexander Blacker, he made over the business to his brother in law and

went to Europe where, he leads a lazy bachelor life – the interest of the money left by him in the Paita firm perhaps also part of the profits which he may have reserved for himself serve for his moderate wants. He lives in London in a Club house in the West End, and makes every year his pleasure trip to the continent. At the present time 19th Sept. 1871 his age I should think is about 60 years, perhaps a little more. Next to him followed his sister Caroline who married a Mr. J. Bowman, for many years Port Agent in Islay, where he was employed by the greater part of the Arequipa houses. About 1849 when the gold mines in California were discovered they removed to San Francisco in the hopes of improving their fortune, in which they succeeded. Both husband and wife are dead and as they had no children Mrs. Bowman in her will divided her fortune between her surviving sisters. Mary the 3rd child was when I knew her a very nice and [...] [718] of the first months of 1833 a ball was given in Callao on board of a french man of war, the “Griffon” to which my wife and I were invited, also our daughter Rosa, she and Miss Mary Higginson about the same age were then the youngest of the whole party. Miss Mary became [...] wife of a North American, Mr. Smith, in San Francisco is doing well and mother of a grown up family. Henry Higginson is a complete Chalaco, when he was no more than 12 or 13 years of age he already served in the office of Mr. Henry Dalton, Port agent in Callao then he was Enriquito, his principal Enrique, when Dalton left for Mexico – Higginson entered as Clerk with [T.] Conroy Port Agent and more or less about 1845 he must have set up on his own account for his father in Paita begged me to give my port agency to him, to which request I acceded. He formed a partnership with a native whose name [...] has escaped my memory, went to San Francisco in 1849 returned, and so far his affairs had not prospered – in 1852 when the new firm of Witt Schutte commenced their importation of manufactured goods and other articles he continued to act as their Port Agent and from this time I may say dates the turn for the better in his fortune. He entered largely into the lucrative contraband trade which for many years past the greater part of the Callao port agents had been carrying on with the connivance and assistance of the very custom house officers whose duty it was to prevent such nefarious transactions. Not before the year 1868 [...] a stop been put to the smuggling system [...] [719] when Raphael Velarde visitador de Aduanas attempted and in a great measure succeeded in eradicating the evil. Meanwhile Higginson made hay while the sun shone, and would have become a rich man if it had not been for the extravagance of his wife, a handsome young woman of a family unknown who, as it is often the case with such; poor in her younger years when suddenly raised to affluence was lavish in her expenses. Higginson built in Callao a large and splendid house which he furnished elegantly also a rancho in Chorrillos both of which being concluded

his lady thought she must live in Lima. The House in Callao was let and the family took up their residence in the capital where they live in a respectable style, with their family, of which the eldest Henry is a grown up Youth. They have their own circle, occasionally give parties but in the élite of Lima society, Mrs. Higginson, though good natured and kind hearted is not admitted, Higginson is liked and esteemed by all who know him. In Callao he has unbounded influence, having been Alcalde de la Municipalidad, he is also director of the Dock Company and a share holder in several other companies. Of his brother William I cannot speak in such favorable terms. Henry employed him in his office for some time, where he did not conduct himself as he ought to have done, he now lives in Lima, no doubt on an allowance made to him by his brother. The last of the family are Eliza and Emily. In 1845 [...] dancing party given by the late [...] [720] I was the only one who stood up with them, no one else took any notice of the young girls, for which attention I received thanks from the host. Eliza good looking became the wife of Alexander Blacker, she died of consumption a few years ago, left a son and daughter the former in England for his education, the latter the Father adores and spoils – he allows her to wear boys' clothes, she is a good horsewoman, smokes cigars, the last, Emily was married to Dr. Vance who, a clever medical man would have made money in Tacna had he not been addicted to the bottle, the legacy left them by Mrs. Bowman enabled them to leave America and to return to Europe where they now reside either in Jersey or Guernsey. Paita was, and still is, in 1871 a miserable place, its population consisted of Cholos or Indians, reputed to be good sailors, the streets are not paved and cut each other at right angles, the houses are made of clay plastered over with mud some are white washed for the greater part they consist only of a ground floor – a few such as that of Boulanger were one or two storeys high, the Church and the Plaza Mayor could not of course be wanting in a town founded by the Spanish people. I walked up a road which leads to the high sandy plain which extends 14 leagues as far as Piura but not seeing a single tree or blade of grass I quickly retraced my steps. Paita is without water which is brought in small barrels on the backs of donkeys from Colan [...] la Huanca [721] three villages situated at a distance of five to seven leagues along the left bank of the River La Chira which falls into the sea, north of Paita. The greater part of the forenoon, I was in Higginson's Office where I was introduced to Mr. Bunch secretary of Mr. William Pitt Adams British Chargé d'Affaires in Lima to him, Mr. Higginson applied for a passage for me. Bunch wrote a few lines to the Captain representing me as a particular friend of Hayne and Davy, in a short time an answer was returned – affirmative – to my great [...], but with the remark, it was only accorded to me in consequence of my intimacy with the two above named gentlemen, and this

Captain Gordon took particular call to repeat to me when I met him on board of his own vessel for the first time, which I thought was no proof of refined manners, I had a long talk with Almirall who told me all the Lima news, from him I learned that Hayne was at this time in Piura for making, if possible, some arrangement with the Tabaras of that place who were heavily in debt to the Lima house already in 1842 when I separated from Gibbs they owed a large sum, which was valued at a discount, of which I had to bear my share but the loss sustained by Gibbs before the account was closed with the Tabaras, still exceeded this discount, heavy as it was; this I learned in after years. On the beach I bade good bye to my various Paita friends at 4.30 I went off to the Cormorant in the Captains gig with himself and Bunch, without loss of time we got under way, and at 5.30 we three sat down to [...] [722] where every thing was as neat, and nice as possible, just as much as if we had been in the house of an English Gentleman on shore. We had several kinds of wine, pudding, fruit, and cheese. Capt. Gordon sat down in his dress coat with heavy gold epaulettes, I had to apologize for appearing in a frock coat, when the table cloth was removed the Captain gave – the Queen – afterwards we walked the deck for some time, took tea at nine O clock, spirits wine and hot water were placed on the table. At ten O.C. I withdrew to my berth highly pleased with the Captain and Mr. Bunch. My apartment though not quite so large as those I had in the Atlantic steamers was otherwise very convenient. The cabin in which we dined was well furnished its walls hung with portraits of William the fourth, Queen Victoria and prince Albert and other engravings, there were curiosities from the South Sea Islands and a small library containing all the works of Sir Walter Scott, the Captain's private room and bed room adjoined the cabin.

From Saturday, 20th to Monday, 22nd of December 1845. I spent these three days in a very pleasant manner quite free from sea sickness. I rose early and at 9 breakfasted with the Capt. and Mr. Bunch, of course read a good deal and frequently walked the deck with one or other from the Captain down to the Midshipmen. On Sunday prayers should have been read but the Purser whose duty it was to discharge this office being ill [723] service was omitted – but not so, the close inspection of the men on the quarter deck made by the Captain and the doctor which being over the Captain accompanied with the first Lieutenant and the doctor, Mr. Nut, went all over the vessel – there was not a nook or corner they did not examine, I went with them and was greatly pleased with all I saw, particularly so with that part of the vessel where the sailors took their dinners and slung their hammocks at night, in the day time they are stowed away in the bulwarks where in the event of an action they are of great use as protection against musket balls. On Sundays it is the custom of the Captain to dine with his Officers, accordingly the Capt. and I took this day our

dinner in the gun room where the first, the second, and the third Lieutenants and the Doctor, also the Master mess together, the Captain as guest of course did not take the head of the table; on Monday the Doctor was our company at dinner. Great was the cleanliness on board this man of war, as I believe is the case in all the vessels of the British Navy. At 4.30 a.m. the decks were holystoned and washed any litter scrupulously swept away. Orders were not given by word of mouth but either by the whistle or by the drum. When hoisting the anchor a boy sat on the capstan playing the violin and to its music the sailors timed their labor. The Carpenters and sail makers were busy at their work on deck, early in the morning the sailors and marines were drilled in the use of their [...] [724] of the latter only 15 were on board commanded by a corporal. All on board numbering about 145 men, firemen included, were armed with muskets, pistols, swords and pikes. Eight guns stood on deck, between the foremast and funnel two small brass six pounders for the use of the boats, and two 68 pounders – in the bows on each side a 42 pounder carronade, finally two 24 pounders one at the stern, the other close to the bowsprit. It was surprising to me how bright and clean they were kept, they looked like polished furniture in a drawing room. The Cormorant measured 1140 or 1160 tons, she had two engines and four boilers of which only two were used, in our short passage seven knots were our usual rate. She had two masts but as we went against the wind of course no sail was set. I must not omit to mention that all on board I amongst them had to touch our hats when stepping on the quarter deck this place being looked on as the queens drawing room, during the few days the voyage lasted we ran so near the coast as to have it always in sight, sometimes we came near enough even to see seals lying on the rocks. On Monday about sun set the island of San Lorenzo came into sight, at 9 O.C. we dropped anchor far out where the men of war take their station, many boats came and rowed round the vessel inquiring for news letters and papers, but as the Captain of the Port had not yet appeared, nobody was allowed to step on board, below in the Cabin I read an interesting tale by Sir Walter Scott called the Highland Widow, founded on fact, went to [...] [725] at eleven O.C.

Tuesday, 23rd of December 1845. I was awake at a very early hour, and rose as soon as I heard the officer of the watch tell the Captain the boat of the Captain of the Port was along side of us, as we had no sickness on board nothing prevented our landing with regard to myself I was very anxious to go on shore, after an absence of two years seven months and some days, but to my great annoyance it was as late as half past nine O clock before the Captain placed one of his boats at my disposal, meanwhile I remained on deck and took a survey of what I saw around me. Callao bay is not so large, nor quite so safe as

that of Paita. It is open to the North West from which quarter the wind blows sometimes, though seldom; towards the south East it is sheltered against the swell of the ocean and prevailing south winds, by San Lorenzo a rocky arid island divided from the main land by a channel [] Bocqueron of which vessels seldom avail themselves giving the preference to the circuitous, but less dangerous route outside San Lorenzo; in the channel lies another small island El Fronton so close to the larger one that it is supposed an earthquake sundered the two. Callao has the great advantage of an abundant supply of water being situated to the south of the River Rimac where it empties itself into the bay; I cannot say what its population was in 1845, it numbers now in 1871 20,000, has well paved streets and foot pavements, houses like those in Lima, Churches, a market place, an arsenal an a mole gradually falling into [] [726] in short it is a place of some importance in as much as it is the first port in Peru, it contains the bonded Custom house stores is and is defended by two strong Castles of a circular shape, and governed in 1871 by a prefect independent of the one in Lima. The bay was well filled with shipping, not only with merchant Vessels but also with men of war, under British Colors the Daphne, Herald and Pandora the two last surveying vessels; further the Shark, United States sloop of war the Relief and Trial W. S. store ships; La Lampriere, French. Captain Gordon paid an official visit to the Captain of the Daphne on his return the anchor was weighed and we moved close in shore near the coal depot vessel, on our passing the "Lampriere" the first Lieutenant took a particular pleasure in ordering the Engineers to raise as much smoke as they could, which for a moment or two, completely enveloped the Frenchman. At 9.30 a.m. as already said the boat was ready for me. I thanked the Captain for his kindness, shook hands with Mr. Bunch, and some of the of Officers on deck, shoved off, and in a few minutes landed at the mole and ran to Conroy's Office, got the assistance of a Clerk, who quickly dispatched my luggage, and having some time to spare called on the Gallaghers who were already on the high road of making a fortune, the Doctor had an hospital on his own account in Bella Vista by which he made money, he had purchased or by some means or other, obtained two extensive Chacras on the left side of the Callao road going to Lima called Villegas, and La Legua. He was not at home – his wife, her brother, the doctor, and her sister Emma [] arrived in the Magellan [] [727] gave [] friendly reception and I remained with them [] coach came to the door, the road to Lima was as bad, if not worse than I had left it in 1843 and we passengers were pitched about in a frightful manner – Juan came on horse-back, and met me about half way at a public house "la Legua", where the coach usually stopped. About an English mile before reaching the Lima Gate, the road is lined with a fine avenue, on each side of which extend Orchards

and kitchen gardens, whose produce is sent to the Lima market, on entering the town I was stuck with the ruinous and dirty appearance of the houses, the white wash and paint of some seemed not to have been renewed for years, we alighted at the Coach Office, near the Church La Merced, accompanied by Juan, I walked to my house in Calle Correo – on the way, every object was as familiar to me as if I had been absent only a few weeks.

Residence in Lima from 23. Dec. 1845 to 9th April 1851 including a journey to Tacna, Arequipa, and back to Lima

Continuation of Tuesday, 23rd of December 1845. My wife, Doña Berna, Enriqueta and Conradina generally called Corina were waiting for me in the bed room I embraced them very tenderly, they were, no doubt glad to see me, and I rejoiced to be again with them, my wife and daughter had changed but little, if anything at all Corina had grown considerably, Doña Berna [...] looked much older than when I had [...] two years and a half ago her right arm [...] [728] she could hardly move it. I had much to relate, and much to hear, the day passed away very quickly, to tea Gerald Garland and Herman Reincke came, these two men had become very intimate in our house, to me it was very clear they were rivals in obtaining the affections of Enriqueta, they were no great friends though civil to each other, every Sunday and holiday they dined with us. Of Garland I gave an account some pages back. Herman Reincke was one of Johan Julius Reincke's sons by the 2nd wife, he had become very intimate with Juan when the latter was being educated in Altona, and was persuaded by him to go to South America. It was I think in 1841, when he arrived in Lima. I secured him a situation in the house of Gibbs' where he remained till induced by Lembcke to join him first as clerk, then as partner which he was in 1845, and lived opposite our house in the Calle Correo, Lembcke who has a very bad temper and he, could not agree long – Reincke then went to Europe, and returned with a small lot of dry goods with which he consigned himself to the house of Huth, next he went to San Francisco where he formed a partnership with two or three persons with whose names I am not acquainted; they entered into a large cattle speculation. Reincke went round the Cape to the United States, whence he crossed over with a herd I believe about 400 heads when nearly at his at his journeys end, a sickness broke out amongst them, and the greater part died. After this mishap, he returned to Europe for good, and joined his brother Ferdinand, an Insurance broker, married a very nice lady, from Cologne with whom he lives happily and contentedly in Altona. In 1863 when I was last in Hamburg I dined with Him at Herman Schwarts when he related to me many of his adventures, [...] [729] the Reinckes, and I liked him much.

From Wednesday, 24th to Wednesday, 31st of December 1845. If I remember correctly it was the large corner room in my house, Calle Correo, nearest to the Plaza Mayor which I took for my office, the same which in later years was occupied by Garland and Enriqueta when their eldest son was born, and which finally was known as the room of my son Juan. As soon as it was arranged to my satisfaction I spent in it my forenoons. Enriqueta and Corina were frequently with me, I taught them ciphering, Geography and History – Corina learned the rudiments of English, Enriqueta again took up French which she had neglected since Dominiconis departure. I read, wrote, and arranged the samples brought with me and gave orders to Gibbs' of London for the purchase of various articles. I flattered myself at the time I might be able to do a good, if not an extensive, at least a lucrative business in manufactured goods from England and also expected consignments from Daniel Schutte from Hamburg, but I may say in anticipation in both I was disappointed. I called on various persons to obtain information as to the state of the market, Charles Pflucker still partner with Gibbs' readily told me all I wanted to know; Bernardo Roca y Garzon, principal purchaser for the Guayaquil market was very chary in his information – Cruz Puch who had a store in the Calle Bodegones was open and frank, and Severino de Aserrate dissuaded me from entering into the business; the two last named both failed – and are dead in 1871. Roca has retired from the commercial pursuits in which he [] then [. . .] [730] valuable house, and assist's with his fortune his sons, who have set up for themselves in different ways; he is now 1871 Papal Consul. With Juan I had a long conversation, he was desirous to leave his situation as Cashkeeper in Gibbs' and join me, but I told him as my business would be so insignificant, I should not require his services. He then told me that Russell Dartnell, hitherto Clerk at Alsopp's had started on his own account, and had proposed to him to become his partner on condition that he should contribute to the joint concern a sum of ready money equal to his own capital – to this proposal, I gave no immediate answer, but rejected it afterwards, and time showed me I was right in dissuading Juan from forming this connexion. Great was the number of cards sent to me, and my wife, in congratulation of my safe arrival and not much less the number of visitors who called, and whom I intend enumerating and adding what I now in 1871 know of them.

Monsieur, Le Moine – French, and
Monr. Bosch, Belgian Chargés
 d'Affaires.

With both of whom and their agreeable ladies, Madame Le Moine – french, and Madame Bosch English, my wife had kept up a friendly intercourse during my absence. In later years both were recalled by their respective Governments.

Monr. *Marchisseau* – French Consul in Bolivia and his Lady, new to me. [731] *Notary Menendez* considered in 1845 an honorable man.

Mr. Fredk. Bergmann an excellent old gentleman head of the Firm of Templeman & Bergmann – no shining light in mercantile matters. His two sons Frederick and Charles of the same capacity as their Father. *James Jack* of Arequipa – vulgar but an excellent merchant – had prospered and was on his way home.

Thomas Conroy – Port Agent of Callao, a very old acquaintance of mine, a really good man but rather extravagant.

Herman Rodewald a native of Bremen junior partner of Huth Grüning & Co. in Hellmann's absence Manager of the house.

[732] Old *Judge Corvalan* with his wife and two young girls Felipa and Rosa Mascaro their relations, whom they had taken under their charge.

In the first days of the next year they returned to Europe.

Turned out in after years one of the most confounded scoundrels, of which his law suits with the Goyeneches have given proofs. At this date September 1871 he is still living. died ten or eleven years ago.

Have continued the business after their father's death.

He has not returned to South America, lives in Liverpool and is immensely rich.

He has lost his wife and has ceased to be the the first Port Agent. Several of his daughters are well married

This is the only person in Lima with whom I formed a close intimacy during the time he stayed here. He left many years ago, with a competency but not a fortune, married a native of Bremen, and resides in [_].

The old people I had known when I was in Cuzco in 1828. As long as they lived we were on very friendly terms and continued so with the young ladies, perhaps two years ago Rosa who had distinguished herself by her devoutness committed the unpardonable error of giving her hand to Andres Alvarez Calderon who had made a large fortune as the loader of Huano vessels in the Chinch Islands but is well known as a bad character and who killed his first wife by ill treatment. At present they reside in Paris, where the sisters have to

Gertrudes Rico (Carlos Pflucker's wife) and her mother *Doña Pancha*, Mrs. *Codecido* and her daughters.

[733] *Old Mrs. Ignacia Palacios* with her eldest daughter Dolores.

Edmund Duquenne a very agreeable and genteel young Frenchman, whom Juan had never introduced to us. He was in the employ of Roux and instead of Valentine Smith who had gone to Europe attended to the sales of the consignments made by Mr. Roux to the firm of Huth Grüning & Co. in Lima.

Ferdinand Ofelan, nephew of my old friend the Bishop of Ayacucho.

Blas Sotomayor a rich old man.

[734] *Dr. Don Celadonio Urea* a lawyer who had rented some of my rooms in the Ground floor of my house.

Antonio Malagrida an Italian Shopkeeper.

deplore *their* ill advised step I say *theirs* for Rosa would never have taken such a determination without the consent of Felipa her elder by ten years.

Of these families I shall speak detailed further down.

This old Lady reached a very advanced age and up to the last moment did her best to enjoy life, she was extremely good natured and well liked, she harmed no one except her own family. She was at her husbands death left rich, at her own decease her daughters, since dead, were left in such circumstances as might be called poverty

He became very intimate with us, and his name will be frequently mentioned. The lofty expectations he had formed were never realized – and when We saw him in 1863 in France for he had returned to his own country he was a married man. He, with his daughter called on us, but did not bring his wife, he was in the employ of Thos. La Chambre & Co. as their purchaser and was always complaining of the small salary he received

He is still alive – unmarried, gains an honorable subsistence as a broker in Public funds and similar securities.

I neither knew, or have known anything of him, he must have died [...].

Still alive, a clever lawyer full of chicanery, he has married a second time. We see him perhaps, once a year, if so often.

Contrary to the general rule of the Italians, he did not prosper, he died and left a son in the same business as Ofelan.

Carlos Cajigao – a very pleasant Spaniard engaged in the Cerro de Pasco business.

Ferdinand Thomas a frenchman successor of Dalidou Larabure & Co.

[735] *Friar Urias* an Augustin Monk a simple good natured fool.

Mr. Edward McCall a N. American, partner of Alsopp & Co.

Cristoval Armero, a Columbian was a particular friend of Chas. Pflücker who introduced him and his family to us.

Jose Peña nephew of General Santa Cruz, married to Mercedes, the daughter of Ildefonso Villamil of La Paz, lived in Lima after his banishment from Bolivia.

At a later period he and some others engaged in an enterprise of weaving grey cottons, domestics or tocuyos here on the spot, for which purpose they built a large factory still existing at the entrance of the Alameda of Los Descalzos, but they soon found out they had reckoned without their host, labor was too expensive consequently they lost much money and poor Cajigao committed suicide.

The house took the name of Thos. Lachambre & Co. of Lima and Paris, became the Huano Consignees in France and have amassed rich [..] Thomas and Lachambre live in P[...].

He died during our second absence in Europe between 1854 and 1856.

Many years older than I, is still a hale and healthy man he has an interest in the firm but only as a sleeping partner.

In course of time we became intimate but afterwards an estrangement arose though Don Cristoval and I were always on friendly terms when we met, both husband and wife are dead and until the death of their eldest son Enrique which occurred in the present year they kept up appearances and it was thought there was some money, now the unmarried daughters who have survived, I have heard find great difficulty in arranging their pecuniary affairs.

He returned to La Paz after the fall of the G-ment. in Bolivia hostile to him and the Villamils, I occasionally hear from him. After the death of Ildefonso he is [...]

[736] Don *Gregorio Paz Soldan* Minister for Foreign Affairs an extremely clever man on the 24th I presented myself to him as Danish Consul General when he received me with great politeness.

Dr. Casanova a Spaniard

Dr. Carasco Juez de 1^{ra} Sustancia of very limited capacity. We had become acquainted with him through the law suit I had to carry on for some time when I had bought the house in Calle Correo, his wife Doña Carmen of low extraction was a good friend of ours, clever and very lively. She wore the breeches.

Mrs. Mur the wife of Juan Francisco Mur

[737] Doña *Francisca* widow of La Torre Minister of Finance during the administration of Castilla, a very pleasant lady, a native of Bolivia.

José Maria Costas

With him we keep up to this day a friendly intercourse, not so much because we like him, but because we fear him, he has it in his power to be a most formidable enemy and as Fiscal [rector] de la Corte Suprema has but too many opportunities of injuring those to whom he is no well wisher...

All that I know of him is that he entered with Cajigao in the Tocuyo speculation but managed to escape with less loss than his partners.

Both are dead. He died an idiot, they left 4 children, Manuela and Carmen excellent young ladies, unmarried; of the two sons, Antonio, is a thorough scamp – the other, Feliz is a very good man, employed in the Bank of Lima.

I know scarcely anything about her. Her husband, a native of B.A., has abandoned his wife and returned to his [-].

Lives at present in her own country.

Of him and his brother Manuel, I have given an account, see pages 21-22 Volume the Second, to which I will merely add, that José Maria has returned from France, and has taken up his residence in Chorillos. He is certainly whimsical and has strange ideas, but not the slightest touch of insanity as I erroneously imagined when I dictated

Dolce an Italian – Enriqueta's singing master.

the above mentioned pages. Manuel now a married man lives generally in Puno, and uses all his influence to have Pardo elected for the next presidency.

After a short residence in Lima he returned to Europe.

[738] I will now say a few words about the Rocafuerte family in Guayaquil, and of that of the Codicido in Lima. Towards the end of the first quarter of this century when the different republics along the west coast had thrown off the Spanish yoke there lived in Guayaquil, Doña Francisca Rocafuerte, a widow of a certain Rico – a buxom lady in the flower of her age with a number of daughters grown up and some growing into womanhood. General La Mar the first President of Peru was their near relation Don Vicente an agreeable liberal philanthropic Gentleman who acted a distinguished and honorable part in the politics of Ecuador was the brother of Doña Francisca – by blood and marriage they were connected with many of the first families in Ecuador, moreover if not exactly rich they were in easy circumstances. Thus it is not to be wondered at that as soon as Guayaquil was thrown open to foreign trade and young men of different nations generally well brought up appeared there, the house of Doña Francisca generally called Pancha was much frequented and the young ladies soon found husbands. The eldest Francisca became the wife of M.A. Luzarraga a Spaniard, whose first proceedings in his mercantile career were of a questionable character. When however he had obtained a footing in good society he conducted himself in every respect in an irreproachable manner; in business matters he was most fortunate for a long series of years he was the principal merchant in Guayaquil and his riches were counted by millions of dollars. About ten or twelve years ago [...] to Paris with his wife and family [...] [739] he was the first to die, in the course of some years his son in law – Tomasa – a Spaniard, his daughter Adela the wife of the latter, then Rosario his youngest daughter, an amiable handsome girl married scarcely a year to a worthless Spaniard, who has survived her, and finally his wife followed him to the grave. There now exists of the Luzerraga family Francisco, married to a Miss Baron of Mexico, as rich as he, Juan José, who took for his wife his cousin Angelina Wright, and Miguel, who it is said, wants to marry his niece, Tomasa's daughter, when she has arrived at maturity. Another daughter of Doña Francisca married General Wright an Irishman who frequently during his banishments from Ecuador owing to his revolutionary tendencies took up his residence in Lima, where he came repeatedly to our house. He himself has

related to me that at the time of the war between England and the United States, to which an end was put by the peace of Ghent Dec. 1814, he, a mere stripling, was a midshipman on board a British man of war blockading the American coast. Shortly after his return to Ireland the so called British Legion was formed the object of which was to assist the Patriots of Columbia in their efforts to obtain their independence; Wright entered the Legion, served under Bolivar and was present at many of the bloodiest battles of that war. When Columbia separated into three republics he followed General Flores to Ecuador. In the first years of this General's long rule over the Republic General Wright was one of his most zealous partisans, in after times he became his most inveterate enemy. [...] [740] had favored him with a very pleasing exterior and robust constitution in disposition he was joyous convivial choleric and perhaps blustering; of his intellect not much can be said, also his education seemed to have been neglected, though he resided in these Spanish republics nearly 50 years without ever visiting Europe during that time, he spoke the language very indifferently which in some measure may be attributed to his always increasing deafness. He died a few years back having over exerted himself in a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Guayaquil. He was struck with apoplexy a glass of beer in his hand. By his first wife he had four children, Delia very pretty and agreeable who died young, married to a German Merchant Overweg; Angelina wife of Juan Jose Luzarraga handsome but deaf as a post, two sons the elder of whom Thomas Carlos is at present at the head of the firm of Luzarraga in Guayaquil the business of which is but a shadow of what it was in former years. The General when left a widower married Josefa known as [Chipitinga] the youngest of his wife's sisters – the only one still alive; no issue resulted from the second marriage. Mrs. Wright resides in Paris with her stepdaughter, and niece Mrs. Angelina Luzarraga. Another daughter was Gertrudes. Charles Pflucker a native of Waldenbenburg in Silesia, where I visited his mother in 1845, see page 465 of this Volume, and whose name will frequently recur in these my extracts became acquainted with, and enamored of her, when he resided in Guayaquil, as Manager of Gibbs' mercantile Establishment in that port. In 1834 when he, like myself partner of Gibbs Crawley & Co., attended to the Sales department in Lima, about the middle of the year he made a rapid excursion to Piura, where he met his betrothed, was married and the newly wedded pair returned to Lima – here they rented the corner house of la calle de Filipinas which at the present day is occupied by Mr. He[u]debert. Pflucker had been very intimate with us and this intimacy quickly increased, and extended into friendship on the part of my wife, who stood Godmother to two of Doña Gertrudes' daughters, both called Leonora, and both of whom died in infancy, and she greatly regretted the death of their mother in the prime of her life. I, myself knew she was an excellent

woman, but I could not admire her, it seemed to me that she never made the slightest attempt to make herself agreeable to anybody and this added to her unbounded jealousy, was no doubt the cause that, in the course of years her husband's affection for her gradually waned, at all events Doña Gertrudes availed herself of the pretext to pay a visit to her sons who were being educated in Breslau, to absent herself from Lima and there, after one or two years in a country where she knew no one, and could not speak the language, she found an untimely grave. The widower Pflücker is like myself a resident in Lima nearly 40 years, with the difference that during this long period his occupations have not permitted him to make a voyage to Europe which fortunately I have been able to accomplish not less than four times. I have already had occasion to mention, that Pflücker was dismissed from Gibbs' Establishment under the plea that he devoted too much of his time to his copper mines, which in the year 1841 or thereabouts he commenced working, at first in partnership with J. F. Izcue afterwards on his own account. He consigned his copper ore to the house of Gibbs in London, the Lima House making him advances on the same, and as in the course of years the prices of copper gradually declined in Europe, Pflücker became indebted to Gibbs for a very large sum, which I hear he has at last cancelled, Gibbs making him a very heavy allowance I should say 75% if not more. This comparatively small sum, as well as \$10,000 which I lent him in 1842 he would never have been able to pay, if it had not been for the handsome product yielded by his silver mines in Tuctu close to his copper mines and of those in the province of Castro Virreyna [...] in later years. Pflucker is my junior by about 4 years, and though he has altogether withdrawn from our house, which is the more singular as there has never been the slightest difference between us; we are always polite and on good terms when we meet. He is a man of a strong robust constitution and extremely active. A slight apoplectic stroke which he had not long ago has however forced him to give up working so hard as it had been his custom. Fortunately he has been able to do so without any detriment to his interest for his sons Carlos Maria the eldest 34 years of age who has never left Peru, Federico, Jules and Leonardo, the three latter educated in Europe are as I am told steady and trustworthy young men willing and able to take charge of their father's affairs, in which no doubt he has given them an interest. Francisca the eldest of the children an accomplished young lady married in 1854 a Mr. Constable a Scotchman who to [...] appearance a complete gentleman turned out to have been already a married man and the prospects of the poor girl have been irrecoverably blighted ... The Progenitrix of all these children, grand children and great grand children, was as said above Doña Fca. Rocafuerte de Rico, a lady who during her long earthly career – she died not many years back at a very advanced age – was much beloved and respected by

all who knew her. She had an excellent heart and a joyous temper [...] [741] presents to the poor, Alms. As regards myself though I did not fail to do justice to her good qualities I never found any pleasure in her society, she appeared to me too boisterous, talked too much, laughed too much, and had the habit of slapping her thighs with her hands; in short a quite genteel demeanour was a thing unknown to her.

Of the family Codicido I have less to say than of the preceding. Don Bernadino was a Columbian by birth when and when he came to Lima I do not know. He commenced as a merchant but as such, according to old Bergmann he was far from a model of integrity, when in April 1833 my wife and I came to Lima he had just married the sister of his first wife, was owner of some silver mines in Copiapo, also of a then recently invented machinery for amalgamating the silver ores which for several years as long as he had no competitors gave him a handsome profit. Gambling was however his sheet anchor when the dice was favourable to him, evil tongues said he knew how to make them serve his purpose; he was extravagant in the extreme, gave balls and dinner parties and actually threw away his money, when he lost he did not blush to ask the loan of \$500 which he repaid as soon as he had the means, though every one was acquainted with his character he and particularly his wife and daughters were admitted every where into Lima Society. At last when Fortune altogether turned her back on him, the whole family removed to Chile they reside there at this present time and have some difficulty in making both ends meet. Don Bernadino nearly eighty years of age is still an active and a hale man. His wife Doña Josefa [...]ter of José Vicente Oyague without [...] [742] was to me the most agreeable of the whole family. Of the 3 daughters the eldest Julia was much admired when in the flower of her youth – she married Emilio Mora an excellent young man son of the Spaniard Mora the friend and I believe even Counsellor of General Santa Cruz at the time when he formed the Peru Bolivian Confederacy. Young Mora was on the point of being admitted into partnership in the English house established in Lima but was suddenly dismissed probably for no other reason than for marrying into the Codicido family. Sometime afterwards he went to Barbadoes where I believe he resides at present as Huano Consignee – his wife he abandoned after she had borne him a child which soon died, even Doña Julia's best friends do not blame him for having done so. The second daughter Matilda a good girl became the wife of Andres Bello a Chilian whose father of the same name is the author of a work on international law considered almost as great an authority as Puffendorf and Vatel. Andres the son quite a gentleman like Emilio Mora but poor and sickly died of consumption, leaving his wife penniless and with many children. The third daughter Josephina was just grown up when in

1865 the Plenipotentiaries from the four Republics which formed the Alliance against Spain met in Lima. Montt came as Chilian Minister, in his suite various Attachés one of whom was young Toro belonging to the rich family of the same name in Santiago who fell in love with Josefina and carried her off as his wife.

Sunday, 28th of December 1845. I commenced returning some of the many visits which had been made me. [...] [Plucker's] [...] insisted on my stay[_] [743] to dine which I could not refuse though I would rather have this meal with my family at home. I found here Doña Francisca Rocafuerte, her niece Doña Dolores Alzua, [_] nephew Liberato Alzua, José Vicente Campo and various others. Doña Dolores was a young lady very fair as the Guayaquileñas of the higher ranks generally are and of such regular features that she might be called beautiful, but there was no animation in her face. She was reserved and taciturn, in later years she became the wife of a German named Dorn who resided in Paris as partner of her brothers Mathias and Liberato who, established as Merchants in one or two of the ports on the west coast of Mexico did a lucrative business, she is now in 1871 a widow with some children and a limited fortune. Jose Vicente Campo a brother of Mrs. Cristoval Armero is also a native of Guayaquil. In 1845 he was established in Lima in the same line of business as Bernardo Roca y Garzon, as purchaser for his correspondents in Ecuador. For a great number of years these two merchants did a very extensive business, their joint purchases amounting to more than \$1,500,000 per annum. This business has gradually fallen off as the direct importation to Guayaquil from Europe increased – Campo is now with his wife and children in Paris for the education of the latter. Doña Baltazara Calderon also came in, she a Guayaquileña Lady handsome somewhat affected was the wife of Don Vicente Rocafuerte. She is still alive and being left a widow has returned to her native place.

Tuesday, 30th of December 1845. I invited James Jack [...] [744] to Europe to dine with me together with a few friends of my acquaintance Rodewald, Garland, Reincke and Pflücker my wife provided a good dinner and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Dolce the singing master accompanied Enriqueta on the Piano, she had a sweet voice and sang very prettily. It was a pity the party broke up so soon, but as letters had to be written for the north and south Mails, it was a matter of necessity.

