

Leghorn, 8th May, 1839 Wednesday afternoon.

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Ever dear Friend

Whenever I have an hour to spare I know of no pleasanter mode of occupying it than by writing to you, for to you my thoughts, whenever they are at rest, spontaneously revert. I have yet an hour before the voturno starts for Florence, and I may as well commence another sheet, the first of a series which I may be unable to send to you for several weeks, as I here leave the Mediterranean, loveliest of Seas, and except I find an American ship on the Adriatic, which is not very probable, I must keep them all until I reach Hamburg. I have just closed a formidable packet of journal, to be sent from here in the ship Sarah and Arilla, which is to sail for New York next week. The same ship takes a little box containing two Leghorn hats for you, as I have informed you in the letters, and now repeat, to guard against the chance of these letters not reaching you. A packet of Engravings accompanies this also, containing many choice things. There are tolerably cheap at Rome. Vast quantities of pretty Mosaic's are exposed for sale there, but they seem to me dear, and so are the Cameos, of which I saw a great many very pretty ones. I take some credit at refusing to purchase, as I admired them much. There are numerous works of art copied in brown marble, rosso-antico (a kind of Jasper) &c. — such as ruins of temples, Statues, columns, the Paros of Scipio &c. which I should like to have, but the price deterred me, though I have no doubt a man who understood Italian and could take the time which it requires to beat these Italians down to reasonable terms might make reasonable purchases. I am very well satisfied with my visit to Rome. In the brief space of time I spent there I saw every thing I wished except the Pope himself — and I believe I had a glimpse of him, — one statue of Michael Angelo's, which I only learned about when it was too late, — the Catacombs, where the early Christians used to conceal themselves, which are some miles off, — the Monument of Cecilia Mestella, which is not handsome, but is immortalized by three or four singularly sweet stanzas in Child's Harold, and the Basilica of St. Paul, which is some distance out of the city, and was nearly destroyed by fire about 10 years ago. This is a very small list compared with what I have seen, so I am quite content. I wish you could see Rome; there is so much that you would enjoy in the highest degree; and it is laying up a fund to be enjoyed afterwards as long as you live.

Rome, even at this late season, is a more busy and crowded town than Limaque. Priests and monks of every degree and order abound, and they are all stout, deagenous, invulnerable fellows, and certainly if they live upon pulse and soup *maligne*, they are striking examples of the healthful and nourishing *quality* effect of low diet. The friars are regular *Smear* *Trucks*, and instead of mortified countenances, it evidently requires an effort for them to look serious, even when they are in public processions or engaged in their worship. I saw a lay procession of them enter St. Giovanni Laterano - the church where the celebrated Lateran Councils were held - and while a priest was reading a lay service to them, some gawped directly in his face, and those a little in the back ground took out their snuff-boxes and helped themselves and offered to their companions with the greatest nonchalance in the world. The Capuccin friars are without exception the dirtiest and most disagreeable fellows in appearance I ever beheld. The Dominicans, on the other hand are quite polished-maitres in their way, and their light and neat drab-coloured tunics put you in mind of Quakers.

Over the doors of almost every church you find a staring inscription "*Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana pro vivis et defunctis*" and within bills are posted in which the Pope offers indulgence for so many years for every visit to a certain number of churches and saying so many prayers &c. - Mr. Westley told me that he had seen the original and taken a copy of an indulgence which a mischievous young lady of nice visiting Rome procured from the Pope for a brighter friend of hers, granting complete absolution for forty years to the young lady, not only, but also to any fifteen other persons the lady might select among her friends! A document of this kind is graciously signed by the Pope, his seal affixed, and countersigned by his secretary. I saw myself the Sacred Staircase as they call it which they have the hardihood to call the very staircase by which Our Saviour was taken before Pilate. It is of marble, all the steps but the uppermost are covered with wood, and that one is worn half through by the knees of those who continually ascend the flight in this painful an awkward manner. When I saw it, it was crowded with persons of every age and sex, muttering aves & pateris during their tedious ascent, and ludicrous as it looked it was too melancholy to laugh at. When they reach the summit they first kiss the cross carved on the uppermost step

and then go forward to a little chapel, kiss the images before them and mutter a prescribed prayer, a printed copy of which hangs before them. I got among them and began to copy it, but it attracted so much attention that I thought it best to desist. It contained the principles of the supposition but was not otherwise remarkable. Not far from it was suspended a printed copy of the Papal bull, which in plain words offered plenary indulgence for nine years for each time any person would ascend this staircase upon their bended knees, and say the prescribed number of prayers. I mentioned this to Mr. Westley who had often heard of it; he went next day to see it, and it was then crowded as when I visited the place the day before. But there is no end to their absurdities. I wish Dr. Brownlee would visit Italy and take notes for a few weeks.

