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1. *A Year of Consolation.* By MRS. BUTLER, late Fanny Kemble. 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1847.
2. *Illustrated Excursions in Italy.* By EDWARD LEAR. 2 vols. folio. London: 1847.

WE readily cut the pages of these new books on an old subject; for Heaven forefend that Italy should ever cease to interest, or her siren fascination become a fable of the past. To us every touch by original hand awakens some dormant delight, every fresh view calls forth some unobserved wonder. Italy, whose fair form and pressure defies pen to exhaust, and pencil to more than outline, must be seen with painter's eye and with poet's feeling, must be loved for her own sake, and studied in her unbeaten by-ways, rather than in those tourist-haunted towns which foreigners have denationalized with their carpet civilization. We have coupled the names of Kemble and Lear, which combine well with other and older associations, because both have selected and sketched for themselves; peeping behind scenes seldom visited, and raising corners of the curtain which conceals to tramontanes the drama of Italian life. Here we have set before us a page or two of a book of beauty, which, thumbed indeed by thousands every year, remains sealed save to the initiated—and to none more so than the rank-and-file of fashion who, bored with Brighton, try a "winter season at Rome." In both instances art has been summoned to aid representations of nature: the lady weds her prose to immortal verse; the gentleman describes his own drawings, a process unusual in illustrated works, but highly commendable when, what is still more unusual, the author is not swamped by the artist.

A common yearning for consolation impelled both to seek brighter skies: one needed an anodyne for deep-rooted sorrows of the mind—the other a remedy for inveterate achings of the body; nor have their pilgrimages been in vain. Renovated in spirit by her Italian Year, Fanny Kemble (for we resume her European name, as, dismissing her Butler, she writes herself simple Fanny in the preface) has happily returned to that stage which her gifted family made their own, to delight myriads by again becoming public property. Mr. Lear in the balmy south baffled the insidious disease which under our stinted suns nips youth and talent, and, by turning to good account accomplishments, which, ere the fickle goddess frowned, were but amusements, has secured an honorable independence for those he loves the best, and has enrolled his name high in art—in that city where art is most appreciated.

Thus much, by way of introduction, would have sufficed in ordinary cases; but giving due precedence to the lady, the title, "A Year of Consolation," suggests those others accumulative of distress to which it was the antidote. An undertone of woe and mystery pervades the poetic portions of our fair one's volumes, exciting a compassionate curiosity, and vividly contrasting, it must be owned, with the animal spirits and comic joyousness which flash forth in the prose narrative, like sun-beams in a wintry sky. But this is all in nature;—she is a poetess—and moreover the theatre has been her nursery and her playground. No wonder then that, whenever shadows of the past, looming across the Atlantic, darkened her present dream of peace, she poured her sadness into the serious vehicle of Il Penseroso, and sought relief from sorrow in sympathy. In the psychology of suffering the endurance of the Spartan is often coupled with the exhibition of the martyr; many there be who, even without the excuse of her professional training, can dissect with stoic pride the morbid anatomy of their hearts, and reveal to every eye festering wounds, which the tenderest hand of friend is never permitted to probe or bind up; who, masking inward depression by outward hilarity, cherish by concealment the worm in the bud, and yet bare their stuffed bosoms to the world for daws to peck at.

Her first morning at Rome is ushered in with a retrospect. She tells her tale—how all was set on one cast, and the hazard of the die a blank—and pale as moon-beam on snow-wreath is the ray of hope which lights up this autobiography of despair. These emptyings of vials of wrath, mingled with tears, recall the breathing, burning revelations of Lord Byron and Mrs. Norton.

" Early in life, when hope seems prophecy,
And strong desire can sometimes mould a fate,
My dream was of thy shores, Oh, Italy! * * *
Across an ocean—not thy sapphire waves,
Oh, Mediterranean, sea of memories!
But the dark marble ridges of th' Atlantic,
Destiny led me—not to thy bright shores
Ausonia!—but that wondrous wilderness,
That other world, where Hope supreme beholds
All things unshaped—one huge eventful promise. * * *
Upon that distant shore, a dream more fair
Than the imaginations of my youth
Awhile entranced me. Lightning-like it fled,
And I remained utterly desolate.
Love had departed; Youth, too, had departed;
Hope had departed; and my life before me
Lay covered with the ashes of the past—
Dark, barren, cold, drear, flinty, colorless. * * *
The last grim pages of my book of life,
Filled with a mean and grinding martyrdom,
Washed with unceasing tears, at length gave back
The glorious legend written on my youth.
Again, again, the glorious shapes returned; * * *
And Art and Nature, twins immortal, stood

Upon the threshold of earth's Paradise,
And waved me towards it. And at last I came, * * *
But with a broken heart, Oh, Italy!
Land—not of promise—but of consolation!
Not in that season of my life, when life
Itself was rich enough for all its need,
And I yet held its whole inheritance;
But in the bankrupt days when all is spent,
Bestowed, or stolen—wasted—given away
To buy a store of bitter memories."

—Vol. i., p. 120.