1846

Thursday, 1st of January 1846. Sylvester's eve of 1843 I spent at a joyous party of the Knaurs in Altona, a twelve month later alone in an hotel in Genoa; the midnight hour of the same day in 1845 struck whilst I was conversing with my

wife and daughter Enriqueta. It was 3 O.C. in the new year before Mariquita and I fell asleep, much had we to say to each other. In the morning I formed many plans and made good resolves for the future from which I trust I have not deviated, the forenoon of this, a holiday I had again to discharge a heavy debt of visits. I went by myself or in company of my son Juan on foot or in my own carriage – four wheeled vehicles were as yet hardly known in Lima – Calesin or Calesa was the name given to the two wheeled carriages then in use, they had glass windows on each side, and sometimes one in front – no axle trees, the shafts resting in strong thongs which hung down from the mules back; the driver mounted on the back of the mule was generally a negro, inside there was room for two persons. In my official capacity I had to [...] Danish Consul General in [...] [745] I was only Consul, to the Members of the Diplomatic and Consular Corps, to Messieurs Le Moyne and Bosche already spoken of, to Mr. Wm. Pitt Adams and to his Secretary Mr. Bunch, with the former I became rather intimate in later years, both of us being fond of whist, he was a first rate player, I only a middling. He died in 1852 of Apoplexy. Mr. Bunsh, my fellow traveller on board the Cormorant, became afterwards British Consul in Charleston. To the North American Chargé D'Affaires, whose name is not given in my original diary as well as to Antonio S[?]za Ferreyra Brazillian Consul G-ral., who lived in that part of Lima which is called el Cercado, a large area, in an easterly direction from the Centre of the city, inside and between the two Gates of Maravillas and Barbones; it is occupied by flower gardens surrounded by high mud walls, which of course preclude uninterrupted rows of houses, neither are all the streets paved. Of Ferreyra I will relate a deed of cool determination which merits being saved from oblivion. One night, the exact date I cannot give, he and his family were awakened by an unusual noise, they rose, Burglars were at the street door, breaking it open. Mrs. Ferreyra and daughters had time to retire into a room the door of which opened into the hall, Ferreyra the only man on the spot stationed himself with a rifle in the open door way of the apartment where his family were, all lights were put out, the miscreants entered, their leader lighted a match and in the same instant Ferreyra discharged his rifle with fatal effect the wounded man staggered out his accomplices fled [...] [746] morning blood marks showed the way to where the dead body lay. To Barata at the time Roman and Sardinian Consul, a well informed and agreeable man – at the same time an example of the vicissitudes of fortune – whether it was he himself or his secretary, is not quite certain, I rather think it was the latter without the cognizance of the former who committed some gross irregularity if not f[rau]d in the transactions of the Consulate owing to which the Sardinian Government first dismissed him, afterwards he also lost his post as Roman Consul. Without any resources of

his own, though well connected in Genoa and not knowing where to turn to make money he gradually fell into indigence, and finally into absolute poverty – once I succeeded in making up a subscription for him amongst his diplomatic and Consular Colleagues, in later years till his death about a year ago (I write in Oct. 1871) he occasionally applied to me for a little assistance and received it. To Triunfo the Consul for Nueva Granada whose face might be compared to a distended bladder, he received me with an embrace exclaiming at the same time “que gusto tengo de ver a Ud. mi querido Colega” – these were my official visits. Don Pio Tristan had been the last Spanish Viceroy, his viceroyalty continued only a week for his rule in Cuzco lasted only from the battle of Ayacucho 9. Dec. 1824 till the occupation of this Capital of the Incas by the Patriots. He and his family removed their residence from Arequipa to Lima. My wife and I had long been acquainted with them and of course I had to pay them my respects should [...] to know some of [...] [747] scandalous stories concerning this family, partly true and partly false, let him turn to to “Les Perigrinations dè une Pariah”, a work published by Miss Flora Tristan, who claimed to be one of its members. Don Pio had the manners of a gentleman, but his habits were those of a miser, Doña Joaquina Flores his wife was a handsome and pleasant lady, with a queen-like aspect, both are now dead – also the eldest daughter, Victoria, the wife of José Rufino Echinique, and their son Florentino a worthless fellow. His two other daughters made indifferent matches the one married a certain Forcelledo who rose to the rank of Admiral, though it is said he gets sea sick at the mere sight of the ocean – the other an Italian, Santiago Lapanco, who contrary to the general expectation has known how to keep the ample inheritance of his wife which praise, if praise it can be called, what is merely a duty cannot be bestowed on any of his three brothers in law. Manuela Flores was the sister of Doña Joaquina, her junior by many years, she married in 1825 or 1826 Colonel Althaus of whom I have spoken in Vol. 1st, page 116, on occasion of our joint ascent of the Misti near Arequipa. Doña Manuela when a widow committed herself by a foolish marriage with a Frenchman, Tenaud, several years younger than herself, with whom she became acquainted in Chorrillos in the house of Doña Ignacia Palacios, and of whom she became enamoured to a ridiculous extent. Their married happiness did not last long – he abandoned her and till her death April 1870, caused her much trouble and anxiety, by Althaus, her first husband she had four children – Augusto at present owner of [...] [748] immovable property, in the last Congress he was elected senator for Huaraz – Emilio, manager of the Bco. del Peru lately married to Maria Luisa Dartnell – Clemente, the poet and Grimenesa who lost her husband Cotes, but a few months back. She resides in Paris with an ample fortune, and is much esteemed by all who know her, Julio

Tenaud the only child by the second marriage, a nice young man, has married into the family of a landed proprietor in the North of Peru. Manuela Molina in her younger days, such a beauty, that when Miss Flora Tristan first saw her, if we may believe her own words, she was so struck that she exclaimed "Oh! ma tante comme vous êtes belle!" was a native of Lima and of unknown parentage, she became the wife of Domingo Tristan the elder brother of Pio. When left a widow Mr. Edward McCall married her, and for a very good reason, for it is well known that the second daughter Rosario had him for her father, now in 1871, she has fallen into the sere leaf and her two daughters Mercedes and Rosario have no prospects of finding husbands. Margarita Flores, wife of Don Pascual Saco was related by blood to Mrs. Pio Tristan and Mrs. Althaus; she died young, her husband who like his brother had removed from Lambeyeque to Lima was one of the few officers in the Peruvian service, whose long military career was never soiled by a single blot, many years a Colonel, he never rose to be a General. Their sons young men are at present in 1871 well known in the Lima world – these various families of whom I have thought proper to give a [...] account [...] [749] the preceding pages were a few of the many on whom I called as above said.

Tuesday, 6th of January 1846. Twelfth day – Spanish Pascua de Reyes – Charles Pflücker had invited me to accompany him to Chorrillos, which I did with much pleasure, my son Juan lent me his saddle, and Enriqueta a small black horse, with which Garland had presented her, Pflücker and one of his children Federico drove in a light north American four wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse – the eldest boy, Carlos, about eight years old and Liberato Alzua were my companions on horse back. We left Lima by the Guadalupe Gate, I refrain from describing the road, as it would only be a repetition of what I have written in Vol. 2, pages 35 and 6. About half way we turned off to the village of Miraflores, where a brother of Charles Pflücker, Julius, lived in a large and convenient house which he rented. We saw both him and his wife, after a short delay through a lane or callejon we returned to the high road, reached Chorrillos in good time; in my original diary I speak of the houses or as they are generally termed Ranchos as poor and miserable habitations constructed of canes and mud, some whitewashed – even those occupied by Lima families during the season though fairly furnished I did not except. In this respect I find I am at variance with my account in Vol. 2nd, when I wrote more from recollections, whilst when I wrote in 1846 I put to paper what I had seen at the moment; Liberato and I took a bath in the sea, though the sky was clouded, the water was not cold. We breakfasted at an Inn, Charles Pflücker [...] [750] we arrived in time for dinner, I may mention here that for some time the two brothers Pflückers, had been on bad terms, for Charles the elder who

had married into the Aristocracy of Guayaquil could not forgive his brother for having taken for his partner in life a girl, who was not known to anyone. Mrs. Julius Pflücker, however turned out to be a most excellent woman, too good for her husband; in 1871 they have a grown up family with many grandchildren to boot. At home Garland and Reincke were as usual at dinner; at tea time, other visitors dropped in such as Ildefonso Villamil, Anselmo Centeno, Manuel Velarde, also Charles Pflücker, who might be considered as one of the family. Don Ildefonso, one of the great men of La Paz in Bolivia was a distant relation of my wife, he lived in banishment in Lima, for no other reason than that of being a great friend of General Santa Cruz; when I was connected with Gibbs' it was he, who originated the great bark speculation which left such large profits to all the parties interested in it, he was also owner of the rich goldmines of Tipuani – he reached a very advanced age, and is now (1871) dead. In pages of this Vol. 736, and 737, I have remarked that his heirs are at loggerheads.

Anselmo Centeno of Cuzco, a true Indian both in color and character was Prefect in that department at the time of Gamarra's presidency, afterwards director of the Mint; I first made his acquaintance in 1828 when on a visit in Cuzco. In 1846 he was a widower and an elderly man, now in 1871 he must be at least ninety years old, but is uncommonly strong for his [...] advanced age. Manuel Velarde a [...] [751] his father Don Jorge being a brother of my wife's mother brought up in Europe was induced by General Santa Cruz to enter into the military career as engineer. In 1846 I rather think he was still single and had for a time retired from service. The week days or to speak more correctly the not holidays [...] the first fortnight of this year 1846 were spent by me more or less in the same manner as it had been my custom since the days of early youth, that is to say I was never unoccupied, it is true I did not work with that eye destroying perseverance as when at Gibbs', where for several years consecutively I had been at the desk for 14 hours daily from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. and again from 5 to 11 p.m., but also now I read, which was a relaxation and wrote till dinner time as well as one or two hours afterwards. I brought up my mercantile books, I had much friendly correspondence as well business to attend to, I also wrote to my Co-executors of the late Henry Reinecke of Guayaquil, his widow Doña Carmen Ferusola, and a brother of his first wife – Francisco C[a]mba; I called on John Hayne just returned from Piura, received from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, my commission provided with the exequatur, and had time still to devote one or two hours to the reception of fresh visitors – Nicolas Rodrigo – J. V. Oyague – Manuel Ollague, all three engaged in mercantile pursuits. The two first, owing to their industry, acuteness and economy rank at the present day among the first Capitalists of

Lima whilst the third who at one time had an excellent credit gave himself up though a married man, to intrigue with a french adventuress who completely ruined him. Sometimes I accompanied [752] my wife to see her friends – the Riveros, Pfflückers, Manuel Palacios and wife, Manuela Puente, the Condesa Fuente Gonsalez, and others, whom it is unnecessary to specify. The Riveros were one of the first families of Arequipa widely connected but little known to me. One of the younger sisters married F. Marriott, father of Frederick and Henry Marriott at this time 1871 residing in Lima. Of Fk. Pfeiffer I have spoken in my first Vol., Page 190. Since his death, the whole family have dispersed, his wife Doña Sarah keeps up extremely well notwithstanding her age. She lives generally with one or other of her two married daughters both in excellent circumstances; Emily the elder, is the wife of Charles Rowe of Liverpool, Caroline is wife of James Hayne of Valparaiso, the partner of Wm. Gibbs & Co. The sons have not succeeded so well in life as their sisters, the eldest Frederick died young, the second Calisto a very good young man continued his father's business, as Miller, he got into difficulties, sold the mill, his father's hobby and now does what he can to maintain himself; the third son William, a scamp in his youth, is now completely reformed; he married a french lady in Bordeaux and is employed by Meiggs as super-intendant of the traffic department in the R-way. from Arequipa to the coast. Manuel Palacios, eldest son of Doña Ignacia, was in 1846 considered to be a man of some property, he kept a well assorted store in the Calle Bodegones, [...] credit [...] [753] Mariquita Mendiburu was very pretty extremely agreeable, and better informed than the greater part of the Lima Ladies; on the other hand, she was extravagant, her husband a gambler, and thus jointly managed to get through with what they had, until the husband had to stop payment, and many of the foreign houses lost money by him. At the same time all confessed that he might have taken them in, for a much larger amount, such was the good opinion entertained of him. Some way or other, they managed to save from the wreck, a house built when in good circumstances – the wife lives in the upper storey, and lets the ground floor, the husband is generally in the North, as land Steward on an Estate. In their children they have been singularly unfortunate the eldest son, Captain, in the Peruvian Service under Prado was killed in the siege of Arequipa; the second committed suicide and the eldest daughter, a beautiful girl married first a Chilian, by whom she was ill treated and from whom a divorce was obtained on the plea of too close consanguinity, secondly she became the wife of a young Sayan, with whom she had to fly from the country on account of a foul murder committed by him. Manuela Puente and her husband Juan Aliaga, belonged to the bluest blood to make use of a Spanish expression; amongst their ancestors are Counts and Marquises, the Puentes have even a Saint

among them Sto. Toribio at the time of their marriage, Doña Manuela was [...] [754] being the eldest son, much immovable property was settled or entailed on him, the Congress of 1829 abolished the law of entail, the father who at the time of the law being passed was in possession of the property, was allowed to sell half, the other half was to remain intact for his eldest son, who when of age might dispose of it, as he thought proper – but Juan Aliaga, neither a gambler, drunkard nor dissolute, merely goodnatured and weakheaded made such havoc with the property that Doña Manuela in order to save the rights of her eldest son Juan, presented herself before a judicial Authority, asking for a division, that it might be ascertained what was her husband's and what was her son's. In 1864 I became more closely acquainted with the Aliagas than I had previously been owing to the purchase which I made of the house at the corner of the Calle de Zarate, almost the last left them. Don Juan the father had fallen so low that he did not blush to ask from his friends the loan of a few dollars; Juan the son after his father's death disgraced himself by his marriage with a common woman, who however since she can call herself Mrs. Aliaga conducts herself very properly. All that has remained to Juancito of his ancestors extensive property in land and houses is a pretty farm just out of town and the house in which he lives and even this is partly mortgaged. The step spoken of above taken by Doña Manuela against her husband caused an estrange [...] husband and wife which [...] [755] lasted till the death of the former. Though infirm and certainly not young, the widow has contracted a second marriage with Don Clemente Ortiz de Villate, a rich elderly Gentleman who suffers from a chronic disease which may soon carry him off, and leave Doña Manuela a second time a widow. All the houses which I visited were more or less well furnished, prettily fitted up and invariably carpeted only window curtains were not in general use, the lights, gas at this period not being known in Lima, were oil lamps – in the twenty five years elapsed since then, luxury has increased to such a degree that to fit up, and furnish a house in good style requires at present in 1871 at the very least, double the amount it then did. An exception to the general rule was the house of the Marquesa Fuente Gonsales, an old lady in bad repute for her despotic and arbitrary temper, and for her ill treatment of all who came under her rule – it was even rumored that her late husband had to submit to her iron sway. In the dwelling everything was old fashioned gloomy and dirty. My wife and myself had to pass through some rooms each lighted up with a solitary sperm candle stuck in a common hall lamp, hanging from the ceiling; in the innermost apartment we found the old lady miserably dressed sitting on an old sofa, in two corners of the chamber stood two dirty cupboards painted grey, with tarnished gilt edgings, the glass windows were begrimed with dirt and through them, one could dimly discern

some glass and [_]rthenware, a chest of [...] [756] a table on which some dishes of sweetmeats and several tumblers of cold water were placed, completed the furniture – these refreshments were never touched before it struck 9 O.C. that was the unalterable rule of the house.

Tuesday, 13th of January 1846. In good time I was up and ready for my trip to Arequipa in the omnibus I drove to to Callao looked in at the office of my new port agents, Argote and Higginson, also at the Gallagher's where the doctor struck me as looking like a true wild Irishman. On board the steamer "Peru" I found several acquaintances whose names will turn up by and by, Captain Prunese received me with a hearty – "God bless you, Mr. Witt, is it you? Mr. Witt?" At 5 O.C. p.m. we got under way and contrary to the general rule steered through the Boqueron, and hardly were we out of it, when the dressing bell, and the second for dinner was rung Mr. Bosch, one of the passengers motioned to me to come up to the head of the table, where the Captain of course presided, to his left sat Mr. Bosch, a certain Abeken, a Westphalian – to whom Mr. Rodewald had introduced me. Ildefonso Villamill, Calzadilla a Buenos Airean, whom I had sometimes received in my own house, but did not like on account of his intrusiveness. To the right of the Captain, myself, Marriott of Arequipa, Dr. Robertson, Muirhead, then on each side of the table, Peruvians – making in all about 40 – the number of Passengers on board came up to 80 [...] [Marriott] I have said a few words Vol. 1st [...] [757] he was an extremely pleasant companion always merry and full of fun but by no means a trustworthy character, the last years of his life he spent in London where his circumstances were so poor, that his two sons Frederick and Henry had to make him remittances for his support. Dr. Archibald Robertson was a brother of Mrs. Gallagher; Muirhead hitherto Clerk of John McClean was on his way to Iquique there to join Souza Duarte. Of the Peruvians I pick out Mariano Blas de la Fuente doctor at law, a highly respectable Individual from Arequipa, in later years he became member of the Superior Court of Lima but did not rise to the Supreme Tribunal – now in 1871 he is pensioned off being more than eighty years old and completely broken down. Manuel Argumaniz, I was acquainted with him, he being Gibbs' correspondent in Ica, I believe I did not see him again till 1870 when having lived many years in Europe as partner of Zaracondegui he had returned to Lima and was one of the Promoters of the new bank of Lima, but made himself ridiculous and unpopular as President of the Directory. The few hours between dinner and bedtime I walked the deck, conversed and read, when speaking french to Mr. Bosch I found to my great annoyance that I was not so familiar with that language as I could have wished – the Captain lent me J. P. and W. P. Robertson's letters on Bs. Aires, which like their Francia's Reign of Terror are interesting – but superficial;

Dr. Francia died Sept. 20 1840 aged 83. Each cabin had four berths I selected an [...] [758] the port hole close to me – it was cool and pleasant one of the other berths was occupied by the notorious Colombian General J. M. Obando, who not withstanding his elaborate defence published in a thick pamphlet is believed to have been the instigator of the assassination of the meritorious and valiant General Sucre on the road between Quito and Guayaquil – his outward appearance was common place – he was tall and broad-shouldered, his face pale, moustachios covered his mouth, nose rather large, his eyes small, deeply set, and lively, their color as far as I could judge blue, his hair fair, just turning grey. When he got up in the morning I observed that ablution and other necessary acts of personal cleanliness formed no part of his toilette.

Wednesday, 14th of January 1846. After a good night's Rest I rose at 6 O.C. a.m. the weather was splendid. At breakfast we were close to the Chincha Isles, the enormous huano riches of which were at the time almost untouched now in 1871 merely a few scrapings are left – what good use has been made of the millions and millions of dollars which the huano has given? hardly any! for the country itself. Individuals have enriched themselves, and much money has been spent in powder and balls, in Cannons, rifles, swords and in Iron clad men of war. At 11 O.C. the coast came in sight, close to the shore we distinguished the Custom house of Pisco, and about [...] the town – ab[...] [759] half an hour later we came to an anchor near the shore in a dirty yellowish water separated by a distinct line of foam from the clear blue waves of the ocean. Several passengers landed here – there is a violent surf which renders disembarking rather dangerous for which reason a long mole has been constructed in later years extending far into the sea, our course was necessarily southward, we passed between the main to the left and the Island of San Galan to the right, the coast presenting it's usual arid appearance. The day was spent as is well known in such a manner by those at sea who having much unoccupied time endeavour to get through it in the best way they can, the same may be said of

Thursday, 15th of January 1846. At 9. O.C. we made the Port of San Nicolas where much of Dgo. Elias' cotton is shipped for Europe.

Friday, 16th of January 1846. At 11.30 O.C. a.m. we were opposite the village of Camaná, there the river flowing through the valley of Majes falls into the sea, both to the north and south of its mouth the coast is covered with vegetation for a short distance, further on we passed Quilca, well known to me, from my long stay there in 1824. We dined and at 3 O.C. p.m. came to an anchor in the port of Islay, a mere roadstead protected by various islands against the swell of the ocean and the winds which blow always from the south. Several vessels were at anchor amongst them the "Vicar of Bray" in which I had gone to Europe in 1843 – Sawyers then first mate was now Captain, Capt'n. Seymour,

passenger – both came on board the Steamer also Usategui Wards Clerk. In the boat of the Vicar of Bray I went on shore, [760] the landing was very bad, at the time there was no mole, the high rock projects into the sea from it a few wooden steps dangled down perpendicularly, provided with a hand rope on each side, the climbing up of which was quite as difficult as that of a ladder along side of a vessel. From the landing place the road pretty steep, leads to the custom house, an extensive building, I found Islay about the same, as I had left it about three years ago in 1843. In nothing had the place altered – the only somewhat decent house was that of the British Consul, a little outside, and to the wind-ward of the town. The better description of houses were constructed of boards, the generality, of canes – plastered over which mud and whitewashed. Of water for domestic purposes there was none on the spot, it was brought by donkeys from a distance of a league; Mr. C. W. Schutte a few years later under the first administration of General Castilla in virtue of a contract made with the then Prefect of Arequipa laid the under ground pipes which brought fresh water to Islay and constructed the mole almost as great a desideratum as the water. After a slight examination of my little luggage Capt. Seymour showed me the way to Mr. Schutte's lodgings two large apartments without any decent furniture there was however a stretcher and as he had a spare mattress and a pillow, a bed was made up for me, together we went to Mr. Wards to take tea I found Ward [...] old fellow as I had always known [761] him to be, after our return home, Schutte told me much about his affairs, and that he was now on his way to Tacna, where he had some business matters to attend to with Alexander McClean, of the firm of Alison Cumberlege & Co., he easily persuaded me to accompany him. During my absence in Europe, Mr. Schutte tired of his life in Orcopampa, as well of the mine itself, from which he derived scarcely any profit, had the good fortune to meet with two Gentlemen, the one, a Frenchman Louis [Aurégan] a physician, the other a French Swiss Ferdinand Leplatiniér a watchmaker, who had made some money in their respective callings, and who entertained such a high opinion of Schutte's mercantile acuteness, that they thought the best thing they could do, was to place their earnings in his hands, and to enter into a partnership with him under the firm of C. W. Schutte & Co. – they providing the capital, he, his knowledge of commercial pursuits and activity. I am not acquainted with the conditions, neither do I know whether the business was successful. What I know but too well, is that whilst I was connected with Schutte in our late firm of H. Witt & Schutte he during my third absence in Europe from 1854 to 1856, drew out of the funds of the house to pay what he owed to [Aurégan] and Leplatiniér, in other words with my money he paid his debts, and in 1859 when the firm of C. W. Schutte & Co. in Arequipa was

liquidated it was indebted to H. Witt & Schutte or in reality to me \$100,000 which amount and much more would have been irretrievably lost had it not been for the Huano Consignment [...] [762] which has enabled Schutte to pay all his debts and has left him an ample fortune.

Saturday, 17th of January 1846. Schutte and I breakfasted at Ward's, Mr. Crompton, the British Consul called on me, I wrote to my wife in Lima a few lines which I begged Mr. Edward Stubbs, who went to Callao by the French Steamer "Pacifique" to take with him. Mr. Stubbs was a young man son of a Merchant tailor in Manchester who a few years previously had come to the west Coast, with a letter of introduction to Gibbs, Crawley, & Co. Hayne had given him a situation in Arequipa, as a clerk to Went, these two did not pull well together. Stubbs left, for a short time he attempted to do business on his own account, he was also clerk at Schutte's but in the end he returned to Gibbs' who intrusted him with the management of the Arequipa branch at the time when Went was called to Lima to take Hayne's place; again when Went retired from business to settle in England, it was Stubbs who was removed from Arequipa to Lima where he remained for several years at the head of the house; thence to London where at present, 1871, he is one of the active partners, of Antony Gibbs & Sons – these few words suffice to show that Stubbs must have been a good man of business otherwise he would not have risen with such rapidity to his present position – in manners he is vulgar in temper extremely choleric. Schutte and I went on board the Steamer, which at 11 O.C. [...] Marriott, Lafuente [763] and Robertson had left us in Islay to proceed to Arequipa. At 7 O cl. p.m. we were opposite the Port of Ilo, whence a few passengers came off with the Captain, Abeken, Muirhead and I played whist till 11 O'clock.

Sunday, 18th of January 1846. When we had done breakfast I went on deck, we had come to an anchor in the Port of Arica, which place with some vegetation in the vicinity looked at all events not so dreary as Islay – to the South rises a bluff headland whence reefs and islands extend into the sea, affording some shelter to the shipping – five or six vessels of various nations lay in the bay, Mr. Schutte and I went on shore and landed at a small mole constructed some years previously by the late Colonel Aethans – neither of us having any personal acquaintance in the place, we bent our steps to Mss. Eulert and Pi[v]idal port Agents of Gibbs'. The former was at work, for though it was Sunday, when the Steamer comes in business must be attended to – porters were also landing and shipping goods as if it were an ordinary work day, only the sound of guitars resounding from many houses gave signs that the natives were enjoying the holy day; the town on the whole presented a better appearance than Islay – there was some regularity in the construction of the houses and

the streets though not paved, cut each other at right angles. By the Julia from Hamburg two or three passengers had arrived, to two I was introduced the one Henry Pflücker, quite a lad, son of Henry Pflücher of Hamburg – the other Zyla [764] a Silesian by birth, or Polish Prussian, whom Mr. B. Pflücher of Breslau had engaged as teacher for Mr. Chas. Pflücker's children. In course of time I knew much of him for I engaged him for my latin master. Henry Pflücker after having worked for some time under his uncle's care at Gibbs' went to the north of Peru, where he obtained a situation with a certain Casimiro Rodriguez of Trujillo and here gained for himself a not to be envied notoriety by frauds which he committed and which he had to expiate by several years incarceration in the Lima Penitentiary. Mr. Eulert furnished us with horses and we started at 2 p.m. together with a German Carpenter and accompanied by a servant boy of Schwartz' the latter was mounted in a horse whose gait was a nice amble or "paso". I made him give it up to me and thus accomplished the fourteen leagues to Tacna, without much fatigue, about two leagues from Arica the road leads along the beach over a fine hard turf, there we came to one sandy deserts so common along the coast of Peru without the least vegetation. We crossed some sand hills of little height, stopped at 5 O.C., about half way at a cane hut, unoccupied and at 8 O.C. lighted at Schwartz' house. Close to the town are some farms which we passed but did not see in the dark. Schwartz gave us a friendly reception I could not fail observing that his attentions were more directed to me than to Mr. Schutte. We took tea together with his two clerks Charles Eggert from Dantzic lately arrived, and Jefferson an Englishman. After [...] drawing [765] room where he gave us an excellent beefsteak for supper, a large bed room was placed at our disposal, one glance sufficed to show me that Schwartz lived very well, and that all his surroundings were neat and comfortable.

Monday, 19th of January 1846. During the first hours of the day I was occupied in reading Campbells beautiful poem of Gertrude of Wyoming. Breakfast finished I took a stroll through the town and the Chacras but found nothing whatever of interest. Three long streets well paved ran parallel to each other, traversed by shorter ones; some houses inhabited by the foreign merchants and the more respectable natives have a decent look, and are two storeys high, but the generality are very simple structures, merely the [_]nd floor with a large door to admit light and air, for windows they had none, neither boarded nor bricked floors, compact mud forming the same. The heat was intense – of water I saw no trace – this was one of the four days, when the small rivulets in the vicinity which supply Tacna and its immediate environs with water 3 days in the week, irrigated the more distant farms, so scanty was the supply that not a drop was allowed to reach the sea, every particle being absorbed by

the thirsty land. In the course of the forenoon I had many visitors – Mr. Hugh Stevenson an Arequipeño acquaintance rather brusque, George Hellman a pleasant young man, Agent for Huth's house a Londoner son of Christian Hellmans elder Brother, Ainsworth partner and manager of the firm of Joseph Hegan & Co. later Hegan [] & Co. [...] [766] brother of Mrs. Hachmann quite a bore, Hugh Wilson more agreeable than I ever thought he had it in his power to be, he, hitherto British Consul had just been superseded by young Nugent one of the Lima Agent for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company – he accompanied me to his office where he showed me several letters from Mr. Wm. Pitt Adams, approving of the conduct observed by him at the time of his dispute with Iguain Prefect of Tacna which led to the bombardment of this place by her Majesty's ship the Cormorant about the middle of the previous year. Alexander McClean called on Schutte; at dinner George Hellman joined us, Schwartz was not only a bonvivant but a glutton – his cook was first rate and the meal in accordance. At a later hour he accompanied us to Mrs. Wilsons [...] ry handsome lady, in whose house he was extremely intimate. Jefferson told me this lady was born on board a vessel off the coast of A[fr]ica but that her parents were Irish – it seemed to me judging from her dark complexion and bright black eyes that she did not belong to the pure Caucasian race unmixed and unadulterated; her sister was the wife of Mr. Guerra of La Paz. After our return home Schwartz had to go to the office to write his correspondence to Europe. I played two games of Chess with Mr. Eggert who was a good player, each of us gained one game. This morning,

Tuesday, 20th of January 1846, I read another fine poem of Campbell's the "pleasures of Hope" – afterwards [...] his office, Schutte and [] [767] took a walk through the streets of the town, as I have said before void of interest. Having returned, I had again several visitors, Salkeld of Naylor's house and Doctor Vance, lately married to Miss Emily Higginson, both of whom I qualified as insignificant persons; Dr. Hamilton, as a dirty Scotchman. After an early dinner, Schwartz, Schutte, and I with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson took a ride out of town. I not knowing my horse, and being but a poor rider cut at first a poor figure, by and by, I overcame my timidity – the character of the environs is aridity. Tacna and its suburbs occupy a dry and barren plain, hummed in both sides by hills, running more or less East and West – it is true that here and there, some tracts of land are under cultivation; trees and shrubs amongst which cotton plants are to be met with – but for the greater part sand and stones cover its surface so it was at least in 1846; in all probability tillage has increased since then. In this same plain is the British or Protestant cemetery inclosed by whitewashed mud walls. At some distance to the southward a chain of high mountains confines the horizon the most elevated peaks of

which are the snow capped points of Tacora at whose base passes the road to La Paz. They were still illumined by the rays of the setting sun whilst the lower mountains and the plain were already envelopped in the dusk of the evening. At home we took tea, and I having retired to my room spent an hour or two in reading Bulwer's "last of the Barons", in my opinion, one of his most interesting works, Earl Warwick the King maker gives [...] [768] to the work.

Wednesday, 21st of January 1846. Whilst we were at breakfast which was served this day much later than on the preceding morning, for Schwartz and his clerk had been at work in the Counting house till 4.30 a.m. – Schwartz told us that he intended giving a little dance in the evening, and begged us to accompany him to Mrs. Wilson, with whom he had to consult as to who[...] were to be invited, we went, and this point being settled, Schwartz sent round and I supposed received from no one a negative answer to his invitation. Accordingly at an early hour, about 8 O.C. in the evening – for the rather foolish custom in later years, not to appear before ten or eleven O.C. or even midnight did not prevail then on the west Coast. The guests dropped in; the ladies I will enumerate. Mrs. Wilson who might be considered the Patroness – by far superior to the rest of the company – Mrs. McLean, wife of Alexander McLean, a native of Tacna – Miss Jack, a relation of McLean's, a young Scotch, plump, rosy and lively girl, who greatly enjoyed dancing but in conversation had not much to say – Mrs. Pividal, an elderly respectable lady, with her two daughters – the elder though in the family way danced merrily – the younger Juanita a blooming young girl, this is all I can say about her – Mrs. Ariaga a native, rather vulgar, advanced in years, nicknamed "Brandy faced" – her elder daughter good looking, dark, and rouged – the younger, insignificant. Of the Gentlemen I [...] a few there were [...] [769] several young men, clerks of the Foreign houses who had more or less a gentlemanly appearance – in my opinion they should have shown more attention to the ladies instead of herding together so much as they did; punch, with other refreshments was handed round. At a later hour, supper was served to which I conducted Miss Jack – I danced all the waltzes, whilst the polka step I could not manage, in the Quadrilles I stood up once or twice my partners Miss Jack, with whom I danced several times, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Vance and the elder Ariaga – with Mrs. Pividal I had a long rational conversation – Schwartz had ordered two musicians, but they played so badly, that he had to sit down to the piano and to play the whole evening which certainly was very kind. A card table for the whist players was laid out in Schutte's and my bed room at 3 O.C. the party broke up; I was well pleased with this night's entertainment.

Thursday, 22nd of January 1846. Mrs. Wilson had requested me to translate for her, some German poetry into English verse – this was a task of some difficulty,

which occupied me, for more than two hours I succeeded at last, but not altogether to my complete satisfaction. Meanwhile Mr. Schutte was engaged in drawing out a contract with Mr. McLean relating to an extensive mercantile transaction. At a later hour I returned several of the calls made me, on the previous days – had a long visit from Dr. Armstrong a very clever medical [...] who I think was [...] [770] at the time if I remember correctly. Pehmüller, agent of Hincke & Co. of Hamburg, arrived from Arica, the ride had completely knocked him up, and he went to bed immediately, I had known him in Lima, several years previously, after dinner we went to the play, where the performance was better than I had anticipated but the frequent appearance of the Prompter's book [and hands] did not contribute to the illusion. The theatre itself was not much better than a barn, with an open space covered with an awning in the middle and filled with benches answering the purpose of a pit, around was erected a rude scaffolding, to which equally rude steps ascended, on the same were placed benches and chairs separated from each other by low partitions the compartments thus formed were the boxes – the whole was lighted up with sperm candles. One of the boxes was taken on joint account by Wilson, Schwartz and Hellman, in the Centre of which Mrs. Wilson reclined, in a large easy chair, behind which, Mr. Schwartz took his station assiduous in his attentions to the fair lady; Schutte and I paid a visit to Mr. McLean's box – it was Mr. Schutte's interest to be very polite to Mrs. McLean – my inclination made me take a seat near Miss Jack; the play over, we escorted Mrs. Wilson home.

Friday, 23rd of January 1846. This morning Pehmüller was of course an addition to our breakfast table – Schutte brought his contract with Mr. McLean [to an end] I finished [...] [771] last of the Barons; and at a quarter past eleven we bade good bye to Schwartz, thanking him very sincerely for the friendly reception he had given us, before leaving I will say a few words about the career of Schwartz, and Eggert; both were of respectable percentage, both well informed, both musical, both gentlemanly in manner and both turned out good men of business. In all points I am however of opinion that Eggert was the superior, except in mercantile acuteness – which in Schwartz, if we may believe some of the Arequipa purchasers verged into a want of good faith. Herman Schwartz was the son of a wine merchant in Thorn and at the same time with my son Juan clerk in the counting house of Bane in Altona. Some years later, Gibbs of London sent him to their house on the west Coast, when Hayne placed him under Pflücker's charge in the Lima store thence he was soon removed to Tacna, there to take the management of the newly established branch of Gibbs' Crawley & Co. – from Tacna he was ordered to Arequipa, and finally to Valparaiso he gave satisfaction every where, and his connexion with the house having fallen into the period of the Huano business in less than

20 years he was able to withdraw with about half a million of dollars – he is settled in Hamburg, where I saw him in 1863, has not married, and is a great friend of the Chase. Chas. Eggert was the son of a respectable merchant in Dantzic who during the disastrous rule of Napoleon the 1st lost his fortune, like many of the merchants, his sons well educated had to make their way in the world [...] [774] by another firm in Tacna and had just joined Schwartz at the time of my visit – then he knew but little of the English language, which he, however afterwards learned in a very short period, all he did was well done. As I have previously remarked he understood music perfectly, played the piano, and sang. He was a good ro-cambor player also a good chess-player and I believe a good shot, and last but not least in ladies estimation a good dancer, besides his own language he spoke several others namely French, Spanish and English, whilst he was at the head of the house in Lima he gave pleasant little parties and made himself popular with every one. When Schwartz was removed from Tacna Eggert remained in his place I do not recollect if he had ever charge of Gibbs' house in Arequipa, but, I know he came in, at the period between Stubbs and Henry, but unfortunately for him Gibbs' huano business had been brought to a close. He was expensive in his habits thus I imagine he took with him to Germany only a moderate sum of money as a proof of which I may mention the circumstance that though on his leaving Lima he went to Berlin as Peruvian Chargé d'affaires ad honorem, he threw up this post to join some firm of little importance in Hamburg at least compared with Gibbs from whom he separated on his own accord. He was married to a lady in Valparaíso of German extraction, Miss Asthaus, vide page page 187 of this Volume. Schutte and I had no [...] a head [...] [775] about one league from town my horse a shockingly lazy beast, would not move an inch, I had to alight and pull it after me – by chance Schutte looked back, and he, notwithstanding his lameness, having broken his leg a few months before, was a much better horseman than I – we changed horses, but even he, had much difficulty to get on as far as the half way hut; here we met a lad on horseback driving cattle to Arica, for a gratification he gave up his animal to Schutte, and thus we managed to reach the Port by half past 6 O.c. We dined at Eulert's and with him, and his wife, a Tacuana, took tea, and on retiring to rest, we found in a well furnished room of his partner Pividal, two beds set up for us. No doubt but on all hands we had been treated with great hospitality.

Saturday, 24th of January 1846. At breakfast Mrs. Eulert made her appearance – she was so agreeable that we remained conversing till 12 O.C. The weather was beautiful, tempered by a light breeze; Mr. Booth from Philadelphia, supercargo of a north American Barque, consigned in Tacna to Mr. McLean – to Alsopp & Co. in Lima – agreed to give us a passage to Islay,

accordingly we went on board with our luggage. The deck was lumbered up; the ropes were lying about and every thing looked untidy by no means “smart” as the Yankees say, however below the cabin was decent. Booth was accompanied by two young men, who pleased me – not so the Captain of Dutch extraction who, boasted he had not a drop of English blood in his veins, having weighed anchor, a hawser snapped which mishap detained us a little [...] was [...] [776] before we were fully under way, a light wind blowing from the South. We dined, conversed and walked the deck I commenced reading Prescotts conquest of Mexico and at 11 O.C. I turned in.

Sunday, 25th and Monday, 26th of 1846. On board the George and Henry we were rather short of hands owing to the desertion of four sailors taking one of the boats with them – much missed they were not, for, as the weather was fine, and being impelled both by wind and waves there was no need of tacking, wearing, or taking in, reefing sail etc. – quietly and slowly we crept along; the Captain who had not been previously on the west coast committed the error of keeping out too far to sea, so that when on Monday at 9 a.m. a green valley was discovered, no one on board knew whether it was Tambo to windward or Quilca to leeward of Islay; had it been the latter it would have been very annoying for beating up to Islay notwithstanding the short distance might have taken us two days at least. We stood in, and when sufficiently near, it was found to the satisfaction of all that we were opposite Tambo, at 6 O.C. we let go the anchor in very deep water in the port of Islay – the short time which this passage lasted I had not suffered from sea sickness, reading was my principal amusement I began Forest days by James and an English translation of Ninon d’Enclos but finished neither the one nor the other – [...] Schutte and I went to his [...] [777] which felt very close and hot; then took tea at Wards’ – before separating for the night Schutte proposed to start next morning at 2 a.m. to which I acceded though at the time certain that neither he nor his Clerk would be ready at such an early hour and so it turned out.