It is now just sunset, and the air is remarkably balmy: a mild sea-breeze, just enough to fan you. And let me tell you, however, as to Italian skies and sunsets that they are not a bit superior to our own. You may enjoy from your own parlor window finer sunsets every clear day in summer than I have yet seen in Italy; though they certainly are very near ours. It is only to those who are accustomed to British clouds and fog that they are remarkable.

The paripatetic grinders of music upon hand-organs so common in all our towns are usually Italians, and I supposed that street music here was of much the same kind. This is a mistake. I have not seen such a thing in Italy or the South of France. You have universally the harp, commonly two players in concert, and very frequently, a violin also for accompaniment, and the music is always creditable. At Arignon, the very land of the Troubadours, we were surrounded at dinner with a concert of harps, guitars &c. but when they called for the Coppas we found, - shame to this degenerate age that the Troubadours were all women, and of the most unromantic appearance possible. The pateris of all this part of France and of Piedmont, however is the same as the language in which the Trouverses are written, and one who understands the pateris as now spoken can read the former without difficulty.

The Italian language is very soft and musical, far more pleasant to the ear than the deep nasal tones of the French.

Florence 9th May. Thursday Evening.

I left Lefkorn in a Vortoria with three other passengers about seven o'clock last evening, and after various stops on the way and passing an unpleasant night, with very little sleep, I arrived at Florence about 7 o'clock this morning, a distance of between 40 and 50 miles as near as I can ascertain. This is Occlusion Day in the Romish Calendar, and it is kept in Florence as an especial holiday, the shops being closed almost without exception. In one respect it happened unfortunately for me, as it was impossible to get admission into any of the galleries, so I spent the morning in a general survey of the town and in visiting the various churches, of which there are many that are well worthy a visit, either for their beauty or magnificence, or for the tombs and paintings or sculpture they contain. Finding myself overcome with sleep, I took off and went to bed, and now I resume my pen at

13th Mar. 1839.

Padua, 13th May, 1839.

I cannot speak of Florence with such high admiration as Rogers, who commences his beautiful lines on the subject with -
"Of all the fairest cities of the Earth"
"None is so fair as Florence."

But, driving from Lefon you do not get a fair view of the city, nor of the valley of the Arno, and the general aspect of the State, like that of all Italian towns, is not pleasing. Yet there are some beautiful buildings, and many objects of the highest interest demand your attention; and I must say that the place you move and more charming to me up to the moment I left it; and at my departure ~~at Pisa~~ sunset, the distant view of the city and the valley of the Arno from the heights near Fiesole was enchanting, heightened doubtless by the fresh recollection of the many interesting objects I had just parted from, and the rich associations connected with them. After getting comfortably established in the Locanda grande della Porta Pissa, and taking my book-bag I strolled out on Thursday, as I said above, to find my way to the Arno as well as I could. I passed the Ancient Ducal Palace (Palazzo Vecchio), a vast square gloomy building that could tell strange stories of the olden time, if our accounts are true (vid. the story 'Don Garzia in Loggia' Italy!), a very high building itself, but crowned with a lofty and slender tower which rises to a dizzy height. Soon after I found the Duomo, or Cathedral, a very large building in the Barbaric Tuscan style, of which I first saw a specimen in the Church of St. Lorenzo at Genoa, and again a much more perfect one in the Duomo of Pisa, of which I have sent prints. But this of St. Duomo is larger than both the former put together, almost as large as St.

Paul's of London, is the very perfection of this style, singular, but most grand and majestic in appearance. Its outer walls are encrusted with black and white polished marble, which give it a strange decorated aspect. I have a print which gives a good idea of one view, and that not the best that could be chosen. The facade at the opposite extremity was never finished. The building was commenced in the eleventh century, but was not finished until about the middle of the thirteenth.