It will be observed that we have omitted lines here and there—in fact we have quoted only thirty out of her hundred—and we no doubt owe Mrs. Fanny an apology for such freedom; though to be candid, we fancy we have hardly injured the piece by some of our dockings. Perilous to all well-cut pens, and fatal to not a few of them, is the facility of blank verse. The cleverest people in the world, if they happen to be great public speakers, like Lord Robertson and Mrs. Butler, are exceedingly apt to be carried too fast and too far when they trust themselves on this broad-gauge railroad—and we conceive the jeopardy must be worse in the case of one suckled in the habits of theatrical intonation. Mrs. Siddons, we have read, used to ask for beef or porter at table in blank verse—we can vouch for it that glorious John Kemble occasionally grumbled about the Magnum being out, in lines as magniloquent as ever rolled from Lee's Alexander. In whatever fashion their niece exhibits herself, she will be sure to show the blood she is come of—but we very much prefer her rhyme to her blank, and the tighter the restraints she is pleased to adopt, the more she pleases us—best of all in the sonnet. Her Pegasus never needs the spur—the curb often. Prodigality of "words, words, words, Horatio," is only thus to be avoided, where, from a good ear and inveterate practice, recitative is so apt to glide into a certain cadence, that ten pages of tragic hendecasyllabics cost no more trouble than a king's speech did to William Pitt.

The trip to Rome succeeded better than that to Cincinnati. The transatlantic failure must cause more sorrow than surprise. Taking the fair adventurer's published opinions as exponents of her character, that underwriter was bold who insured a perfect union speculation in the United States. There be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves: her "wonderful wilderness," full as it may be of promise, was poorly calculated to administer to the wants of a patient so imaginative, *exigeante*, and impressionable; petted at home in public and private, impatient of unaccustomed control and contradiction, born in an old full-grown country, educated among "accomplished facts" and persons—the deficiencies and discrepancies of a half-fledged people, struggling for position in the back-woods of social existence, could not but jangle, grate, and jar on the nerves of this delicate and daintily nourished organization. The faculty of highest enjoyment is counterbalanced by a corresponding capability of misery; double-edged is poet's fancy; so long as the fine frenzy is on, non-existing charms are decked in rainbow tints; in the reaction, when the Titania illusion is over, motes are magnified into monsters, and a demigod dethroned into a donkey. Thus the daily occurrence of petty disappointments and dissatisfactions poisoned the day and night of this creature of over-exaggerated expectations, and led our Kate, untamable by any Yankee Petruchio, to repudiate "that very great body with very little soul," and emancipate herself from "the mean and grinding martyrdom," the slavery and "domestic institutions" of the stripes.

Far from us be any depreciation of the goods which the New World holds out to the under-fed millions of the over-crammed old one; to them it is a land both of promise and performance, where Ceres never denies her sheaves to labor, and all-bountiful Pomona need not be worshipped in temples of taxed glass. There Nature's *table d'hôte* is not full: still bread alone will not suffice to those who have the means of living; where the poor are filled. the rich may be sent empty away. The best of the Americans seem always too happy to escape from America. At home they are obliged to join in the universal chorus of "Who but we?"—but unless you pin them down by the paucity of private dollars, or glue them by a plaster of official ones—they are eager to stretch their wings for a flight from the vaunted paradise of equal rights. Their resource, as in the slave-holding democracy of Athens, where crows pecked at eagles, is self-exile to lands of freer, purer air, where fortune, station, luxury, and above all, the priceless luxury of privacy, may be enjoyed—the "painful proximity" of the profane avoided—and the fellowship of kindred souls cultivated, without being denounced as an aristocrat, or persecuted by Plato's "many-headed beast," ever, in the words of Aristotle, "despotic towards the affluent and good, who aspire to rise above its muddy level." Experience of the day reasoneth as well as Greek philosophy of old; and, better read in Coriolanus than the Stagyrite, our authoress exclaims from the bottom of her heart on leaving France, "How much does coming abroad, and much more the institutions of America, make us love England!"

One great grief alone binds her with iron link to the scene of republican tyranny; there remain her children, parted at one fell swoop from the mother. Time, like ivy, may cover the rent, but never can repair the ruin. "She cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear." Thus, as the casual touch of a passer-by disturbs rain-drops long suspended on some cypress branch, which start forth revealed in tears, so trifles light as air cause her wounds to bleed afresh. Who of us has not some sad or sweet remembrance fondly kept hived like the bag of the bee, which a little something, no matter what, voiceless and meaningless to all the world besides, recalls instantaneously in all its freshness, whether of honey or wormwood? But why mangle in prose what the Childe (iv. 33) has embalmed in one of the most magnificently true of his stanzas?—

"But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued:
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Even after Byron, these lines on a flowering acacia seen on an Italian spring morning may be quoted without peril:—

"The blossoms hang again upon the tree,
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me,
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born!
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou.
They seem to me thy sister's, Oh, my child!
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour, a tenfold agony
Pulls at my heart-strings as I think of thee.
Was it in vain! Oh, was it all in vain!
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath?
Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that bed. * * *
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,
Thy twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth:—
How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one!
In thy fresh spring time growing up alone?"
—*Ibid.*, p. 205.

To imitate, in reviewing her, the style of our heroine's own transitions—there is a good deal of the original in her second start in search of felicity. To have traversed the dreary "Atlantic six times" prepared her tolerably for a December journey over French cross-roads, which do not sweeten temper, especially when vehicles and hostelries are to match, and no other solace but "a maid comfortable but not amusing," and since, we presume, dismissed. One hundred pages are sacrificed to the platitudes of this Cockney incumbrance—what's Hecuba to us?—or to details of the superabundance of Gallic dirt and discomfort, and the deficiency of cubicular crockery. A warm passion for cold water does credit to our pilgrim puritan, whose adorers (if we may judge by ourselves) would have assumed that her ablutions had somehow been properly performed—for, after all, there is much virtue occasionally in a sponge—even had these little confidences been withheld. Her passage towards St. Peter's, partook of those purgatorial inconveniences which poor souls undergo previously to reaching paradise; nothing pleases her, and it must be admitted, by her showing, that she met with constant extortion, rudeness, and "selfishness more revolting, because accompanied by an everlasting grimace of politeness and courtesy which means nothing." Accustomed to the chivalrous attention paid to the "weaker vessel" when travelling alone in any part of "vast and half-savage America," the contrast was more striking in a country the *soi-disant* leader of civilization. "Humbly, therefore, and on her knees does she beg pardon of the Americans for having said her say" in her time against their hydrophobia, expectorations, and sundry other "unpleasing peculiarities," which, till she saw and smelt France, she supposed were exclusively transatlantic.