Tuesday, 27th of January 1846. I awoke past 2 when I called Schutte, he replied that it was now too late – I turned round again and slept till 5 O.C. At 6 O.C. we started, namely Schutte, La Jara and I on mules, three horses ran loose with us, the baggage was carried by two mules and an old muleteer named Salinas brought up the rear. I know full well that more than once I have given in these extracts an account of the road from the coast to Arequipa, but nevertheless I will describe it once more and this for two reasons the one, because I went this time by a route hitherto unknown to me, the other because I know by experience that these same objects seen by the same persons but under different circumstances often appear to him in a different light and impress him in a different manner. Immediately on leaving Islay the road strikes

right inland and ascends gradually over an arid sandy soil – it brought us to a small village called Guerreros scarcely two leagues distant from the port. It lies between two ridges of hills which now barren and sun burnt, during the rainy season are covered with a rich grass, when they go by the name of Lomas, many of the houses in this village are surrounded by a deep ditch leaving merely a narrow entrance to the door; the object of which is to prevent the asses and mules [...] [778] numbers from eating the straw with which the roofs are thatched – a hundred feet or more up the sides of the hill, a small rill issues, thither we rode to water our mules, then leaving our muleteer behind us, Schutte, La Jara, and I, went on by ourselves, and our animals being excellent, besides the weather in our favor, for the sky was overcast, we accomplished the ascent, of about four leagues winding through the ravine and rising very perceptibly in an uncommonly short time. It was 9 O.C. when we were on the summit, whence as far as the eye reached, a desert sandy plain, stretched out before us, from this point three roads lead to the town, the one to the left, descending into the valley of Vitor, traverses it for a league or so, and reascends to the Pampa. This route was abandoned soon after the removal of the port from Quilca to Islay [...] and partly because the valley was in bad repute, for its climate was believed to infect travellers with fever and ague, however though I had often passed through Vitor I was fortunate enough never to fall ill. Then the second was chosen to the right from La Cruz de Guerreros for 12 leagues over the Pampa to a Tambo kept by La Jara at the foot of a sandy ravine which rising very perceptibly brought the traveller from the level of the plain perhaps 6000 feet over the Pacific to the summit of a mountain chain at least four thousand if not 5 thousand feet higher. The point where this ridge was crossed, is called piedra de Afilas two other ridges had to be overcome before the traveller descends into Congato then across the river to Tiavaya still two leagues distant from Arequipa. In 1846 a third way in the [779] middle between the two had come into use, and this we took. Having proceeded a quarter of an hour we alighted, spread our ponchos on the sand, and made a good breakfast on cold fowl and bordeaux wine, carried with us, in our Saddle bags. At 9.45 we remounted and did not draw bridle till reaching the Tambo at 12.30; the last hour and a half, we had been much annoyed by the sun which, at eleven O'clock got the better of the clouds and fogs. The tambo, kept by a certain Hurtado, consisted of a few buildings some of canes, some of boards there were chairs, tables, stretchers with mattresses on which we threw ourselves down, my companions more fatigued than I. At 2 O.C. p.m. a chupe de "Camarones" (Crawfish) was served – wine we had with us; the most expensive article in the Tambo was the water for the beasts, which like the grass "Alfalfa or clover" was brought from Vitor. Schutte and La Jara were desirous to prolong

their stay in these comfortable quarters, the latter strongly recommending us to remain till midnight and I had much difficulty in inducing them to start afresh; for a considerable while, as long as the sand was swept clean so as to leave a broad and distinct tract we went at full gallop then the road led over a hilly broken country we had to wade through deep sand “medanos” crossing our way till finally two consecutive descents brought us to the bank of the river, on the other side of which is situated the village of Utchumayo, in this manner we had no doubt avoided the elevated mountain pass – of La Piedra de Afilar but the distance had been increased by several [] so that [...] returned [...] [780] the river which we had to pass over by a solid stone bridge dating like those of Lima and Arequipa from the time of the Spanish dominion, is called “Chile” it has its source in the Cordillera, traverses the city of Arequipa, the greater part of which lies on its left, a small suburb, on its right bank. Following its course, we have on the right side, the villages of Sachaca, Tiavaya, and Utchumayo. To our left Tingo Chico, Tingo Grande and Congata, this last named exactly opposite Tiavaya below Utchumayo the river flows through the valley of Vitor, then is joined by a small affluent from the valley Siguan, and falls into the sea, a trifle to the south of Quilca. In Utchumayo, we rested a quarter of an hour, I fortified myself with some champagne and water, a very pleasant drink – and once more we were on the move, on the other side of this village a considerable ascent brought us again to a pampa, which extends to the outskirts of Arequipa thence eastwards to the foot of the Volcano. Northwards for seven leagues to the valley of Yura well known for its mineral waters. It was now quite dark the night cool and star lighted, through the gloom the high Misti with the mountain ridges of Pijchu-Pijchu to the right, and that of Chachani to the left could be distinguished; we came to the Cruz del Intendente about half way, to which point in former years when I resided in Arequipa it was the custom to accompany on horseback, friends, and acquaintances on their way to the port – there to embark. We should have kept on the Pampa, but in the dark inclined too much to the [right] and entered the lanes or Calle[] [781] which lined with farms, corn and clover fields debouch into the suburb, then across the bridge, and turning down La calle de la Merced, we found ourselves at the house, where Mr. Schutte had his office – here we left our animals, and walked to his dwelling house it was 12.30 O.C. a.m. – Rosita had to be roused, a bed was made for me, I lay down, and was asleep in a few minutes.

Wednesday, 28th of January 1846. Though I awoke early, I could not rise till the Muleteer arrived with my trunks, containing my clothes, he came in good time so that I was ready, when the late breakfast was served – Rosa placed a second apartment at my disposal, in which to receive such of my acquaintances as might call on me. The first who did so, was Otto Finck, of whom I have said

in my original diary “though in the course of my life I had come across many fools, he was the fool par excellence.” He, as well as I, was a native of Altona – my junior by a few years, his father Joachim Simon a good natured man of limited capacity was an intimate friend of my father’s who had commenced at an early age his mercantile career in the counting house of his, Finck’s father, a man far superior in intelligence to his son, and grandson. Mr. J. S. Finck did not prosper in the world, he suspended payment then my mother took to her house Jeanette a daughter of his – sister of Otto. She remained with us, until the death of my dear mother, then when a portion of the furniture left by my parents, was sold – by auction – Otto Finck was employed to draw out the inventory, my [...]cupation [...] house [...] [782] it. I mentioned these trifling reminiscences to show the intimacy that existed between the two families. Otto was one of the first young men who left Altona to try his fortune in South America, he first went to Buenos Aires; at a later period came to Peru, and in June 1830 when I took charge of the house of Gibbs’ Crawley & Co. in Arequipa I found him there as Clerk but begged Mr. Crawley to remove him not that I had any personal objection to Otto, but because I did not wish to have as an inferior, one to whom I had to give my orders, such an intimate acquaintance as he was and whom I was accustomed to address with the familiar “thou” of the Germans without the loss of a day. We procured him a situation at C. W. Schutte’s, so that he had no reason to complain – nevertheless, I believe he never forgave me this dismissal, probably he had flattered himself that he would become some day or other partner of Gibbs like myself, Went and others, but this I am sure could never have happened, he ciphered well spoke English and Spanish to perfection particularly the latter, but as Went said on one occasion Finck speaks English and Spanish extremely well but did you ever hear him speak a word of sense. I do not recollect what was his business or occupation in Arequipa at the time of my visit one or two years later he came to Lima with the object of establishing himself as a shopkeeper not by retail but by what is called here the piece, or demigros he asked me for a loan of \$2000 or \$3000 which I granted [...] [783] as it was, enabled him to discount his first purchases he obtained credit at the different import houses, and went on prosperously, his sister Jeanette joined him and for some time the two lived here in Lima in a respectable manner – Jeanette was a good house-keeper, kept everything neat and tidy, learnt Spanish, and gradually formed a small circle of acquaintances – but Finck instead of confining himself to his small, but safe business, thought proper to launch out. He established a shop in the Cerro de Pasco, and two other shops in Lima – now things took a different turn and ere long he had to suspend payment – he made over all his property to his creditors, and with his sister finally left Lima. After the lapse of a year

or so, he made his re-appearance. In a dispute which he had with Juan Bazo, he named me his Arbitrator, against my inclination, as he was decidedly in the wrong – I gave my opinion against him, whereupon he became insolent and I had to turn him out of my rooms. From that moment I neither saw nor heard anything more of him until he was on his death-bed in the house of Mrs. Russell Dartnell – hardly had he expired in June 1864 when I was called in as Danish Consul to take an inventory of his effects – I informed his sister of his decease and did much more than my duty as consul required. I realized a few hundred dollars by the sale of what he had left which of course I held at his sisters disposal; all his papers I destroyed by her orders, when doing so a feeling of great sadness came over me poor Finck had worked hard and written much to us [...] pose he died [...] [784] by no one except by his sister. These my extracts which I am now dictating and remodelling with so much care will they meet with the same fate as Fincks ponderous manuscripts – I trust to God that this may not be the case and some one or other may preserve them as a relic of former times. When Finck had left, Capt. Seymour, Jose Rey de Castro, Went, Dr. Archibald Robertson and Dr. P. Jose Bustamente called. Went and Robertson have died since, with Seymour residing in London, Rey de Castro in Lima and Pedro Bustamante in Arequipa I have kept up a friendly intercourse to this day – after dinner which at Schutte's was served at 4 O'clock I went to his office where at his request I looked over his ledger. The conditions on which this new firm of C. W. Schutte & Co. was formed, were extremely favorable to Schutte, for [Auregan] and Leplaténier had agreed to furnish Eighty thousand dollars on which no interest was to be charged, sixty thousand of which had actually been paid in, Schutte was the sole manager and \$4500 pr.ann. were allowed him to be defrayed by the joint concern, each was interested for one third Schutte was desirous that I should lend him 20,000 one half for 6 months – the other half for 9 months at 6% pr.ann. which rate Gibbs Crawley & Co. had credited me. I agreed to the loan but not under 8% pr.ann. sufficiently low in my opinion, the business hitherto done by the new firm was pretty fair they contracted for and purchased alpaca and sheep wool in the Interior and resold it on the Coast they received consignments of importance from Alison [...] the less amount [...] [785] Huelin and Ward Brothers of Valparaiso, from Jose Canevaro and Rodrigo & Barreda of Lima, they also intended sending a young man to France for the purchase of manufactured goods I may say in anticipation (from Alison Cumberlege & Co. of Tacna, of less amount from Huelin and Ward Bros. of Valparaiso – from Jose Canevaro) that the above loan of \$20,000 was not returned to me until when in 1851 on my forming a partnership with Schutte this sum, was considered as part of the capital contributed by me. At a later hour I went to Went's where I took

tea, he was always a good friend of mine – quite a gentleman and I liked him well, it was a pity he was so deaf, his second wife Mary Anne Robertson who presided at the tea table made herself very agreeable there were besides Archibald Robertson and his younger brother Patrick in Gibbs' employ, Anita, Wents daughter and only child, by his first wife, a good girl. Antonio Ward son of old Don Juan, educated in England who spoke English like a native, Mrs. Juanita Gibson, wife of Gibson, Went's salesman, and her daughter Juanita, which latter married in later years a port agent, Jefferson in Arica, probably the same Jefferson whom I had seen as Clerk at S[wh]artz's in Tacna. It was eleven O clock when this little party separated.

Thursday, 29th of January 1846. In the course of the forenoon I was again favored by visitors, the first was James Gibson whom I had known [...] [786] and with whom I had always been on very intimate terms, if I remember right I was present at his wedding. Indolence was his failing, at the death of John Ward they, Gibbsses, placed him as their port Agent in Islay where he died some years later without hardly leaving anything to his family. Rumler and Tom. Möller, Harmsen's partners were the next, the former has been wise enough to retire to Europe, with perhaps \$100,000, whilst the latter without having anything like the capacity of Harmsen, nor such a large interest in the business as his Senr. partner vied with him in his way of living expensive – at Harmsen's death he had to separate from the firm, gradually went down hill, was struck by apoplexy and now in 1871 both intellectually and physically a wreck. His family almost in actual poverty is maintained by the eldest son Gustavus, Engineer in the employ of H. Meiggs. Harmsen was absent in the neighbouring baths of Jesus. For many months he had been suffering severely from rheumatism, his wife Dolores was with him. I called on Doña Candelaria William Müllers wife, she a native of Bolivia was cousin of Dolores and I found her a good natured lady but could not help wondering at the thick dust which covered her mirrors. After dinner Irene Basquez came in, a particular friend of Rosa's though her junior by some years. I believe the young lady was only about 18 years old she became afterwards the wife of Juan Bazo with her we went to the theatre which still [...] It was [...] [787] of square blocks of stones of a calcareous nature, called Sillares found in the vicinity, and of which the greater part of the houses in Arequipa are built, the small divisions which constituted the boxes were made of the same solid stone, the pit of large dimension was not covered by a roof but merely by an awning. In my original diary I have given a description of the manner in which the curtain was painted I will not recopy it here so ridiculous and incongruous were the objects represented on the same. The performance consisted of feats of extraordinary strength and some of agility there was much to admire but little to be pleased with.

One man for instance had his legs tied to a pole from which he hung down, and with a strap, each end of which was fastened round his wrists, raised from the ground a horse – hanging in the same position; he lifted up I cannot say how many sillares and even two with his teeth. Another jumped over seven horses, and again over a number of soldiers who presented their muskets without bayonets and fired them off just as the Acrobat was over them. These and similar athletic wonders made up the first part, then came *Tableaux Vivants*, much admired by the spectators, not so by me, the figures had the color of Gypsum and were placed in martial attitudes with a fair accompaniment of lances, swords, banners, daggers etc. The squeaking platform on which they were placed revolved rapidly – various persons came to our box. I will only mention an old [...] tance of [...] [788] Columbian General Trinidad Moran at the time out of service some years later under Echeniques administration he was ordered against the then rebellious Arequipeños, failed in the enterprise, was made prisoner and shot by the infuriated mob. Evil tongues say that Domingo Elias who sided with the Arequipeños might have saved him – had he tried to do so. It was past midnight when we were at home.

Friday, 30th of January 1846. Soon after breakfast I went with Schutte to the Prefectura to pay my respects to the Prefect of the department of Arequipa General Pedro Cisneros, he though a true Zambo being at the time in the prime of life was actually good looking which those who know him now in 1871 will scarcely believe possible, as little will they, I fear give much credit to my words, if I tell them that he gained golden opinions for himself by the manner in which he ruled the department and by his deportment towards the first Arequipena families. Whilst Prefect he paid his addresses to Doña Trinidad belonging to the distinguished family of the Lafuentes and obtained her hand to the great surprise of all who were acquainted with him and her. They prophesied the Prefect passes the Zambo remains, and so it has turned out now in 1871. General Cisneros, since many years retired from active military service is despised by every body as a venal corrupt person – [...] wel [...] [789] by Dreyfus and his party at the time that his contract was discussed in Congress for strange to say notwithstanding his known character he has more than once been elected senator for Jauja – but the bribe received has been quickly lost by him on the Rocambor table, consumed in beer, and wine, and spent in useless extravagance. He received Schutte with cordiality and we remained with him fully a quarter of an hour conversing on many topics in an easy off hand manner, by myself I called on Doña Carmen Bustamante widow of Alvisuri and Carmen wife of Jose Rey de Castro, the latter a native of Bolivia was good looking and to me one of the most agreeable ladies in Arequipa, she died in Lima Oct./71. Doña Carmen Bustamante was a good kind hearted

lady her eldest daughter Josefa an intimate friend of Rosa had certainly not improved in good looks since I saw her last, about 3 years ago – since then she had married a certain Romaña and was daily expecting her confinement. In goodness of disposition she was a counterpart of her mother, her younger sister Mariquita was so queer and odd that one might almost think there was a screw loose in her upper storey. Arequipa had as far as I could judge not progressed since 1843 – no new houses were built and many of the old ones looked as if little care was bestowed on them the paint and white wash worn off by time were seldom renewed, the streets were badly paved, the “Portales” or porticoes round the three sides of the Plaza were as dirty as they had always been and that of San Agustin emitted the same disagreeable smell as it did years back arising from the different kinds of provisions exposed [...] [790] which had a respectable appearance. Indians, Men and women were not such a scarcity, as they are in the Sts. of Lima – they come from the Sierra with their flocks of Llamas laden with wool, potatoes, charcoal, and other products of the interior – the Men dressed in [...] erga the ordinary woollen cloth made in the country – in jackets and breeches with woollen hose and sandals, on their heads a Montero cap consisting of the small flaps, made of embroidered velveteen; the Indian women as well as the Cholas, and Chacareras are clad in Bayetas and Bayetill[_] the Indians giving the preference to sombre huts the others to lively colors. Compared with the Capital, Arequipa was far behind hand in many respects thus for instance there was no school for girls of respectable families and Rosa was quite at a loss what to do with her daughter Amalia, who was growing up in total ignorance, Conradina it will be remembered my wife and I had taken charge of and was with us in Lima. After dinner at 5 p.m. mounting a horse lent me by Went I accompanied Schutte and his wife to the village of Sabandia full a league and a half from the town in a southern direction, where they had hired some rooms. Amalia was carried by a mounted servant, nearly the whole way in lined by houses owned by farmers and muleteers (Chacareros and Arrierros), close to Arequipa it is called la Rancheria further on lies the village of Paucapata where in 1838 Santa Cruz was foolish enough to conclude a [...] with General Blanco who [...] [791] though invading Chilian forces granting to him an unmolested retreat and embarcation in Islay which treaty was disapproved of by the Chilian Gومت. as soon their troops had had safely arrived in Valparaiso. Paucapata is separated from Sabandia by a deep, pretty wide ravine, through which when we crossed it flowed a rill of water, so imperceptible as hardly to wet the horses feet, sometimes when the snow melts in the mountains this said rill in a few hours rises to such a volume and height as to carry in its impetuous course trees and blocks of stones also cattle occasionally, then of course it is impassable, but generally subsides as quickly

as it has risen. Sabandia is much frequented by the Arequipa people towards the end of the year for the use of the fresh water baths in which by the by I bathed only once during the whole time of my residence in Arequipa to me they were too cold to be pleasant. One of the rooms rented by Schutte was carpetted the furniture consisted of old fashioned tables benches and chairs these last with leather seats and backs called Cochabambinas; many ladies called, both old and young, all equally uninteresting all wrapped up in their shawls. To the eastwards the country round Sabandia is confined by low hills, also to the westward another ridge is discernible, that which must be passed in going to Islay all these heights are barren and sandy. We took tea at 9 O.C. and then went to bed.

Saturday, 3rd of January 1846. By myself I took a walk outside the village, first to one of those arid hills to the Eastward above spoken of, then leaving this to my left, I came to cultivated ground, which [...] [792] ted by numberless small canals lined with tall slender willows, extends to the high road, returning by which I re-entered Sabandia from its opposite, the southern extremity, I passed the church, and was home in good time for breakfast – this over, Schutte and I rode to town, which had this day, San Pedro de Nolasco, the Prefect's birthday, actually a gay appearance from all the Balconies hung the Peruvian bicolored flag, and handkerchiefs of the same colors, red and white, hung from the numerous stalls, which crowded the Plaza Mayor. Of the visits made by me, in this forenoon I will only specify that to Maria Arauzo, my wife's cousin and most loved relation; her senior perhaps by some ten years. She was stout, short sighted, kind, and at the same time quite as desirous to show off her knowledge of Geography as I had always known her to be – her room was very decently furnished and looked neat; her brother Juan de Dios was Clerk with with Baltazar de la Fuente in Iquique. With her lived Doña Cayetana a natural daughter of old Mr. Arauzo who by the by had died before my arrival in arequipa; she, Cayetana, was married to a certain Lavalle of Buenos Aires, a family of reputation in that city, related also to José Antonio Lavalle of Lima looked on as one of the most decided aristocrats in Lima and to Juan Lavalle, who many years later became the husband of my granddaughter Amalia Schutte. This Lavalle, Cayetana's husband was a thorough scamp, I found him playing at Rocambor in the middle of the day his children 3 pretty sweet girls whom I could not help admiring and caressing. The prefect gave [...] to celebrate his birth[_] [793] to which all the foreign merchants resident in Arequipa were invited. Schutte and Went were of the number and I, being thus left by myself Went told me to take pot luck with his family which I did willingly, besides Mrs. Went there sat down to dinner her two brothers the doctor and Patrick, her step daughter Anita and two clerks – Ridgely a North

American and Antonio Ward. After dinner Schutte and Went came from the dinner party a little excited but not exactly tipsy and the hours passed away quickly enough till it was time to retire. Mrs. Went was nursing her first born Elizabeth Mary which motherly duty contributed to give her a more rounded contour than she could otherwise boast of.

Sunday, 1st of February 1846. After a very late breakfast I mounted a horse which Went had been good enough to place at my disposal during my stay in Arequipa, to ride out to Tiavaya, one of the prettiest spots in all Peru. A street somewhat descending leads from the plaza mayor to the Bridge which spans the river at this season richer in stones than in water. On the other side the right bank of the Chile I had to my left a small piece of paved ground to which four or five steps led up what the Arepeños call their Alameda on the one side it is lined by a row of houses in front of which grows an old Mulberry tree, on the other it looks to the river and to the town situated on the river's left bank, now the road ascends perhaps as much as it has descended on the opposite passes to the right the outskirts of the village of Yanaguara and Caima, to the [...] a church and [...] [794] which comes from Tiavaya and Sachaca, further on it emerges into the sandy barren plain which, as said more than once, encircles Arequipa and its immediate vicinity, dotted with farms, meadows and cornfields – straight on, northwards, the road runs to Yura, whilst to the left or westwards it turns off to Utchumayo or Tiavaya – to Tiavaya skirting the cultivated lands, to Utchumayo keeping more to the right, I of course took the former direction, passed several isolated houses occupied by Cholos or Indians sprinkled over the Pampa and after a ride of nearly two leagues reached the small village of Tio, then passing between two low hills I found myself in the lovely and fruitful valley of Tiavaya – here the “Topo” of land measuring 5000 [?] square varas is worth \$1000 or \$1200, whilst in the neighborhood of Lima the fanegada measuring 44,000 Varas square has not come up to this price. The valley of Tiavaya is bounded to the North by a ridge of barren hills, at the foot of which runs a pretty wide carriage road, this I followed, it is planted with pear trees, and at a short distance from each other stand houses owned by the Tiavaya Cholos, generally well to do in the world, many of them muleteers. About Christmas time the young people of Arequipa are in the habit of resorting to the “Perales” or pear tree plantations to see the Tiavaya men and women dance, drink chicha and eat picante a favorite dish – the chief condiment of which is Aji similar to Cayenne pepper, sometimes to alight from their horses and mix with the villagers this I did more than once during the first years of my stay in Arequipa. To the left [...] lower than [...] [795] rich wheat and maiz fields extend. To the village itself, intersected by foot paths and low partition walls “tapias” I passed a large house,

in former years the property of old Carlos Santos which towards the end of 1830 and beginning of 1831 John Jack, then the head of the firm of Wylie, Jack & Co. John and Chas. Edwards of Halifax, who lived with me, and I had rented – and where on the first of Jany. 31 we gave a “fete champetre” to the “beaux monde” of Arequipa. Both of the Edwardes died many years ago. The Perales extend perhaps two English miles, where they end, the road turns off to the left, and leads to Tiavaya – I rode this way, traversed the village, passed a mill owned by Doña Rafaela Zea, the village of Alata, and following the lane through the midst of the richest cultivation came to Sachaca, half way between Tiavaya and Arequipa, which lies upon a piece of rocky ground at a trifling elevation above the valley on the one, and the river on the other side. I descended into the river, crossed it, and on the opposite, the left bank came to Tingo Chico another fresh water bathing place – frequented by the Arequipeños. The road from this village to the town is similar to the already described lanes, the wheat harvest was over but the Indian corn stood beautifully, no where had I seen it, so luxuriant as here – I was back at Schutte’s house about 3 O.C. p.m., when after a short rest I had to start afresh for Sabandia with C. W. Schutte and his younger brother Frick. This latter brought up in the United States by one of his Uncles Bruhne of Baltimore was, to [...] the truth, really ignorant his education [...] [796] have been shamefully neglected also the intellect with which Dame Nature had endowed him was rather obtuse. Whilst on the west Coast he was once or twice employed by his brother Christopher from whose silver mine in Orcopampa he had just returned, and brought unfavourable reports as to the quantity and quality of the ore it yielded, once by Charles Pflücker, another time by G. Garland, nowhere did he distinguish himself – he however succeeded in making perhaps by saving the salaries paid him ten thousand dollars – with this sum he returned to Bremen his native city where he is still alive (1871) unmarried without occupation and suffering from gout. In Sabandia we were joined by José Rey de Castro and James Kendall the cojo or lame, nephew of Henry Kendall, (whom Thomas McLaughlin had left in charge of his business in Arequipa). They dined with us I had to relate much of my late travels in Europe, to which all listened, apparently with great interest.

Monday, 2nd of February 1846. Finck came out to Sabandia to show us the way to Jesus, where as already said Harmsen was residing on account of his health, after breakfast we left together, Schutte, Finck, and I, of course on horseback. Finck, be it said was a splendid horseman and if I mistake not felt himself happier when with the Gauchos of the Buenos Airean pampas than when in civilized society. We met many Arequipeños of the middle classes all in holiday attire and on horseback [...] a village further [...] [797] where

this day La Candelaria or Candelemas was to be particularly solemnized by a procession, then descended into the ravine of which I have already spoken, which separates Paucapata from Sabandia and for some distance rode through the dry river-bed, covered with sand and stones; till we came to a narrow gully, which turning off, to the left brought us to the pampa, and close by to the miserable village of Jesus – a few huts houses they could scarcely be called. On this ride we suffered a good deal from the sun, shining fiercely from an unclouded sky, whilst the Volcano lying more or less straight before us, generally without a flake of snow, was this morning covered more than half way down with a white mantle. In one of the houses in Jesus, Harmsen had taken up his residence – he told us the bathing had done him good – to us he appeared in poor health, pale, and his eyes lacking lustre. I tasted the water; mixed with Sauterne and sugar, it was much like Seltzer water, without the effervescing property of the latter; from Jesus to Arequipa, we had once more to ride over an arid sandy plain, this brought us to the high road, which comes from the Sierra, through Cangallo and passing through Miraflores we entered the town about 3 O.C. well sunburnt. Though the hour was late I still called on Doña Irene Vasquez, her father a native of Bs. Aires, was a small shopkeeper, who did his utmost to keep up appearances, he came in after I had been a short time with his daughter, and seemed to be a well informed agreeable man. Irene young not above 18 years, was quite the lady, and knew how to converse – she was very thin, her features could not be called handsome for both her [...] [798] the latter adorned with a set of fine white teeth, from Doña Irene's I went to Mrs. Möller to congratulate her – Candelaria – on her Saints day, with her I found her cousin, dolores Avasturi, Harmsen's wife and her mother Doña Peta an elderly lady as thin as a skeleton. At 6 I went to dinner at Went's; besides his numerous family Went had invited Johnson, Charles Jack, James Gibson, Schutte, Fink, and a doctor Bayley – F. Marriott, though invited did not come. I led Mrs. Went to the dinner table, dinner and the wines were indifferent, the champagne decidedly bad, the ices excellent. Mrs. Went and Anita having retired, we remained a short time over our wine, then returned to the drawing room where our hostess was presiding at the tea table; I took my seat near her, and at last succeeded in drawing her into conversation at least she became a little more talkative than she had hitherto been, no whist table was formed, all amused themselves with the simple game of Bagatelle – Charles Jack was the younger brother of James and John, at the time head of the house and in a fair way of making a large fortune; he killed himself it was supposed by over exertion when riding to Islay – which journeys he took a great pride in accomplishing in an incredibly short time, of John F. Johnson I have already said a few words in the first vol. but will here refresh the

reader's memory, he was a native of London of good family – his brother assayer of the mint – and well educated, he came to the Coast about 1822 in the employ of the Spanish firm Abadia & Arismendi of Lima [...] [799] Spanish Domination over Peru, thus Johnson had to look out for himself, and in 1824 I found him in Arequipa, established as shopkeeper in partnership with John Ward – his unconquerable failing was to show off, and to push himself forward – for this the small profits made in a retail shop could not suffice – the consequence was, that the firm stopped payment. Then Ward went to Islay as Port agent, Johnson again tried his luck and again failed. In 1846 I think he contented himself with attending to a vineyard of his wife's in Vitor, and to the selling of the there distilled brandy. Many years later he had the good luck that a very rich man Don Mariano [Ml.] Ugarte died in Lima intestate, and the Uretas, of which family Johnson's wife was a member, were declared heirs; after a short law suit to the deceased's large property. Since then Johnson is well off in the world; and enjoys himself in making repeated voyages to Europe, my senior by a few years, he is still hale and hearty.

From Tuesday, 3rd to Thursday, 5th of February 1846. The greater part of my time was taken up with making calls amongst which several farewell visits to the various persons whose names have occurred in the preceding pages, and which it is unnecessary again to enumerate, others I saw but once, such as Doña Zaviera Echavaria widow of Jorge Velarde my wife's Uncle, and some of her children – of her I have nothing to remark save that she was a very [...] [800] Francisco still alive in 1871 of very limited intellect for he once told me that he thought the Peruvian General Vivanco a greater military genius than Napoleon the first – her daughter Rosalia thirty two years of age, a very handsome woman, genteelly dressed, who displeased me on account of her affected way of speaking, was the widow of John Robinson, who married her about the year 1826, when she was a mere child hardly thirteen years old, whilst he, above thirty had destroyed his health and constitution by excess of all kinds; at the time of his marriage he was at the head of Dickson Price & Co. of Arequipa, but was soon removed from this situation by his principals in England, not on account of dishonesty but for incapacity – whereupon his countrymen in Arequipa made him partner of John Ward, port agent in Islay – there he died. His widow had the good fortune, that an aunt of Robinson's in England, whose favorite he had been, left in her will some legacies to her (Rosalia's) children, so that something could be, and was actually done for their education. Her youngest sister Guillermina, of whom I only know, that William Jackson of Dickson's house was her godfather about the year 1826, and that when she grew into womanhood she was so foolish as to marry the eldest [...] on of her sister Rosalia, Jorge, younger than herself who, brought up in England,

was certainly a clever physician, more I may say, by intuition than by study. Doña Zaviera, Rosalia, Guillermina, Jorge, all are dead now in 1871 [...] Doña Josefa [...] [801] the youngest of my wife's Aunts and her niece Rosa, daughter of Manuel Velarde and Rufina Tudela who in 1846 was the wife of a certain Castro. This Castro – then a shop keeper – whom Harmsen patronized, entered in later years the military Service and as officer of Artillery was distinguished by his good conduct and fidelity to his colors, he is still alive. I also looked in at Don Buenaventura Cereseda's, to whom from 1830 to 1832 when I had charge of Gibbs' house in Arequipa I had sold many a package of goods, he was now old and deaf. His two daughters Rafaela, married to Trinidad Moran, and Lorenza the wife of another Columbian, Augustin Trujillo, (both Moran and Trujillo had come to Arequipa in 1825 with Bolivar) I found at their needleswork. I must say to the praise of the Arequipena ladies, that in the forenoon you never find them idle, sewing is their usual occupation. I made also the acquaintance of Schutte's two partners Auregan the Physician, and Leplaténier, the a devant watchmaker, father of Louis Braillard all three agreeable Frenchmen the last was chief of the house of Viollier, formerly Le Bris. To the Bustamantes of whom Doña Josefa is my wife's particular friend I paid a visit at their farm of Pachacuti. With Went and Schutte I had to speak about business, the former had been good enough to take on himself the collecting of two debts on my account, the one of \$1000 yearly from my wife's stepmother, Josefa Nieto, the other from a certain Le Lort arising still from the loan made by C. Pflücker and myself to C. W. Schutte [...] before he stopped [...] [802] Schutte I had to speak on the subject of his debts to the estate of the late Henry Reinecke of Guayaquil which he managed to discharge in later years, but without interest – I lent him the \$20,000 above spoken of, and made a verbal agreement with him regarding the purchase of what is called Pampa wool, at \$9.3 per quintal on board, but as far as I recollect, Schutte never sent off a single ounce on my account. About tea time visitors were in the habit of dropping in, both at Schutte and Went's – on the 3rd I spent the evening at the former's, on the 4th, at the latter's, on the 5th I dined at Johnson's with Schutte and James Kendall, every thing in the house denoted that the vineyard above spoken of did not give him large profits nevertheless the dinner was very fair, the daughters Enriqueta, Julia and Juanita were particularly well brought up and Johnson took a great pride in them – on the other hand his wife had nothing genteel about her. On the 5th Stubbs returned from Lima and was engaged by Schutte at the high salary in those times of \$1500 annually but as Schutte with all his mercantile knowledge and speculative spirit was ignorant of book keeping and deficient in the usual counting house work, what the Spanish properly term "Contabilidad", during the whole of his

commercial career he has found himself under the necessity of paying his book keepers well, for in a great measure he has had to rely on them – I may mention Finck and Stubbs in Arequipa, Pinkernelle, W. Muller and finally the deep cunning, I may add unprincipled Amandus Möller. Thermometer [...] Faht. 61, R. 13 1/2 [...] [803] Fh. 74°, R. 18 1/2 – at 7 O.C. p.m. 64, R. 14 1/2.

Friday, 6th of February 1846. James Gibson was the only one who came to bid me good bye, I left Arequipa at 11.30 a.m. (which town I did not revisit until 1859) mounted on a good mule and accompanied by a muleteer who took care of another beast, which carried my luggage of no great weight – Schutte and Finck rode with me for a short distance only, for a strong wind blew the sand right into our faces – to the northward of the chain of Ch[]chanilies another mountain cupola shaped always covered with snow, that of Chuquibamba a place at situated the head of the valley of Majes through which as said before more than once flows the river whose mouth into the sea is close to Camana to the north of Quilca. It was 12.45 when I arrived at the Cruz del Intendente and having descended into the poor village of Uchumayo and reached the Tambo on this side of the bridge at 1 O.C. 20 – here the animals got grass and water – on the other side two zigzag ascents were in front of me then a heavy sandy road with ups and downs and at five O.C. found myself on the well swept and clearly marked road of the Pampa when the sun had set the Moon shone clear so that I had no fear of losing my way and pushed on till I reached the Tambo at 8.15 O.C. My muleteer came three quarters of an hour later about 9 O.C. I ate a chupe of camarones drank some glasses of champagne a bottle of which, Schutte had insisted on putting into my saddle bags, lay down on a mattress and slept soundly. The beasts rested and received their [...] [808]

Saturday, 7th of February 1846. At about 2 O.C. the Muleteer called me, in the twinkling of an eye I was up, and mounted, paid the bill, and off we went, the moon had gone down, the night was very foggy, not a star, nor the volcano could be seen, the consequence of which was that ere long we lost our way, dismounted and found it again. At least so we thought, however ere long it seemed to me, that instead of going in the direction of Islay, we were returning the same way we had come – the Muleteer had to confess that I was in the right and we therefore decided on lying down till day break, we tied our beasts to one of the poles, the object of which is to mark the road, my pella was spread on the sand. I threw myself down, a poncho was my coverlet and in a few moments was fast asleep, it was 4.35 O.C., when the Muleteer woke me, the day dawning but the fog still such as to conceal the volcano. Now the “medianos” served as our guide, the concave high abrupt part is turned inland the point which gradually slopes down to the level of the plain, towards the sea – thus there could be no mistake, I rode on by myself, and was at the Cruz de Guerreros at

7.30 and at 10.5 at Ward's in Islay, with whom I breakfasted. Immediately after me, arrived the Arequipeño propio with the correspondence for the steamer then my muleteer, and at 11 the "Peru" Captain Pimaso from Arica. On the 5th in Tacna the populace had risen up against the constituted authority, the Prefect had received orders from the government to send to Lima Cespedes formerly Iguain's secretary this, the Tac [...] allow these blocked to get he [...] [809] opened the prisons and placed the prisoners at liberty. The Prefect Mendiburú concealed himself and Cespedes had not embarked on board the Peru. It was as late as 5 O.C. when I went on board, without loss of time we left Islay, dined, I being the only foreigner, with the exception of a french physician, took my seat near the Captain and contrary to my custom did not address any of my fellow passengers. At an early hour I retired to my cabin.