The dome is very large and high, and was greatly admired by Michael Angelo (who was a Florentine) the man who was at once the greatest painter, sculptor, and architect of his own or any succeeding age; and there is a little story told of it that I may mention. When Michael Angelo set out from Florence to build the dome of St Peter's, he turned back again and again to contemplate that of this Cathedral, and as he pursued this journey he said "Come to non Voglio! Meglio di te non posso!" (Like thee will not build one: Better than thee I cannot.) The Campanile stands close to one end, but like that of Pisa is separate: Like that also it leans to one side, but not so much. It is ribbed round but quadrangular; it is built of marbles of three or four different colors, and contains beautiful bas-reliefs & figures in niches. It rises to height of 280 feet, nearly of the same diameter throughout, and it is certainly the most graceful thing I ever saw. The Baptistry stands near it, but is much older. It is octagonal, the roof forming a broad dome: the bronze doors were exceedingly admired by Michael Angelo, and they are indeed beautiful; the reliefs are in the same style as those of the doors of Pisa. Michelangelo himself was nearly torn of it before it almost from beginning to end, and was recently torn of it before it was finished. It was celebrated by a bishop, and of course in grand style. I got a place very close to the bishop's, and was glad to see that it was as handsome for him as for me, as I observed him to go frequently, even when he was taking a part in some solemn ceremony. I was more taken with the emerald in the gown of bishop's mitre than anything else. The chanting and music of the service is always fine, but there is too much of it.

My next as many he imagined, was to the church of Santa Croce, a large, not handsome but solemn building which has well been called the Westminster Abbey of Italy. Among many others of less celebrity,

"have repose
Sculptured, and piled;

Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his, the his was.

The story is a little more interesting than that of the other two. The latter are most rich, as if to make amends for the cruel persecutions they suffered while living by their native city, which afterwards took so much pains to honor them. I copied the inscription on their tombs, but I will not give you that of Galileo here, as I have since obtained a little sketch. That of Machiavelli is brief enough. It is simply —

with carriages from the barouch of the Grand Duke to the Peasant's cart, all on terms of perfect equality. The Grand Duke passed us twice: He mingles much with the people, is accessible to all, and is greatly beloved. The government tho' despotic is paternal, the people are not burdened with taxes, and are contented and industrious. The difference between Tuscany and the Papal States is manifest enough. But I must hasten with my narrative.

Early the next morning (Friday) I called on Mr. Sloane, looked at his garden, where he has many fine things. We then crossed the Arno to the other side of the town, called on Prof. Amici, who removed here from Modena a few years since, and has charge of the Grand Duke's Observatory. He was very obliging, showed me his Microscopes, which he thinks unrivalled, but I don't, and then the Observatory, saw all the instruments, peeped through his telescope, and from the top of the tower had a most beautiful panoramic view of Florence and the surrounding country. We then passed through the Museum of Natural History, which is in the same building, and is prettily arranged, saw the famous flowers & fruits done in wax (but not the figures which represent the Plague, which were in the Anatomical Museum adjoining and I did not care to see them); among them some recent ~~figures~~ ^{models} made under Amici's superintendence to illustrate his discoveries &c. They were wonderfully fine, and would be useful in a class-room. Amici is a good observer with the Microscope, but his anatomical or physiological notions are in some cases very wide of the mark and quite surprised me.

On leaving Mr. Sloane and myself separated, he going to fulfil some engagement, and I to the Palazzo Pitti, as it is still called from the founder, tho' it early passed into the hands of the Medici family who finished it, and now it is the Ducal residence.

I must tell you by the way that I should have seen a remarkable person in Florence, had she not been sick. Sloane is very intimate with her and wished me to see her: - she is the ex-queen of Naples, the widow of Murat and the sister of Napoleon.