It may be hinted that a person unused to hardships and inattentions ought not to have taken that route at all; "que diable allaitelle faire dans cette galère?" For her next trip, if she consults us, a britscha and posters for locomotion will be suggested, and the Place Vendôme for location. The French postilions will be found expeditious, the landlords obsequious, and the waiters well bred. As to her present work, without expecting her to be logical, we could desire fewer general conclusions drawn from particulars. It is too bad, because she travelled in out-of-the-way places in an out-of-the-way manner, not as other household Kates, and met with certain company and consequences, to set down la belle France as one wilderness of monkeys; but there, as everywhere, like equality-loathing Coriolanus, her heart is her mouth, and what her breast forges that her tongue must utter. Always in extremes, whether for love or hate—and a good hater she is at all events—not, perhaps, the worse lover for that—the spirit of the moment moves her, be it for good or evil. She changes character as if performing the same night both in the tragedy and farce, and enters into the genius of each with equal ardor, eagerness, and, we believe, sincerity. When despair is the order of the day, hers is terrific; now she sits among Rome's ruins wailing like the dethroned, childless queens in Richard III.; anon she is pelting sugar-plums at the Carnival. To hear her hoyden laughter, holding both its sides, neither black cares, men, babies, nor Butlers exist either in the old or new world, nor private feelings nor public reviewers, with such rashness and recklessness does she lay about her when her "dander is up."

Let us, however, repeat, even as to her prose web, what we have already said of her sombre lyrical embroideries. We do not apprehend that there is any theatrical trick or affectation in these Hamlet transitions from intense light to gloom, nor anything inconsequent and contrary to human nature, even in sufferers of less tinder-like temperament. Wrongs too deep to be forgiven, regrets too bitter to be forgotten, have been so grafted on an originally gladsome disposition as to become

part and parcel of herself. Once let a mind thus jangled and out of tune surrender itself, seeking relief, to strong impressions, either of joy or sadness, and the even tenor of its course is exchanged for a condition bordering on the hysterical; the flood-gates once open and the waters out, slight need be the check, the disturbing influence, which suffices to turn them from one channel to another; and as we are never nearer hate than when loving most, so melancholy dogs the heels of high excitement, like an inevitable shadow. At first, no doubt, the practice throughout these volumes of stopping short in a disquisition about some general subject, or even in a description of some gay festival scene—drawing a line with the pen—and so bounding off at once into a strain, now in verse, now in almost as musical prose, of deep personal passion and affliction—at first sight this may, no question, strike one as savoring of *hey presto!*—change the scene—let the drawing-room disappear and give us the dungeon again! But, on the whole, we are satisfied that Mrs. Fanny's method is about the best she could have taken to make her pages reflect the real agitations backward and forward of her own sensitive and sorely-tried nature.

On a former occasion we too have "said our say" on some of this young lady's own "unpleasing peculiarities," administering counsel with reproof, more in kindness than anger, and gently as a parent flagellates the child he loves. Gladly do we mark amendment in our interesting pupil, albeit the smack of orange-peel, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane is still perceptible. In some respects she is incorrigible. We discover outbursts of the same flippancy and bad taste, of the same habit of calling things by their right, or rather wrong, names: the same dawdling over nastiness which she practically abhors, but has a Swift-like delight in describing. In dealing with ungentlemanlike men and their ill manners, a phraseology which takes tone and tincture from them may, perhaps, be permissible on other sides of the ocean; but in England, we are happy to say, it still grates on ears polite, and is incompatible with olfactory euphuism and lady-like water-worship. Beautiful Italy needs no such foil, and we grudge digressions on toad-stools and tittle-backs. We have constant cause to complain of tourists of both sexes, who, starting with the foregone conclusion of a book, will flesh the edge of their young curiosity at Calais, will note down what we want not to know—will waste time in seeing things not worth seeing, and then ink in the record. The whole of the French progress, in short, might as well have been cut down to half a dozen pages.

Even when she has got over both Alp and Apennine, her charges are sweeping, whether directed against classes or corporations, or tongues and peoples—not to mention principalities and powers. Thus, as we are assured, the Italian priests are worldly knaves, mercenary hypocrites, who purposely instruct the people in ignorance and superstition, while their apt scholars "have as little perception of truth and its inviolable sacredness—*as the French.* Dishonesty and falsehood are so little matters of shame that detection in either of them only excites a shrug and grin on the part of the offender."

"Of such experiences one day in Italy is full, and not all the glory of the past can atone to me for the present shame of the people, nor all the loveliness of external things make up for the ugliness of human souls without truth or honor: women without chastity, and men without integrity, and a whole country without religion, make a poor residence, in my humble judgment, unless one could be turned into eyes, and all one's perceptions be limited to the faculty of seeing the divine beauty which all this baseness mars."—Vol. ii., p. 50.