Sunday, 8th and Monday, 9th of February 1846. In the course of these two days I became acquainted with one or the other of the passengers, with General Obando who was on board with his wife and two daughters, whom he had brought with him from Coquimbo, with Mateo Paz Soldan brother of Don Gregorio, as clever, as all the Paz Soldans are, with an Arequipeño Dr. Lizarraga, with José Maria Peña a native of Tucuman or Salta, I do not know, which cousin of Jose Peña, Villamil's son-in-law in every respect far superior to him; and with others. I read a good deal, amongst other books Rockwood or Dick Turpin, by Harrison Ainsworth, which in my opinion is written in his usual faulty style, not only does he heap horrors on horrors, but what is worse he endeavors and succeeds in interesting his readers in the fate of down right criminals. In this novel, the hero is a highwayman – in another figures amongst the "dramatis personae" Jack Shepherd a notorious burglar. I reperused Oliver Goldsmith's simple and delightful Vicar of Wakefield, also dipped into the adventures of "Pompey the Little" the [...] [810] given, early on Monday we were opposite Pisco passed the Chincha Islands and on

Tuesday, 10th of February 1846, at 8 O.C. came to an anchor in Callao Bay. Henry Higginson came on board with him I landed, called at the Gallaghers' where I only found Emma, the future Mrs. Rennie, took my seat in the omnibus and was once more with my family in Lima, in the course of the day I looked in in at Gibbs' also called on Dr. Don José Gregorio Paz Soldan minister for Foreign Affairs, in his Office in the Palace; the object of my visit was two fold, I requested him to procure me an audience with his excellency the President Don Ramon Castilla, and to allow me to introduce the furniture for my own private use duty free. About the audience, he said he would speak to the President – the duty free importation he decidedly denied for though I was Consul General "Consuls", so said the law "do not enjoy the same privileges and immunities as the members of the Diplomatic corps". Herman Reincke took tea with us he and I endeavored to teach my wife and Enriqueta whist, in which we

met but with little success – Gerald Garland was in Chorrillos on account of his health. Henceforward it is my intention to compress the far too minute details which I find in my original diary of the trivial daily occurrences; the quiet life which for the next five years my family and I led in such a monotonous place as Lima – my travels for the present were at an end limited to an occasional ride to Chorrillos or Callao. In [...] with my trifling [811] mercantile business, also with teaching Enriqueta and Conradina. In the evening I sometimes accompanied my wife and daughter on a visit more frequently we were at home receiving our habitués Herman Reincke, Charles Pfflücker, Melchor Velarde, Gerald Garland and less regular visitors; our son Juan, Clerk at Gibbs', did not often favor us with his company, Ladies dropped in now and then but at long intervals, for here in Lima they are very particular in not returning a visit till the previous one has been returned – three or four times in the course of the whole month I passed an hour or so in the Commercial reading rooms amusing myself with the perusal of European Newspapers – during my absence the two till then separated establishments of a similar character vid. the exchange room of the foreign merchants, and the other, the reading room of the Clerks had been amalgamated under the name of the now existing commercial reading rooms which were now frequented by old and young; there were billiard tables and at night, whist was played at trifling stakes; if I remember correctly John Hayne took a great interest in the proper management of this establishment – Charles Steer was Manager or I should say Secretary at the time. I have spoken of the latter as my travelling companion on my journey to the Cerro de Pasco towards the end of 1827 – he was quite a gentleman – it was a pity he was so much devoted to the bottle, the attractions of which he could not withstand. These reading rooms consisted of several apartments in the first storey of the house at the corner of El portal de Botoneros and la Calle de Bodegones; ere long I ceased frequenting these rooms Mr. Pffeifer and [...] [812] taking more wine than I liked, and on my remaining till a later hour than was in accordance with my regular habits. All February, the weather was beautiful, day after day, the sun shone forth from morning till night from an unclouded deep blue sky, the heat not intolerable the Thermometer ranged in the day time from 75 to 82 1/2 Fht., 19° to 22 1/2 R. once or twice it rose to 87 Fht., R. 24 1/2; yet notwithstanding this warm temperature I caught cold, and for more than a fortnight had to suffer from a pain in the neck and in the back part of the head; it was cured by repeated perspirations. A short time before my arrival the Minstrel Boy and in the course of the month the Texican both from Liverpool also the Julia from Hamburg had come in; by these three vessels I had received a few manufactured goods which, Juan succeeded in selling for me to some of the Lima dealers; on the shirtings and cotton platillas I made some profit – Velveteens, only covered the outlay. As I might have foreseen

Juan's principals, Hayne and Pflücker, did not approve of his time being in some measure taken up by effecting sales for me which though, to a trifling extent only, interfered moreover with their own business. I therefore requested him to take no further trouble on my account – *viâ* Panamá I received advices from D. Schutte that he was about making me a consignment of various articles to the amount of BM 22,000 in which he had taken one quarter interest for me I augured [ill] of this speculation, the goods consisting of woollen and half woollen stuffs and shawls and the result [...] [813]

On the 12th mounted on Enriqueta's pretty black horse I rode out to Chorillos to see how Garland was getting on, he resided in the same Rancho, by which name the Chorillos houses are known, with José Maria Costas, a Puneno whose acquaintance my readers have already made. I also looked in at Hayne's, Mrs. Hayne was always particularly polite to me; at well [?] Pflücker with whom I found some of her Guayaquil relations and who always kind would not allow me to ride back without having fortified myself with some good cheer. I bathed and was in Lima at sunset. On the 14th I had to ride to Callao, where assisted by Hy. Higginson I made a favorable despatch of several articles received *pr.* Julia. Juan Luis Errea an Arequip[] acquaintance was the Vista which name is given to the Custom house official whose duty it is to be present at the opening of packages and to put on the contents the value on which the duty of a certain percentage is to be paid. One night my wife, daughter, Enriqueta and I went to see an old acquaintance Don Blas Sotomayor said to be more than 90 years old – he had been struck by apoplexy, he spoke with difficulty, we could hardly understand what he said, his memory was so far gone that he confounded not only names but words in daily use – his appearance was that of a dying man and I believe his last hour was at hand. [814]

Mr. Coleman having left me on the 15th of Jy. 1872 for the purpose of paying a visit to Chile, where he expected to recover his health which had much suffered during his residence in Lima of less than a year, Mr. V. Dupont has taken up this my diary under my dictation, on the 6th of fry. 1872.

The second half of the month of fry. of 1846 was spent by me in a manner very similar to that in which the first fortnight had been passed. On sundays and holidays, as for instance, the Carnival days on the 23rd and 24th which this year, however, passed very quietly – for the Carnival play was strictly prohibited by the police, we were in the habit of driving to the Alamedas in our two-wheeled vehicle called "Calezin", of which I gave a description on a previous page. Sometimes I also availed myself of the same to make my calls: on Josefa Cabezudo, the most agreeable of the Cabezudo family, with which I had become acquainted in Ica, many years previously, when journeying to Arequipa by land. She was the widow of John Black, a Scotchman, who after the

failure of the firm of Cochrane and Robertson in 1827 or thereabouts, passed into the employ of Gibbs and in the course of a few years killed himself by hard drinking. Mariano Alejo Alvarez, member of the supreme court of justice and particular friend of my wife, I also visited. To me he was always kind, as legist he enjoyed a great and I believe well deserved reputation; now in 1872 he is dead. With Dr. José Luis Gomez Sanchez I was likewise acquainted at the time. In 1843 when I departed for Europe, he was Vivanco's minister of foreign affairs. I do not remember what situation he filled in 1846. In 1872 he is vocal de la corte Suprema. Mr. Bartholomew Browne, partner of Huth in Valparaiso, came to Lima to fetch his wife Doña Manuela Aliaga, a lady belonging to one of the first families but very weak-headed, so much so that she might be called crazy. Christian Hellmann, partner of the same firm in Lima, whom I had seen in Europe both in England and in Hamburg, arrived on the 21st via Panama to retake his situation as head of the House which, during his absence, had been filled by my particular friend Hermann Rodewald. Of course both these gentlemen I went to see. Through the medium of Mr. C. P[] [815] I became acquainted with Mr. Horatio Cox, a native of Devonshire and established in Guayaquil. He was the second husband of Doña Carmen Ferrusola, widow of Henry Reinecke, which lady, Mr. Cox having died, after a few years of connubial blessedness, gave her hand for the third time to a young man called Mocata of less age than she, son of that Mocata who was sent to the Equator by the British holders of Equatorian bonds, for the purpose at settling their claims on that Republic. As far as I know young Mocata has thought proper to abandon his aged spouse.

The political news which in 1846 were considered of importance and which I gathered from the papers are the following: the English and French Governments had, some time back, decided upon putting an end to the war carried on between the Argentine Provinces and la Banda Oriental. Rosas, the despotic ruler of the former would not listen to the terms proposed, and it was found necessary to have recourse to arms. On the 21st of November 1845 the United Squadrons were ordered up the Paraná, which river, its course having hitherto been from N.W. to S.E. suddenly turns to the East at the point called el Obligado. Here the Buenos-Ayrean admiral Mancilla had endeavored to make the passage impracticable, blocking up the river by a number of bulks fastened together by chains behind which lay a small schooner "el Vigilante". The land batteries mounted 4, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18 and 24 pounders whilst, according to the hostile report, the allies had not less than 113 guns of heavy calibre. As was to be expected these gained the victory, the Buenos-Ayreans flying in every direction. The French suffered more than the English who, owing to the long range of their guns were able to keep almost entirely out of the reach of the

enemy's fire. To give an idea how steam Navigation was still in its infancy I may add that in the English fleet there were but two steamers, and in the French but one. The advices received from England viâ Panama in 66 days stated that Sir Robert Peel who, as prime minister, had [...] some time ruled the [...] [816] glory to himself and advantage to the nation, had retired from office. The motive given by the papers was that it had been his intention to introduce material changes into the then existing corn laws, which measure he found he would be unable to carry out, owing to the opposition of the Duke of Wellington and his party in the Upper House. Peruvian bonds were down to 34%. The construction of railways gradually extended over all countries. Not only did the sums invested in the railways in Great Britain and Ireland amount to 701,243,208£ and for those projected 51, [...] 59,325£ more were required, but even the Russian Government had turned its attention to the same material improvement of its country; it intended to construct a railway 770 leagues long from St. Petersburg to Odessa. That between Valparaiso and Santiago which had been rumoured for some time past, was now likely to be carried into effect. Its Directors, both in Chile and in England were named. The President and his Ministers were the patrons. In Peru everything was quiet as regards politics; the only event of some trifling importance was the arrest of Iguain which took place on the 19th, [...] Peruvian debt due to English bondholders amounted, including interest, according to the "Peruano", to 19 millions of dollars. On the 9th of fy. the old contractors for the exclusive exportation of Huano, Gibbs Crawley & Co., Quiros Allier & Co., and Poumarou, Montané and [...] ter long negotiations, came to a new agreement with the Government which was signed on the 9th of fy., in virtue of which the former advanced to the latter \$300,000, one third in cash, the other two thirds in short instalments; [...] on the other hand the Government ratified and recognized the right which the contractors already held for the Exportation of 126,900 tons of Huano and prolonged the term for the shipment of the total to the 17th of Dec. 1847. At the time, say fy. 1846 a dispute between Thomas Conroy and his clerk Philips sent by him to England for the purchase of goods, made a great noise in the commercial world of Lima and Callao. At the present moment fy. 1872 it is of no importance as regards its intrinsic merits, but as both left the decision to the arbitration of a number of foreigners, it is in so [...] their names we see wh [...] [817] then considered the most respectable among them. Mr. William Pitt Adams, British Chargé d'Affaires, presided. The other twelve were: John Barton, British Consul, John McLean, of McLean Rowe & Co., John Hayne, head of Gibbs, Crawley & Co., Hermann Rodewald, manager of Huth, Gruning & Co., C. R. Pflücker, partner of Gibbs, Elmore insignificant, Davis manager of John Hegan & Co., business; Henry Severin of Greene, Nelson & Co., C. A. Manning, a respectable shopkeeper; Juan Rodriguez, a much esteemed Callao port agent,

Thomas Wheelock, of Henry Reed & Co., and one more whose name I cannot make out in my original diary. The verdict without appeal to the tribunals of the Country was, be it said en passant, rather in favor of Conroy; it is true it absolved Philips of dishonesty, but found him guilty of great negligence.

In the beginning of March (1846), I received the first payment for sales effected of goods from Europe; it was Antonio Mago who I made it, of somewhat more than 1000 dollars, he was an insignificant little Cholo, very upright in his dealings, and as long as I continued my trifling import business, he was one of my best purchasers. Now also I made my first payment for import duties. At the time it was the custom to pay these duties not cash down as in later years, but to sign pagarés for the amount, one half at 3, the other half at 6 months credit, and these documents were sent from Callao to the Lima treasury for recovery. Those who preferred might of course discount them, and so did I. When after the lapse of a year or so I found out that discounting and lending money on interest was more advantageous to me than selling merchandise, I soon turned my attention to these documents, and on referring to my mercantile books, I see that in

1847	I discounted of them to the amount of	\$39,000
1848		\$34,000
1849	No more than	\$9000
1850		\$9000
1851		\$7000

In all hardly 100,000 dollars [...] [818] to my monetary transactions in later years, I may state here that on the 30th of April 1843, when I first opened my own private books, the Capital which I possessed amounted to 172,694 dollars and 1/2r, and this sum I had earned in the course of the 12 years I had been connected with the firm of Gibbs; my small paternal inheritance formed no part of it, for this I partly spent in the education of my son Juan Diez, partly had placed it in the hands of C. W. Schutte, from whom I should never have got it back, had it not been for the Huano business in which he made such a large fortune. For several years my Capital augmented, it is true, but at a very slowly increasing rate. On the 31st Dec.

1845	with	9022 – 1 1/2
1846		12,209[–]
1847		8291 – 4 1/4
1848		9589 – 3 1/4
1849		17,143 – 3/4
1850		23,647 – 6 1/4

During the year 1851 when I was in Europe making preparations for my partnership with C. W. Schutte, the falling off was not[t]able; my net gain being no more than 6980 – 5 1/4. Also during the two first years of the partnership, the clear profits were very small; on the 30th of April 1853 I carried to the credit of my stock account no more than \$5500. On the 30th of April 1854 no more than \$5000. From that date onward a great change in my favor took place; I ceased to have a share in the business and contented myself with the interest of my capital, gradually reduced from 12 to 10, 9 and finally 7 1/2% per annum. When on my return from Europe, in June 1856, I balanced my books to the 30th of April of the same year, the increase of my Capital was extraordinary, amounting to no less than 99,000 dollars, owing in a great measure, to the favourable turn taken by the accounts of my son Juan and of the vessel Maria, since then it has augmented rapidly, the figure added to stock account never falling short of 20,000, nor exceeding 50,000 dollars annually, which latter sum I fear, I shall not reach again.

After this long digression which belongs more properly to the year 1872 when I dictate these lines than to March 1846, to which month my [...] I return to this date. [819] Page 324 of Vol. the first I have cursorily spoken of the Government documents called billetes, and of the low price at which they could be bought in the market, but I did not state what their origin was. Almost since the declaration of the Independence of Peru, the various Presidents who followed each other in quick succession, excepting however the Protector Andres Santa Cruz, never found it possible to make the revenues of the Country suffice for its expenses, and thus many of their servants, for instance the members of the Courts of Justice, the inferior Judges and others did not receive their monthly stipends with due regularity. Months elapsed without their getting one real; then perhaps a New Minister of Finance came into office who gave his word that henceforth everybody should be paid up to the day, but as to what had passed, there was no help for it, and the Creditors had to content themselves with an obligatory bond of the Government called billete for the amount due to them. Such a transaction was technically called “dar un[_]te” and the holders frequently, if not always, in order to satisfy their own and their families urgent wants, saw themselves in the necessity of disposing of these billetes at any price. Thus in March 1846 M[ss] C. W. Schutte & Co., of Arequipa, sent me for sale 20,000 dollars of such billetes, which I got rid of to Gibbs, Crawley & Co., at 13 1/2 per cent, and they, as Huano Contractors, probably found some day or other, an opportunity of paying them to the Government at par, for the Minister of Finances, always hard up for money, had necessarily to submit to harsh conditions, when he asked for advances not yet due. In 1853 when the always increasing consumption of

Huano in Europe and, the corresponding increase in the sale of this manure, furnished the Peruvian Government with money to an extent they had never dreamt of, the then President Echenique carried into effect a law given by the last Congress under Castilla's first rule, in virtue of which, all and every internal debt of the Country, were thrown together into one mass, consolidated, as it is called, and instead of them new bonds paying 6% annual interest, and subject to a regular threemonthly partial redemption, were issued under the name of "vales consolidados". Every Administration as scrupulously paid the interest and continued their redemption, so that at present in march 1872, the few which are still in existence stand at par. [820]

The exchange on London for 90 days sight bills is in 1872 and has been for some time past 36 pence per Bolivian dollar of 8 reals or 45 pence the sol of 10 reals equal in fineness and weight to a 5 franc piece, 36d being more or less what two four Bolivian real pieces, and 45 pence what a sol yields net in London, after deducting freight, insurance, commission and expenses. In 1846 the exchange stood at a fictitious height of 45 pence or thereabouts; I say fictitious, for though 45 pence were the true value of a Spanish hard dollar, which coin for some years after the expulsion of the Spaniards, continued to be exported to Europe, these 45 pence were clearly far above the legitimate exchange, when the hard dollars were supplanted by the Bolivian coin. In March 1846 C. W. Schutte & Co., of Arequipa remitted to José Canevaro, of Lima, a pretty considerable sum in bills drawn by Alison Cumberledge & Co., of Tacna, on their London firm. Of these bills I bought £500 at 46 1/4d, which high rate either shows that there were many bills for sale, or that Alison Cumberledge's paper was not considered first rate. I do not remember whether Canevaro put his name on these drafts, or whether they came endorsed in blank by the Arequipa firm. I remitted the £500 to Daniel Schutte of Hamburgh on his account as an advance on his share in the manufactured articles of the shipment of which I had received advice.

I had no clerk, nobody to assist me, and did everything myself; I wrote my correspondence, took press-copies, received goods from the Port, made sales, lent money, drew out pagarés, recovered what was due to me, wrote my mercantile books and my diary, in short kept everything [...] to the day and nevertheless so trifling was my work or perhaps to speak more properly, so quickly did I get through it that I had necessarily to devise other means to fill up the vacant time. I resumed the study of Algebra of which in my youth I had been so very fond that, many an evening, when my father believed me busy with my latin, I amused myself with solving algebraic problems; in 1846 I again took up the problems of Meyer Hirsch, whose solutions I had at hand to refer to, if required. I read much, mostly English, and studied the Italian

language, yet many hours still remained unoccupied and I was very glad to learn that Mr. Zyla who had come as a teacher to Ch. Pflucker's children, was also a good classical Scholar, and therefore without loss of time I came to an [...] three times a week [...] [821] hour in the evening, to read with me the ancient latin authors. When I was at college in Altona I was able to translate Ovid and Virgil, but Cicero and Tacitus were too difficult for me. Under my father's tuition, when quite a child, I had however laid excellent foundation in Latin, which was now of great use to me and by means of careful preparation, and with an occasional assistance from Zyla, I read with him and translated, in the course of the few years he was with me, Sallust's Conspiracy of Catalina, and his war against Jugurtha; Ovid's Metamorphosis, Virgil's Aeneid, and Caesar's Commentaries from beginning to end, Horace's odes, his satires we found extremely difficult, further Juvenal's Satires and Martial's Epigrams, both of which with the help of excellent editions, we managed to understand perfectly. Of Livy we read but a few books, of Tacitus the greater part; this was and is my favourite author, and of at least two thirds of his works I made a written translation in German, which I should have certainly completed, had it not been for the partial failing of my sight which befell me in October 1852. I must confess that I possess a translation of Tacitus in Spanish dated as far back as 1613, printed in Antwerp and dedicated to archduke Albert, then Governor of the Netherlands, and brother of the two successive German Emperors Rudolph and Mathias; to this translation I occasionally referred, but to do myself justice, much more frequently to confirm myself in the meaning, which I had given to a sentence, than to discover the meaning by means of the translation. One of the last authors we read was Catullus, the edition which Zyla lent me and especially the notes to it were printed in extremely small type, the deciphering of which with candlelight no doubt contributed to my losing my sight. The very last, which we had only time to begin, was the *Amphitryo* by Plautus, and this we found to be a very hard nut to crack. Zyla, a native of Silesia, was perhaps 26 or 27 years of age. He was rather stout, had a round, joyous face and as long as he was under Mr. Pflucker's roof, nothing could be said against his conduct. He afterwards put up a school in conjunction with a Pole Potemkin, which did not answer. He married a woman of unknown family whom he soon abandoned, and then left the country. What had become of her I do not know [...] [822] On the same day that I took my first latin lesson, it was the 2nd of March 1846, I accompanied in the morning my granddaughter Corina, then hardly 9 years of age, to the House of Mr. Ch. Pflucker, en la calle de la Coca, where she together with Pflucker's boys and other children was to be instructed by Zyla. Pflucker's boys were Carlos, Federico, Julio and Leonardo, the eldest Carlos a few months younger than Corina; they

were joined by the daughters of Julius, Charles Pflucker's brother, Beatrice, in 1872 wife of Sigismund Satler, cousin and partner of Gildemeister, Matilda who married one of the Brothers of the wealthy Monteros, but who, after the lapse of one or two years turned crazy, is still alive but confined in the lunatic asylum in Cercado, Ernestina now Mrs. Feliz Dibos and Sophia unmarried in 1872, and with little chance of finding a husband. The last pupil was Pepe Yzcue of about the same age as Carlos Pflucker, and son of Yzcue, Pflucker's partner, at the time in the Morococho Copper mines. Young Yzcue is now a married man and employed in one of the Government offices; his mother a Gutierrez of Arequipa was sister to the mother of the ex-President Prado's wife, and his sister Delfina married Toribio Saens who as a fiscal agent in Europe, during Balta's administration, has acquired a great reputation, whether for good or for evil I will not take upon myself to decide.

Those evenings which Mr. Zyla did not come to me, I made it a rule to take a walk to "la Alameda del Acho", for the present new Alameda which runs up to the convent of the Barefooted friars, "los Descalzos", did not yet exist; instead of it there was a sombre, little frequented avenue of four rows of tall willows. On my return I looked in at the Reading-rooms and was home in time for tea, when a few visitors were never wanting. Gerald Garland and Hermann Reincke, when in Lima, did not fail to make their appearance at the accustomed hour; there reigned, however, as said above, a coolness between them which could not be overcome and one day, it was the 7th of March, it gave even rise to a misunderstanding between my wife and Enriqueta, the former siding with Garland, the latter with Reincke. I had to be the mediator, and before the sun had set, succeeded in bringing about a perfect reconciliation between mother and daughter. [823]

Three times in the course of the month of March, on two sundays, and one holiday "la Anunciacion", I rode out to Chorrillos early in the morning, there to spend the day. I put my horse either at Charles Pflucker's or in the Rancho which José Maria Costas, Garland and Juan had rented jointly; then after a bath in the sea I breakfasted with Charles Pflucker, his family and Guayaquil relations, Doña Pancha, Doña Dolores Alsua, her brother Liberato, General Weight and others. This meal was served at a late hour and lasted long, so that it being over, it was nearly time to make my calls on different families with whom I was acquainted, the Bergmanns, Doña Ignacia Palacios, Doña Manuela Molina and daughters etc. It will not be out of place to say a few words about the Bergmanns. For a long series of years their house was one of the most frequented by the best Lima society, and their small saturday evening parties were the delight of all who were admitted to them. Mr. Frederick Bergmann, a native of the kingdom of Hanover, was an excellent good-hearted man, not

of a bright intellect. About the year 18 or 19, when perhaps 25 years of age, he was clerk in Buenos-Ayres with a well known Firm of Britain and Brownell: hardly had the Peruvians declared their independence, when his Principals sent him to Lima, there to establish a mercantile House under the Firm of Templeman and Bergmann. He brought with him his wife Estanislao Rubio, a native of Buenos-Ayres of about his age; she was not exactly beautiful, but very good-looking, and highly interesting so that in a short time she drew around her a number of admirers. Already in 1827 and 1829 I became acquainted with them, but as I was at that time a mere clerk and Mrs. Bergmann in the prime of womanhood, little notice was taken of me; from 1833 onward, when I came to Lima as a married man and partner of Gibbs, of course a material change took place, 15 years later, when Mrs. Bergmann had long passed the Meridian of life, I was the regular Companion of her husband at the whist-table, and now in 1872 I am one of the very few who have not entirely abandoned the forlorn widow. Their children were: Federico, Carlos, Sophia, Isabel, Augusta and Estanslao, the two eldest, after their father's death, continued his business, but notwithstanding their excellent connections in England, then as little as their [...] [824] to their business, and at present even their credit is none of the best. Sophia, the third child, was generally looked upon as a very agreeable young lady; she played the Piano excellently and was certainly "du meilleur ton". She had many offers of marriage which she refused, and finally about the year 1860 or 1861, when she was no more a chicken, to everybody's surprise gave her hand to Augustus Dreyfus, a Jew from Alsatia, at the time not much thought of in Lima, but whose name is filling now the whole mercantile world as sole consignee of the Huano. Sophia suffered from asthma since her childhood, for the last five or six years has been a complete invalid and died in Paris in October 1871 of dropsy after unheard of sufferings. Isabel, born on Palm sunday, 1828, a day well-remembered for the severe earthquake, was a sweet, lovely, very pretty creature, without the slightest pretensions, always plainly dressed, perhaps with a single flower in her raven-black-hair. She, a great favourite of mine, died unmarried in the second part of the year 1852. Estanslao gave himself up to drinking, and died in consequence. Augusta is the wife of Miceno Espantoso by whom she has many children who occupy all her thoughts and time. Now to return to my diary of March 1846. On calling upon the Bergmanns, in Chorrillos, I found the father reading in the Corridor, the mother not yet visible, and the daughters so much taken up with some young friends of both sexes, with singing and playing the Piano, that they hardly had time to speak a few words to me. At Doña Ignacia Palacios there was no card-playing, an extraordinary thing; some gentlemen played at Chess. Twice I dined at Pflucker's en famille, once by invitation at John Hayne's with a

French Viscount who, on his travels, was visiting Peru, with Mr. Ferdinand Thomas, of the Firm Thomas Lachambre & Co., Edmond Duquenne, in the employ of Roux, José Maria Costas, Rodewald and Garland. The conversation was mostly carried on in French; English, German and Spanish were also occasionally spoken. The dinner was very nice, wines good, of course, I enjoyed myself well, had however the mishap that the few glasses of wine I took got into my head, without however confusing my ideas so much as to prevent my gaining a game at chess from Mrs. Hayne. The Armeros had generally a little dancing on Sundays and holidays; and with them I finis [...] [825] sometimes more, sometimes less animated. Don Cristoval, the father, a Venezuelano, the mother Doña Jesus from Guayaquil, the sister of José Vicente Campo, made themselves very agreeable, they had a numerous family, the three eldest daughters were Elisa, Amelia, in later years Mme. Bion, and Margarita who was by far the best looking, and with her I used to dance a good deal. Before midnight these little parties broke up, and a bed was always at my disposal either at Charles Pflücker's or at Costas's Rancho. Next morning I was up betimes and back in my House in Lima long before our breakfast was ready. On the 24th of March I called upon a Mr. Boardman partner of Price's house in Valparaiso, living whilst in Lima, at Colfor's; he was on his way to Europe, via Panama, whither he intended to proceed on the 14th of April by the steamer "Chile", which shows that at the time we have now come to, the communication with Europe by the Isthmus was regularly established. His object was to make some arrangements, perhaps some purchases for the Valparaiso and Santiago railway. He also made a proposal to Castilla for a railway between Callao and Lima, but as is well known, could not come to terms, for it was Pedro Gonzalez de Candamo who, a short time after, succeeded in obtaining the concession. Several Peruvians jointly proposed to the Government to canalize the rio Rimac, so as to make it navigable for vessels of all sizes, from Callao as far up as Lima; secondly to construct four dry docks in Callao; and thirdly to build a Custom House with its necessary stores in Lima. None of these various projects led to any result. I may as well mention that the Cabinet consisted at this period of General Manuel Mendiburu, Minister for War, Manuel del Rio, Finances, and Dr. José-Gregorio-Paz-Soldan for the Interior and Foreign Affairs.

The European news received viâ Panama consisted principally in a reconstruction of a Conservative Ministry in England, with Sir Robert Peel as Prime Minister, Lord John Russell had been ordered by the Queen to form a Whig Cabinet, but had not succeeded. The pretext given was that Earl Grey, formerly Lord Harwick, son of the renowned [...] [826] was to take a seat as Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, and neither the one nor the other would give in, Lord John availed himself of this circumstance to declare his

inability to form a Whig Ministry; some papers thought that he was glad to get out of the scrape, finding himself not strong enough to manage the knotty Corn law Question; the following were the members of the new Cabinet: Sir Robert Peel, first Lord of the Treasury; Sir James Graham, Home Department; Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor; Duke of Buccleugh, Lord President of the Privy Council; Duke of Wellington, Commander Chief; Earl Aberdeen, Foreign affairs; Earl Huddington, keeper of the Privy Seal; Earl Ripon, President of the Board of Control; H. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Granville Somerset, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Earl Lincoln, Commissioner for Woods and Forests; Sidney Herbert, Secretary for the War Department; Earl Dalhousie, President of the Board of Commerce; Earl Ellenborough, first Lord of the Admiralty; Earl St. Germain, Post-Master General; and W. E. Gladstone, Secretary for the Colonies; the three last being the only new members. Another piece of News was the visit of the Czar Nicholas to the Pope in Rome, and a third the discovery of a New Star. The Emperor of all the Russias and head of the Greek-catholic church was one of the finest and tallest men on the globe – Pope Gregory XVI, a very old and infirm man; however the representations which the latter made to the former on the subject of the Persecutions to which the Roman Catholics were exposed throughout all his empire, are said to have wrought some impression on his mind. The pope did not return his visit, neither was he otherwise well received in the Eternal city; no acclamations followed him when he appeared in the streets, and even those who met him did not always take their hats off. The Star was discovered by the astronomer Hencke, and generally supposed to belong to that group of small planets namely Vesta, Juno, Pallas and Ceres, which have been discovered since the commencement of the Present century in the vast space between Mars and Jupiter; the situation of the new star which, according to a few, may be the nucleus of a Comet, is between Vesta and Juno.

Towards the end of this month of March 1846, my son Juan [...] he had had with the Firm of Gibbs [...] [827] A few weeks previously he had taken offence at a slight which he thought Mr. Hayne had done unto him, for which reason and also because he was really unwell, he had retired to Chorrillos; but through Garland's intervention matters were arranged and he returned to the Counting-house, now as Cash-keeper, with annual salary of \$1000 and an allowance of \$100 for deficiencies which he might have in the Cash, also with the express understanding not to effect any sales for me. He took the situation of young Miller, General Miller's nephew, and Miller went below to the Store, there to work under Pflucker, whilst Huttmann hitherto assistant salesman intended leaving for Europe towards the end of April.

Wednesday, 1st of April 1846. During my absence my wife had let to the lawyer, Dr. Urea, two rooms on the ground floor, exactly in front of the street door, but as I now required them to establish there my counting house, we had requested him to leave, which he did and accordingly I removed below.

Thursday, 2nd of April 1846. This day a public sale was held at Henry Read's, Casa de Ozambela, he, the head of Tailleur's House, was an old acquaintance of mine, and many a game of chess had I lost to him. Within the last few years he had become more addicted to the bottle than proper, and consequently his Constitution was much impaired; he now left for Europe, together with his second wife Manuela, sister of his first wife Antuca Cossio. Thomas Wheelock, hitherto clerk, remained the manager of the House. I merely purchased some trifles, mainly some books on Chess. I saw by the papers that Admiral Mariategui and various officers of the Peruvian Navy were shortly to leave for England, there to purchase a man of war steamer – the President Castilla counting upon the surplus of the net proceeds of the Huano to pay for this vessel, though to judge by a statement of the Peruvian finances, published a few months previously, there seemed to be little probability of the existence of such a surplus.

Friday, 3rd of April 1846. The [...] [828] in my present office at 2 o'clock and a half p.m. 77 Fahrenheit = 20 R. This day in calling upon Melchior Belarde, I met a nephew of his, son of his sister Rosalia, Edward Robinson, who having been bound apprentice on board of an English merchant vessel, from Liverpool to Callao, had run away, on his arrival in the latter port, and concealed himself until the vessel was gone. He had completely forgotten the Spanish and Spoke only English just as English lads do.

Saturday, 4th of April 1846. I. F. Yzcue was lying dangerously ill, not likely to recover.

Sunday, 5th of April 1846, Palm sunday. Soon after breakfast I rode to Callao on Enriqueta's pretty little black horse; this I left in a livery stable and then went to call on several of my acquaintances, some of whom I found at home, some not. Of the Gallaghers I have spoken more than once, and will therefore say no more about them. Their next door neighbors were on the one side Mr. Bunch, on the other Mr. John Barton. The former with whom I had come in the Cormorant from Payta, hitherto secretary to the British Legation, had been raised to the Consular Dignity, whilst Barton, British Consul, was entrusted with the care of the Legation, during the absence of Mr. William Pitt Adams, Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Barton, my senior by about two years, came to Callao shortly after the declaration of the Independence of Peru, and established himself there as port-Agent. When Mr. Wilson was British Chargé d'affaires, about the

time of Santa Cruz's Protectorate, he made Barton Consular Agent; by and by he rose to be Consul, and several times took charge of the Legation, when the Chargés were on leave of absence, or during the interval between the recall or death of the one and the arrival of his successor. Barton was good-looking, with fine blue eyes, a florid countenance, and in his later years with a venerable long beard white as the fallen snow. He was a most agreeable companion, always full of Jokes and fun, but in his character the most decided egotist I ever met with. Nothing made any impression upon him, he cared for nobody and grieved for nothing, to render a service without remuneration was a thing he never dreamt of, and which he looked upon as a piece of downright stupidity [...] Mari [...] [829] daughter of a baptized Jew, David Moss, originally Moses; they had no children and did not lead together a very happy connubial life, though both were too well-bred not to keep up appearances. Mrs. Barton died six or eight months back in England. He is still alive (I dictate this in March 1872); his partner for many years was his wife's cousin, Henry Moss, an excellent man. Don Pio Tristan's name has occurred more than once in the preceding pages of this diary; he and his wife Joaquina had come to Callao during the bathing season, and for the time exchanged their fine, comfortable House in Lima for uncomfortable, untidy apartments in Callao. They received me en négligé, and their appearance corresponded with that of their dwelling. Their two daughters, the one Josefa married to Forcelledo, Admiral and Governor of the port, the other Francisca, the wife of Santiago Lanfranco, an Italian, did not look much neater than their parents had done; perhaps I came upon them unawares, too early in the day, when they had not yet dressed to receive visitors. At Thomas Conroy's where the family had gone out, I only found a young English servant girl, quietly sitting by herself, occupied with sewing; she looked so clean and nice, and formed such a contrast to the Peruvian Ladies whom I had just left that, had it not been a breach of decorum, I should willingly have taken a seat close to her and chatted with her for some time. I was rowed on board the Cormorant to bid good bye to Captain Gordon who was about leaving the Port with sealed orders. He received me with great politeness, but as he was occupied with his correspondence, I did not remain long with him. In Lima we had at dinner besides Garland and Reincke, Mr., late Captain, Seymour, and Charles Bergmann, Juan's particular friends; these two had been at the same time at school in Altona, though not in the same Institution. With Seymour I walked to the Alameda; the streets were crowded, for the procession with Christ sitting on a wooden donkey had just passed. At home chess which my wife played pretty fairly was resorted to. [...] [830]

Wednesday, 8th of April 1846. Yzcue died in the morning, leaving his wife and three children, 2 boys and 1 girl, with a very small fortune, very different

from what he was believed to possess, about 15 or 16 years previously, when he gave his hand in Arequipa to Doña Iñez Gutierrez. In the evening I read in the Reading Rooms an article in the "Revue des deux Mondes", on the the Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, edited by her medical adviser. She born in 1780 was a great favourite of the Second William Pitt, her uncle, his sister being Lady Stanhope's mother. She had a vigorous, manly understanding, and was decidedly averse to prudery and hypocrisy, wheresoever she met these two vices, or at least believed that she discovered them, she tore off the mask without fear or consideration, without minding whom she might offend by doing so. As long as her uncle, high in Power was alive, she could, without danger, give vent to her proud and ironical disposition, but after his death she unmarried soon left England and retired to Syria where she took up her residence on mount Lebanon. Her haughty demeanour even awed the wild tribes in the environs, and she lived amongst them feared and respected as their queen and prophetess, sometimes visited by European travellers, until her death which took place in 1839. She had laid aside the European fashions, dressed in the style of Turkish women and even smoked her long pipe.

Thursday, 9th of April 1846. Holy Thursday. At about noon the shops closed and business was suspended. The feast days commenced. On this day the Roman Catholic church orders her believers "de andar las estaciones" which means to say that in memory of the seven times which our Saviour is said to have stumbled under the Cross, when carrying this heavy burden to Golgotha, they are to visit seven churches, or at all events, to say a certain number of prayers before seven different altars in one and the same church. At two p.m. I entered several churches, the Cathedral la Merced, Santo Domingo and San Francisco, but at this early hour they were little filled; the Candles were not lighted, and they did by no means present the splendid appearance which they did at night. A wooden poorly finished statue of Christ was placed in each of these churches, in a reclining posture well wrapped up, only his lachrymose face, his hands and feet uncovered; some persons appro [...] [831] the Apostles, wearing episcopal garments, sat in a half circle before the high Altar, Judas Iscariot distinguishable by his red face. In San Francisco Saviour statues were placed round a table covered with decanters filled with wine, fruit and lighted candles under shades (guarda-brisas). Judas had an aji in his mouth, as well as one in each hand. After dinner I went again to the same churches and then to San Augustin, now brilliantly illumined and filled with devotees, praying and kneeling, also looking and looked at, these churches presented a fine sight; I however could not help feeling disgusted on seeing uninterrupted files of people, of both sexes, old and young, high and low, well dressed and miserably clothed, direct themselves to the statue of Christ and impress their

lips upon his hands and feet, so that the one touched with his lips the very spot which was still moist from the lips of the preceding one. The President of the Republic, accompanied by his Ministers, the members of the Supreme Court, and others followed by a band of music, was also in the habit of making his round of Churches, on holy thursday; my original diary does not say whether Castilla did so this year.

Good Friday, 10th of April 1846. A very dull day; I finished my letters for Europe to go by steamer viâ Panama. My wife and daughter fasted, that is to say, they did not take anything for breakfast, and at dinner, which was placed on the table at 3 p.m. instead of half past three, our usual hour, meat was strictly excluded.

Saturday, 11th of April 1846, (Sabado de Gloria). At 9 3/4 a.m. the bells of all the churches in Lima, which had been silent for nearly 48 hours, commenced ringing merrily, crackers and rockets were let off, the days of sadness had passed, Christ had resuscitated. The shops were reopened and business rebegan.

Easter Sunday, 12th and Monday, 13th of April 1846. In the forenoon of both days I made my usual round of visits; and my wife received our friends and acquaintances. On Sunday we had Manuel Velarde, and José Maria Costas to dine with us.