I will pass over the Pitti Palace, by simply saying that I saw very much more to interest me than I anticipated. The picture gallery is large, occupying an extensive suite of rooms, and is the best collection I have seen, quite superior to any one in Rome. It is almost wholly composed of the works Raphael,

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Corregio, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt
(one of Michael Angelo) Tintoretto, a few of Murillo. - in fact it
contains specimens of all the great Masters, and a good portion
of their finest works. After passing through such a collection one
cannot avoid being a bit of a connoisseur. Some rooms
contain rich work in Florentine Mosaic which is very different
from Roman. - the bathing-room thro. which I passed is a most
luxurious little apartment. The Venus of Canova is in one
of the galleries. Leaving this I next went to the famous
Royal gallery, a collection almost as large as that of the
Vatican, tho. much less rich except in paintings, bronzes &c.
Here is the so much celebrated Venus de Medici! which I
suppose merits all the praise bestowed upon it. It is beauti-
ful certainly, but I must say that I was not so wonderfully
struck with it. I admired it far less than the Gladiator, the
Apollo and the Laocoon, at Rome, which have meaning in
them, whereas this is simply a beautiful but almost unmean-
ing figure. It is as modest I must say as a figure without a
rag of drapery could be, far more so than the two paintings
of Titian which hang in the same room, and which, after
all I have seen I was a little astonished to see ladies (many of the
English too) looking at with unmoved countenances. The same
room contains three or four of Raphael best easel pictures,
and sweet things they are, and a few others, the very best works
of the greatest Masters. In another gallery I saw the Flora
of Titian, which a painter was copying (You see painters everywhere
engaged in copying the best pictures) which pleased me greatly. The
smiling countenance is the prettiest I ever saw. The engraving
of it I sent with the parcel from Marseilles will give you
only a faint idea of it. I had not time to see the galle-
ry of painters painted by themselves before the hour arrived
for closing the gallery. I had seen all besides this that I
cared for; but when I left I expected to make another visit
the next day. On returning to the Hotel Monvere I learned that
I could not get a place with the courier next day. - that the
diligence which left at mid-day did not arrive at Bologna
until Sunday afternoon. - so I engaged a Calabrese to start
with me after dinner, arranged my affairs, called on Mr. Sloane
to bid him an unexpected adieu, dined at the table d'hôte at
five and at dark I was climbing the outskirts of the Apennines.
I would have liked to call upon our Sculptor Lorenzini to see
how the Statue of Washington is coming on, but had not time.

At sunrise I was on the mountain summits, among the clouds, which a strong wind for a moment blew aside, and gave me some magnificent views, the journey for some hours in this elevated region, but at length crossed the Tuscan frontier and was once in the country of his holiness. Just as we commenced our descent, which is very abrupt a dense fog enveloped us and it began to rain. In consequence of this I lost the view which you often have of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean at the same time, as well as the plains of the Po on the North. This was the first rain I encountered, excepting a few drops at Rome since I left Lyons; so you may judge of the dryness of the climate in the South of France and Italy. It is very different, however, near the mountains. At length after a long and rapid descent we arrived at the foot of the mountain and stopped at a comfortable inn to take my dinner and freshen up at once, it being about three o'clock. Several carriages were there before us, and just before I left another arrived, bringing with it a most generous Yankee, who amused me excessively. It seems that he came out in the Great Western, a few weeks ago, had seen what he thought worth seeing in London and Paris, had been even to Naples, and was now on his way from Rome to Switzerland and expected to reach London to return by a steamship in a fortnight. But the feet upon which he prided himself above all, was that he had ascended Vesuvius and came back again, in. I don't remember precisely how many minutes, but in an inconceivably short space of time, and very much quicker than had ever been done before! To the great wonderment of the guides, as he said, and as I do not doubt. This was his chief d'oeuvre, and I assure you he felt quite proud of it. I laughed most heartily at the absurdity of the thing, until I reflected how rapidly I had been doing the sights myself, and felt that I might justly come in for a share of the ridicule. In this day's journey I think I outdid the Yankee, for arriving at Bologna about five o'clock and immediately made arrangements for going on to Ferrara the same night, and this of accomplishment. I had but two or three hours to spend at Bologna, a city famous for its University and its sausages; the former decayed almost to nothing, the latter still in great demand, diffusing their aromatic garlic odor from every table. I visited all the large

churches, took some coffee, and before nine o'clock was on my way through the vast plain watered by the Po which at like most large rivers, branches near its mouth into several streams. The lad who drove me did not know the road very well, and lost his road several times, so that instead of arriving before day-break it was six o'clock in the morning when we entered Ferrara. Indeed he came near losing his place as well as the road; for while I was sleeping soundly in the carriage I was roused by a prodigious clatter, and jumping out as quick as I could, found that he had driven into a heap of round stones deposited to mend the road, the horse had slipped and was lying flat upon his back in the bottom of the ditch. With much ado we liberated him from the carriage and lifted him out of the ditch, repaired the injury to the harness as well as we could with bits of rope, and were again on our way. I have warned since how I could ride thus through the night with only a boy with me, through a country which some years ago would not have been deemed safe. But I felt not the slightest alarm, and slept as sound as possible.