Leaving the sacred college to battle for their subalterns, some lying, and possibly a shade deeper than white, may exist among the laity of the eternal city under the sway of shaven priests, as is alleged to have been the case under pontifices unsworn either to celibacy or poverty—*quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio.* It should, however, be remembered that travellers make the season, and are thrown chiefly among gentry that live on them, and must be brief with birds of passage, who, like woodcocks, if once missed seldom give a second chance. To say slapdash that the whole country is without religion—that all the men are liars, and all the women *fie fies*—thus killing two sexes with one stone—seems rather summary procedure for a pretty warm-hearted poetess. Were it so, society could not exist in Italy, where it does, however, contrive to exist—and, if there is any faith in Mr. Lear *passim*—nearly as simple, uncorrupted, and consequently happy, as in localities where there is less of "divine beauty." As to the peculiarly priest-ridden Romans and their peculiar lapses—they on their part consider themselves more sinned against than sinning, and contend that sharp practice is necessary in self-defence. Confessedly they are no match for a drab-coated Pennsylvanian, and we incline to believe that they occasionally are done by hard-bargaining Britons in brass buttons. The age of gold, when the English nation consisted of three classes only, those who let themselves be cheated 25, 50, and 100 per cent., is fled forever, with St. Peter's pence, from the Seven Hills.

More illogical, and what is worse in the gentler sex, more ill-natured, are Mrs. Fanny's comments on her own fair compatriots and fellow consolation-seekers. Always prone to ridicule and exaggeration, in their unlucky case her portraits are extravagant caricatures, whenever they are not actual libels. She goes out of her way to spy the motes in soft eyes, and never forgives a sister's shame Every one she meets with is either sour-tempered, ill-bred, ill-dressed, or an awkward amazon. It is probable in these days of steam, that every one of our womankind who, like herself, overleaps the Simplon, may not be exactly suited to sit (either with or without drapery to Mr. Gibson for one of the Graces travelling *incognita.* These, however, (we must hope and believe,) are the exceptions,

not the rule; assuredly, so far as we have observed, nine times out of ten, whenever our continental path has been crossed by one of those bright visions which seem lent from Heaven to earth for one day, the houri has proved to be a sample of that race, the best in blood, the most beautiful in face and complexion, the most symmetrical in form, the purest in mind and body—in short, a specimen of that precious porcelain whereof are made the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of English gentlemen—a pretty good breed, too, and not particularly abundant across the salt seas, as we need not tell Mrs. Fanny. If she has not renounced her glorious birthright, she commits the no less egregious folly of offering up her own kith and kin, in the vain hopes of conciliating the vanity of foreign inferiority, which her former gibes have irremediably offended.

"Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ?"

Enough of this. Ready as we are on every occasion to stand up against any assailant, foul or fair, of the best of the only good sex, we have no wish to prolong any censure of Fanny Kemble. Far more pleasing is the task to pay sincere homage to her powers of description, her keen relish and perception of nature, her original and often masculine judgment. Occasional escapades of wilfulness may be forgiven: whenever she puts on the buskins she rises at once—like Henry V. when escaping from Eastcheap—into the rational and poetical; tone and temper are changed, and the vulgar and violent exeunt into the green-room.

Rome proves the end of her travels and travail; and long has the Eternal City been an asylum to the sad. To need consolation is passport sufficient; widely open the gates to all who have calamity in common: to this convent of Europe alike retire the uncrowned king and the heart-broken slave. Here this victim of Yankeeism finds, under a sister's roof, new children and a home cheered by an in-door welcome warm as the sun without; here, and in the immediate neighborhood, she passes a happy year, and thus masters marvels at leisure—without being tied to the tail of Madama Starkie, Leonum arida nutrix. Her eye, schooled in scenic and dramatic effect, seizes differences at once, whether in creed or character, color or costume. Fresh from the model republic, she has little reserve and less respect for settled facts, forms, and persons: to her all the world's a stage, and she speaks out plainly, be the gallantee-show in St. Peter's, and the pope himself first fiddler. In describing the mind and manners of a city where priests rule and the spiritual is materialized and hackneyed, subjects, which in England are reverentially avoided, occupy a prominent place; and none can have lived much in Roman Catholic countries without having painfully remarked the familiarity with which sacred things are discussed, by which an impression of profanity is conveyed. In calmer moments, we are happy to see, she can clearly distinguish between Romanism and Christianity—the chaff from the corn; she clings with drowner's clutch to religious comfort; nay, when, according to her own old phrase, the "black dog" is on her—when she is under that disenchantment of life and the vanity of human wishes which peoples cloisters, wherever cloisters exist, with those who have expected too much—even she is forced to feel that there is balm in the Romish Gilead—even she yearns to sacrifice herself forever to the altar, to a nunnery—to a nunnery—where, dead to the living, she

——— might mourn for sin,
And find for outward Eden lost a paradise within.

But to be sure this is hardly the prevailing tone—nor perhaps could we expect it. The triple-crowned papacy seen from afar, enthroned like the ghost of the Roman empire, on sites which retain their settled sentiment of power, presents an image that awes, imposes, and attracts. Distance lends enchantment to the view—approach, the mirage disappears—enter the gorgeous temple, 't is a whitened sepulchre. The pomp and pride of the old system is manifest—the spirit and influence is dead; the pageants satiate the lust of the eye without satisfying the heart; churches are the staple, and ceremonies are too obviously things got up merely to be seen. At every page we learn that the jealous Roman priests monopolize spectacle; and while they scarcely tolerate a legitimate, because competing, theatre, are lavish in ecclesiastical pantomime, melodrama, and "tawdry, tinselly trumpery." In her next sentence, however, she quite forgets what she had said about "a whole country without religion:"—

"It is extremely painful to me," says she, "to come from a mere motive of curiosity into a temple dedicated to God; my conscience rebukes and troubles me the whole time, and all other considerations are lost in the recollection that I am in the house of prayer, consecrated by the worship of thousands of souls for hundreds of years. To gaze about, too, with idle, prying eyes, where sit and kneel my fellow-Christians with theirs turned to the earth in solemn contemplation or devotion, makes me feel sacrilegiously."—Vol. i., p. 51.