From Tuesday, 14th to Friday, 17th of April 1846. A quiet week, I studied Latin and Algebra, commenced copying in clean the rough M [...] [832] on the Continent of Europe, and finished the perusal of an extremely interesting book, called "the Bible in Spain", by Burron. On thursday I paid my visit to Mr. Gustavus Godeffroy who being consigned [...] Lembcke & Co., lived in their House; it was Hermann Reincke, then Lembcke's partner, who introduced me. Lembcke might well have availed himself of this opportunity to make up matters with me, but he was very stiff, and I of course not less so. Godeffroy was an agreeable, lively, little young man.

Saturday, 18th of April 1846. From Louis Blanc's "Histoire de 10 ans", from 1830 to 1840, I extracted the following, regarding the St. Simonians. St. Simon the half cracked founder of this sect of Political and Religious Fanatics, was a descendant of the Duke of St. Simon, the famous historian of the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV, and of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, "le dernier de nos véritables – Grands-Seigneurs". He the Crazy descendant who died in 1821, made known to the world the result of his lucubrations by publishing a book "Lettres d'un habitant de Genève à ses contemporains". He laid down that a subscription should be opened upon Newton's tomb, which by the by, stands in Westminster Abbey in London; to which Subscription every Human Being was called upon to contribute. Every subscriber should give his vote for 3 Mathematicians, 3 Physicians, 3 Chemists, three Physiologists, 3 Literary men,

3 Painters and 3 Musicians, forming a total of 21 persons. The amount of the subscriptions, when collected, should be placed at the disposal of the 21 elected by the majority of Human-kind. They should form a spiritual Government presided by a Mathematician under the name of Newton's Council, whose object was to be to lead all the nations on the globe to a common end (un but Commun). In this plan of a Universal Constitution the Madman had entirely overlooked the Tradesmen (Industrials); he therefore next addressed himself to these exclusively, and as might be expected this appeal was as little responded to as the previous one. Finally the upshot of his visions, not to say ravings, was that the religious power should conduct mankind to one Christian object: the amelioration of the situation of the most numerous class of society, by which I sup [...] [833] through Sentiment, by the Learned and Scientific men through Reason, by Tradesmen's through deeds (acts), and this Religious power was accordingly to be endowed with an Exquisite Sentiment, a deep Science and an indefatigable activity. On his death-bed St. Simon was surrounded by many of his disciples, from whom he took leave with these words "Le fruit est mûr, vous le cuillezez". The St. Simonians, after their leader's death, established 3 formulas:

1st Association universelle fondée sur l'amour et, par conséquent, plus de concurrence;

2nd A chacun suivant sa capacité, à chaque capacité suivant ses œuvres, et, par conséquent, plus d'héritage;

3rd Organisation de l'industrie et, pas conséquent, plus de guerre;

in which "all coincided; but on other points they disagreed. *Enfantin*, the most renowned amongst them, and one of the 2 Pères Surprêmes or Pape, published the following galimatias, which I copy certainly not for its logic, but rather in order to show how the human mind can lose itself in almost unintelligible and impracticable plans and ideas. "Les artistes, comme interprètes du principe amour, devaient servir de lieu entre les savants et les Industriels, et exercer de la sorte un sacerdoce dont le but serait d'établir l'harmonie entre l'esprit et la matière placés depuis si longtemps en état d'hostilité; que le prêtre devait se proposer d'inspirer et de diriger les deux natures en favorisant et en régularisant l'essor des appétits sensuels, aussi bien que celui des appétits intellectuels, qu'il importait au bonheur de l'humanité que les êtres à affections profondes ne fussent pas séparés par une barrière infranchissable des êtres à affections vives; et que c'était à faire tomber cette barrière que la mission du prêtre devait consister. Concluant de l'harmonie à établir entre l'esprit et la matière à l'égalité de l'esprit et de la beauté de l'homme et de la femme, *Enfantin* réclamait comme une nécessité religieuse l'affranchissement de la femme et sa participation au pouvoir suprême, ce qui

aurait constitué le couple prêtre.” – Afterwards *Enfantin* was named member of a scientific commission sent to Africa, and published a valuable book on the colony of Algeria. The same saturday, in the forenoon, was celebrated the funeral of the late J. F. Izcue, at which I was present. In the course of years I [...] [834] funerals, and as they are all alike, with the only exception that sometimes more, sometimes less pomp is displayed, just as it may suit the inclination and the Purse of the surviving family, I will give here a short description of them. That part of the church where the high Altar stands and whither on the previous night the corpse has been carried, is hung with black drapery, and many tapers are lighted, sometimes in the Nave funeral torches are burning on high Candelabras. Before the Altar one of the monks of the Convent officiates, assisted by one or two of his colleagues, and accompanied by lads who swing the Censer and render other menial services, all attired in the gaudy and costly garments which the Catholic church enjoins. At the opposite extremity of the Church, other friars occupy their seats and respond to the chanting of those near the altar, the organ plays, and sometimes even Professional Singers lend their aid. The solemn service commences somewhat past ten, when the benches placed in both sides of the nave gradually fill with gentlemen dressed in black. The chief mourners take their seats at the top of the benches, to the right of the Altar. The solemnity is always over by 12 o'clock, including mass, during which the greater part of those, present retire to the [...] joining cloisters. I must confess that, up to this date, I do not understand in the least the meaning of the various ceremonies, I merely follow the example of those around me; I rise, I sit down, and kneel just as they do. A few minutes before 12 the coffin is carried by men hired for the purpose from the Altar to the principal gate of the church, the best friends of the deceased taking hold of the black ribbons which hang down from the Coffin. Near the door the Cortège stops for a few moments; there is again some chanting of the monks; the Coffin is lifted into the hearse, which drives off to the Catholic burial ground, outside the Maravillas gate, followed by carriages occupied by such as are inclined to give his last proof of friendship or respect to the deceased.

Sunday, 19th of April 1846. I again rode out to Chorrillos, at Charles Pflücker's I found the whole of the family, not less than 12 in number, at lunch of which I partook with them. General Wright and I went out together to make a few calls and I was back in Lima before dinner.

Monday, 20th of April 1846. At last the long expected furniture wh[...] D[...] Schutte had ordered [...] [835] in Hamburgh from the Cabinet-makers Werner and Piglhein, arrived; my wife was pretty well pleased with it, nevertheless it did not come up to our expectations, as little as did it corresponded to as little as the heavy price I paid for it, and the great name which the makers enjoyed

at the time. It was neither solidly worked nor carefully packed. Very differently and superior to this furniture turned out a book case and two linen presses which I had ordered to be made for Charles Pflücker by an Altona Cabinet-maker Ott, of much less renown than his Hamburg rivals.

Tuesday, 21st of April 1846. The official paper "El Peruano" made known to the Public an almost total change in the Ministry perhaps owing to the repeated violent attacks published in the paper el "Comercio" against the Minister of Finances Manuel del Rio, whose character, as a public man, was torn to pieces without mercy. Miguel Carpio, Minister of the Interior, resigned, and his portfolio was given to Manuel del Rio; General Mendiburu, hitherto war Minister, took charge of the Finances; and General Rufino Echenique was to occupy Mendiburu's place in the War department; only José Gregorio Paz-Soldan, kept his seat as minister for foreign affairs.

Wednesday, 22nd of April 1846. In the evening of this day George Conroy committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was the younger brother of Thomas at a time the first of the Callao port agents, and of Peter, partner of the Lima Firm of Naylor, Conroy & Co.; the motive which led him to commit this fatal deed was not known with any degree of certainty; he was in the employ of his Brother Thomas, some say that he had been melancholy and desponding for many months back, others affirm that he had been addicted to hard drinking.

Thursday, 23rd of April 1846. This day we gave a small dinner party in honor of Gustavus Godeffroy and had invited various persons to meet him. Our large drawing-room with the new furniture had a very genteel appearance, and at about 6 o'clock our guests gradually came in. At table we took our seats as follows: my wife at the head of the table; to her right Paz-Soldan, next Charles Pflücker, Melchior Velarde, Hermann R [...] [836] clerk; Francisco Quiros; I at the bottom of the table; Ildefonso Villamil of La Paz; Enriqueta who looked very pretty, Juan who was in bad humour because we had not invited the two sons of Bergmann, Garland, Mr. Frederick Bergmann, Godeffroy and again my wife. Don Gregorio Paz-Soldan was, for the time being, the great man of the Republic, of which he was not a little proud; he had four Ministries under his charge, that for foreign affairs, which was properly his own, that of the Interior which Manuel del Rio had refused to accept, that of Finances until General Mendiburu would arrive from Tacna, and that of war whilst General Echenique, who was one of the Consejeros de Estado, obtained leave from this body to accept a port-folio; and thus it might be said that Paz-Soldan ruled the Republic. It is true that Ramon Castilla, the President, a man without the slightest education, but of sound Common sense, had a will of his own; however as it could be no secret to him that his Minister was by far his superior

in knowledge, he must necessarily in many instances have been guided by him and given way to his Intellect. Franciso Quiros, a native of Cerro de Pasco, was a stout, little man uncommonly fair for a Peruvian, with clear-blue eyes; he was a good friend of ours and had married Rafaela Correa whom I much admired and when single frequently visited when in Lima, in the years 27 and 29; Quiros was partner of Allier and with him the first who exported Huano to England. He became a rich man, but after his wife's and his own death, his fortune was divided between his children, one or two of whom live at present (1872) in poor circumstances. Of Ildefonso Villamil and Frederick Bergmann I have previously made mention; the former was this day in very low spirits, perhaps owing to unfavourable political news received from Bolivia whence he had been banished by the President Bolivian. Mr. Bergmann was of an even, cheerful temper, never bright or [...]ning, always pleasant. The more one got acquainted with Mr. Godeffroy, the more one liked him; he spoke Spanish fairly, his family belonged to the moneyed aristocracy of Hamburg and were like the de "Chapeau Rouge" descendants of the French Réfugiés who left their country at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Friday, 24th of April 1846. Some German goods of mine, black-silk velvets, black-varnished calf-skins and oil-cloths, received per Alfred [...] various shop-keepers ca[...] [837] look at them, but none made me an acceptable offer.

Sunday, 26th of April 1846. In 1846 the two hours for paying visits were those from 1 to 3; now in 1872, before half past two seldom a lady is ready to receive, and the dinner hour then, 3 at the latest 4 o'clock, ranges now between half past five and half past six. I may specify some of the persons whom I found at home; Mariano Eduardo Rivero, an agreeable gentleman, and one of the few Peruvians who actually possessed scientific knowledge; he was an Arequipeño, and if I mistake not, had spent some years of his life in Europe, formerly Director of the Lima museum, now Prefect of the Department of Junin. William Wheelright, a North-American, had the looks of an honest John Bull, stout and round-faced, he was an excellent man, and to his indefatigable exertions the West Coast of South-America owes the establishment of the first line of English Steamers, which in 1846 still [...] infancy, has in later years taken such gigantic proportions. Catalina, the young, rather pretty, but insipid wife of Dr. Marcos Berri[...] Luna, a Cuzqueño, with whom we had become acquainted when he was a tenant of ours in the Calle de las Mantas. He was a good, honest fellow but, unfortunately for himself, took into his head to imitate foreigners, not in their good qualities, but on one of their most degrading vices, that of inebriety, which ere long carried him to the grave. He died in his native place, my debtor for 100 and odd dollars. Dr. Francisco Ingunza who, after the death

of his father, the richest man in the town of Huanuco, spent a considerable part of his inheritance in travelling, for many years, all over Europe; he also visited the Holy Land. But how he managed to accomplish it is an enigma to me, for besides his own language, he only understood a little French which he spoke with a true Cerrano accent. Everywhere he introduced himself as a magistrado del Perú, and if we may believe his words, became acquainted with many personages distinguished by rank or learning. On his return he published a work on his travels, dry and uninteresting, read by nobody. With him was his sister who, when I had known her in the Cerro in 1827 just married to an Englishman Owrry, was young, fair, good-looking; now married, for the second time, to a Spaniard Fernandez, she had become [...] lderly slovenly woman who made [...] [838] a large, not over-clean cotton shawl. At dinner we had only Reincke with us; Garland dined with Davies, manager of Hegan, Hall & Co.'s House, Juan with his friend Charles Bergmann; this meal over, my wife, Enriqueta and Conradina, drove in our Calezin to the Alameda de Acho; Reincke and I walked thither, Bull-fights were going on en la plaza del Acho, a very spacious Amphitheatre. At about six they were over, when the gates, being opened, vomited forth thousands of people, by far the greater part of the lower classes, blacks, Zambos and Cholos, also a hundred of Tapados, for in 1846 the Lima dress of Saya and Manto had not been altogether laid aside. A battalion of soldiers had also taken its share in the performance en el Acho; they marched home to their barracks and thus one with another the streets were crowded with people. On both sides of the Alameda stood rows of tables covered with aguardiente, chicha, camarones and other eatables sold by Negresses and eagerly consumed by the populace. The Calezinas generally filled with [...] which in an uninterrupted file had been driving up the Alameda in imitation, on a very small scale indeed of the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, Hyde-Park in London and the Prater in Vienna, drove home and by 7 o'clock the Alameda was as quiet and deserted as it usually is.

Monday, 27th of April 1846. Dr. Luna Pizarro was formally installed in the Archiepiscopal Palace.

Tuesday, 28th of April 1846. From the Comercio I copied the following tariff published by the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company. The Steamer leaves Southampton on the 17th of each month, touches at Fayal, Barbadoes, Granada, Jackmel, Santa Marta and Carthagena and arrives at Chagres on the 20th or 21st of next month, 34 days after her departure; she then proceeds to San Juan de Nicaragua, and is back in Chagres by the 24th or 25th. On her home voyage she touches at Carthagena, Santa Marta, Jamaica, Santiago de Cuba, again Jamaica, Jackmel, Porto-Rico, San Thomas, Fayal and reaches Southampton in 43 days. Fares:

From London to Chagres	£60, 55 and 50, according to accommodation.
From Chagres to London	£55, 50 and 45
[...]	
[839] From Jamaica to Chagres	\$50
From Chagres to Havana and vice versa	\$80
From Chagres to Santiago de Cuba	\$75
From Santiago de Cuba to Chagres	\$70
From Chagres to La Guayra	\$180
From La Guayra to Chagres	\$135
From Chagres to Porto Cabello	\$185
From Porto-Cabello to Chagres	\$140
From Chagres to Carthagená	\$30
From Carthagená to Chagres	\$20
The Spanish ounce is taken in payment for	£3 4s
The Spanish dollar for	£3 4s 2d

Thursday, 30th of April 1846. At one o'clock p.m. a meeting of the various diplomatic and Consular agents took place at Mr. Lemoine's, French Chargé, the Senior of the Corps, in order to take into consideration a decree of the Peruvian Government of the 17th published in the official paper "El Peruano" of the 22nd of April to the effect that the Peruvian Government would not admit the interference of Foreign Diplomatic Agents in any claim which their countrymen might make against the Government. The following were assembled: Mr. Lemoine; Don Vicente Rocafuerte, Chargé d'affaires for the Ecuador; Ewitt, Chargé d'aff. for the U.S.; Barton, Provisional Chargé for the United-Kingdom; Sousa Ferreira, Brazilian, Baratta, Papal and Sardinian, and myself Danish Consul General. The question was discussed at full length; all agreed that such a principle could not in any way be admitted and the majority decided to protest against it. Lemoine and Rocafuerte were the principal Spokesmen; the latter said that though upon the whole he coincided with his colleagues, he must refrain from giving openly his own opinion, because his Government entertained on this subject more or less the same views as the Peruvian; Baratta said he had already acknowledged receipt of the Government official note, enclosing the decree; Lemoine read his answer which pleased me much, and for the benefit of Mr. Ewitt who [_]rstood neither French nor Spanish I had [...] [840] note into Spanish, and Barton translated it into English. Ewitt was already at logger heads with Paz-Soldan, and official notes of a by no means friendly character were passing between them.

The American was taking up a claim made by a countryman of his, Norris, Resident in Arequipa which the Peruvian, of course, resisted. The temperature had become much cooler and the sky more overcast than the previous month, nevertheless the thermometer ranged in the day time between 71 and 73 Fah. 17 1/2 to 18 R. This, the last day of April, I effected one sale to Pedro Ureta, the only one during the whole month, 50 pieces of oil-cloth at \$4 each, duty paid, most insignificant! Garland assured me that also at Gibbs', they had been doing very little, owing to the great dullness in the market, whilst Lembcke who comparatively speaking, did a trifling business, sold during the month for 32,000 dollars, including 20,000 on Godeffroy's account ex Alfred.

Friday, 1st of May 1846. Birth day of Louis Philippe of France. To Mr. Lemoine I sent my card, also hoisted my flag. To Don José Gregorio Paz-Soldan, Minister for Foreign affairs, I wrote an official Note in which, in conformity with the resolutions taken by the Members of the Diplomatic and Consular Bodies, in their meeting, on the 30th of April at Mr. Lemoine's, I protested against the Government decree of the 17th.

Sunday, 3rd of May 1846. I will say here once for all that it was my custom in 1846 and has continued to be so down to the present day 25th of March 1872, to devote the forenoon of Sundays and holidays to a never ending round of visits; my wife likewise received her friends and acquaintances; thus I came in contact with a great many persons, natives and foreigners resident in Lima. Of them I shall only now and then pick out the one and the other whom I may consider to deserve a particular notice; for instance this day I found at my wife's Don Domingo Elias, a native of Ica, in the neighbourhood of which place he possessed much landed property producing wine, brandy and cotton. With his wife Doña Isabel Quintana, a severe, somewhat haughty Lady, and his numerous family, he settled over to Lima where, for a long [...] in the Politics of the Country [...] [841] than once was member of the Congress. On one occasion, during the long sojourn his family made in Paris, General Santa-Cruz, at the Ball given at the Tuilleries presented Rosa Elias, the eldest daughter to Napoleon the third with these words: "The daughter of the richest landed proprietor in Peru who will be the next President". However this prophecy was never verified and Elias, notwithstanding his unwearied efforts, did not reach the Presidential chair. During my first absence in Europe, I do not remember exactly the year, when General Echenique was approaching with a hostile army and Vivanco had left Elias as his lieutenant in the Capital, he succeeded in rousing the populace to something like enthusiasm; they armed themselves, raised barricades and swore to defend themselves to the utmost, which warlike attitude was sufficient to deter Echenique from attacking the town. This week is still spoken of in Lima as "la Semana Magna", an imitation, if not a parody,

of the three July glorious days (1830) in Paris. At another period he went by the name of "el hombre del Pueblo" and, to prove that his life was ever exposed to the machinations of his enemies he himself, one night, in a solitary street, la calle de los Afligidos, shot two balls through his hat, and then hastened home and related how he had been fired at by some unknown and unseen person. Some years later it was he who, if he did not actually cause the death of General Moran in Arequipa did, at all events, not prevent the populace from shooting this unfortunate victim. It may easily be supposed that a man who was continually involved in Political intrigues did not mind his pecuniary affairs, as he should have done; moreover such intrigues require large sums of money; his whole family was accustomed to a lavish expenditure, consequently he was always hard up for money, and notwithstanding the large income derived from his valuable estates, at his death, which took place some years back, his wife and children were left encumbered with debts, which the former is at present endeavouring to pay off, having introduced into all their expenses an economy little thought of during the father's life time.

Tuesday, 5th of May 1846. I had a long conversation with Charles Pflücker [...] [842] account of the manner in which, during my absence, he had settled with the family of the Maldonados from whom I had bought the House, Calle del Correo, and with the Convent de la Concepcion, to which religious establishment heavy arrears were due for censos which the Maldonados for years past had left unpaid.

Thursday, 7th of May 1846. In the Reading rooms where I spent an occasional hour I, this evening, made the acquaintance of a Mr. Jackson looked upon as a very clever man; at all events he was an excellent chess-player, and though I have sometimes played with him, I hardly think I ever won more than one or two games. He was the brother of Mrs. Henry Kendall, and at the time clerk with Peter Conroy. Afterwards he was sent to Tacna to take charge of the Branch establishment of Naylor's and joined Alsop's, but when standing by himself and having solely to depend upon his own judgement, he did not answer the expectations previously entertained of him. I believe he resides now in Valparaiso (1872). The steamer Perú arrived from Panama bringing the english mail of 17th of March.

Friday, 8th of May 1846. My sister Maria's birth day. I received a letter from A. Gibbs and sons of London, advising me the sale of my Peruvian Bonds sold at 38%. I had bought then in January 1844 for 2107 dollars; on the 11th of February 1846 the proceeds were placed to my credit with an amount in £, equal to 3416 dollars, leaving a very fair profit, but how much more would I have gained if I had not allowed myself to be frightened by Manuel del Rios's report on the Peruvian Finances which I read in Panama and in consequence of which

I gave Gibbs the order for sale. In the course of years these Bonds rose to nearly 100%. The Political News from Europe may be resumed in a few words: Sir Robert Peel had moved in a masterly speech the duty free importation of Corn into the United-Kingdom, and it was almost certain that this measure would pass. Guizot, it was said, was inclined to follow Sir Robert in his liberal policy. In Cracovia a Revolution had broken out in the month of feby. and though at first the Insurgents had defeated an Austrian General, they were soon put down by overwhelming Russian forces. [...] signs of dissatisfaction [...] [843] the lower classes had sided with the Government. In Spain General Narvaez, Captain General, Minister of war and President of the Council, had resigned. On the 22nd of dec. 1845, the day of my arrival by the Cormorant in Callao, the English 16,000 strong, under the command of Sir John Little, had gained a decided victory over 60,000 Sikhs headed by Radehat Gulat Singh, one of the most influential chiefs of the Kingdom of Lahore. The victors had 4000 killed and wounded of whom 300 officers, and of these latter was general Sale, the heroic defender of Jellalabad at the time of the unfortunate expedition to Afghanistan in 1839. After their victory the English marched up to Lahore.

Sunday, 10th of May 1846. I read Bulwer's "Paul Clifford", a very amusing novel, but in my opinion blameable in its construction, for a highwayman, a criminal character, has been painted in such a manner as to make him an object of interest to the reader. The year when the events are supposed to have occurred is not expressly stated, but to judge by the circumstances I calculate that it must have been about the end of last Century or some years earlier; and, strange to say, Bulwer speaks of Paul Clifford carrying a steel pen with him, an unpardonable anachronism.

Monday, 11th of May 1846. My birth-day which passed over as quietly as any other day in the year.

Tuesday, 12th of May 1846. I received from the Port the samples of my goods per Callao 147 days from Liverpool, and had the good luck to effect some sales to Benito Dorca, Antonio Mago and J. V. Campo the Guayaquileño. Of the two latter I have spoken previously; Dorca's name is mentioned for the first time. In 1846 he was a respectable shopkeeper in the Calle de Bodegones, married to a daughter of a wealthy Spaniard Nicolas Rodrigo. In later years he formed a partnership with his clerk, Enrique Ayulo, and the new Firm of Dorca & Ayulo turning their attention in a particular manner to the importation of French manufactured goods; he being a widower went to Paris to effect the purchases of the articles required. In 1863 when we were in this Capital, he often came to see us; since then he has become the husband of a French Lady. Feliz Bondi bought [...] German velvets and varnished calf-skins. This [...] [844] conected by marriage with a respectable family, that of the vocal Telleria, one of whose

daughters was his wife, enjoyed when I made him this small sale, which by the bye he paid, a good reputation; in the course of time his bad character came to light. He made love to la Signora Rossi, the Italian singer, accompanied her as far as St. Thomas where, having cheated her out of her money, he abandoned her, returned to Lima, failed, put up a wine store, went to the dogs and died.

Friday, 15th of May 1846. In the evening my wife, daughter and I paid a visit to the Zevallos, the head of which family was Doña Ramona, an elderly good-natured widow, whose house, however, would undoubtedly have been little frequented, had it not been for her daughter and granddaughters. Rosa, her daughter, was in 1846 perhaps 25 or 28 years of age, an excellent pianist and an expert singer, though to me her voice was too deep and strong to be agreeable. The prime of her youth having passed, she gave her hand to an unknown Quiteño, Espinosa, but as he pretended that the Coast Climate of Lima was injurious to his health, and Doña Rosa found the rarified air of Quito too subtle for her lungs, they soon separated. He remained in Quito, she removed to Callao and has become altogether estranged from her former friends and acquaintances. The two granddaughters are Pola and Margarita, children of Mercedes and general Eguzquiza, both dead; the elder Pola single is the inseparable companion of her aunt, the Marchioness of Torre-Tagle; Margarita in 1846 a very pretty, nice girl of 15 or 16, is now in 1872, as Mrs. Caverro, already grandmother. The sons of Doña Ramona are: Dr. Manuel Ortiz de Zavallos, a clever man and astute lawyer, but such an inveterate gambler, such a spendthrift, that he is looked upon as a disreputable character, notwithstanding his being the husband of Doña Josefa, Marchioness of Torre-Tagle, an excellent lady and belonging to the old Lima Nobility, whose vast property has almost entirely disappeared under the Dr.'s management or rather mismanagement. Don Ignacio, employed in the Mint, is less known, but more respectable than his brother Don Manuel. For the next fortnight, till the end of the month, I find in my original diary little worth copying as regards my way of living. It continued unaltered; my little business was far from satisfactory; the sales which I effected left but small profits, and some articles, for instance the mousselines de laine stood [...] I should actually [...] [845] upon them. From a Fir [...] Valparaiso completely unknown to me, that of Leclerc, I received a consignment which, as they wrote, they made me at the recommendation of C. W. Schutte & Co., of Arequipa, of 241 muskets which, however, Government being the only purchaser of warlike articles, I feared I should not be able to dispose of. My favourite occupation was studying Latin, preparing myself for the lesson and translating to Zyla what I had made myself master of. My reading comprised firstly the Peninsular war written by Toreno in Spanish, rather dry, and only interesting so far as regards the facts which he relates; secondly "Dear teutsche

kaisersaal", literally "the saloon of German Emperors" which not the work of a profound historian, but of a superficial compiler is written in a popular style, and amused me much more than Toreno's undoubtedly superior work; and thirdly some very fine German poetry which accompanied the handsome engravings presented to me by Sieweking, on the 11th of May 1843. At tea, besides Garland and Reincke, Melchior Velarde and Ildefonso Villamil became regular visitors; sometimes they whiled away the time playing at Monte or vingt-un with my wife and daughter, of course at very low stakes. I went occasionally to the Reading-Rooms to play chess with Jackson, and whist with the same, Hayne and Manuel Amunategui. The last-named is a Chilian, a clever and agreeable man still alive in 1872; with Villiota, dead since, he established, immediately after the fall of Santa-Cruz, in 1839, a daily newspaper, "el Comercio", which up to this moment enjoys a more extensive circulation than any other Paper all over the Republic. On the 15th of May I received from Paz-Soldan, the Minister for Foreign affairs, a very disagreeable official note in which he laid down, as an established international principle, that Consuls, even though they be Consuls General, have no right to represent the Country whose consuls they are, no more than to protest against any measure taken by the Government of the country in which they reside. On the 22nd Barratta, for Rome and Sardinia, Barton for the United-Kingdom and I, for Denmark, went to consult Mr. Lemoine, who gave as his opinion that Paz-Soldan was in the main correct, and that Consuls General had no Diplomatic character. The "Peruano" of the 23rd spoke on the same subject in its Editorial article, which no doubt had come [...] the pen of Paz-Soldan himself it said [...] [846] Great-Britain, Sardinia and Denmark had transg[re]ssed the limits of their duty when they took upon themselves to give in their Protest against a Gov[ernment] measure;" it went even so far as to say that the Consuls committed an abuse of power in hoisting the flag of their country and fixing their escutcheon over the street door. On the 25th Barratta came to me in great excitement saying that he would not suffer any longer the insults heaped upon the Consuls by the Government, and that he intended publishing in the Comercio anonymous articles vindicating their rights. I replied that I should do nothing of the kind, merely acknowledge receipt of Paz-Soldan's last official note, as had been agreed upon at Lemoine's, hoist, as hitherto, my flag and leave the escutcheon where it was. "Should the Peruvian government pull down the one and the other by force", added I, "I can't resist, and they may do so at their own risk." – Barratta had another object in view in calling upon me; he brought with him a long and detailed list of articles which he proposed to me I should order from Italy, on my own account, and which would leave an enormous profit; his words were: "Keep 30 or 40% gain for yourself and the surplus give to me as a remuneration for the

excellent advice I give you;" I did not relish the idea because though the articles recommended, if sold by r[_] might perhaps have left 100%, yet as the number of dealers in this line was limited, they might easily have combined and imposed their own terms upon the importer; moreover I had no money disposable to enter into such a speculation, which would require an outlay of 40,000 dollars. All I had were 12,000 dollars at Gibbs, and these I did not intend to withdraw. In the Peruano of the 20th of May, a decree was published which gave rise to great dissatisfaction amongst the military men: the services rendered by them during the epochs known as "la Regeneracion, la Confederacion and el Directorio" were declared null and accordingly those who had served the then existing government were not entitled to any pay; moreover pay received during these periods was to be deducted in the adjustment of their accounts. I need hardly remind the reader that "la Regeneracion y el Directorio" are the names given to the two Revolutions headed by Vivanco, both put down by Ramon Castilla, the former at Cuevillas, the latter at Carmen Alto. La Confederacion existed at the time when Santa Cruz ruled Perú and Bolivia under the name of Protector, from which high post he was hurled down by the battle of Ancachs on the 20th of January 1839. The envir [...] [847] the 15th of may two gentlemen coming from Chorrillos were attacked on the high road, [...] ño, then cash-kepper at Ber[_] Roca y Garzon's, the other either A[_] Sousa Ferreira, the Brasilian Consul, or Manuel Ferreyros, Counsellor of State. General Don Mariano Sierra was my wife's brother, as probably I have already mentioned, in the course of this my diary: with him we were by no means on intimate terms, not that we felt any dislike towards him, for he was a very good-natured, mild and unoffensive man, but owing to the character of his wife, Doña Juana Novajas y Cardona, who was older than her husband, and kept him completely under her thumb, and with whom it was utterly impossible that my wife would agree. The general had an operation performed on his eyes; a film had gradually formed, which approaching the pupil threatened him with bildness; the film was successfully removed and sight restored. Our good friend Hermann Reincke was also suffering from illness; he had felt a sudden giddiness in his head, an oppression upon his breast so as [_] impede his speaking freely; the blood, he said, was palpably rushing up and down his body; he was poorly indeed and, in my original diary, I prophesied (1846) to him a short tenor of life, in which fortunately I have been entirely mistaken, for at the present time (march 1872) he is still living in Altona a happy husband and father. The following is a translation of an article published in the Comercio of the 27th of May: "Andres Santa Cruz and Augustin Gam[_]a in 1823 conspired against and deposed la Junta Gubernativa. In the same year General Antonio Gutierrez de La Fuente betrayed, in Trujillo, Don

José de la Riva Agüero. In 1824 the Marquis Torre-Tagle betrayed the Liberator Simon Bolivar, and passed over to the Spaniards; he died during the siege, in the Castle of Callao. In 1829 Gamarra betrayed the President La Mar in the North, after the lost battle near the "Portet[_]", and at the same time General La Fuente deposed the Vice-president Vista Florida. In 1832 Ramon Castilla, when chief of the staff of Gamarra, was denounced as conspiring against the latter, imprisoned and banished to Chile. In 1834 Pedro Bermudez successfully revolted against the President Luis Orbegoso, and the same year the Generals Rufino Echenique, Allende and Miguel Medina did the same against Bermudez, bringing about [_] well-known [...] [848] later, vindicated himself from this accusation in an article published in the *Comercio*). In 1838 Generals Orbe[_] and Nieto (Domingo) betrayed Santa-Cruz, the Protector of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation. At the time of la [_]ion, Manuel Ignacio Vivanco betrayed the President Gamarra, and again in January 1841 Vivanco was betrayed by General Miguel San Roman in Cuzco. Towards the end of 1841, when Gamarra carried the war into Bolivia and was killed at the battle of Ingaví, Menendez, in Lima, was suspected to be conspiring against him. About July 1842 General Juan Crysostomo Torico brought about a revolution against Menendez, and a few weeks later he was upset by Generals Vidal and Lafuente. Towards the end of the same year Ramon Castilla, concealed in Lima, conspired unsuccessfully against the two last-named. Vivanco betrayed Vidal in 1843 and rose to the head of affairs, under the name of Director. Elias betrayed Vivanco in 1844." – So far the *Comercio*. A few more instances may still be added to this long list of treacheries: in 1827 Colonel Bustamante succeeded in upsetting Bolivar's rule over Peru by revolting against the Columbian troops which garrisoned Lima. In 1835 Colonel Felipe Salaverry rose in Callao with his troops against Orbegoso's authority and succeeded in overturning it. A few month later General Coloma mutinied in Pisco against his superior General Valle-Riestra, and sent him prisoner to Callao where he was shot by Salaverry's order. In 1843 General Pezet passed over with his army to Vivanco then the ascendent.

Whit Sunday, 31st of May and Whit Monday, 1st of June. Both days were spent by me like other holidays; the only change there was consisted in my taking, one morning, a ride in the environs of Lima towards the village of Magdalena the other morning in occupying myself with putting away and arranging in our pantry, different descriptions of wine bought by me from David Knauer of Hamburgh, and received per Alfred. In the ensuing week I augmented my always scanty occupations by writing for my Daughter Enriqueta a succinct history of Rome and of England in Spanish, also by resuming my English lessons to Conradina, for at Charles Pflücker's, under Zyla's tuition, this language was entirely neglected. The rainy season had now set in; it rained in the morning

and in [...] [849] thick fog. This drizzle, however, suffices to wet the ground, puddles are formed in the streets, and sometimes this moisture penetrates the flat roofs of the Houses generally covered with coarse mats upon which is placed a layer of mud two or three inches deep. When the rain passes through it of course spoils the Ceilings and sometimes the furniture as well as the carpets. To prevent this happening to us, we had for some time bricklayers at work who removed this paste of mud and replaced it with thin square bricks which have perfectly answered the purpose. Workmen are in all countries disagreeable people to deal with, in Lima more so than anywhere else, and they did not fail, on this occasion, to cause much annoyance to my good wife who always looks after such things with more care than I.

Mr. Christian Hellmann, of Huth's house, had returned from Valparaiso; I, of course, went to see him and found with him an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Smith who, to distinguish him from the many other Smiths on the West Coast, went by the name of the lying Smith. He had been, for some time, in the C [...] Pasco without doing any good for himself, and Hellmann had engaged him to fill the place of Rodewald who, within a month intended visiting Europe, with permission of his employers. In the House of Gibbs, Crawley & Co., material changes were shortly to take place. Garland told us that Hayne and Davy, hitherto the heads of the Lima and Valparaiso Branches respectively, would certainly leave and go home at the expiration of the next term; but who was to take their places? that of Lima undoubtedly corresponded to Charles Pflücker by right of seniority, but it was very doubtful that Gibbs in London would consent to it, for, on the 30th of April, when the books had been made up, he was owing to them not less than 190,000 dollars, a small proportion of which would be covered by the proceeds of the copper ore already existing in England and afloat.

On the 6th I received a letter from C. W. Schutte & Co., of Arequipa. At last they had made a commencement with a small shipment of pampa wool on joint account per Abbot Reading [...] A. Gibbs and sons of London [...] [850] given to an inferior quality not shorn from the sheep when alive, but cut from the dead carcass, and as this was done by the butchers in a plane or pampa, close to Arequipa, the wool received its otherwise unintelligible name of pampa wool. Schutte had also sold my mousselines de laine, which I had sent to them, at an excellent price, say at 3 1/2rls per yard; duty paid; in Lima the highest offer made me had been 2 1/2rls pr. yd. On the same day the steamer arrived from Panama. Gibbs advised me the purchase and shipment of a few trifles. The political news of importance related to the war carried on the East Indies against the Seiks. On the 20th of jy. and the 10th of feby. the English, whose distinguished leaders were Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Hugh Gough and

Sir Henry Smith, had gained two new victories; on the 10th of feby. the battle had lasted from 6 in the morning till 11 at night; and the Seiks 36,000 strong, whose chief Engineer was a Spaniard, Urban de Alcantara, had lost all their artillery, 43 cannons; their camels, standards and flags. The English [...] loss amounted in killed and wounded to 156 officers and 2227 rank and file, had passed the Sutledge, and were expected to enter their enemies' capital on the 20th of Feby. Sir Robert's corn bill was making its way through the House of Commons, though slowly; the Protectionists defending their ground with the greatest tenacity. A dispute which had risen between Great-Britain and the U.S., on the subject of the Oregon was as yet unsettled, and both parties were making formidable warlike preparations. In England new men-of-war Steamers were building; three of them already concluded were ready at Spithead, namely the Terrible, the Retribution and the Scourge. The first-named carried 24 guns and mortars, the smallest calibre being that of 32 pounders, whilst the heaviest bombs thrown by the mortars weighed 98 pounds each. How all this has changed! now in 1872 we hear of balls weighing 300 and even 500 pounds. In Lima the then great man Dr. José Gregorio Paz-Soldan had a violent altercation with the Supreme Court of Justice, the latter complaining that the Executive arrogated to himself attributes which belonged exclusively to the Judicial Power. The Case was brought before the Council of State, all the members of which, with the exception of Francisco Quiros, gave their opinion in favour of the Supreme Court; the consequence of which was that the "Peruano" appeared with an Editorial article written by Paz-Soldan, in which [...] Blas de la Fuente the [...] [851] who had drawn up the report, and expressed the hope that the Council of State would reconsider its verdict.