Ferrara is famous for ~~possessing~~ the tomb and Chair of Ariosto, but except this is as uninteresting as you can imagine. It was Sunday, and I spent the day within doors as well as I could.

By making a very early ride I succeeded in reaching Padua at 10 o'clock this morning, visited the University so famous of old, the churches, the splendid Caffè Pedrocchi, the Botanical Garden, ~~then~~ the most ancient in Italy, of Alpinus, the elder and the younger and Montedera were Directors. It is now under the Care of Visiani, to whom I brought a letter from Bentham, and who politely showed me all I wished to see. The University is a queer old place indeed, and the lecture rooms the most dark, gloomy and uncomfortable places you can conceive; every thing is as old as the 15th Century. I wish I could describe the Anatomical theatre, which is the most curious specimen of antiquity I have seen. The Museum of Natural History is so so. There is still a goodly number of students, but nothing to what there was in the olden time. The Drom is a small affair, but the Church of St. Antonio is like a mosque, the most characteristic building I ever saw, with its seven or eight balloon-shaped domes of various sizes, and

three or four tall and slender minarets. I am sorry I can't get a decent print of it. The interior is noble, and very rich in tombs and shrines and sculptures. Here are tombs of many of the old Professors.

The Church of St. Augustine is in the same style, and not much inferior. - - - There is very much that I wish to write but I have not the time nor the strength to write longer, and must sleep. To understand the full luxury of a bed, you should sleep without one, as I have done very often of late. Good-night.

Venice, on board Steam-boat for Trieste lying at Anchor, Wednesday Evening, 15th May, 1839.

For nearly two days I have been "a looker-on in Venice, a strange place, as unlike any other city of Europe as can be, unless Constantinople resemble it in some respects. It is more like some place you visit in dreams, some creation of fancy than a real, earthly city; if it can be called earthly, which scarcely stands upon earth.

We left Padua at five o'clock in the morning, yesterday, by the Diligence, passing along the banks of a canal, bordered with numerous villas; all of them had been fine, some very magnificent; but they are now decaying. The clouds prevented me from obtaining a view of the Phœtian Alps, which bound the view on the north, but I hope to make up for this tomorrow, which will give some amends for our detention here: - for you must know that the Steam-boat was to have left at 9 o'clock this evening, and I expected to have been in Trieste in the morning; but the day has been stormy, and the water is a little rough, so forsooth the boat is to remain until morning, but as it is to start very early I have remained on board, where I have a comfortable place to sleep, and a quiet hour to write to thee.

Oh I wish you could see Venice! - and the dear girls - whenever I see anything particularly queer, I think of them at once, and wish for them to enjoy it with me. And here every thing is strange, canals for streets, gondolas for coaches; not a horse to be seen in the city,

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except the celebrated bronze gilt steeds of St. Mark; —
palaces of barbaric magnificence, splendid churches; people
of all nations and tongues, Christians, Turks, and
Jews. Surely there is nothing like it. The view from
Fasani, on the main-land, which was the first I obtained, ~~was~~
was charming; —

“ — — — from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand.”

My new favourite Rogers gives you the idea, as far as language can convey it, in few words. —

There is a glorious city in the Sea.
The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating City — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of Old the residence of Merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though Time has shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

You will wonder at the comparison; but the distant view of
Venice reminded me strongly of New York, as you approach from
Amboy. The Gondola that ~~brought us~~ stopped in the Grand
Canal near the Rialto, or rather the bridge of the Rialto, for
the name properly belongs to the island; and in crossing this bridge
during the day, I found some of the little shops still occupied
~~shop~~ money changers, and I saw more than one hard Jewish countenance
that might ~~have sat~~ ^{set} for a picture of Shylock. This
part of the town is unpleasant; although the Canals are
lined with what were once stately palaces, which now look
as if about to sink again into the water. While on my way
to a Hotel, I came abruptly upon a view that seemed like enchanted
ment: the Piazza of St. Mark, a large quadrangle, three sides