The native clergy are less thin-skinned:—

"To-day was a sort of climax to the religious carnival of the whole week, and the number of sights to be seen in the shape of strange religious ceremonies was really quite embarrassing. The eagerness with which Monsignore ——— urged upon us the curiosity and beauty of these various holy spectacles struck me as very strange. I find it difficult to imagine that frame of mind which rejoices in the unsympathizing presence of crowds of strangers at the sacred services of one's religion; and it is always a marvel to me that the Catholic clergy, and even the people themselves, do not object to the careless show which foreigners make of their places of worship and religious ceremonies. To be sure foreigners are a very considerable item of profit to the Roman people and Catholic places of worship, and so the thing resolves itself into its natural elements."—Vol. i., p. 253.

The curate dresses his sallad with the oil offered to the Madonna's lamp. Accordingly, during the holy week, when desecration keeps pace with va-

ried attraction, all the priests, we are told, "like rival showmen or managers," deceive all the foreigners who ask for information, always making out that whatever is best worth seeing or hearing is to be at their own chapel. Orders are given for the dress-circles, and the crowd renders the Vatican "a perfect bear-garden." The many is but a mob, whether in the drawing-rooms of St. James', the galleries of Covent Garden, or the marble aisles of St. Peter's. Although accustomed, as we all know, to overflowing houses, she tells us (vol. i., p. 239) that she never witnessed anything more disgusting than the conduct of her own sex, and principally Englishwomen—Abigails probably—their crushing, their indecent curiosity, their total forgetfulness of the character of the place, their coarse levity and comments, and their flirtations mingled with the devotions of the benighted papists whose sanctuary they were invading. Eventually our censor is "hustled out by these ladies"—as is a poor priest who retires to pray in some distant and unfashionable church. Here, as elsewhere, the professional never escapes her Kemble eye or lash. The canonical kisses of peace consisted "of a series of embraces between the priests that marvellously resembled similar performances on the stage; the hands resting on each other's shoulders, and the head turned discreetly away, so as to ensure the least possible cordiality and reality in the affectionate demonstration." The robed choristers sang divinely; but "all had an air of as perfect indifference as the provoking disinterestedness of the chorus in a pathetic opera; some were taking snuff with each other, while some were rapidly and mechanically crossing themselves; they talked, laughed, pushed, and jostled each other during the whole chant." The properties are not always better observed than propriety. She detects under satin robes the same dirty boots and trowser-legs which "in an indifferent theatrical spectacle obtrude below the costume of some Roman senator's red-striped toga." Nay, she winds up her critiques by quarrelling with the pope himself—and in Rome, the wise proverb to the contrary notwithstanding:—

"When they set him down, and take him up, and cover his legs, and uncover them, and kiss, and bow, and bend, and hand him here and there like a poor precious little old doll, can I refrain from a felling of disgust and displeasure?"—Vol. i., p. 128.

"Upon the whole," she says, "these church spectacles are very unsatisfactory to me:"—and so they must be to all who come, without a prompter or book of the play, to strange representations in an unknown tongue: sounds and gestures, which seem meaningless and mummery to the stranger, appeal at once to the senses and souls of the natives, who comprehend the forms under which substance is shrouded; a Protestant freshwoman at Rome smiles at what she deems pantomime, just as the neatest Italian Monsignore, in a city of the Moslems, eschews their prophet's ablutions as works of supererogation. The pope, on these occasions, is a symbol—the visible impersonation of the church and its priesthood, its attributes and offices; every action of his is typical, every article of his dress allegorical. In him—be he a doll, big or little, precious or not—is the question and the whole question, *urbi et orbi*, to the eternal city and the world; and to its cost did Rome discover at no remote period the difference between the iron crown and the jewelled tiara. In the pope is fixed and embodied the grand cause of spiritual domination and dictation *versus* civil supremacy and private judgment. There can be no compromise: one of the two must be exterminated; and ecclesiastics may exist who, while waging war to the knife against a pope in Rome, would tender the olive-branch to his principle—power—if translated to their own dioceses, or even parishes.

Our favorite describes the death of the late pope and the election of his successor. Curses loud and deep pealed the one out; vivas, no less noisy than shallow, welcomed the other in; ere the close of the funeral pomp—which, by the way, reminded her, from its "pasteboard decorations, of the tomb of Ninus in the Semiramide—only vastly less impressive," letters were directed to "Gregory XVI., in *Hell*;" epistles, we trust, duly since returned to the dead letter office in Rome, endorsed by the proper authorities "not known here." We confess to a liking for the deceased: we had long years ago marked and mused over his half-monastic, half-anile ways—his horror at the heresy novelty, his desire to let well alone, and leave posterity a something to do. We sympathized with his love for snuff—the least disreputable consolation of celibacy. We respected his hatred for thin potations, and adopted his infallible invention of Marsala mixed with Orvieto—not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't—a better pontifical half-and-half than heretical bishop. Alas! that the poor old gentleman should have been starved to death by the brother of his barber (vol. ii., p. 63.) Peace to his ashes! he was a pope—aye, every inch a pope—and had the good sense to comprehend the incompatibility of his finality with progress—to scout the *belle alliance* of the tiara with the tricolor—and pronounce against himself no verdict of *felo de se*. The amiable and accomplished Pius IX., it would seem, in his early inexperience of power and misconception of position—possibly influenced a good deal by having, in younger days, mixed with radicals in a revolutionized colony—promised more than he has been able or even willing to perform. At this moment, while we write, his edict hint of "prudent gradation in amelioration" has chilled the popular enthusiasm and stilled its bravos. Auditors of public accounts, barristers-of-three-years'-standing, are not enough; steam and rail concessions will not now satisfy—nay, by increasing foreign influx, they will stimulate the craving for foreign civil and religious liberty. Strange gifts from a hand which forges fetters for soul and mind! The position of Pius IX. is painfully difficult: treason foreign and domestic, the

Austrian bayonet, the Jesuit's "boccone," the ghost of Clement XIV., menace him if he proceeds—Italian exaltation and exasperation if he stands still. We may expect to hear of many vacillations—plots—reactions—and resumptions. The acclamations which hailed his accession grieved our Corinna's ear, as "demanding impossibilities and foretelling disappointments;" yet she cheers him on to a gulf deeper than that into which the self-devoting Curtius plunged.