The eleventh of June was Corpus Christi, a feast day much thought of in Catholic countries. A Procession had started from the Cathedral and the first street through which it passed, was that del correo where we lived. I, always busy below in my office, went up-stairs to have a look at it, from our balconies. On both sides of the street, upon the foot pavement, knelt a file of soldiers presenting arms. In the carriage road came first the crosses belonging to the Cathedral, San Augustin and San Francisco, carried on high; these were followed by two lines formed by the pupils of the military College, on one side; those of San Carlos, on the other; next the friars of the different convents: those of San Augustin in black; of Santo Domingo in white with black capes; of la Merced, all in white; of San Francisco in blue; of la Recoleta, also called "los Descalzos" (Bare-footed) in grey; and finally of "La buena Muerte" in black with a red-cross on their left breast, all these with lighted tapers in their hands. Now came some of the Canons (canonigos), boys and lay-brothers swinging censers; other canons of a higher rank than the former, these in gold-embroidered,

those in white surplices. Immediately behind them followed the Archbishop in full attire, carrying the host in the Tabernacle, and walking under a gold-embroidered Canopy, the four poles of which were held by curates, canons or whosoever had been fortunate enough to be favoured with this distinction. Behind the Archbishop, but separated from him by a condensed mass of the lower classes who pushed and squeezed themselves, in order to approach the Canopy, as near as possible, walked the President Ramon Castilla, in General's uniform, accompanied by his Ministers, Dr. Blas Alzamora, Fiscal del Gobierno, some members of the Supreme Court, General Raygada and others. A few companies of infantry and some Hussars, in fine light blue uniform who constituted the President's body guard, closed the procession. The whole was surrounded by men and women of all classes, the female sex preponderating, so as completely to fill the street.

Sunday, 14th of June. This day the Procession of Corpus Christi started from the church of [...] [852] noon and one o'clock. This early hour was probably the reason why several of the Ladies whom my wife, as it is the custom in Lima, had invited to see the procession pass, did not come; nevertheless we had a pretty large party with us; Mrs. Dr. Zevallos, Doña Francisca Rocafuerte, Dolores Alzua, Charles Pflücker with his children, General Wright, Zyla, Erdmann the Director of Pflücker's mining establishment in Morococho, Charles Henry Pflücker, a nephew of Charles, son of his brother Henry in Hamburgh who (I mean the nephew) turned out a very bad character, and was even, for a few years, incarcerated in the Penitentiary of Lima; Edmond Duquène, Charles and Frederick Bergmann, Dimon, head of Alsops House; Fernando Ofelan, Francisco Santistevan, related to the Ricos of Guayaquil, Arenales, deaf as a post, otherwise an excellent man, husband of Jacoba Tabara of Piura, son of that Buenos-Ayrian general Arenales whose name was often mentioned at the time that his countrymen threw off the Spanish yoke, and various others. To keep Conradina company we had also invited Rosita and Marianita Barreda, more or less of Conradina's age; the former grew up to be a particularly pleasant, but not handsome and rather sickly lady; she remained unmarried and, at the present date, (April 1872) resides in Paris, on account of her health, whilst her sister Marianita, equally good and virtuous as her sister, has become the wife of Manuel Pardo, and the mother of a numerous family. In this procession the Government took no part, as it had done in that of thursday last; on the other hand the wooden statues of 14 or 15 saints which the whole year long stand on their pedestals in the church of Santo Domingo, were carried along, each placed on a bier borne by stout porters concealed under the cloth hanging down from the bier (andas). In our dining room we had prepared a good lunch to which our guests did ample justice. The wines which Knauer had sent me,

especially the old Malaga, were much praised. By 4 o'clock nearly all the above were gone, only Garland, Reincke, Melchior Velarde and the two little Barredas remained for dinner. At a later hour the mother of the latter, Doña Carmen Barreda came to fetch them; she had never been in our house before, and this her spontaneous visit showed that she was desirous of becoming acquainted with my wife. She was a Lady in the prime of womanhood and decidedly good-looking; her husband [...] of his wonder [...] [853] mercantile career. Doña Carmen's father was a Spaniard called Osma, nothing superior to the generality of Spaniards who usually came to these colonies; his marriage with a wealthy Lady Ra[_] helped him forward, and his many children, particularly the sons, are well known in Lima society. One of them, the eldest, who resides in Madrid, has married a noble Castilian Lady and vies, in his extravagant way of living, with the first families of that Capital. Hardly was Mrs. Barreda gone when Doña Jesus, the married daughter of Doña Merce[_] Castañeda y Escobar, who lived opposite to us, called; she a Lady of a very different stamp from Doña Carmen Osma de Barreda; my wife and Enriqueta attempted to play at chess under the tuition of Garland, whilst I was looking on, it actually gave me pain to see that [noble game] spoiled by such bunglers.

Thursday, 18th of June 1846. Conradina completed her 9th year; to celebrate this, her birth-day, I invited Garland, Reincke and Arenales to dine with us. No doubt we all made her presents of some kind, though I do not find it mentioned in my old diary. In the afternoon when I was, as usually, studying Latin in my office, a muleteer brought in a paper parcel carefully sealed and directed to Conradina, which we supposed to be a present from her parents in Arequipa. Eagerly did we open it, we had to undo one sheet of paper after another, and finally what did we find? A few sheets of pretty note paper, together with a filbert, a piece of soap, a cigar, a nail and 1 real. Conradina's blank face may easily be conceived; no doubt it was a hoax of Charles Pflücker who was much given to such practical jokes. When at 11 o'clock Juan came home I received him with an angry face and told him that both his mother and I had much reason to be dissatisfied with him and with the conduct he generally observed, when at home. This day, for instance, he had been particularly sulky and disagreeable at dinner; he made his excuses; we entered into many explanations, and the result was a perfect reconciliation sealed by tears, kisses and embraces on the part of mother and son.

Friday, 19th of June 1846. To my great surprise Mr. Lion, then manager of the Firm of Samuel Lang, resident in Liverpool, called upon me; with him came a certain captain Bro [...] married to a niece of [...] [854] lines from this gentleman. I did not much admire either him or Mr. Lion, but as Lang was an old acquaintance of mine and a particular good friend of my wife I, of course,

received him with great politeness. Brown told me that he had accepted a situation in Callao, in the employ of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company.

Sunday, 21st of June 1846. The rainy season had regularly set in, and many of the hills, at the foot of which Lima is situated, completely barren in the dry season, now presented a cheerful aspect; they were covered with verdure intermixed with numberless very small flowers of an extremely pale bluish tint. A certain gorge, or to speak more correctly, a slightly ascending plain surrounded by some of these hills, is the favourite spot of another flower called Amancaes, which has given its name to the place itself where it is found in such extraordinary abundance, this flower is partial to stony ground; instead of a root it is provided with [] bulb; its long stalk is very juicy, and the flower of a bright yellow colour, bell shaped. After breakfast I had Enriqueta's horse saddled and started for a ride to Amancaes. Instead of taking the direct road I rode down the two Alamedas del Acho as far as the baths of Altazar then rented by Pfeiffer. Here turning off to the left I skirted the foot of the Cerro de San Cristoval and emerged in what is called "el paseo de aguas". This is a long, wide piece of ground where one of the latest viceroys, to please the fancy of his favourite mistress, commenced constructing heavy masonry-work over and through which water was to have been conducted so as to form cascades. Only a very small part was finished, probably the viceroy was removed before he had time to conclude it, and in 1846 it was already falling to ruins, and the intervening space between its two extremities was filled up with sweepings, rubbish and filth of every description. Now in 1872, all this has been cleared away, and a new market-place for the benefit of the inhabitants of the suburb of San Lazaro is about being built. At the end of the said paseo de aguas, I turned into the Alameda de las tres pilas which, for the last 10 or 12 years, has made room to the new Alameda, then again a turn to the left brought me to the sandy high-road which in many windings between high mud-walls, the enclosures of orch[]s and farms, took me to the small plain of Amancaes, which like the hills forming its boundary, was clad in green and yellow. Carpenters were at work building provisional houses, or rather huts where, for the next 4 or 6 weeks, fruit [...] [855] to be offered for sale. A little to the right stands a chapel or small church erected in commemoration of the resemblance which some fissures in the rock; now daubed over with the Holy Virgin's image, were originally thought to bear to the feature usually attributed to her. I rode up this plain as far as where the steep ascent to the hills impeded further progress on horseback, and here I met Mr. Lion, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, with whom I returned through the Chacra of Lequerica, a short and pretty way home.

Tuesday, 23rd of June 1846. After dinner my wife and I drove out in our Calezin to pay two or three visits. Before proceeding I will say that the Calezines which

had superseded the old Calezas similar but inferior to the wheeled vehicles known in Europe were now gradually giving way to four-wheeled carriages; that which the Edwards of Halifax had got [] for me, was perhaps at the time, the handsomest in Lima; it had, however, one defect, that of being rather heavy and too ponderous to be drawn by one mule. I knew full well that it required two horses, but the expenses which these would entail deterred me from ordering them for the present, from Chile, which my friends advised me to do. The first call we made was upon the U.S. Chargé, Mr. Ewitt whom we found at home. He was a true Yankee, extremely stiff and bony. He did not speak a word of Spanish, his wife did not make her appearance, only his daughter, a little girl, had picked up a few words of the language of the country; of course we remained but a few minutes. Our next visit to Mr. and Mrs. Captain Brown was not more pleasant; they lived in the large House at the corner of la Ancla, which Lang had rented, which for a number of years was the property of general Ramon Castilla and, after his death, fell into the hands of Candamo. We found in the drawing-room Captain Brown and Mr. Lion, both little conversant with the Spanish language, also a Mr. Gordon, clerk of the House, nephew of John Hoyle, of Trujillo, who spoke Spanish fairly; all three were sufficiently ungenteel. Mrs. Brown, tall, with a tremendous mouth and little of a Lady about her, was admired by my wife and myself quite as little as her companions had been, and we had our exit as quickly as good-breeding would permit. Our last visit to Mrs. Zevallos [] most to our liking. She, as already said, a Lady of no shining intellect, [. . .] [856] Torre-Tagle who having past over from the ranks of the Patriots to those of the Spaniards, died in Callao, during the siege in the year 1825. She received us with much kindness, and we remained a pretty long while. The Dr., her husband, did not make his appearance; he was taking his siesta perhaps gathering strength for the ensuing night's watch at the Gambling-table. The House, near the church of San Pedro where they then lived, and which they still occupy in 1872, is a very stately edifice, and was built by the Lady's paternal grandfather. The columns of the gateway, the ceilings exquisite wood-carvings, the wide flight-of stairs, the broad corridors, everything gives evidence that no expenses were spared in its construction.

Wednesday, 24th of June 1846. San Juan midsummersday. [] this day, in conformity with ancient Lima Customs, the rides and drives to Amancaes commenced. I, likewise, rode out thither, soon after breakfast. The road was crowded with people, Negroes, Zambos, Cholos, men, women and children, with a few white people, on foot, on horse, mule or donkey back, some in Calezines, by far the greater part going, and only a few returning, these carrying loads of Amancaes, and the heads of their beasts adorned with the same yellow flowers. The plain itself presented a very lively sight; some were taking their

refreshments without dismounting, others had alighted, and forming small parties, and in separate groups, were sitting on the ground, on the sides of the surrounding hills, or upon some big stones, forming the enclosures of sheep-folds (corralomes). I rode as far as the ground would allow me, then looking back, I saw before me this busy scene; in the back-ground Lima with its many steeples, and far behind the island of San Lorenzo. When it was time to return I made an attempt to find my way along the foot of the ridge of hills which stretches seawards. I knew that in that direction I should emerge into the high-road from the North which enters Lima by the Portada de guías. I found it, however, impracticable, there being no bridle-path, even for the surest footed mule. I then rode home the same way I had come.

Sunday, 28th of June 1846. This day my excursion on horse back was in a south-easterly direction. I left the town by the Barbones gate, outside of which the sandy high-road [...] is lined on both sides with mud-walls [...] [857] enclose and separate the many Haciendas into which the valleys surrounding Lima are divided. They were not cultivated with over-great care, and it seemed to me, as if more than one patch of ground was lying barren. I met many negroes mounted on donkeys, carrying ordinary baskets made of cane, for the wants of the Lima population. A friar dressed in black with a small image of a saint in his hands, ran from the one to the other, presenting this image to them; it was devoutly kissed and, I suppose, the friar remunerated with a medio or a real. I rode on; perhaps more than a league until I found that a ridge of hills which had kept me company to my left, forming a kind of boundary, gradually sloped down to a level with the plain; there I turned off and came to another high-road which passing the Pantheon or General Catholic Burial-ground, brought me back into town by the Maravillas gate.

Monday, 29th of June 1846. San Pedro y San Pablo. My two good friends Charles Pflücker and Hermann Reincke had got into trouble. The latter had had some dispute or other at the Billiard-table with a certain Dubocy, clerk at Huth's; they had come to very high words, mutual friends endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain – Dubocy challenged Reincke who very properly refused to meet him, not thinking proper to expose his own life nor that of his antagonist for such a trifle. Pflücker's affair was of a more serious nature. German miners with whom his brother Bernard had made, in Breslau, a contract on Charles' account, and who had lately arrived per Julia, had refused to do their work in Pflücker's copper-mine in Morococho. Pflücker's mining Superintendent had sent them down in irons, like common malefactors, and together, with other criminals, they were employed to sweep the streets of Lima. I myself thought that it could not be just to punish them before they had been judged; others seemed to be of the same opinion, Pfeiffer and Lembcke

took up the matter and spoke to the Prefect on behalf of their countrymen; also the German Carpenters, with a certain Köster at their head, entered the lists, and an article appeared in the Comercio accusing Pflücker of breach of Contract, ill-treatment, cruelty, etc. Pflücker, on his part, told me that he [...] prosecute Köster for Libel. How this [...] [858] I do not recollect; but I know that Pflücker and Lembcke, owing to this quarrel, have been on bad terms for many, many years, and even at the present moment (April 1872), there is no friendship between them. Pflücker, I believe, is the more rancorous of the two. This day I made a few calls; at home I found my wife surrounded by a circle of visitors; Don Pio Tristan, two of his sons-in-law, Colonel Rufino Echenique, and Santiago Lanfranco, Dimon, Polhemus a north-American who was about leaving for Paíta, there to form a mercantile establishment, the deaf Arenales, Melchior Velarde, Reincke and Garland. These three last-named remained to dinner, which meal being over, they had chess up-stairs and I, below in my office, occupied myself with my latin authors.

Tuesday, 30th of June 1846. Per Mary Russel, from Liverpool, I received a small parcel of cotton checks bought for me by Mr. Alexander of Glasgow. The samples came up from the port, and as this article was very scarce in the market, I readily sold my few packages to Antonio Mago at 26 1/2rs the piece, d.p., a price which left me a nice profit; had I however held out firmly for 27rr, probably have I should obtained the half real more.

Wednesday, 1st of July 1846. By a special order from the President General Ramon Castilla, the mutinous german miners were put at liberty, and Pfeiffer placed his mill at their disposal for them to live in, until their case was decided. It may well be conceived how enraged Pflücker was against his two countrymen.

Friday, 3rd of July 1846. The miners were again taken up and sent to Morococho to be tried there. Pfeiffer and Lembcke engaged a Procurador who commenced, before “el juez de primera instancia”, a suit against Pflücker demanding that he should be made responsible for “daños y perjuicios”.

Sunday, 5th of July 1846. Notwithstanding this being a holiday, I went, at an early hour, to Don Manuel Espiritu de la Torre, to purchase of him a case [...] [859] recommended to me by C. W. Schutte of Arequipa. I paid la Torre 6% profit on the price paid by him to Gibb's. A review was to be held in Amancaes of 5 battalions of infantry, and a few pieces of artillery; accordingly I rode out thither. The small plain presented a picturesque appearance. The soldiers in their gala uniforms had piled their arms, and were sitting in groups joined by their inseparable companions, the well known Rabonas, clothes in bright-coloured baizes, many of whom were cooking. Curious of all kinds, on foot, on horseback or in carriages were not wanting. Castilla accompanied by his staff

and followed by his body-guard, rode up and down amongst the crowd. When the troops formed, I took my station upon one of the hills, whence I saw their evolutions, also their's and the artillery's firing. The report rolling along and between the mountains, reechoed a hundred times. The remainder of the day was spent by my family and myself in the manner described more than once.

Tuesday, 7th of July 1846. Adrian Ward, a nice lad, of about 12 years of age, arrived from Islay; he was particularly recommended to me by his father, my good old friend Mr. John Ward; I took him to Mr. Orengo's college where he remained for several years. The steamer from the North came in; it brought me a very polite but not satisfactory letter from James Jack, of Liverpool, who wrote me that he could not yet come to a decision regarding an establishment in Lima. Daniel Schutte, of Hamburgh, said in his letter, that If I did not open him a credit in London, and shackle him less with my instructions, he found it impossible to procure me any consignments, to which I replied that in our agreement drawn out in London, nothing had been said about the Credit, and that I much regretted the trouble which I had taken in drawing out and sending him such a detailed report on the Lima market, and which, I apprehended, would now be useless to him. War had broken out between [] United States and Mexico [...] [860] had passed the House of Commons with a majority of 90.

Wednesday, 8th of July 1846. I continued purchasing the few mousselines de laine I could find in Lima, and which I intended to consign to Schutte, of Arequipa, on my own account. I bought some from Gemmel & Co., an importing House, also second-hand from Lynch. At half past 5 p.m. I went, with my son Juan, to a dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bergmann, in honour of Hermann Rodewald, and of James Rowe, both which were about leaving Lima, the former for Europe, the latter for Valparaíso. Caroline Pfeiffer was to go with Mr. Rowe, to be placed by him in a boarding-school in Valparaíso. To the right of Mrs. Bergmann Christian Hellmann took his seat, to her left James Rowe. Besides the already mentioned and the family consisting of Frederick, the pretty Isabel and Augusta, still a child (Sophia suffering from asthma, did not make her appearance, and Estanislao was in Germany for his education), there were present, Mr. Wheelwright, General Wright, Mr. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. W[ilhelm]lock, Pfeiffer, Dubocq, a clerk of the House, Juan and myself. Dinner was excellent, I might say over-abundant; twice the table was completely covered with exquisite dishes; then came cakes and sweetmeats, after which we rose and retired to the drawing-room; after a short time we returned to the dining-saloon, when the table was filled with fruits, ices and jellies. Only the wines were indifferent, the Champagne actually bad. When the Ladies had withdrawn, Pfeiffer and Bergmann commenced singing German

songs, even the stupid one of "Lasset die feurigen Bomben erschallen". All were in high spirits, and one with another, I was well pleased. After dinner coffee was served, little Augusta danced la Cracoviana and the party broke up at an early hour. Mrs. Wheelock was the daughter of a wealthy Spaniard Ozambela who has given his name to that handsome house which a little further down than the Church of Santo Domingo faces the cross street of "las Afligidas". She was not born in wedlo [...] [861] with Mr. Thomas Wheelock who, for some time head-clerk in the Firm of Tayleors, became chief of the House, after the departure of Henry Read, next partner of Bates, St[] & Co., raised her to a certain rank in the Lima society, and gradually my wife became acquainted with her. For some years we saw her pretty frequently, by and by her true character betrayed itself; we first withdrew from her, and finally completely broke off the connection. Wheelock and I have always been good friends. He and his wife left Lima for Bordeaux where they have been living many years; of late they have removed to London where he had or perhaps still has a situation in a South-American Company established in that Capital. Of the children who accompanied their parents to Europe and there received a good education, only the three eldest sons returned to the West-Coast. Of them the youngest, Guillermo, died as purser on board of one of the Pacific steamers; the second, Carlos, a handsome and intelligent young man was, for many years, clerk in the Counting house of Fox Sawyers & Co., in Lima, and lately (April 1872) married one of the Ladies of the rich Delgado family; the eldest, Thomas, inferior in every respect to his brother, obtained a situation in the London, Mexico and South-American Bank, and took for wife a very pretty girl, sister of that Domingo Foras who, as manager of the Banco de la Providencia, acquired in that capacity a sad notoriety; nobody has forgotten that he made use of the Capital of the Bank for his own Speculations, that these turning out contrary to his expectations, he was unable to replace the money which he had withdrawn, consequently caused the temporal stoppage of the Bank and large losses to the shareholders, which crime he but slightly expiated by a few years incarceration. Thomas Wheelock suddenly left the Mexican Bank; it is suspected that his hands were not pure either, but his affair was hushed up, and in London his father's influence procured him a situation in a South-American Company.

From Thursday, 9th, to Saturday, 11th of July 1846. During [862] these three days I was occupied with my correspondence for the North and South steamers. Quite unexpectedly my townsman, Otto Finck, of whom I have spoken detailedly pages 781/784 of this volume, made his appearance in my office. He was, as always full of plans and expectations which he founded this time upon the riches which his brother Ferdinand, resident in La Paz, was likely to derive

from some mines in the neighborhood of that city; ready money he had none, and to replenish his empty purse I had to lend him \$600, which service, I must confess, I rendered him with a sufficiently bad grace. On Saturday he dined and took tea with us, but I escaped from the tedium of his and Centeno's company to the Reading-Rooms where I played a few rubbers at whist. My good friend F. A. Eck married a nice young girl, daughter of Edward Alexander of Glasgow, with whom I was well acquainted when in this town, in the year 1843; see Vol. II from page 238 to 257. Burns of Panamá joined as partner Dionisio Boulanger of Paita, who had given up his hand and heart, at least we must suppose that the one went with the other, to a niece of Lamas, one of the most extensive-landed proprietors in the neighborhood of Paita. Polhemus of whom I said above that he was about leaving for Paita, went thither to form a partnership with Alexander Ruden Junior, already established there for some years. I saw in the papers that Louis Philippe had again been shot at by a gamekeeper who, armed with a double-barrelled gun had successively fired off both barrels without however hitting either the king or any one of his suite. This man had been dismissed from the royal service, and private revenge had been the only cause of this attempt at assassination.

Sunday, 12th of July 1846. I will solely mention the visit I paid to Melchior Velarde who was lying ill in a miserable room in the fonda de Copola, now the north-American Hotel, a proof that he was not married at the time. Till 2 o'clock in the morning I read in bed the amusing novel by James called the Smuggler.

Monday, 13th of July 1846. Dr. Gallagher returned to Gibbs' [...] [863] on my account at 1% monthly interest. The interest paid me amounted to more than \$1000.

Wednesday, 15th of July 1846. Charles Pflücker came to me and remained a long time. I consulted him on the subject of the late Henry Reinecke's estate in Guayaquil who, in his will, had made me one of his Executors. The uncle of Nancy, daughter of his first wife, whose maiden name was Camba, and the second wife, then Mrs. Horatio Cox, had commenced a law-suit to which I was desirous of putting an end by an equitable settlement. Pflücker was in great trouble about the affair with his German Miners. The case had been brought by the carpenter Köster, instigated by Lembcke and Pfeiffer before the Judge Dr. Fuente Chavez who, before pronouncing his sentence, had referred it, for his opinion, to the Agente Fiscal, Dr. Tudela, brother of Doña Rufina, wife of Manuel Velarde, one of my wife's uncles. Pflücker begged me to go and see him in order to obtain a for him favorable opinion. I, of course, promised him to do what I could, and accordingly my wife drove first by herself to

Dr. Tudela, explained to him the whole affair, placing it in the best light possible for Pflücker. Next we went together to Dr. Carrasco, where I took his lady, Doña Carmen, aside and gave her all the details which I myself knew of. She promised to me that her husband would speak on the subject both to Tudela and Fuente Chavez. Whether he ever did so is more than I can say.

Thursday, 16th of July 1846. We received an invitation from the Codecidos to spend the evening with them. My wife, son and daughter refused to go on various pretences. I went there at about 8 o'clock. When I entered, the Saloons elegantly furnished with the full life portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Codecido and their two daughters Julia and Matilda, hanging against the wall, were already pretty well filled. The party consisted of the following: several officers from the French men-of-war lying in the port of Callao; Emilio Mora; Edmond Duquenne; Dimon; Laurie; W. Brauns (at whose funeral [...] attended yesterday, 22nd of April 1872); Cristoval Armero and his [...] [864] in an extraordinary manner, and their brother Enrique; Don Cristoval's brother José Doroteo, and his son-in-law Dasté; Dr. J. G. Paz-Soldan who only vouchsafed to remain a short time; Garcia del Rio, Minister of finance during the time of Santa-Cruz's rule; Mr. Prevost, an excellent North-American, partner of Alsop & Co., with his wife, and two of her sisters las Señoritas Moreira, Rosa Zevallos with her two nieces, Pola and Margarita, this last-named, in my opinion, the prettiest girl of all present; and Miss Ramos considered very handsome; Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, with their daughter Carolina, Elisa Higginson, a Miss Bustamante quite unknown to me; Manuel Palacios and his wife Mariquita Mendiburu, particularly agreeable and good-looking, and perhaps a few more. Having made my bow to the hostess, and presented my family's excuses, I soon lost myself in the crowd. Julia Codecido and Rosa Zevallos accompanied on the piano by Dolce, the singing master, sang a pretty duo which, of course, was duly applauded; then dancing commenced. At half past nine tea was handed round, succeeded by various descriptions of ices; in an adjoining room a table was spread covered with wines and refreshments of all kinds. Of the waltzes I did not miss a single one; the Spanish contredanse I danced with Mrs. Palacios, to the polkas and quadrilles I did not venture to stand up, and at about midnight, when a general rush was made to the refreshment room, I took french leave; well wrapped up in my big cloak, I walked through the dark streets of Lima and entered my house just when it struck twelve.

Saturday, 18th of July 1846. As it was my habit to do on Saturdays, I went, in the evening, to the reading-rooms which were better filled than generally. Pfeiffer as jocund and fat as ever, Amunategui, Hayne, Jackson, Smith captain of one of the Pacific steamers, Edward Smith of Huth's house, young Robertson, partner

of Melendez and Castañeda, and others were present. I played many rubbers at whist, but as I only gained one, my losings, notwithstanding our low stakes came to \$10, which I considered a great deal too much for one sitting.

Sunday, 19th of July 1846. Hayne called in the forenoon when my wife was gone out and I sus [...] [865] for I knew that he was not partial to conversing with ladies in Spanish. He much admired our furniture, and on my observing to him that when in Florence he might easily purchase such trifles as I had brought with me and which pleased him, his reply was that he saw little chance of going over to the Continent, as he was aware that Mr. Gibbs in London had already prepared much work for him. From this I drew the inference that though his separation from the Lima house was certain, he did not expect that his connection with the London Firm would be severed; on the other hand, when he told me that he intended speculating in French goods, sending them on his own accounts to Lima for sale I, of course, came to a different conclusion. What his real plans were at the time, I could not find out, probably he did not know it himself. The same was the case with me; many vague plans floated through my brains, none of which was finally carried out. In the evening of this day my wife had a visit from the wife of the President Castilla; she seemed to me an insignificant good-natured creature, She, a native of Arequipa or rather of the neighbouring village of Tiavaya; her maiden name was Francisca Canseco. Her companion was not her husband, but an Aide Camp del Gobierno, Colonel Cipriano Delgado, formerly a merchant in Quito, and still in debt to the house of Gibbs for about \$20,000. The remainder of this week I was more than usually occupied with my correspondence for the Alfred which sailed for Hamburg. In my capacity as Consul I wrote to the Danish Government or rather to that Department of the Ministry of Finance, which was the Consul's immediate Superior; also to Mr. Rafn, secretary of the Society for northern antiquities established in Copenhagen, sending him, at the same time a few pieces of Indian pottery-ware (Huacos), and a few stuffed birds received from Bolivia. To Sieveking and Schüster I gave an order for trifles recommended to me by a Lima shopkeeper Severino de A. Sorrate. To Mrs. Emily Knauer, my excellent friend, I sent two small china crape shawls, for her two daughters, accompanying this [...] [866] Ropsy I gave a long and detailed account of my voyage from Altona to Lima. The "Highlander" and "Antonia" arrived from Liverpool, the former brought me 80 pieces black mousselines, the latter nearly 1000 dozens printed cotton handkerchiefs. Charles Pflücker continued in hot water. The suit against him, taxing him with cruelty against the German miners, and breach of his contract with them, was vigorously pushed on, Lembcke being at the bottom, as already said.

Saturday, 25th of July 1846. This being the birth-day of Dr. Corvalan, his wife, Doña Bernardina resolved to celebrate it in company of a party of friends whom she had invited to spend the day in Amancaes; we were of the number. I had known the Corvalans when I was in Cuzco, in the first months of 1828; he was then member of the superior court of justice; his wife, his junior, by many years, a good-looking, agreeable lady. In the course of time they had come to Lima, when we became acquainted with them, and my wife was well pleased with Doña Bernardina. He was now a man of an advanced age, received a pension, and as "Vocal Jubilado", led an easy life in apparently affluent circumstances. This respectable couple being childless had taken into their house two poor relations of hers Felipa, and Rosa Mascaro, whom they treated as their own children and to whom, if I am not mistaken, they left their fortune after their death (see p. 732 of this vol.). At about 1 o'clock my wife, Enriqueta and Conradina drove out to Amancaes, and I accompanied them on horseback. Mrs. Corvalan had taken for the day the best house in the place, which after all, was nothing better than a miserable barn knocked together of boards perhaps plastered over. In front, sitting in the open air, on benches and ordinary chairs we found some acquaintances, and others unknown to us. There were Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Hayne, old Mrs. Palacios with her 3 daughters, Dolores called Yoyita, Josefa named Pepita, and Petronila or Petita, Mrs. Puneda, all three of a certain age. Don Nicolas Puneda, General Raygada, the wife of the vocal Mariano Alejo Alvarez, Mrs. Olabegoya, whose maiden name was Manuela Yriarte, a very nice, agreeable young lady, her sister Antonia, then unmarried [...] Mrs Corvalan's brother [...] [867] Granada, and perhaps 20 persons more. Soon after our arrival lunch was served within doors. The tables were, for a certainty, common, and the benches and chairs nothing better, but the viands were excellent; we had cold fowls and cold turkeys, hams, pickles fruits, cakes, wines and I do not know what. To my right I had Mrs. Hayne with whom I kept up an uninterrupted conversation all the time we were at this meal. Speaking English of course we were not understood by those around us, and thus we could freely criticise whom and what we liked . . . Mrs. Hayne enlarged on the excellent education which she said her sister Luisa Goodfellow had received and who, she added, was likely to marry a partner in Gibbs House; the former may have been the truth, the latter was undoubtedly a fib. Lunch being despatched, the grand question was how to spend the time till dinner would be ready. The weather at first rather cold and raw had improved, and the temperature was mild though the sun was not out. Upon the uneven clay-ground before the rancho we commenced dancing to the music of guitars played by two Cholos, then these sang some yaravies or melancholy indian

songs. We walked about; I gave my arm now to the one, now to the other, even the Samacueca was tried, but one with another there was no animation; pretty young girls were wanting, and young men to flirt with them; at last Mrs. Palacios got some one to lay out a Monte table which attracted some people; even my wife sat down to it to try her luck, and to while away the time. I must not omit the Pachamanca, the quichua for an earthen pot, a particular way of cooking in use amongst the Indians of Quito, which we imitated; a provisional oven was dug in the clay ground, a fire was lighted in it, which was taken out, as soon as the oven was well heated, and then potatoes, choclos, camotes, even meat were placed into it, baked by the heat which the oven had preserved. At last it struck five to the relief of all, when we hastened to the well covered table; I had my seat between Felipa Mascaro and Mrs. Puneda, not such chatty companions as Mrs. Hayne; I ate [_]thing, but took too much Champagne. In which, I believe, I was [...] [868] himself by his stupid toasts. When I went into the open air I found that I had taken too much wine. I however managed to mount my horse, and letting it go as it pleased, safely reached my house, calle del correo, where I immediately went to bed and was very poorly during the whole night.

Sunday, 26th of July 1846. I still felt the effects of the previous day's debauch; in vain did I walk down the two Alamedas, as far as Altazar's baths, and returned over the lower part of San Cristoval, and by the paseo de aguas, I still felt unwell, then mounted my horse, rode along the pretty valley of Lurigancho, crossed the ridge of hills where it is lowest and descended to the other side near the Chacra called "el Altillo". In Amancaes I met several young men on horseback, amongst whom Garland who insisted upon my taking a glass of ale, which in fact settled my stomach. When returning to town with him, he told me in strict confidence, that Browne of Huth's house, when last in Lima, had paid the Government a handsome sum of money, with the express understanding that, in consideration of this fine, gratification, bribe or whatsoever it might be called, all investigations into the contraband which it was well known, Huth had carried on in former times, should be abandoned, never again to be resumed. Against Tayleur's, suspected to be guilty of similar malpractices; proceedings of the same kind had been commenced as those against Huth, they were pushed on with great activity and a result prejudicial to their interest and reputation was anticipated. When I reached my house I was well enough to call on Mrs. Corvalan of whom I inquired how she felt after yesterday's fatigue, also upon Mrs. Bergmann with whom I found two gentlemen – at the time unknown to me. They were General Antonio Gutierrez de la Fuente, and a Chilian Sañartu, married to one of his daughters, Narcisa. Of this latter it is not necessary to say anything; the General's name has frequently been

mentioned in my account of Peruvian politics; in his deportment he was quite a gentleman – as private individual he was a good father, an indifferent husband, and inveterate gambler, as a public man energetic and boundlessly rapacious. At the present moment, April 1872, he is still alive, a very old man and widower, whom sad experience has, at last, taught some prudence, and having made a considerable fortune, in the short time he was minist [...] [869] known how to preserve it.

Monday, 27th of July 1846. From D. Schutte & Co., of Valparaíso, I received a small consignment of American chairs, also a box containing samples of German goods; these I showed to some shopkeepers who were of opinion that they would not do for the Lima market. One of these shopkeepers was Federico Barreda, the younger brother of Don Felipe who then began his commercial career as partner of Dorca; in after years through the influence of his brother, he was sent to New-York, there to establish a house for the sale of Huano, and in the course of a few years made an immense fortune, married a very handsome spanish lady, and finally became Peruvian minister accredited at the Washington Government. In 1872 he has retired from public life and leads in New-York the life of a rich private gentleman. This the 27th of July being the eve of the anniversary of the Independence of Perú, fireworks were let off, en la plaza mayor, of which I heard the noise, but saw nothing. At first I waited for Zylla who did not come, then I went to the reading-rooms, where the windows looking towards the plaza were so completely occupied by gazers, that for me it was impossible to see anything. Therefore I sat down to the whist-table.

Tuesday, 28th of July 1846. On the 28th of July 1821 the Independence of Perú was solemnly declared and sworn to in Lima. It was General San-Martin, from Buenos-Ayres who, at that period, was the ruler of the New Republic, in the previous year he had landed near Pisco with the liberating army which he had brought with him from Valparaíso. Somewhat later he and general Bolívar had an interview in Guayaquil, the details of which have never transpired, but its result was that San Martin soon left the shores of Perú, whilst Bolívar continued the work of delivery which was finally accomplished on the 9th of dec. 1824 by the victory gained on the plain of Ayacucho over the Spanish army under the command of viceroy Lacerna, by José Sucre, General in chief of the [...] [870] kept as a civic holiday all over Peru, and in Lima the President has never failed to invite a party to dine with him in the Palace to celebrate the anniversary of this day. General Castilla did the same in 1846 and I, as Danish Consul General, received the customary invitation. In the morning I ran from one of my colleagues to the other to inquire whether it was absolutely necessary for me to appear at the Banquet in full uniform; all answered in

the affirmative; I had thus to submit and to put on my embroidered coat with *épaulettes*; sword and cocked-hat, all which humbug I most sincerely dislike. Precisely at 5 o'clock I, together with Rocafuerte drove in my coach to that door of the Palace which give entrance from the Calle del Palacio. On our walking through the corridors the guards presented arms, owing no doubt to my Colonel's *épaulettes*. In a saloon about 40 gentlemen, the greater part dressed in black were assembled; after a few minutes Castilla booted and in General's uniform, costly not tastefully embroidered with gold, entered. He addressed a few words to Lemoine, Barton and Rocafuerte, and showed them the way to the dining-room; of me he did not take the slightest notice; the two Ministers Paz-Soldan and Echenique shook hands with me in a friendly manner; I followed the fourth or fifth, after the President. On each plate a card was placed, to indicate where the guests were to take their seats. In the middle sat Castilla; to his right General Miguel San Roman, President of the council of state, in black; next to him Lemoine in blue uniform embroidered with gold without *épaulettes* and a star on his left breast, Mariano Alejo Alvarez President, Francisco Javier Mariategui, Fiscal of the Supreme Court, Triunfo Consul General for Nueva Granada, the bishop Pasquel, several officers, and further down, towards the end of the table Achilles Allier, one of the Huano contractors, and Manuel Palacios. To Castilla's left Dr. José Gregorio Paz-Soldan, Minister for foreign affairs, Dr. Estenoz, Minister for the Interior, Barratta, in a splendid scarlet uniform without *épaulettes*, Charun a clergyman well-known in Peruvian Politics, and further down Hayne, the same as Allier, Huano contractor. Opposite to Castilla sat his lady with her back to the door. To her right General Mendi [...] [871] and Barton, towards the extremity of the table Eldridge and Candamo; to Mrs. Castilla's left General Echenique minister of war, Rocafuerte, I, General Raygada, Juan Tabara, General Pos[...] go, Pruneda, the Prefect, Admiral Forcelledo and others. Of course I have enumerated the few I knew by sight. Dinner was fair, claret bad, Champagne excellent; I ate and drank very little, my conversation with my neighbors was far from interesting.