enclosed by a magnificent ramp, like the Palais Royal, or the fourth the Church of St. Mark, and adjoining it the Palace of the Doges, scarcely less magnificent, and in an equally oriental style. In front is the Campanile, taller than that of Florence, but less handsome. As you turn out of the quadrangle in full front of the Palace you see the two granite columns, one of them surmounted with the winged Lion; and you stand on the mole, with the most superb view of sea and city, shipping, churches and palaces before and around you. I never expect again to see anything like it. I have walked over this ground again and again; and you are never wearied with the sight. Passing along the front of the Ducal Palace which looks toward the harbor, you cross a canal and see a narrow and close bridge, high up in the air connecting the palace with a gloomy prison; this I knew at once for the memorable Bridge of Sighs; and afterwards saw enough to know that it deserved the name.

My Hotel (the Abbaye Reale, for I was unable to get a room in the Hotel de l'Europe) was very near here, and its windows commanded a magnificent view. I called out immediately to visit the Ducal Palace, entered the Court, took a grey-headed solemn-looking old man for a guide, ascended the beautiful staircase, at the top of which Marino Faliero was beheaded, saw the holes in the wall formerly covered by the open lions' mouths, where anonymous accusations were lodged; thence ascended into the halls and galleries, the great Chamber, & the adjoining one round which near the ceiling are ranged the portraits of some two or three hundred Doges. The walls and ceilings of these and all the other rooms of State, the Chamber of the Imposition, the Senate Chamber, the Doges Chamber of State &c. are covered with pictures of the Venetian school, which are so much admired for their coloring, and the light and shade, but I will not trouble you with them.

We then took torches to explore the prisons; not those of the building opposite, but the cells in the palace itself where state prisoners were confined, and from which very few ever came out alive. The are close gloomy dungeons, perfectly dark as are the passages that lead to them, sunk in the thick walls of the building, a small hole in the wall for admitting food gives access to the damp air of the passages; and a small wooden pallet for a bed is the only furniture. There is one range just under the roof: the others are lower, and

are situated in several tiers, of which the lowest are two stories beneath the surface of the water in the canal. I descended down nearly to the level of the water, but those below are now blocked it; indeed it is said they were destroyed or concealed as much as possible on the arrival of the French in the city; but the stone floor of the passage resounded to our head, showing that there were yet others beneath, more damp and close if possible, into which no ray of light or breath of fresh air could ever penetrate. I saw the traces of the arrangement for strapping the poor wretches in their cells; and the place where others were beheaded by a kind of guillotine, the holes in the floor for carrying off the blood: - it makes one shudder even to think of them. After seeing this place I am free to say that I felt no particle of regret, but rather joy, at witnessing the decay of this once splendid and powerful republic, of that name may be applied to what was in reality always the very worst form of despotism. I stood at the foot of the Bridge of Sighs, but the door is barred and we were not permitted to enter the passage to the other side, and the cell which occupied a pass of it and where the prisoners condemned to death were strangled, is now walled up.

I went next into the Cathedral of St. Mark, which I have since visited nearly a dozen times. I have some prints which give a very good representation of the exterior. Over the portico are the famous horses, which, with the winged Lion are again in their places after their journey to Paris. Indeed nearly all the best pictures shown me here and at Rome, were taken to Paris by Napoleon, and it is almost a pity that this superb collection was broken up at his overthrow. The horses are Grecian and very ancient: ~~the Lion is~~ they are supposed to have belonged to the Temple of the Sun at Corinth, but this is uncertain; but the Venetians brought them from Constantinople long ago, with a vast quantity of other spoils. St. Mark's is almost wholly built of pillars and marbles brought from the East. I spare you a detailed account of my movements to-day and yesterday, of the fine churches, enough to furnish Cathedrals to half a dozen cities, of the Arsenal, its ship-yard, the antique lions, the public garden, the Armenian Convent, the gondolas and my rides therein, I have enjoyed it greatly and have laid up a stock for future

enjoyment, for I shall read hereafter of Venice with greater interest. One who travels as rapidly as I do, if he would enjoy the full benefit of his journey, should know almost everything before he leaves home. The true way, for those who have time and means sufficient, is to study the history of each place on the spot with all its monuments and relics around you. So more might be learned in one month than in a year at home. If I had (what I am not like to have) a family of children to bring up, money sufficient for the purpose, and no other duties to prevent, I think I would educate them in this peripatetic way. — But now to bed.