"It may be that the stone which thou art heaving
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush thee;
It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future, thou dost set it free!
Yet heave it, heave it heaven high, nor fear
To be o'erwhelmed in the first wild career
Of those long-prisoned tides of liberty!

"That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee
A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory:
Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome!"
—Vol. ii., p. 218.

Her melodramatic tendencies were enlisted by the prologue of his pontificate; she was enchanted with "the nocturnal expeditions of his holiness, disguised as an abbate" *à la* Haroon Alraschid, his manifestations of the power of the keys *à la* Normanby, his throwing purses to paupers *à la* Tekeli. There was much small jealous interference with nobodies about nothings in the administration of old Gregorio;—but surely that might have been got rid of tacitly—at all events, without constant protrusion of the new infallible *in propriâ personâ*. To our sober notions, the time of the head of church and state is ill wasted even on petty pities, which may better be entrusted to subordinate relieving officers—and we greatly fear, on the whole, that at the centre of hierocratic Rome as at that of siderocratic Brandenburgh, a step has been taken which can neither be retracted nor persisted in without serious danger to far more than the initiator. But let us hope if we can. In both cases we respect the *main* motive; and

"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus."

The transition to Art is easy in Rome, where, twin-sister of Religion, she has long divided the allegiance of strangers. Her earliest and best patron has been the Church, who has dearly paid for her whistle. The necessity of replenishing a treasury exhausted from the erection of St. Peter's, roused, by the abuse of spiritual traffic, a Luther to shake its foundations. Leo X., by his idol-worship of the classical, drove Christian art from the temple and desecrated its altars with pagan beauty; and insulted Religion avenged herself by the iconoclastic reformation.

We submit (now Mr. Seguier is dead) the following sensible observations to the trustees of the National Gallery:

"There is nothing of which the impression has become deeper in my mind than the necessity of an absolute education for anything like a due appreciation of that which is most beautiful in art. In those alone possessed of the intuitive perceptions and exceptional organization of genius, the process of appreciation may be rapid; to the majority it must be like all their accomplishments—most gradual. There is something absolutely piteous in watching the procession of thronging sight-seers who visit these wonderful shrines, and knowing how little pleasure, and less profit, they bear away from their cursory and yet laborious pilgrimages. It is the work of years, to one not especially gifted, to learn to discriminate (in all art, but in painting, I should say, especially) bad from good, and good from what is best. Perfect senses, vivid sensibilities, imagination for the ideal, judgment for the real, knowledge of what is technical in the execution, critical competency to apprehend the merits and the claims of that which is purely intellectual, the conception; knowledge to furnish comparisons with what is prescriptive in art—reflection to suggest that which is paramount in nature—long habits of observation exercised on various and numerous works—and that which most hardly preserves itself through all this, and yet without which all this makes but a common-place perceiver of faults and beauties—freshness of mind and depth of feeling, from which alone (combined with the rest) can spring the faculties of an *appreciator*—these, it appears to me, are the absolutely indispensable qualifications for those who would not only see but comprehend art."—Vol. ii., p. 268.

Few, we fear, of our countrymen pass the Alps provided with one tithe of our fair countrywoman's indispensables; and however glibly many may talk of their Raphael, Correggio, and stuff, established fine things are generally taken for granted, and raptures regulated per notes of admiration in the "Murray." Smatterers shrink from hints of dissent or disappointment: to praise Pietro Perugino is always safe at Rome. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; misplaced erudition worse. Woe to the carpenter critics who measure St. Peter's with a foot-rule! Woe to such as geologize the Venus de Medicis, and speculate on the Moses of Michael Angelo just as Murchison does on a boulder of the Baltic! The poetry is not more surely thus discharged out of art, than it is from history by the Niebuhr school—all immeasurably colder and harder than their master—peering pedants without romance or music in their souls, who send tourists back to their parishes like vagrant paupers, dry as remainder biscuit. "Gardez-vous," exclaims Voltaire, "des gens durs, qui se disent solides, des esprits sombres, qui prétendent au jugement parcequ'ils sont dépourvus d'imagination, qui veulent proscrire la belle antiquité de la fable."

The fine arts, be they properly understood and enjoyed or not, are endemic and epidemic as the malaria; all catch the generous infection. Our citizens abandon gastronomics—our country gentlemen bucolics—to dabble in dilettanteism. A German thirst for sight-seeing torments all—*Christiani ad leones!* resounds again in the Coliseum. Usually the lions are taken by localities, not anal-

ogies; from convenient visiting distances like country society, and not from congenialities. Thus Rome is regularly "done," and a useless kaleidoscope, a pasticcio of pillar and post, impressed on the mind's eye. All, moreover, are in the art-buying vein; Rome is sacked and ransacked for original copies, modern antiques, Francesco da Imolas, and rubbish, as if Wardour street did not exist. Happily, the disease is local. Sweet home is the sure specific, where, once safely back, the most frantic taste is put away with the passport and courier.