The President, when he took wine with his guests, generally did so with four or five at a time. When rising from the table we withdrew to the same room where we had first assembled, and here Rocafuerte introduced me to Castilla who addressed me a few polite words. Next Hayne took hold of [one]. He attributed Lembcke's violent proceedings against Pflueker, in behalf of the german miners, to his anxious desire to be named Hamburgh Consul, after the departure of Hellmann who filled this post at the time. I may say in anticipation, that he did not attain this object, for Rodewald was named to succeed Hellmann. However the Swedish and Norwegian government made

him their Consul General in Perú, a few years later, and in this capacity he has done his duty with a zeal and activity that cannot be surpassed. Hayne further told me that he and Davy had entirely separated from Gibbs; when unexpectedly they had received a proposal from Mr. William to take charge of the management of the London House, which, of course, they had readily accepted; he was also of opinion that I would do well to enter with Duquenne into a speculation in French goods.

Hardly had Hayne and I finished our long confabulation, when we were recalled to the dining saloon. Now the table was covered with ices, jellies, fruits, cakes and wines; the only toast which the President gave was “a la independencia del Perú y la buena armonia y amistad con las otras naciones del viejo y nuevo Mundo” and finally á la salud del rey de los Franceses y de la Reina Victoria. To the three other European sovereigns, the King of Denmark, the Pope and the King of Sardinia, whose respective Consuls were I and Barratta, he did not allude. Lemoine [_]plied in a short speech, Barton in a few words. Hereupon Castilla [...] [872] and where coffee was handed round; Castilla called me to offer me a glass of pousse-café and expressed the hope that my wife and daughter would not fail to be present at the ball to be given next day at the Palace. At half past seven the party broke up.

Wednesday, 29th of July 1846. To the ball given this evening in the Palace my wife and daughter had received their invitation from Mrs. Castilla, I mine from the oficial mayor in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. At half past 9 we went thither, I in black, not in uniform, with Juan and the 2 young Bergmanns Frederick and Charles on foot, my wife and Enriqueta in our Calezin. Hardly had they alighted when two officers, aides-de-camp of the President ready to receive them, conducted them to the Ball-room, that long narrow saloon which by no means convenient for dancing, on account of its little width, has always been used for this purpose. It was well filled. The first Spanish Contredanse had just commenced. In 1846 this pretty, rather difficult dance was still in vogue and had not yet been supplanted by the French Quadrille which afterwards became the fashion. The President Ramon Castilla had opened the ball with Mrs. Lemoine as his partner, Mrs. Castilla and San Roman were the next couple, the third General Echenique, war Minister, with Mrs. Hayne a deputy to the Congress, whom none of us knew, asked Enriqueta to dance with him, and they took their share in this Contredanse. Soon after this was over, Mrs. Castilla called and requested me to conduct my wife to where she had taken her seat which, of course, I did, and Mariquita remained with her nearly the whole night. Once she danced with the President. Castilla, at the time, about 40 years of age, was a man rather below the middle size; his strongly-knit frame gave evidence of an iron constitution; his features were decidedly plain, his

complexion denoted a doubtful descent; he seemed to be a compound of the three races, White, Indian and Black. Born in Tarapaca, of unknown parents, he entered the Spanish army as a common soldier, like many others passed over to the files of the Patriots, rose gradually, passed through the different military ranks, and in 1845 was elected Constitutional President of Perú, which Republic he has ruled [...] [873] neither a bad nor a cruel man; education he had none, in book-learning he was very deficient, but nature had endowed him with good common sense, with an indomitable courage and a never-failing energy; moreover he perfectly knew and understood the character of the Peruvians. The army and the navy were his hobbies, upon which he spent large sums of money which certainly might have been better employed; but on the other hand it must not be forgotten that he was the first who raised the Credit of Perú in foreign countries; he made an equitable arrangement with the holders of Peruvian Bonds, and commenced paying interest on the same which fortunately for him the riches possessed by the country in its enormous Huano depots, then first come into note, enabled him to do. As a private individual he had his failings, like all other mortals; he was fond of the gambling-table, and though he loved his wife, he was not always an overfaithful husband. What speaks volumes in his favour is that, at his death, he left but a moderate fortune. In the Lima Catholic cemetery a handsome monument has been erected to his memory, at the expense of the nation. As soon as I could make my way through the crowd, I went to pay my respects to several ladies of my acquaintance, to Mrs. Hayne, Mrs. Althaus, now Mrs. Tenaud with her pretty daughter Grimanese, to Mrs. Dr. Zevallos, to Mrs. Mariquita Palacios, old Mrs. Ignacia Palacios, Doña Pancha Rocafuerte de Rico, Dolores Alzua, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Armero, Rosa Zevallos and her two nieces, Caroline Eldridge, Eliza Higginson etc. There were many more whom, at the time, I was not acquainted with, Mrs. General La Fuente and her daughters, Barratta's wife and her sisters, remarkable for their plainness, two Villanuevas, very young girls, daughters of Don Joaquin who, as shopkeeper, had failed a short time previously and who, a few years later was assassinated on the Farm of Santa Beatriz, two Misses Rossel, Mrs. General Allende, Mrs. Espantoso from Guayaquil, the Enriquez, Doña Manuela Paredes of an indifferent reputation, married to a Cuzqueño, Astete, and many others. To enumerate all the gentlemen would be an ungrateful task. Mr. Lemoine, his 2 attachés, Bunch, Sousa Ferreira, Barrata [...] Adolphe Lach [...] [874] in uniform, Rocafuerte, Barton, Hellmann and I, in black. Of officers in the Peruvian service the number was great; of the French naval officers from on board the man-of-war in the Port of Callao a few were present. Hayne was the only chief of an English Firm established in Lima who had been honoured with an invitation, not so his two partners Pflucker and Garland. Some of Gibbs' clerks had obtained entrance, by means of tickets

which they had purchased; of Huth's clerks I only noted Brauns, the French mercantile interest was represented by Mr. Ferdinand Thomas and by Edmond Duquenne, which latter, a first-rate dancer, was particularly attentive to my wife and daughter, no doubt he had our joint speculation in French goods in view. How Zyla and C. Pflucker's nephew had found their way to the Palace is more than I can say. The second contredanse I danced with Mrs. Hayne, much to my liking, for this lady, often affected, was to me always frank, talkative and agreeable, and during the dance we had frequent opportunities of exchanging some words. For the third contredanse Mrs. Dr. Zevallos resplendent with diamonds, for the fourth Julia Codecido was my partner; I waltzed once with Dolores Alsua who, as already said, was a regular beauty, but of grace, flexibility and elasticity in her movements when waltzing, she knew nothing; not better did I fare with one of the Villanuevas whom her pretty face had induced me to ask for a turn; she could not even keep time. During the intervals between the dances Mme. Lemoine and the two Misses Rossell were requested to favour the party with their singing, which they did. Madame Lemoine was accompanied on the piano by Rosa Zevallos, and connoisseurs judged her performance to be a masterly one. At about one o'clock the refresco consisting of ices, jellies, cakes, fruits, wines, etc. was served in an adjoining saloon. At the head of one table sat Don Ramon, at the other Doña Pancha, to her left Don Pio Tristan's eldest daughter Victoria, lately married to General Echenique; to her right General Miguel San Roman, President of the Council of State, an Indian from the department of Puno, of a light brown complexion; next to him my wife whom Santiago Lanfranc[_] had led in, Mrs. Astete to whom I had been requested to give my arm, [...] [875] guests left, so that at about 4 1/2 a.m. when supper was served we were perhaps half of the original number; now my wife with Tenaud, Doña Manuelita's second husband, I with her, Enriqueta with Duquenne took our places at the same table with the President and but a few seats from him. The eatables were good, the wines were bad with the exception of the Champagne. Spoons uncommonly scarce, attendance scanty. After supper dancing recommenced, and it was near six when I handed my wife and daughter, Mrs. Tenaud and Grimanesa to their respective carriages. We had been well pleased, Enriqueta because she had danced every dance, my wife and myself because we had received marks of attention and civility from many persons including the President, his wife and Ministers; only Mendiburu had taken no notice of me; Juan was less satisfied for Isabel Bergmann, that sweet girl, had not been present.

Thursday, 30th of July 1846. I went to bed at 6 1/2 a.m. about the time Conradina rose to go to school; I slept till one o'clock, afterwards to get rid of my drowsiness I took a ride along the valley of Lurigancho, but all in vain; the whole day I was so sleepy as to render me unfit for any serious occupation.

Friday, 31st of July 1846. I learned from Hayne that the law-suit between Lembcke and Pflucker regarding the German miners was about being amicably settled. He, Hayne, and the lawyer Tirado had been named arbiters, and in all probability Pflucker who was supposed to be in the wrong, would have to make some concessions. Pfeiffer had altogether withdrawn from the dispute and left Lembcke to fight out the battle for himself. Pflucker soon after published a pamphlet in which he defended his side of the question, and endeavoured to prove the bad faith with which according to him Lembcke had proceeded. Tirado was the same who, in later years, became Peruvian Minister in the United States, and who came to his death in such an extraordinary manner; when asleep he was choked by a false set of teeth which got loose in his mouth.

Saturday, 1st of August 1846. After tea I went to the Reading-rooms where Barton, Hayne and Hermann [...] were waiting [...] [876] sat Amunategui, Jackson, Cheeseman and Smith of Huth's house, I merely mention these names to show what changes take place in the course of 26 years. Now in May 1872 Amunategui and I, both old men, are the only ones residing in Lima, Hayne and Cheeseman are dead, Barton a widower lives in England, Jackson and Reincke, both married, the former in Valparaiso, the latter in Altona; what has become of Smith I do not know.

Sunday, 2nd of August 1846. By an invitation Garland and I rode out at an early hour to the chacra of Juan Aliaga, rented at the time by Don Francisco Quiros. It lies about half a league outside the "Portada de Guías", on the high road to Chancay, thence to the Northern departments of Perú. On the 5th of Nov. 1827, 1st Vol., pag. 201 to 205 I gave a detailed description of that locality to which I refer. The said Chacra, on the right side of the road, was well taken care of, which in all probability it was not when Juan Aliaga himself had it under his charge, for Francisco Quiros was a moneyed man who knew well that in order to get a fair revenue out of landed property, one must be no niggard as to the necessary expenses. There were from 30 to 40 slaves, men, women and children on the farm; it produced maize, camotes, yuccas and alfalfa. Quiros also commenced turning his attention to the breeding of cows, and in course of time he derived a considerable income from the sale of milk. Besides Garland and myself, Mr. Quiros had invited Mariano Miguel Ugarte, of Arequipa, an extensive land owner well-known to his town-people for his extraordinary avarice, José Maria Sotomayor, a Lima storekeeper, Angel Correa, the youngest brother of Quiros wife, a pale, sickly-looking young man, all three dead in 1872, the fourth was Pierre Maury, owner of the well-known hôtel; it is said of him that as drummer he was one of the Grande-Armée which invaded Russia in 1812; in 1872 perhaps he may still be alive in France. We had a very nice lunch, walked about in the garden, and spent the time very agreeably till about noon,

when Garland and I returned to Lima. My visits were confined to several ladies who had been at the ball in the Palace, and of whom I was in duty bound to inquire how they felt after the fatigue of that night; I dined at Hellmann's with Juan and the two young Bergmanns; at tea we had several visitors, in fact in 1846, when my wife and I were in [...] [877] solitude.

Monday, 3rd of August 1846. I went to see Hayne and proposed to him to take share with Duquenne and myself in the Speculation in French goods which we two had agreed upon; to my regret Hayne refused on the plea that if he did so, he would act against the rules of the House which did not allow any partner to speculate on his own account. In the afternoon a procession passed our house; it came from Santo Domingo and consisted of the Saint's wooden statue carried on a bier and followed by the friars of the order. Exactly before the gate of the Palace in the Plaza, they were met by the Friars of San Francisco bringing their Saint. The two Saints bowed to each other, and then the Dominicans walking before San Francisco, the Franciscans before Santo Domingo, no doubt for the purpose of showing their mutual friendly feelings, they proceeded together to the church of Santo Domingo where the brother Saint, for in Perú they are called brothers though the one is an Italian, the other a Spaniard, remained on a visit for a week or so, and then Santo Domingo returned the compliment.

Tuesday, 4th of August 1846. The weather continued cold and foggy. At 10 o'clock in my room thermometer 63 F. = 13 1/2 R. Cruz Puch, a storekeeper in Bodegones, purchaser of manufactured goods had stopped payment, it was said that his affairs did not look badly, nevertheless I was much annoyed that with the little business I was doing, I should already have been interested in a failure, for Puch owed me \$972.7 not due until the 4th of sept.

Wednesday, 5th of August 1846. Duquenne brought me the good news that Mr. Stanhope Prevost, sleeping partner of Alsop & Co. would take an interest in our speculation in French goods, to the extent of \$20,000. This gentleman himself called and the business was arranged, only the amount to be allowed to Duquenne for his expenses was not exactly fixed.

Thursday, 6th of August 1846. Viâ Panama I received my European letters. From the Government, from Sieveking, and answer dated the 12th of June to my letter of 10th of April – 118 days, considered extremely fast in 1846, from A. Gibbs and sons and [...] D. Schutte which [...] [878] of \$10,000, which sum he thought would enable him to do some good business on joint account. I was undecided what to do, not for want of confidence in him, but because I had no good opinion of German goods in general. From the daily paper "el Comercio" I copied the following political news: the Oregon question between Great Britain and the United States, which for some time had been wearing

a threatening aspect was settled. The 49th degree of latitude was to be the boundary, the country to the North of this line to belong to the English, that to the south to the North-Americans; the navigation on the Columbia river to be opened to both nations for 10 years, at which period the privilege of the Hudson Bay Company would expire. The war between Mexico and the United States was likewise drawing to a conclusion. General Taylor had once more beaten the Mexicans, and Great-Britain had offered her mediation which was likely to be accepted by both parties. Pope Gregory XVIth died on the first of June between 9 and 10 in the morning. Though my wife and Enriqueta had gone to the theatre with Ch. Pflücker's family, our customary visitors, Garland, Reincke, José Peña, Arenales and others did not fail to come in at tea-time, and this evening had to content themselves with the company of Doña Berna, Corina and myself. Doña Balta Rocafuerte and her sister Carmen came to bid us good bye, as they were about leaving for Guayaquil. The latter unmarried was neither handsome nor young, evil tongues even said that she was older than her sister, she had however a very fine waist of which she was not a little vain. When going, heaven knows what put it into my head to squeeze her hand and, to my great surprise, this squeeze was warmly and tenderly returned.

Unexpectedly on Friday, 7th of August 1846, Mr. C. W. Schutte arrived per steamer from Islay; of course he took up his quarters in our house, I had to cede my room to him and for the few days he was with us I slept in my wife's bedroom. Though since the day of our first acquaintance in 1826 we were frequently thrown together, though in 1835 he had married the eldest daughter of my wife, he was a man whom I could not bear and with whom I could not keep on good terms for any length of time. He was beyond measure vain and conceited; only what he did was well done, only what was his was pretty and good – though for many years poor without a real of his own, he always gave himself the airs of “un grand Seigneur” – thus, for instance, when he returned to Arequipa, he could not go to Callao [...] [879] must have his own coach – for he hated to come in contact with the common herd met with in such a conveyance, but above all he was ungrateful, instead of thanking us for the trouble we took with the education of his daughter Conradina, and for the expense this naturally entailed upon us, he always spoke as if he were conferring a favour by allowing his daughter to remain with us – and aware how partial we were to her, he found a pleasure in holding out the threat of taking her with him or sending for her. The object of his visit was to make a contract with the Government, firstly for bringing water to Islay by means of the subterranean tubes, secondly for making a mole in the same port, to facilitate the landing and embarking both of merchandise and passengers. The project was favourably received by the Executive, for both objects were almost indispensable to the well-being

of that port; until then water was brought on the backs of donkeys and mules from a distance of two leagues, and instead of a mole there was nothing but a rock projecting into the sea, from which a few wooden steps provided with handropes were dangling down into the sea, continually beaten to and fro by the never-censing waves. When Mr. Schutte left the contract was not yet definitively concluded, but he had every reason to believe that it would shortly be signed. On the 12th Mr. Schutte returned to Arequipa; my wife, Conradina and I accompanied him to Callao where he immediately embarked. Whilst the coach was getting ready to take us back to Lima, we walked about on the mole, when our little darling took a lively interest in the many new objects around her, the sea, the vessels, the boats, the cranes used to hoist up packages, etc. etc.

The pamphlet written by Ch. Pflücker in his defence relative to the German miners so frequently mentioned, was now published not only in Spanish, but a German translation of the same made by Zyla was even sent to Hamburg, thence to be distributed in the Interior of Germany. I read it and thought it to be written with great fairness and moderation; others, however, were of a different opinion, for in the *Comercio* of the 11th three articles appeared hostile to the pamphlet; the one by the Editors themselves, answering the complaint made by Pflücker of their having admitted in their paper virulent attacks against him, saying that their paper was [...] everybody who [...] [880] to the article he wished to have inserted; the second was signed by Pfeiffer who proved by witnesses that some statement relative to him in the pamphlet was not correct, the third signed by eleven of the miners who asserted that the pamphlet was full of deceits and lies (*embustes y mentiras*), and declared their resolution to follow up the suit with unremitting activity.

Of the visits which I paid on Sunday the 9th of August I will only specify one, that to Doña Balta Rocafuerte and her sister Carmen; the former not being visible, the flirtation with the latter to which the squeezing of hands, on the other night, had led the way, was carried on to mutual satisfaction; I must however add that when I had bidden her good bye, and shut the door after me, both she and her fine waist faded from my mind never to be thought of again. On the 12th she and her sister embarked for Guayaquil.

Thursday, 13th of August 1846. Reincke who lived over the way with Lembcke, came to me immediately after breakfast, in a violent agitation – he told me that on the previous evening he had had a dispute with his senior partner Lembcke, and that he was determined to separate from him. The dispute had commenced with Lembcke's having made him severe reproaches for having sided with Pflücker in the question of the German miners, and then, as it is always the case, one word had brought on the other. And they had parted on very bad terms. Before going to bed Reincke had had one of his nervous

attacks, the blood rushing to the head, and this morning he was still poorly and extremely nervous – he even shed tears, which however with the Reinckes is nothing particular, for from the old father down to the youngest child, there was not one in that amiable family, male or female, who was not easily moved to tears. I asked Reincke what he intended to do, in case he actually left Lembcke. – “Go home and set up for myself”, was his reply. I made him many prudent reflections, and tried to assuage his anger. Probably I did not succeed in changing his mind, however he made me the promise to go to Chorrillos for a few days, there to recover his health and strength which both had much suffered, and to pause a little before taking any decisive step. In the *Comercio* appeared an article signed “un amigo comun” (a mutual friend) probably written by the lawyer Tirado which meaning to be impartial showed a tendency to favour Pflücker [...] [881] of the *Comercio*, Villota and Amunategui.

Friday, 14th of August 1846. The Editors of the *Comercio*, in their editorial article spoke in highly laudatory terms of the owners of the Mine of Morococho [J.] F. Izcue and Carlos Pflücker. I was much astonished to see them come round so suddenly. Mr. Klee, the manager of the said mine published a letter in the same paper meant to be jocose, but in fact not much to the purpose.

Saturday, 15th of August 1846, día de la Asuncion. After breakfast I took a ride along the valley of Lurigancho, by far the prettiest spot in the environs of Lima; the road leads through the midst of cultivated fields belonging to the various farms in this valley. Santa Clara is the last of them; there all vegetation ceases, and further on the arid ground is covered with sand and stones, of a similar nature is the road which runs at the foot of the ridge of hills, the valley's boundary to the westward. By this road I returned, crossed the ridge where it is lowest into the Amancaes valley, and returned to town. In the evening I went to Mr. Barton's by invitation; his lady, formerly Miss Maria, the daughter of David Moss, a baptized Jew, was serving tea, I took a seat near her and I believe it was the first time I ever addressed her. She was far from handsome, well educated, and had a particularly good opinion of herself; in conversation, however, she was very agreeable. In later years she and I often met, but to me she always remained completely indifferent, I neither liked nor disliked her. Two whist tables were formed, at the one sat down Hayne, Hellmann, Jackson and Captain Worth, of the English Navy; at the other Barton, Smith of Huth, Bunch and myself. Mr. Bergmann Senior and Davis of Hegan's house, apparently an agreeable young man, were also present. On a side-table sandwiches, biscuits, wines, cognac and water were placed, of which every one partook as he liked; we broke up before midnight. These were at the time nice little parties, we played low, lost little money and were home in good time. Now in 1872 the “Rocambor” players commence at past 9 o'clock, play till past 1 and lose as many soles as we lost reals in 1846.

Sunday, 16th of August 1846. I had a visit from Ch. Pflücker who [...] [882] with having gained a decided victory over Lembcke, he said that Pfeiffer had entirely abandoned the latter, that the miners had promised to return to their work, and to sign a document confessing their guilt, and that Mrs. Pfeiffer had been with Mrs. Hayne and begged her by all she held most sacred, to induce Pflücker, through the influence of Hayne, to prohibit his subaltern Klee to allude either privately or publicly either by word of mouth, or in writing, to the ill-treatment of which it was rumoured Pfeiffer had rendered himself guilty towards his servants and workmen. From the balcony of our house we had seen Henry Severin, the head of Green, Nelson & Co., Pfeiffer and a certain Pepper, journeyman of the French hatter Herouard, who was known to be the main instigator of the miners, in a very long conference with Lembcke, the object of which, we apprehended, was a new conspiracy against Pflücker; he however was confident that the three just named were doing their utmost to persuade Lembcke to abandon this ridiculous suit. The remainder of the day was spent in the usual way, making calls, dining at home and receiving visitors in the evening.

Monday, 17th of August 1846. Garland begged me to come to Gibbs' counting house, where he was making an entry in the books in which I was still interested. C. W. Schutte owed the Firm, at the time, about \$78,000 which Hayne proposed to me I should purchase at any discount which I might name, this I refused to do, and then the question was how the debt should be valued in Gibbs' books, and after some discussion, this was fixed at 89 1/2% discount, equal to 10 1/2% or about \$8000, a price which I would not have paid for it. This being settled Pflücker requested me to accompany him to his house, there to be present at the recantation of the miners; but at the very moment we entered, in came a notary who presented a paper signed by the above Pepper who held full power from the miners, demanding the cancelment of their contract; this was in direct contradiction to the promise made by them to Pfeiffer; nevertheless as three of them were in Pflücker's house, an attempt was made to win them over. In the dining saloon Pflücker took his seat at the head of the table, round the same Severin, Pfeiffer, [...] [883] were called in one by one, Pflücker, I, and some of the others endeavoured to make them sign the document already drawn out in which they were to promise to return to their duty, but all was in vain; they would not do anything without the advice of Pepper, they wanted time to consider, and so on. At 4 o'clock this fruitless meeting was over.

From Tuesday, 18th to Saturday, 22nd of August 1846. The Polemics between Pflücker and Lembcke still continued, but I commenced to get tired of them. In the Comercio of the 18th two articles were published, the one pointing out many inaccuracies, errors and even falsehoods in Pflucker's pamphlet,

the others signed “unos amigos comunes” and written by Lembcke’s lawyer, recommended a speedy reconciliation, and at the same time attempted to prove, though with moderation, that justice was clearly on Lembcke’s side. The latter’s dispute with Reincke was in a fair way of being arranged. Reincke who always asked my advice, showed me a very polite letter written by him to his partner, in which he proposed, that their separation being agreed upon, each should name a friend of his to smooth down any differences that might possibly arise between them. Lembcke’s answer was equally polite and coincided with Reincke’s views. Their separation being now resolved upon by both, I thought Reincke might perhaps be inclined to enter into some business jointly with me. He owed me \$10,000 lent him by me some time back. This same sum D. Schutte, as above said, wished me to remit to him, by the aid of which he hoped to be able to do something worth while on our joint account. Now I told Reincke to go to Hamburg, to pay the \$10,000 to Schutte on my account, and to assist him in the selection of the articles adapted for the Lima market, and as a remuneration for his trouble I offered him 1% of my sales commission. He did not seem to relish the plan, and merely observed, that as he intended himself to close the books of Lembcke’s at the end of the year, he could not possibly be in Hamburg at so early a date as I wished him to be, and thus this project again came to nothing.

With my latin studies I proceeded with great rapidity. Zyla and I were now reading together Horace’s “ars poetica” uninteresting and difficult to [...] [884] Diary kept by me in Rome in 1845; I intended to give it to my daughter Enriqueta, but it is still in my possession, and remodelled it has again been incorporated in this my present journal. Three times a week Enriqueta was in the habit of coming to my office, there to copy in clean for her own use, an abstract which I had made in Spanish of Hume’s history of England; she likewise commenced translating, with my assistance, Molière’s “Fourberies de Scapin” into Spanish and then back again into French; the other three days Conradina came to me in the evening, when I made her learn by heart a number of English words.

Friday, 21st of August 1846. I went to dine at Mr. Lemoine’s. His wife and Madame Bosch were the only two ladies; the latter, during the temporary absence of her husband, the Belgian Chargé d’affaires, Mr. Bosch Spencer, had taken up her residence with her friend Madame Lemoine. When dinner was announced Dr. José Gregorio Paz-Soldan offered his arm to the hostess, Mr. Lemoine to Madame Bosch, and round the table we took our seats in the following order: in the middle Madame Lemoine, to her left a French naval officer, Hellmann, a clerk of Lemoine’s, an empty chair at the bottom of the table, round the corner another French officer, Barton, Madame Bosch,

Lemoine opposite his wife, I, Prevost, Allier, Cazotte, chancelier de la Légation, at the head of the table, again a French officer, Paz-Soldan to the right of Madame Lemoine. The table was prettily adorned and everything was very nice, Port and Champagne excellent, only the ices did not come. We waited for them in vain and rose after coffee had been handed round. I cannot say that I was very much pleased, though I did my best to prevent my conversation with my neighbors from slackening. The gentlemen did not remain at their wine, in the English fashion, but accompanied the ladies to the drawing-room; the greater part retired to the Hall, there to play at billiards, whilst I remained with Mesdames Lemoine and Bosch, and diverted myself with little Jacinthe, a fine little fellow who, together with his younger sister Augusta, had been brought in when we were at the dessert. The ices vainly expected at dinner now made their appearance; we partook of them and went home at an early hour. Hellmann accompanied me to the door of my house, his way lying in the same direction; he asked me why I did not advance a small capital to Hermann Reincke and my son Juan, and establish them jointly, to which I had to reply, that though they had been very intimate whi [...] [885]

Saturday, 22nd of August 1846. Once more a small evening party at Barton's similar to that of last saturday, with the only difference that there was only one whist-table, and besides the usual German and English friends, Barton had invited Cazotte; one of the French officers whom I had seen at Lemoine's; and Garcia del Rio, I suppose the same who was minister of Finance under Santa-Cruz's Government. I lost every rubber which cost me not less than \$12.5 which I thought rather too large a sum to lose at one sitting.

Sunday, 23rd of August 1846. Part of Pflücker's family, as well as several of his wife's relations, had fixed upon this day to embark for Guayaquil; we resolved on accompanying them as far as the port, and accordingly somewhat past 10 o'clock, my wife, Enriqueta, Conradina and I drove to Pflücker's house where we alighted. When we started afresh a repartition was made of the numerous party assembled here. Pflücker had engaged two omnibuses; one of them was filled with a world of little ones, his children: Francisca, Carlos, Federico, Julio and Leonardo; the 3 eldest girls of Julius Pflücker Beatriz, Matilda and Ernestina (in 1872) respectively Mrs. Satler, Mrs. Montero, and Mrs. Dibos; 3 children of Thomas Conroy, Conradina, Pepe Izcue, one of the pupils of Zyla, two little girls of Cristoval Armero, a daughter of Manuel Espantoso and Rosita Wheelock's step daughter, all these under the care of Ch. Pflücker himself. The second omnibus was occupied by Doña Pancha Rocafuerte, Doña Gertrudes, Dolores Alsua, Mrs. Domeniconi, my wife, Enriqueta, General Wright, young Icaza of Guayaquil, Enrique Armero, Zyla, Klee and myself. In another carriage went Juan Ugarte, a Spaniard by birth and a well known merchant of Lima,

also Tomasa in former years clerk of Gibbs in Valparaiso; in later times husband of Adela, Luzaraga's eldest daughter. In 1846 he was supercargo of the "Perseverancia" consigned to Ugarte, Luzaraga's correspondent in Lima. The carriage which I had hired was ceded to several black and brown servant-wenchs. Doroteo and Cristoval Armero, Liberato Alsua, Thomas Conroy and Pflücker's nephew were on horseback. Owing to the shockingly bad state of the road we were much jolted about, which however was taken in good part by all of us, and only gave rise to laughter and merriment. On our arrival in Callao we walked straight to Conroy's office, whence the greater part [...] [886] Meanwhile I paid a long visit to the Browns recommended to me by Samuel Lang, where I made the acquaintance of William Robinet, an Englishman born in the East-Indies. When all were back at Conroy's, a splendid lunch was placed on the table, to which ample justice was done; hereupon the whole party moved to the mole, where boats from the *Perseverancia* were waiting; many went on board, I did not. Besides the Guayaquileños in whose number I include General Wright, Doña Gertrudes and 3 of her children also left for Guayaquil. We returned to Lima where we arrived at 7 o'clock, dined and rather fatigued went to bed at an early hour.

Wednesday, 26th of August 1846. Not feeling quite well I thought a ride to Chorrillos would do me good. Reincke had taken there a room in an hotel, and took sea-baths which he much required to strengthen his nervous system much affected by his last quarrel with Lembcke. I found him in comparatively speaking good health, but robust he surely was not. We walked out together towards the estate of Villa owned by Juan Bautista Lavalle. For the greater part the ground was under cultivation; sugar being almost the only product of this extensive property. There is also a little wood in that direction, but perhaps we did not come so far, for in my original diary I complain of the absolute want of trees. Whilst Reincke was bathing I read the preface to Bulwer's novel *Rienzi*, which pleased me very much. I was back in Lima by dinner-time. After tea I went to Hayne's where a good many gentlemen were assembled, Mrs. Hayne, Mrs. Pfeiffer and Mrs. Gallagher were the only ladies. Whist was at that time the favourite game at cards. I first sat down with Pflücker, Hellmann and Gallagher, and being a better player than the three I gained a trifle, for let people say what they like of luck or want of luck, in the long run the good player has always the advantage. This I very clearly experienced this evening. At 11 o'clock I thought of making my escape and was looking for my hat when Barton called me and begged me to make the fourth with himself, McCall and Jackson. Now I was undoubtedly the worst player; frequently McCall had to scold me, and when we rose, at 2 o'clock, much too late, to my liking, I was of course the loser.

From Thursday, 27th to Saturday, 29th of August 1846. The weather was gradually improving and the temperature getting warmer. At 1 o'clock the thermometer marked R. $14 \frac{1}{2}$ = [] F. I finished reading Toreno's history of the Peninsular war, and the [...] [887] but the former is written in a dry, uninteresting style, and as regards the latter, the author's ultra-liberal, perhaps radical tendencies, make the reader suspect, at least it was the case with me, that all his statements are not perfectly correct; thus for instance he insinuates somewhere or other that the family of the Orleans had a hand in the death of the Prince de Condé, whose large property went to the duc d'Aumale, one of the sons of Louis Philippe, and this, as far as I know, is a mere malicious imputation without any foundation.

One evening my family and I went to the theatre to witness three different performances, none of which above mediocrity: the first, sleights of hand done by a Frenchman; the second, waterworks on a very small scale, the prettiest of which was a miniature vessel with lighted candles dancing and keeping its equilibrium on the top of a jet of water, which however was not new to me, for I had seen the same some years previously in Vauxhall gardens of London. And the third, Phantasmagorical views or "Camera oscura" for grown-up people. The whole house, the stage excepted, was in the dark, all light falling upon a large white sheet drawn across the stage; upon this the images, by no means in vivid colors of all kinds of figures, many grotesque and horrid were reflected, and more than once little Conradina crept to me for protection when some huge monster seemed to approach.

Two of our servants, Luis Cruz and Angela Segara wanted to get married; we had given them our consent, and the following were the steps to be taken for this purpose; first my wife and I had to accompany them to a dingy room in what is called the archiepiscopal palace, a large, plain house close to the cathedral. This was the office of the ecclesiastical notary who drew out a petition on which Cruz and his bride expressed their wish to become man and wife, this the former signed. Then we walked to the house of the Canon Orbea called "el Provisor" who lived close to our own house. Here Cruz and Angela were called in separately and asked whether it was his or her intention to be married, and on their answering in the affirmative, three individuals had to be produced who, having known the couple for a number of years, could and did certify to their being single and there existing no impediment to their marriage.

General Mendiburu, hitherto Minister of Finances, gave up his portfolio, on the plea of bad health.

Sunday, 30th of August 1846. Dia de Santa Rosa. Yesterday the wooden image of [...]