Thursday evening, 16th May.

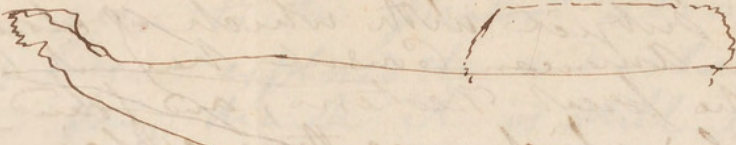
I am still here in Venice. The first thing I heard as I awoke this morning was that we should not sail until evening, — which would have been annoying, but it is all one for me whether I arrive in Trieste this evening or tomorrow morning. Could I have been there this morning as I expected, I should have been one day sooner in Vienna. It has rained nearly all day. I have been wandering about the town, but it is wet and unpleasant. I found it pleasanter to spend the greater part of the afternoon in a Café, and read all the Parisian newspapers I could find. I get American news in a most round-about way. I find here Galignani's Messenger, which is mostly made up of extracts from London newspapers, which now and then give a scrap of American intelligence. I learn that the Great Western has arrived at Bristol, but have seen no news brought by her. Indeed I find no news, by which I feel confident that all is well in the world at large on your side of the water; but I want to hear from those I love. I shall be ready to kiss the hand that gives me a letter. I wonder if I shall find one at Vienna?

We are to start at nine o'clock. The rain is over, but it is still cloudy. I have been for some days in Austrian dominions, but I wish to be in Austria itself. It cleared up a little just at sunset, and gave me, from the deck of the vessel, a most beautiful view of the town and harbor, with hundreds of gondolas gliding swiftly ~~and~~ through the water in every direction. —

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Didst ever see a Gondola? They are very long and narrow,
and very sharp at both ends, which rise out of the water.

Take



I was about to give you a sketch, but I remember you will find some in the two or three prints of Venice I send. They are all painted black; and the covered portion in the middle being with black cloth, furnished with blinds &c. and within fine cushioned seats for two to four persons. They are so light and well formed that a single gondolier will urge them along with great swiftness. Did you ever see Punch and Judy? Just on shore and within a few yards, a fellow is exhibiting them, even in better style than usual, to the great delight of an assembled crowd. I first saw this famous couple at Paris. But in Venice it is done capitally. Every evening, as I sat in a Cafe, the man sets up his little establishment, and these two interesting personages perform their parts. I long for the girls to be with me to see it, for I assure you it would be great fun for them. The Musicians here are very good. A party stops at the door of the Cafe; a man with a violin; his wife and son each with a guitar, and they perform several airs exceedingly well; the woman sometimes accompanying with her voice. She enters the Cafe with the little wooden cup in her hand, and is well satisfied with a Krentzer (about half a cent) from those who choose to give, and a sweet gracia, in the softest Italian expresses her thanks. There is one cafe here frequented almost exclusively by Turks, who sit smoking their large pipes with such an air of ridiculous gravity. Their turbans or the red caps they often wear, their flowing robes and their mether garments, which are something between pantaloons and petticoats, are very queer. But it is getting quite dark, and there are signs which indicate that our voyage is about to commence. I had almost forgotten to tell you how greatly I am amused just before coming on board, to notice in a Venetian Newspaper, a printed notice of the arrival of all the travellers the day previous, my own name among the rest, with my residence &c. given in full. A list of those who leave Venice is also published daily, so that my name will doubtless figure again in the Venetian prints. This will serve as a small specimen of the surveillance under which Travellers are placed in the Austrian dominions.

Trieste, Friday Evening,

To give you another specimen of the surveillance of the Austrian police, the subject with which I closed the last page. I asked the American Consul here if he had received any news from the forest Hekterns, and found that he knew not of its arrival: which was thus explained, All the foreign newspapers on their arrival here, are taken to the police retained one day, during which they are carefully examined, to see if they contain anything which reflects upon the government, or tell any news that the people ought not to know. Happy people, with such a paternal government, taking infinite pains that they do not hurt themselves.