Liberal in everything but admiration of Yankees, our heroine exercises her private judgment on pictures as on popes. The Last Judgment of the Sistine "horrifies her." Perhaps it was not easy to make the subject attractive, and Michael's object was to awe. At all events he here emancipated art from its swaddling clothes, shattering the timid and conventional with colossal power. We have less quarrel with her criticism on the face of the Fornarina, which is, says she, "without feeling—that of a stupid, staring, handsome, yet unlovely creature." This transcript of a vulgar peasant, ripe and brown as an apricot, is stamped with an absence of purity and ideality, and a presence of the she-tiger, that one would have thought must have "horrified" the gentle Raphael, unless piquant contrast motived his caprice. To us it lacks the Juno-like quality of beauty, so characteristic of the lower classes of Roman women—that severity which scorns to coquet or captivate, and resents the passing admiration of a male Goth or Celt—misplaced, indeed, according to our sharp-eyed judge, who in her stern summing-up pronounces "their persons clumsy, their feet and ankles extremely thick and ill-shaped, their divinity coming no lower than their shoulders." If this be true, which we are unable to settle, these divinities are best seen in kitcat size, and in distant balcony like the charmers of Beppo, nor would nearer attractions be diminished, were "forget me not" inscribed on their ablutionary appurtenances.

Select parties to visit the Coliseum in the glimpses of the moon are said to form the sweetest morsel of the night at Rome—for mothers who have many daughters to marry.* Hymen, however has ceased to expect homage even from the imagination of Fanny Kemble who (Love's Labor Lost) lights her torch in the cold statue-peopled Vatican. Gentlemen of an æsthetic turn may like to hear the effect produced by the Apollo on a lady student. She thus makes her confession:—

"I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it; for myself my eyes swam in tears, and my knees knocked together, and I could hardly hold my breath while I stood before it;—I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life. Angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly; and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a very messenger of my God bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it!"—Vol ii., p. 11.

Poetical, pagan, and passionate this. Colder-blooded men, Germans and others, have criticised the Apollo's form as effeminate. We omit their learned speculations. Certainly its elegant proportions are heightened by the contrasts and odious comparisons afforded by the desiccated New Yorkers and duck-legged Bavarians that come to see it, to say nothing of the Roman Custodes who, being fearfully made, pantaloons and all, are, we suppose, placed there by his holiness on principle, as permanent foils. Many again of the modern artists who look on, and would fain copy, disfigure the human form, originally not over-divine, by superfluous hairs, negation of soap, and bandit costume. From their numbers and constant residence these are chartered libertines at Rome; the "season" once over, they rule in the city and out of it. Safe from robbers, even in inns, they, like our commercial travellers, exact the best accommodations for the worst prices. Nor does mine host dare refuse: once placed under their ban, he is ruined. Poor their customers must be, as the market is overstocked; yet poverty degrades none, whom art ennobles, second-rate as it is; for amid the thousands of greasy-bearded aspirants, few at Rome attain mediocrity. Meanwhile they live among each other in jolly freemasonry, unincumbered with the cares of three per cents, dressing-cases, or etiquette. Some of their saturnalia are singular. That at Cervera (vol. ii., p. 24) is described, like the Carnival at Rome, (vol. i., p. 151,) with far more words than wit, which, say the best authorities, should be brief, keen, and polished as a razor. The quality of our tourist's is not first-rate. Drolleries and comicalities which "kill her" read flat and savorless in her telling. The body figures more than the mind in her merriment. At the first squeaking of the wry-necked fife, she clambers to the casement to gaze on fools with varnished faces which mock the stern dignity of Rome; then motley is hers and the only wear. The tomb of Cæsar and the shrine of St. Peter re-echo the squeak of conventional nonsense, the roars of school-boy rapture in middle-aged multitudes; and our desolate mother having played her part with the noisiest, returns happy home, jaded and pelted to her heart's content with sugar-plums, which "fill stays and bosoms, getting down backs, and all over us." These are matters of taste; to ours the pith and marrow of her book consists in her record of more lucid intervals, when divorced from things and persons which, as she sometimes confesses, render Rome a bear-garden.

Her summer is past *in villegiatura* at Frascati, and this subject, rarely touched on, is brought before us with all the grace of a genuine and worthy enthusiasm. *O! si sic omnia!*

*Botany can bore as badly as geology. Woe to the professor (we are sorry to say his name is Italian) who discovered that the *Flora Colisea* exhibits "Two hundred and sixty species of plants—whereof one-fourth are *Papilionaceæ*, while the *Cryptogamia* make up a large proportion of the remainder."—*Handbook of Central Italy*, p. 296. Perhaps the Manualist who made the quotation was sly.