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22	Waldenburg – Mrs. Pflucker	465	
23	Waldenburg – Adersbach	465-466	
24	Journey to Wurben – Altwasser (467) – Fürstenstein (467) – Salzbrunn (368) – Hermann Bobertag (469)	467-469	
25-26	Würben	469-473	
27	Journey to Breslaw	473-474	
28	Breslaw – Otto and Bernhard Pflücker (474-475) – Scholtz – Estanislado Bergmann	474-479	
29	Journey to Warnbrunn (479) – the Prudelberg (480) [...] (481) [...] (482) [...] (482) H[_] (482)	479-[_]	
[897] 1845 July	1 st 2	Journey to Gorlitz (483) – Bautzen (484) Dresden – Green vault (485-486) – Zwinger (486) – Findlaters garden (487) – Brühl Terrace (488)	483-484 485-488

3	Dresden – Gottfried Semper (488-489) – Moreau's monument – Plauenscher Grund (490) – Theatre (490)	488-490
4	Dresden – Gottfried Semper	491
5 and 6	Journey to and through Saxon Switzerland – Bros. Drache (493) – Kuhstall (493) – Prebisch-thor (495) – Herrnstretschin (497) – Schandau (497) – Brand mount (498) – Bastei (497) – Return to Dresden (498)	491-498
7	Dresden – Collections of Paintings (499- 500) – Royal Gardens (501)	499-501
8	Journey to Brunswick	502-503
9 to 10	Brunswick – Hy. Limpricht (503-504) – Dukes of Brunswick (505) – To Celle – Theodore Hugues and family (507-508)	503-508
11	Celle	510-511
12	To Bremen – Hanover (511-513)	511-513
13	Bremen – Rolands Statue (514) – Schutte's relations	513-515
14	Bremen – Blei-keller (515-516) – Cathedral (516) – Wine Cellar (516) Von Lotten's family – Journey to Haarburg (518)	515-518
15	Haarburg – Arrival in Altona Residence in Altona from 15 July to 2 Sept. 1845	519 519-567
15	Altona	519-521
16	Altona – Hamburg – Bazaar	521
17	Altona – Albert Schmid (522) – At Kramers (523)	522-523
18, 19, 20	Altona – Kramer's (524) – Young Nopitsch (525)	523-525
21	At A. Matheisen	526-527
22	Theo. Reincke's birthday	527
23	[Altona] – Mrs. Chas. Willink (527) – Miss Schluer – C. H. Donner	527
24 and 25	[Altona] – Lübbes	528
26	[Altona] – Trip to Mühlenbeck	529
27	[Altona] – Ursinus – young Lübbes – at Elmenhort's	530

	28	[Altona]– Mrs. Fischer – Bauer's Gardens	531
	[–]	[Altona] – At Mrs. Aal's – at Kramer's	532
		[...]	
[898]			
1845			
Augt.	2	Altona – death of Count Blucker of Altona (534), P. Olde, an Architect Perseius (535)	534-535
	3	Altona – Jacobi church in Hamburg – Party at Bours	536
	4	Altona – Farewell dinner at Sempers	537
	5	Journey to Lubeck – Andre Souchay	538-539
	6	Journey to Eutin – Limpricht and Bobertag	540
	7-8	Eutin – Kirch [N]ücheln – Mrs. Lilie	540-542
	9	Journey to Kiel – decisive negative answer from W. Gibbs	543-544
	10-11	Kiel – Stift – Return to Altona pr. ham	545-546
from Augt.	11 to	Altona – Warmholtz (547) – Theo. Elmenhorst and wife (548) – Altona – Mine Magius (548-549) – Trip to Gluckstadt (550) – Lohnmanns (549-550) – Dinner at Hesse (551) – at Limpricht (551) – Altona – Ham and Wandsbeck (552) – Ed. Sieveking and wife (553) – dinner at Hy. Sieveking (554) – Thalia Theatre (555) – Altona – at Knauers (555) – at old Mrs. Sieveking's (556) – Ed. Reinckes natal day (556) – at Knauers (556) – Betty Wall (557) – Schleswing-Holstein (558-559) – Ma[?]a, Hanchen Willink (559) – Birthday of little Augustus Semper (559) – Kramer's (559) – Hy. Sievekings (559-560) – Elizabeth Semper's birth day and drive into the Country (560) – Farewell Visits – Alb. Schmidts (562) – Hnauer's family – Last evening party at Reincke's (556-557)	557-567
Sept.	2		

*Passage pr. Steamer from Hamburg to
London – Stay in London – Voyage to
Lima including the crossing of the Isthmus
of Panama*

Sept.	5	London – Mrs. Dakins – Various calls – New Exchange – Trafalgar Square – Mrs. Willinks	569-572
	6	London – Eck (572) – Haymarket (573)	572-573
	7	London – Visit to Mrs. Grautofff	574
	8	London – Visit to B. Charlton	575
	9	London – Visit to Vauxhall Gardens [...]	576
[899]			
Sept.	11	D. Schutte – at Grautofff's	580
	12	[London] – with Schutte to Vauxhall	581
	13	Dinner at dela Fosses	582
	14	Arrangement with D. Schutte – at Bd. Charlton	583-584
	15	F. Willink – Christian VIII in Altona	584-585
	18	Mrs. Grautoffs – Bowrings	586
	19	[London] – British Museum (587-589) – Doctor's commons (589)	587-589
	20	E. Dubois (590) – Polytechnic Institution (590-592)	590-592
	21	[London] – The Robertson at Chatham	593-594
	22	Zoological Gardens	595
	23	Jose M. del Pont	597
	24	[London] – dinner at E. Sieveking	598
	25	Bank of England (601) – (26 th) at Bowrings (602)	601-602
	27	[London] – dinner at my Aunts	602-603
	28	[London] – Foundling Hospital (603) – St. Pauls (604) – Dubois (605)	603-605
	29-30	[London] – canvassing for Mayoralty – (Oct. 1 st) visit to Tyntesfield	606-608
Oct.	2	Tyntesfield – Wm. Gibbs family – (3 rd) H[u]ano – Dinner at Belmonts	611-612
	4 th	Journey to Liverpool (613-615)	

	5	Liverpool – D. Willink – Chapel Blind asylum – Liverpool – John Jacks – Walk into the Country	616-617
	6	Brights West Derby (620) – F. Robt. Yates – Manchester	620
	8	Calls – J. Jacks – (9 th) G. Garland family	622-628
	10	[Liverpool] – Gt. Western – James Rowe – Laing – V. Smith	629-632
	11	London – Gruatoff's, her birthday	632-633
	12	London – B. Charlton – Tulse Hill	633-634
	15	London – Journey thence to Southampton	638
	17	On board the Trent	
	18	Railways plans – (19) Review of the Crew – Prayers	644
	20 to 23	The Grimshaws – Chess – Waterspout	645-647
	24	R. Wilson (648) – (25) Porto Santo (649) – Madeira (650-651)	648-649
	25 th	Funchal (651) – No Landing (652) – (26 th -28) Andrew Ramsay (654)	649-654
	30-1	Great heat	
Nover.	2 nd	Review of Crew and Prayers – Great Western	656-658
	6 th	Guy Fawkes – (7 to 8) Barbadoes (659) – (9 th) Granada [...] (669) [...]	659-664
[900]			
Nov.	10, 11-12	and time great heat – Marshall McDonald (671)	670-671
	13	Sto. Domingo – Jacmell Bay	672-673
	14	Jamaica	674
	15	Pt. Royal – Kingston	675-680
	16	Muster of the Crew – Miss Rastoric	681
	17, 18	Sta. Marta – Cartagena – Heat	682-686
	19 to 20	Sta. Marta – Porto Bello – Chagres	687-688
	21-24	Passage from Chagres to Cruces	689-695
	25	Ride to Panama (697-699) – Messrs. Byrne and Davsén	697-680

	26	Panama – order for the sale of my Per. Bonds	701-703
	27	Lewis and Perry	704-705
	28	[Panama] – Postal Arrangements – Roncadora	706-708
	28 to	Voyage to Paita – Political News	708-715
Dec.	18		
Dec.	19	Paita – Boulanger – Higginson family	716-721
	19 to 23	Voyage from Paita to Callao in the Cormorant – Capt. Gordon Bunsh – Gallagher (726) – to Lima (727)	722-727
	23-31	Residence in Lima	
	23-31	H. Reincke (728) – B. Roca y Garzon (729) – My various acquaintances (730-737) – Rocafuertes (738-741) – Codecidos (741) – Dolores Alzua (742) – J. V. Campo (743) – Jas. Jack (744)	727-744
1846			
Jany.	1	Calesinas (744) – Diplomatic (745) and Consular Corps (746) – Antonio Sousa Ferreira (745-746) – Barrata (746) – P. Tristans (746-748)	744-748
	6	12 th day – Ride to Chorillos with C. Pflucher – Ildefonso Villamil (750) – Anselmo Centeno (751) – Velarde (751)	749-751
	6 to 13	How I spent my time – Riveros (752) – Pfeiffers (752) – M. Palacios wife and family (752-753) – Manuela Puente and Juan Aliaga (755) – Marquesa de Fuente Gonzales (756)	751-756
	13 to 16	Jour[_] to Islay – F. Marriott (752) Blas de la Fuente (757) [...] umanes (757) – Passengers (757) – J. M. Obando (758)	75[_]
[901]			
[_]			
Jany.	16	Islay – C. W. Schutte's affairs	760
	17	Ed. Stubbs (762) – Passage to Arica	762
	18	Arica (763) – Hy. Pflucker (763) and Zyla (764)	763

	18	Ride to Tacna	764
	19 to 23	Stay at Hn. Schwatz' in Tacna – calls made on me (765-766) – Mrs. Wilson (766) – Ride (767) – Dance at Schwatz' (768-770) – Theatre (771) – Schwartz (772) – Eggert (774)	765-77[]
	23	Ride to Arica	775
	24-6	Passage to Islay	775-776
	27	Ride to Arequipa	776-781
	28	Stay in Arequipa – Otto Fink – Schutte & Co., business – Tea at Wents'	781-785
	29	James Gibson (785) – Wm. Moller (786) – Irene Basquez (786) – Theatre (787) – Trinidad Moran (788) . . .	785-788
	30	P[]effect Gl. Pedro Cisneros (788) – Carmen Bustamante (789) – Carmen Rey de Castro (789) – Arequipa (789-790) – Sabandia (790)	788-79[]
	31	Sabandia (791) – Maria Arauzo and Cayetana	792-793
<i>Feby.</i>	1	Ride to Tiavaya (793-795) and to Sabandia (795) – F. Schutte (796)	793-796
	2	Ride to Jesus (796) – Irene Vasquez (797) – Dinner at Went's (798) – C. Jack (798) – J. F. Johnson (798-799)	796-799
	3-5	Jorge Velardes family and other Velardes (800) – Cereceda (801) – Auregan and Leplatiniér (801) – Braillard (802) – dinner at Johnson's (802)	800-8[]
	6	Feby. Ride to Islay	803
	7	Feby. disturbance in Arica	808
	7-10	Passage from Islay to Callao	809-810
	10 to	Refusal to introduce my furniture duty free	810
<i>Feby.</i>	28	Way of living – Reading rooms (811) – Mercantile matters (312) – Rides to Chorrillos and Callao (813) – Visit to old Blas Sotomayor (813) [. . .]	810-813

[902]		Josefa Cabejudo – Alejo Alvarez – J. L. Gomez – C. Hellmann	814
		Horatio Cox and Carmen Ferres[?]a – Combat between the French and English and B. Ayrean – Retirement of Sir R. Peel	815-816
		Arrest of Iguain – New contract of Pern. Govt. with Huano Consignee	816
[_]ch		Respectbl. Foreign[rs]. in Lima – 1 st sale manufctd. goods – Disct. of C. H. pagaré	817
		Increase of my capital	818
		Billetes and Vales de la nueva consolidacion	819
		Exchange on London – My occupations – Latin lessons	820
		Zyla – Zyla's pupils – Walk in the evening	821-822
		Rides to Chorillos – Family of Bergmanns	823-824
		Various plans of Railway – Canalization of Rimac	825
		Robert Peel's cabinet – Czar Nicolas' visit to Rome	826
		Henry Read's departure for Europe	827
	5	John Barton (828) – Pio Tristrans family (829)	828-829
	8	J. F. Izcues death – Lady Hester-Stanhope	830
	9/10	Holy Thursday – Good Friday and Saturday	830-831
Apl.	14/16	G. Godeffroy – Saint Simonism	832-833
	14/16	Description of funeral service	834
	21	New Peruvian Ministry – Suicide of G. Conroy	835
	23	Dinner given to Godeffroy – J. P. Paz Soldan – F. Quiros	836
	25	M. Rivero – W. Wheelwright – Dr. Francisco Ingunza	837
	25	Return from Bull Fight – Tariff of fares by Atlantic St[?].	838
	30	Meeting of the Diplomatic and Consular bodies	840

[...]	1	Domingo Elias (840-841) – Jackson	
		(842) – My Peruvian Bonds (842)	840-842
	9	Political news from Europe and India –	
		Bulwer's Paul Clifford – Dorca	843
	12	F. Bondi – Family of the Zevallos	844
	15	My occupations – Readg. Rooms –	
		Amanategui	845
	22	Consuls not diplomatic Agents, accordg.	
		to Paz Soldan	846
		[...] Illness of Hermann Reincke [...]	
[903]			
1846			
June	6 th	Victory of English over the Siks –	
		Sir R. Peels corn bill	850
	11	Procession of Corpus Christi	851
	14	Another Procession of Corpus Christi –	
		Party in our house	85[...]
	14	Felipe Barreda, his wife, and Osmas	
		family – House of C. Pflucker play'd on	
		Conradina – A scene with my son Juan	853
	21	Amancaes – Paseo de Aguas	854
	23	Mr. Ewitt U.S. Chargé – Mr. and	
		Mrs. Brown recomd. by S. Lang	855
	24	Opening of Amancaes	856
	29	Ride out of Barbones gate – C. Pflucker	
		in trouble with miners	857
July	5	Review in Amancaes – Adrian Ward	858-859
	8	Dinner at Bergmanns	860
	8	Family of Thos. Weelock – Domingo	
		Poreas	861
	11	J. O. Finck – F. A. Ecks marriage	862
	15	Continuation of Pfluckers troubles	864
	16	Ball a[...] Codecidos – Visit from	
		Mrs. Pred. Castilla	865
	25	Mrs. Corvalan's party at Amancaes	866-867
	26	Contraband transactions – Genl. A. G. la	
		Fuente	868
	27	F. Barreda (869) – Dinner party in the	
		palace – Conversation with J. Hayne	869-871

Aug.	2	Party given by F. Quiros in Juan Aliagas Chacra	876
	3	Visit of the saint San Francisco to the St. Domingo	877
	6	Political news regarding U.S. – Death of Pope Gregory 16 th	878
	7	C. W. Schutt's object of visiting Lima	879
	13	Dispute between Hermann Reincke and Lembcke	880
	15	Whist party at John Bartons	881
	16	Continual dispute between Pflucker and the miners	881-883
	18	Seperation of Lembcke and Reincke	883
	21	Dinner at Lemoines	884
	23 and 26	Whist at Bartons – Departure of Pfluckers relations to Guayaquil	885
	26	Visit to Reincke in Chorillos – Visit to Hayne	886
	[_]	Visit to Theatre – Marriage of two of [...]	88[_]

N^o 1 - Page 58.

Dieu est grand.
 J'atteste qu'il n'y a qu'un
 Dieu. J'atteste que
 Mahomet est son
 apôtre. Venez à la
 prière. Venez à
 l'adoration. Dieu
 est grand. Il est
 unique.

A-3-1. OA-3-1-1

A-3-2. OA-3-1-2

A-3-3. OA-3-2-1

Traduction.

En partant, vous nous
laissez des regrets.

Napoléon fils de
Joseph.

Napoléon Chapsuis.

Alger, ce 20 janvier 1845.

A-3-4.OA-3-2-2

A-3-5. OA-3-3-1. N. er 3.

Page 200. No 4.

Omitted in the text:

year 800 when Leo III. crowned Charlemagne, the interior of the Church was rich in Gold and Silver, in marble mosaics, all which splendour gradually disappeared in the centuries, and the building itself fell into decay. Pope Nicolas I. in 1455 was the first who thought of demolishing the old structure, and raising a splendid temple in its stead, but as he had to quit for Avignon, his plan was not carried out. in 1503, Pope Julius II. in order to leave a sepulchre worthy to receive his mortal remains, took up the idea of his predecessor and ordered the famous Bramante to draw up the plan. the fundamental stone was laid on the 18th of April 1506, and the Church was consecrated in 1626. by Pope Urban VIII. its figure is that of a Latin cross, where the two arms of the cross intersect each other, the extraordinary Cupola rests upon four massive quadrangular pillars. the two adjacent walls were: della Porta and Fontana. Michelangelo was the architect, and it was completed in twenty two months. As the dome was already in his life time slight cracks were observed in the Cupola, in 1845, they had considerably widened, and the dome was secured by immense iron hoops. in the building of Saint Peter at Rome, Roman Scudi, or Spanish dollars, have been spent. The pediment in front of Saint Peter's stood originally according to the plans in the times of the most remote antiquity in Heliopolis in Egypt before a temple of the Sun having been presented to the temple by Ptolemy Soter or Ptolemy VII. in 147 B.C. Calligula in 39 A.C. had this edifice brought from Heliopolis to Rome, where he placed it in the circus of Nero, and there it remained until Pope Sixtus V. (1585-90) had it removed, where it now

A-3-6. OA-3-4-1

stands. this removal of the Obelisk was directed by
 Fontana, and at that time was looked upon as one of the
 wonderful mechanical enterprises ever achieved. It lay
 till November 1586 the weight of this obelisk is 963,9
 height 135 feet, the pedestal upon which it stands
 at each corner with a lion. Nibby in his Italian
 gives, as his opinion, that this obelisk is not Egyptian
 imitation made by the Romans. he founds himself upon
 which no doubt is a strange one, that it is without
 upon the four sides of the pedestal the following inscription
 in which I copied many days later the first says: Syxtus V
 cruci iuncta obeliscum vaticanium superstitionis capitalium
 felix anno MDLXXXVI. anglie: Syxtus V. high Pontiff
 this word is left out, but must be understood in the Latin the
 never conquer Cross the Vatican obelisk more righteous and
 being cleansed of Superstition in the year of our Lord 1586 the
 Syxtus V Pont. max. obeliscum vaticanium, des gestum, super
 vicationem, ad apostolorum limina operoso labore transtulit
 MDLXXXVII. anglie: Syxtus V high Pontiff removed with great
 the Vatican obelisk, devoted by an impious worship to the
 Nations, (I suppose, Pagans must be understood) to the service of
 the apostles, in the year of our Lord 1587. - the 3^d March
 Christus regnat, Christus imperat, Christus ab omni malis
 anglie: Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules,
 protect the people from all evil. - the 4th Ecc
 fugite praeter adversa vestra Leo et iuda anglie
 of the Lord; fly you adverse spirits; the Lion of the tribe of
 conquered. - at each of the two extremities of the principal
 leading to the gates of Saint Peter are other equally sp

A-3-7. OA-3-4-2

... in the right corner across to the Pauline and ...
 ... in the first of the two, some religious ceremony or other
 ... and I arrived at the very moment when
 it was concluded, and when the throng of people rushed out, we
 followed the crowd to Saint Peter's, where on the top of one of the four
 ... before the Dome, and which is surrounded by an
 ... two or three persons appeared, they held something
 ... which they showed to the gazing and admiring multitudes
 ... for my short sight, they stood at too great a distance, so that
 I could neither distinguish them, nor, what it was which they held up.
 I was told that the relics which they showed were of undoubted
 authenticity, that they were kept close in one of the pillars, and
 were only exhibited on grand holidays; they were: the identical
 handkerchief with which Saint Veronica wiped off our Saviour's sweat
 ... a piece of the Cross on which Christ was
 ... the lance of Saint Longinus, and the head of Saint Andrew.
 Longinus, the story runs as follows: he was one of the Roman
 ... who surrounded the Cross, and being blind, one of his Com-
 ... requested him to lift up his lance; he did so, and his weapon
 ... our Saviour's thigh, whereupon the blood mixed with
 ... which gushed out of the wound, fell upon Longinus' eyes
 ... restored his sight, since when he has been admitted into the
 number of the Saints. It was now high time to get something to
 eat; I was conducted to a public house, at that time in high
 repute, and much frequented, "La trattoria del Lepre"; I confess I was
 not much pleased, but the cravings of nature were satisfied. next,
 we went to St. Cafe Greco to take a cup of Coffee, it was filled to
 ... me with Mr. Dyrsen and Herberts who told us that in a
 ... near El Ponte Sisto "si fanno la cena ai poveri".

A-3-8.OA-3-4-3

is it is to say: that, to poor people provisions were not
 not gratuitously. immediately we went thither, but such was
 crowd, that we found it impossible to form an entrance
 return, we sought another church where, to judge from the
 people who came out, we were sure something worth seeing
 going on: with much difficulty we squeezed our way through
 the crowd, and found the object that had attracted us
 was nothing else but a pretty image of the Virgin seated
 of wax, surely we had now done sufficient for the first
 of our residence in Rome. Annet and I went to our lodging
 and I still managed to write a few words before going to bed.
 Rome is divided in fourteen quarters, called *Regiones*, twelve on
 the left, two on the right side of the river which two last are
 Borgo in which Saint Peters and the Castle San Angelo are situated
 and la Regione di Trastevere which is inhabited by the lower
 class of Society, who are upon the whole stronger and so
 robust than those on the other side of the river, and in
 nature is: that they are the true descendants of the ancients.
 When I was in Saint Peters, I was surprised to hear much
 spoken around me, I was told that during the whole year
 but especially about the times of the holy week, there is a great
 influx of English travellers into Rome.

A-3-9. OA-3-4-4

A-3-10. OA-3-5-1

sand and successively assumed the most different forms.
 At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth like
 the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken
 into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterranean
 pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water, and as
 had just before appeared a level plain, might be seen
 converted into a wide lake, wooded with armed vessels, and
 replenished with the monsters of the deep. In the
 decoration of these scenes, the Romans surpassed in display
 their wealth and liberality, and we saw in various
 occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre
 consisted instead of silver, or of gold, or of amber. The
 poet, who describes the games of Carinus (Capitulum)
 in the character of a shepherd, attracted to the capital by
 the fame of their magnificence, affirms, that the nets
 designed as a defence against the wild beasts, were of
 gold wire, that the porticoes were gilded, and the
 "bells" or circle which divided the several ranks of
 spectators from each other, was studded with a precious
 mosaic of beautiful stones.

A-3-11. OA-3-5-2

A-3-12. OA-3-26-1

A-3-13. OA-3-26-2

No 27 - Page 647.

Extracts taken from the "Guide to the W. Indies" by Osburn - the Secretary of the General Trans Navigation Company

Madagascar - the land when first seen appears like a huge black castle, rising directly out of the sea. Its walls are precipitous, and its towers and towers are solid - The Geranium, is so common, that the honey of the bees becomes like a jelly of that flower, in which the capital is situated on the south of the island - the shores are rocky and precipitous, that the steamers do not anchor, but go close in, to land and receive passengers and mails - and to coal if requisite the mean annual temperature of Funchal is 64° - In 1824 308,295 galls of Madagascar wine were entered for home consumption in Great Britain. in 1833 160,422 in 1842 51,513 - In 1845 69,906. -

Barbados - This is low island, may be seen eleven leagues off - it is about the size and height of the Isle of Wight - It measures about 25 miles from N. to S. from East to West - Situated between 13° 50' - 14° 15' N. Lat. and 59° 50' - 60° 15' W. Long. Lat. 13° 56', S. 13° 16', N. Latitudes - Its highest land is in the N. W. quarter, called Highland, which is 1100 ft. thick - Its greatest elevation, about 400 feet above sea level, and it is to be found one of the healthiest situations in the West Indies - The chief town is Bridgetown on the S. West side of the island, with 12,000 inhabitants, to the North side of Carlisle Bay, 12 miles

A-3-14, OA-3-27-1

2
Grenada 40 miles from Barbadoes - the
 Steamer goes along the Company's Wharf, and
 Passengers can walk on shore, it is situated
 between $12^{\circ} 20'$ & $12^{\circ} 58'$ N. Lat. and $61^{\circ} 20'$ and $60^{\circ} 55'$
 W. Longitude - 24. m. in length 12, in breadth
 several smaller islands, supposed to be 120
 in number called the Grenadines are in the
 vicinity - St. George, the capital, is built on a
 peninsula, projecting into a spacious bay call-
 ed called St. George's Harbor, on the west side
 of the Island, not far from the South Sea ex-
 -tremity. It is embosomed in an amphitheatre
 of hills, and chiefly situated on elevations
 which, rise from the bay, consequently the streets
 are steep - A ridge which, runs into the sea,
 divides it from a large basin of water, surrounded
 by wharfs, in the vicinity of which the principal
 inhabitants reside. It is called the Carenage,
 it is landlocked - its entrance is defended by
 a citadel, called Fort George, built on a rocky
 eminence, on the left the land gradually
 rises to some height, on which the fortifications
 of Hospital Hill are erected, and a long ridge, which
 falls towards the middle, connects this fort with the main
 height, and constitutes the back ground - These heights are
 also fortified - Jacmel Haiti is distant 70 miles
 from Grenada - the distance is accomplished in about
 two days - The town stands at the head of a bay.

A-3-15. OA-3-27-2

3

shore where business is carried on, close to which
 the shipping lies. The upper town built on a
 hill immediately behind the lower the view
 of the port, with its white buildings, and terraces
 tiller, form, is very striking from the water; the
 streets are however poor and ill paved and
 there are not many good houses, Pop. about 7000.
 the distance from Jamaica to Jamaica is 255 miles,
 called by the Natives 'Baymaca' which signifies a
 country abounding in springs. It is somewhat
 of an oval shape, about 160 m. long. & 45. broad. The
 blue mountains are ~~only~~ an elevated ridge, in
 some places nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea
 and running east and west. The southern shores of
 Jamaica, diversified with hills and dale, timber
 and cultivation, and the blue mountains in the
 back ground, afford a delightful 'coup d'oeil', tho'
 usually considered inferior to the North Side of
 the Island. but the prospect in rounding the
 point and entering the harbor of Port Royal is
 truly superb. Port Royal harbor, is formed by an
 inlet of the sea, between the mainland and a long
 sand bank, called the 'Palisades', at the point of
 the sand bank stands, Port Royal, the principal
 naval station in the West Indies. Kingston
 is a large town lying on a slope, with straight
 and moderately wide streets, but unpaved &
 dirty. the sand is many feet deep and fine

A-3-16. OA-3-27-3

4
 many houses are however extremely good and comfortable generally of two stories with verandahs above and below.
 Santa Marta. The harbor may be considered one of the best on the coast of New Granada. The land is generally low, but the harbor is easily distinguished by the snowy mountains which rise behind. The appearance of the town as seen from a vessel standing into the bay is neat and pretty - the houses being whitewashed and covered with red tiles. To the westward there is a range of hills, of no great elevation, but steep and of a conical form - their bases are sandy - but their summits covered with brushwood. The River Magdalena descends a little to the south of the city. In its back ground ^{mountains} are piled up, one above another, until they ~~separate~~ terminate in this Nevada of Santa Marta, which rises to the height of 16,419 feet, being partly lost in the clouds from which their peaks everging, covered with perpetual snow form a strong contrast to the rich and dark forests beneath. A fort which is admirably situated for the defence of the bay is situated on the summit of an almost perpendicular rock. There is also a small battery now dismantled on the level of the sea in front of the town = Parthagenal. The capital of the Province of the same name, is situated on a sandy tongue

A-3-17. OA-3-27-4

3

3

commodious bay, more than two leagues in
 length. It contains a handsome Cathedral,
 besides several churches, convents, and monasteries,
 the island, which forms a narrow strait on the
 South West, opens a communication with that
 part of the land called 'Tierra Y Bouba'. To the
 Eastward, the city is joined by a wooden bridge
 to a large suburb called 'Xecimani' which is con-
 nected with the Continent by another bridge. The
 city and suburbs are well laid out, the streets be-
 ing straight, broad, and uniform; the houses are
 for the greater part built of stone, of one storey,
 generally above the ground floor - all have
 balconies and lattices of wood, which in this
 climate is more durable than ^{iron} ~~wood~~. The
 population amounts to about 60,000 - of whom a
 great many are of Indian descent. The climate
 is very hot - from May to December is the rainy
 season, when there is almost a continual suc-
 cession of thunder, rain, and tempests, so that
 the streets have the appearance of rivers. From
 Decr to April is the summer, when the heat is exor-
 dinary, the latter part of the dry season is esteemed
 the most unhealthy. Chagres is a poor miserable
 place being formed only of a few thatched huts
 it is very unhealthy being situated in a small
 sandy bay, on the N side of the river, open only to

A-3-18. OA-3-27-5

6.
 A dark looking fortification to the North and a
 swamp to the East - which is fed by springs, that
 have no outlet. The Inhabitants number about
 a thousand, and are chiefly black and colored
 with the exception of a few Custom house-Officers,
 and the Commandant of the castle. There is
 a house, called an Hotel, kept by Peter Escheldew
 who, professes to use his utmost endeavours to
 facilitate to travellers all the conveniences, that
 the country will permit of. The River Chagres
 imparts a yellow color to the sea, a distance
 of eight or eight miles from land. The Entrance
 of the river has a bar, which is more than
 thirteen feet over it, larger vessels therefore lie
 at anchor, without in the road. The river
 scenery is most beautiful - the trees overhang-
 ing both sides. There are several villages
 and at intervals collections of cane huts,
 or a single hut with an acre of cleared
 ground - where the grass grows round it
 with gardens of Bananas, Plantains &
 maize. The boat, will travel at the rate
 of five miles an hour, with the stream, but
 against it, the rate varies according to
 the strength of the stream, during either
 the rainy or dry season. The towers of
 Gorgona and Bruce, are finely situated in
 elevated positions on the banks of the Chagres,
 to see the sea.

A-3-19. OA-3-27-6

are kind and hospitable, and ready to give to their passengers all the accommodations they possess for a trifling charge. There are two main roads to Panama; the one from Gorgona the other from Cruces - the former is somewhat longer, but ~~is~~ in the dry season it is mostly ~~dry~~ a good galloping ground and may be reached no doubt in six or seven hours; during the rains it is muddy of the road from Cruces, Mr. Scarlett observes, 'It was paved years ago by the Spaniards, since which it has been entirely abandoned to its fate, whilst the rains combined with a constant use of it, without repair, have worked immense holes, beyond the stones, so deep that, for several miles at each step, our horses were plunging at each step knee deep. Habit has enabled these animals to arrive in safety to the end of their journey ~~and~~ but not before the strength of the traveller is exhausted by fatigue, they manage in general neither to inquire themselves nor their burdens, but they can only accomplish this by great care and patience. In some places the path is ^{so} narrow and so deep that there is scarcely room for the rider to sit on his horse as he rides, his legs are exposed to be crushed by rocks on either side; and in others we ascended or descended flights of rough steps, formed by an uneven pavement of natural rocks, which it would puzzle anybody unaccustomed

A-3-20. OA-3-27-7

8.
 to the business, to find his way up and down
 even on foot, without a tumble, and over all this
 through a thick mass of woods, which, scarcely
 admitting light enough, to make the travel possible,
 increases the danger. (I suppose there is some
 exaggeration in this description of the diffi-
 culties of the road. Further on Mr. Searlett
 writes: (the Writ.) "I have seen nothing, except
 Rio Harbor, equal in beauty to the Port of
 Panamä. The city which is walled, and
 has ramparts all round, stands on a tongue
 of land, washed on both sides, by the Pacific
 and from its numerous churches, stone
 houses with tiled roofs, and old architectural
 convents, with trees that are growing in the
 midst of some that are in ruins, it presents
 towards the sea, a very picturesque and un-
 questionable view. It is situated at the base of
 soft undulating hills, green, and covered with
 tropical woods, and from the foreground to a
 highest class of mountains, stretching like a
 barrier between the two oceans. The highest
 mountains are however on the Isthmus, and
 so lofty, as to be destitute of foliage, even to
 their summits. The immediate vicinity
 of Panamä, is laid out in gardens, pastures
 and orchards, there are a few villas, which
 rise in a polished air, and contrast prettily

A-3-21. OA-3-27-8

9

these stretch entirely across the isthmus in an
 unbroken mass, except at intervals, where the action
 of the Negro has ^{been} there cleared a space sufficient
 for the rude hut of some solitary family, a house.
 habitation interrupts the uniformity of the Sylvan
 scene. The expense of travelling from Ocean to
 Ocean, with ordinary baggage, or rather luggage,
 is — "Flier of Carquia from Chagres or Gorgona, \$10
 one luggage mule from either place to Panama 5
 one saddled mule do do do 5

\$ 18

(with regard to the three different places, where it
 is in agitation, or rather where it is thought of
 cutting a canal from Ocean to Ocean, this
 book "Osborne's Guide", gives the preference to
 the Isthmus of Istmo de Tepez, tho the distance
 there, is undoubtedly the greatest — at the
 isthmus of Panama the distance is only 60
 kilometres (40 English miles) but the book
 says "the more recent reports of excellent Engi-
 neers, purposely sent thither, to ascertain the
 facts, seem to point out great obstacles, which
 the territory presents to an enterprise of this
 nature (the digging of a canal), what the
 obstacles are is not stated — But even supposing that
 the topographical aspect of the ground affords no dif-
 ficulty whatever, there are others quite sufficient to
 render the project impracticable."

A-3-22. OA-3-27-9

10.
 cannot be remedied. The climate is unknown, & even
 to be dangerous, it is extremely dangerous un-
 healthy - to this, is to be ascribed the paucity
 of population, and the want of necessary means
 of existence in that Isthmus - Even were the
 work at all practicable, its accomplishment would
 require the united efforts of the principal nations
 and an expenditure of at least 300,000,000 of francs.
 The Isthmus of Nicaragua possesses a fertile
 territory, a healthy climate, and is not deficient
 in population. Towards the North the lake
 of Nicaragua communicates with the
 Atlantic, by means of the mighty river
 San Juan, and in the south only a small
 distance separates the lake from the coast of
 the Pacific; - but there again, Mr. Bailey
 who, in the years 1837 & 38, explored this Isth-
 mus, by order of the British Government
 found that the course of the river with all
 its windings is about 150 Reine's Mos. or 94
 English miles, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ of which, are obstructed
 by four rapids, covered by banks of rocks
 stretching across the whole width of the river.
 The construction of a canal was therefore
 suggested, as an easier operation, than that
 of rendering the river itself navigable. Towards
 the South a distance of nearly 80 Miles or 16
 miles, between the lake and the Pacific, the
 river is navigable.

A-3-23. OA-3-27-10

of mountains, which, as they are not very elevated would
 occasion works of great magnitude; even the prob-
 ability is doubtful, as there is reason to believe
 notwithstanding Mr. Bayley's superficial exper-
 iments, that the nucleus of the chain which is to be
 bored thro', is of granite or ancient porphyry, like
 the remainder of the Andes. Expense is esti-
 mated at 150,000,000.^(sic) But probably much more
 would be required. Remains the Isthmus of Te-
 huantepec of which my Guide book says, the
 following "The greater part of the distance which
 separates the two seas in this Isthmus is occupied
 on the south by the Lagoons and extensive plains
 and on the north by the course of the Coatzacoalcous
 so that the works principally to be executed would
 be comprehended between Lat. 16° 54' and 17° 8' N. in-
 cluding a space less than 50 Kilometres - or 31
 miles - an extent, wherein no excavation whatever
 exceeding the usual limits is to be required -
 The River Chiapa, and its confluents would
 give sufficient water for a division Canal, which
 is the object of the of the undertaking and
 for which object, it is essential to convey to the
 point of division a requisite quantity of wa-
 ter - This canal might have an excellent port
 at each of its extremities and materials for
 construction cannot be more abundant, superior
 in quality, or better distributed - The climate is
 peculiarly salubrious for its situation.

A-3-24. OA-3-27-11

of 750,000. Again as regards the Isthmus of Panama
 Mr. Walbright says: "If we are not deceived, the level
 is so complete, that it would only be necessary to
 have locks at either end of the Canal, while its
 total length would not exceed 30 miles. The
 Chagres would be made its feeder, but the
 elevation of the Pacific is $15\frac{35}{100}$ ft. above the level of
 the Atlantic, would. I think render the canal
 entirely independent of any tributary stream.
 Both of the termini would require artificial
 harbors, or must be protected by breakwaters.
 no great difficulty exists on this point. Before
 the opening of a great ship canal can be com-
 menced, it is absolutely necessary that a road
 be made as near the level line as possible. I
 have thought a tram road with an iron
 rail would be most desirable, as it could
 be adapted to locomotive power when necessary.
 a great object would be gained by the for-
 mation of such a road - the whole distance
 on the Isthmus from ocean to ocean
 would not exceed a few hours. Chagres the
 town would be altogether avoided, and
 passengers incur no risk from climate.

A-3-25. OA-3-27-12

N^o 20. Page 673.

A Game of Chess played 29th Oct. 1843
between Messrs Levy and Ramsay, and
Witt and Harvey.

White. Levy & Ramsay.	Red. Witt & Harvey.
1 K. p. to K 4	1 K. p. to K 4
2 K. B. to K B 3	2 Q. Kt. to Q B 3
3 P. B. to Q. B 4.	3 K. Kt. to K B 3.
4 Q. Kt. to Q B 3	4 K. P. p. to K P 3
5 Q. P. p. to Q Rook 3	5 K. B. to Q. B 4
6 K. P. p. to K. P. 3	6 Q. P. p. to Q. P. 3
7 Q. Kt. p. to Q Kt 4	7 K. B. to Q K 2
8 Q. B. to Q Kt 2	8 Q. p. to Q 3.
9 K. castles with his rook	9 Q. Kt. to Q 5
10 Q. p. to Q 3	10 Q. B. to K 3
11 K. B. takes Q. B	11 Q. Kt. takes K B to K 3
12 Q. Kt. to K 2	12 Q. to Q 2.
13 Q. B. p. to Q. B 4	13 K. Kt. p. to K. Kt 4
14 K. P. takes K p. & checks Q	14 Q. p. takes Kt to K 4
15 B. takes p.	15 K. p. to K 2.
16 Q. p. to Q 4	16 K. W. to Kt
17 K. B. p. to K. B 3	17 K. Kt. to K W 4.
18 Q. B. p. to Q. B 5	18 Kt. B. p. to K. B 3.
19 B. to K. W. 2	19 Q. B. p. to Q. B 3
20 Q. p. to Q 5	20 Q. Kt. to K B 5
21 Q. Kt. to Q B 3	21 Q. W. to Q.
22 Q. p. to Q 6 th checks	22 Q. takes p. to Q 3.
23 K. to K. W.	23 Q. to K 3 & checks Q.
24 Q. to Q. B. 3.	24 B. to Q Kt.

A-3-26. OA-3-20-1

A-3-27. OA-3-20-2

El Banco Central recojerá la emisión de los bancos y emitirá billetes hasta quince millones de soles (S. 15.000,000).

Sus billetes serán considerados como moneda legal, y no se permitirá la circulación de otros en la República.

Los bancos le entregarán al establecimiento, los dos millones en metálico a que están obligados, y el Banco Central cuidará de que su caja se aumente anualmente a lo menos en diez por ciento de la emisión total. Se someterá al Congreso las cláusulas de este contrato que necesitaron aprobación legislativa. Si ellas fuesen desfavorables, las entregas que los bancos hubiesen hecho al Gobierno, se considerarán hechas por cuenta del contrato de Setiembre de 1876 y lo que excediese se pagará con el producto libre para el Gobierno, de la renta del salitre. Los billetes inferiores a un sol, serán convertibles en metálico desde luego.

La cuenta de reembolso a los bancos por empréstito de diez y ocho millones quinientos mil soles (S. 18.500,000) se establecerá con arreglo al plan anterior como sigue:

1876—Junio a Diciembre.

Junio 1.º Gobierno debe próximamente..... S. 15.500,000

Parte que según el contrato debe ser reembolsada especial..... „ 6.000,000

Saldo..... „ 9.500,000

Entregas al Gobierno, según artículos y para deuda atrasada..... S. 1.500,000

Para bonos pendientes..... „ 2.000,000 „ 3.500,000

Total en el semestre..... 18.500,000

BANCOS RECIBEN.

Por valor de bonos mas o menos en el transcurso del semestre..... S. 6.000,000

Por mesadas en metálico..... S. 6.000,000 6.000,000

Que es lo que el gobierno debe al fin del año..... 6.400,000

Mas, intereses de seis meses mas o menos..... 500,000

6.900,000

Ante de fin del presente año quedará deuda reducida a seis millones novecientos mil soles (S. 6.900,000).

Esta suma se reducirá aun, si como es probable los valores de Deuda Interna pueden bajar un valor mayor de setenta y cinco por ciento, desde que su servicio de interés y amortización se haga en metálico.

Esta mesada de quinientos cincuenta mil soles (S. 550,000), se distribuirá en créditos mensuales como sigue:

1.º Cuerpos del ejército, cien mil soles..... S. 100,000

2.º Escuadra, ochenta mil soles..... 80,000

3.º Policía de Lima y Callao, setenta mil soles..... 70,000

4.º Contingentes de departamentos, ochenta mil soles..... 80,000

5.º Establecimientos públicos, veinte y cinco mil soles..... 25,000

6.º Oficinas generales, sesenta mil soles..... 60,000

7.º Obras públicas, cuarenta mil soles..... 40,000

8.º Diversos, cuarenta y cinco mil soles..... 45,000

S. 500,000

El resto de cincuenta mil soles mensuales, servirá para abrir un crédito biennial de los gastos que exija la reunión del Congreso.

De esta manera quedarán asegurados los gastos mas importantes del servicio público activo, verificándose los demás con las otras rentas.

IV.

Segun este plan, el producto de las mesadas de guano en cinco años se convertirá en metálico en una suma próximamente de diez y ocho millones, S. 18.000,000, de los cuales irán a la circulación en servicio de deuda pública, mas o menos mensualmente..... S. 150,000

ó en cinco años..... „ 9.000,000

En el de los gastos mensuales.....

A-3-30. OA-unknown