I arrived here early this morning, after a rough passage, and was doomed to experience some disappointments rather trying to my patience now that I desire to get along on my route so fast. First of all I found that all the places (three at all) in the public conveyance for Vienna were taken. So I could not leave to-day. Indeed, I might not, for though I felt willing to give up the opportunity of making the acquaintance of two volcanists, here, friends of Bentham, yet I did not like to fail to see the most remarkable grotto in the world at Adelsberg, and the chance of seeing Prof. Unger at Brate also, which was inevitable, as we go directly through to Vienna (about 350 miles) and are obliged to pay the whole distance even if you stop on the road.

Could I have got the place however I should have gone, and should have been at Vienna on Sunday morning at sunrise. To go on Saturday was out of the question, as that would keep me Sunday on the road, and besides these places were taken. So my plan was settled to stay here until Monday, when I may enjoy nearness the privilege of attending worship in an English Protestant Chapel, to take my place in the mail coach for Monday afternoon, and to take the opportunity which I would not have stood for previously, but which will repay me in part for the delay, that is, to see the great fête, which takes place yearly (Whit-tide, that is on Monday) in the grotto of Adelsberg. - When the peasants of the whole country

round assemble, and have a dance in one of the large apartments of the grotto, which is then finely illuminated and may be seen to the greatest advantage. This immense cavern has been explored to a distance of more than two miles, and they think it is still larger. We intend to send our luggage by the Mail coach, which will reach here in the evening, while we (that is to say, a young American artist who came on with me from Venice, and is to be my companion to Vienna) are to take a private conveyance early in the morning for Adelsberg, and spend the afternoon at the grotto. So leaving my companion to make the necessary arrangements, I set out to deliver my letter to Monsieur le Mages - Gattier, who being engaged for the day at about Tommasini, who being engaged for the day at a meeting of his brother Magistrates, took me to Brasolotto an apothecary, and good Umanist, who seemed delighted to have the opportunity of showing kindness to a friend of Bentham's, and we arranged to make an excursion after dinner to the Monte Spaccato, which overlooks the town. We had seen the American Consul in the mean time, (an Englishman who ~~had~~ holds the office perhaps in the virtue of his wife who is a Baltimorean); we accepted an invitation to take tea at his house, where there was to be one or two other Americans. To the Monte Spaccato we went, and there work we had to climb it. I made a pretty collection of interesting plants, and got back to the hotel, tired and soiled. We found to keep my engagement at the Consul's, the Consul quite a party there, very pretty young ladies, with very intelligent and refined; the establishment very quiet and elegant. - During the evening one young lady executed some crashing music upon a loud piano; and another, after stops and hesitations, which I thought very affected, sung one or two Italian songs. I had the opportunity of hearing Italian spoken by the lips of very pretty young ladies, so that I could perceive what a soft and flowing language it is. I got away as soon as I could, and thought too much fatigued to put my word in any sort of order or to write legibly. I have scribbled a page or two for you.

Trieste; Saturday Evening, 18th May, 1839.

As misfortunes never come single, I found this morning that our places were not secured in the Mail-Coach for Monday. The fellow who was to arrange this business found, after getting our passports in order, that there was one place ~~only~~ left, and supposing that we were certainly to go together did not secure that. It was immediately arranged between us that I was to have the place, but on arriving at the office I had the mortification to find it already taken. For an hour or so we made various plans, ~~and~~ negotiated with a Vetturino, but was stopped by the information we received, that they would be five days on the road to Gratz, from whence to Vienna it would require at least two days more by the same kind of conveyance, or 27 hours in the Mail coach if we could get a place in it. We found that the quickest way left for us was to take places for Tuesday by the Mail, and go on Monday by a private conveyance to Adelsberg, as we had intended, where we shall have a day longer than we desire; and these places we were fortunate enough to secure. So I cannot expect to reach Vienna before Friday Morning of next week! I had hoped to reach that place by the 20th.

It rained hard all the morning so that Botanic was out of the question, so I put my collection of yesterday in press, visited Biasoletto, and after dinner met Soumashini, who has given me a very pretty collection of plants of the country. Various affairs relative to the journey have occupied me the rest of the day, and I am now hastily to close these sheets, and to send them by an American ship, the Commodore, which is to sail shortly for New York. The Captain seems to be an honest and true Yankee, and I shall trust him with a parcel or two. As I am at the end of the sheet I must say adieu, and add a few words on the envelope.

Ever Yours, A. Gray



Gray, Asa. 1839. "Gray, Asa May 8, 1839 [to Torrey]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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