"Oh! how lovely it was! A happy company of friends gathered together under one roof, from whose national and individual dissimilarities no element of discord arose, but one variety of harmony —hearts bound in golden link of friendly fellowship. How charming the life was, too, with its monotony and variety like that of beautiful nature itself! The early morning walk through dewy vineyards, where I forestalled my breakfast, picking from the purple and amber bunches, like a greedy bird, the finest grapes, all bathed in bloom and freshness, or breaking from the branches over my head the heavy-hanging luscious figs, while my eyes slowly wandered from the Sabine hills to the Alban mountain, and from the shining glorious Campagna to the glittering Mediterranean. Then the noon-day plunge in the cool fountain, with those beautiful children, their round rosy limbs shining through the clear water, and their bead-like glancing eyes bright with delight. Then the readings, and the music; that exquisite voice, and learned lovely art, enchanting the hours with the songs of every land; the earnest, silent, *begrimed*, absorbed drawing hours; the quiet enthusiasm of our artist friend; the infinite anecdote, varied learning, marvellous memory, and eloquent outpourings of our traveller; the graceful universal accomplishment and most gentle chivalrous benevolence of our dear excellency. How many, many elements of pleasure and of happiness were there! How perfectly all the elements were united and tempered and attuned! The evening rides, when the sun began to withdraw his potent presence; the merry meeting of the numerous cavalcade, in front of the fine mansion; the salutations from balcony and terrace from those who stayed, alas! behind, to those who, blessed with health and strength, went forth to increase them both by pleasure. The sober procession at starting up the broad ilex avenue, the unfailing exclamations of delight and admiration as we stood on the royal terrace of the Dragon's mount, and then the sweeping gallops over the wide Campagna to the Lake Regillus, Gabii, Pentana, Lunghezza, or through the chestnut woods below Rocca di Papa, and at the base of Monte Cavo, or along the smooth verdant sward (smoother and greener in the spring and autumn than green Ireland ever saw) of the long Latin valley, and then the return, by rosy sunset or pearly moonlight, through the filbert woods of Tusculum, by the Camadoli, and down the fragrant, warm, mysterious cypress-avenue. It was a perfect life, and to have led it for several months was a miracle."—Vol. ii., p. 3.

The age of miracles, fortunately for true believers, flourishes in primitive force throughout the patrimony of St. Peter, and this wondrous *Villegiatura* comes to pass every summer as regularly as figs ripen; then July suns hatch Roman society, which emerges from the torpid hybernation of the eternal city where native hospitality—your banker excepted—consists in accepting foreigners' invitations; anon smoke wreaths gracefully curling from country-house kitchen-chimneys, enliven the land-skip, and suggest leaving town on a tour. The local welcome, always hearty, is open-armed on those solemn occasions, when the compassionate church, acting on the attractive principle of making holy days and holidays synonymous, mitigates the severities of her ordinances with wine, wassail, fiddling, and Roman candles. Mr. Lear assisted at a grand festivity, which came off at Tagliacozzo, the time-honored birth-place of the learned Taliacotius, who fabricated human "noses supplemental," after processes vouched for by erudite Carsignani and immortal Hudibras. Mr. Lear's lively and painter-like report will give our readers some notion of these national assemblages. It also affords us some pleasing glimpses of country-house style in the Italian interior—date, August, 1843: for he is the guest of Don Filippo Mastroddi, the lord of the town, who does its honors to the Intendente, or Governor, and all the other congregated dignitaries of the Province.

"Suppose yourself in the Casa Mastroddi at sunrise: a cup of coffee is brought to you in your own room, (a biscuit, if you ask for it, though the natives do not indulge in anything so like breakfast,) or you go to seek your *café* in the room of Donna Caterina, the step-mother of the two brothers Mastroddi, who continually labors to fill little cups, which are dispersed by the domestics all over the mansion. Then you wander into the large room, and into the great *loggia*, where you find the ladies and officers walking about in parties, or listening to the bands of music incessantly performing below the window. The *Piazza* is like the scene in a theatre, all hung with crimson and gold draperies and tapestry from window to door, and crowded with people; the constant hum of the multitudes filling up the pauses between the music. About eleven, a stir takes place among the magnates of the house; everybody comes forth full dressed, and the Prince Intendente, (with his staff in full uniform,) and all the company following, walk through lines of military to the chapel, where the Bishop of Sulmona officiates at high mass. A friar having preached a Latin sermon of most painful duration, the Prince and the Mastroddi party return to the palace in the same order and state; the gay colors and the brilliant light of the summer over the whole procession making it a very sparkling scene; nor should I omit that the dress of a Neapolitan bishop—a bright green satin hat, amethyst-colored silk robes, lined with scarlet, gold chain and cross, with lilac stockings—is in itself a world of glitter."—*Lear*, vol. i., p. 64.

This gaudy foreground, although portions may savor to drab-loving eyes of the crimson lady of Babylon, is both orthodox, artistic, and in perfect keeping with the rest of the picture, which the all-gilding sun renders surpassingly glorious; chilly lawn sleeves and hoar-frosty wigs, which admirably suit cathedrals sobered down by Wyat's nankeen washes, would be auto-de-feed in the Abruzzi by priests and painters, as heretical and anti-æsthetic. In the interval between the church and dinner-service the whole party went to make a call of ceremony on some grandees of the town, or attended the bishop and governor to the foundation-school, "where they earnestly inspected samples of artificial flowers made by the prettiest set of little girls possible, the bishop noticing all with a kindness of manner that showed the old gentleman's heart was full of good feelings." In all these visitings, as they passed along, the people kneeled without intermission for their worthy

bishop's benediction. "To one whose greatest horror is noise, (says Mr. Lear,) this sort of life was not a little wearying; but having been informed that to leave the house during the three days' *festa* would be considered as the greatest insult to the family, I felt obliged to remain, and resigned me to my *fête* accordingly." Next came the dinner.

"The company in the Palazzo Mastroddi now amounted to above sixty persons, not including servants; and I confess to being somewhat surprised, much as I had heard of Abruzzo hospitality, at the scale on which these entertainments were conducted. A gay scene it was; and I always had the pleasure of getting a place by some one of the ladies of the company; a piece of good fortune I owed to my being the only foreigner present; for a dark mass of my superiors in rank—generals, judges, &c.—were obliged to sit together, unilluminated by any of the lights of creation. Immediately after dinner the suite of rooms and *loggia* were thronged by conversing groups, and coffee was handed among them. A novel picture was that festive *piazza*, alive with thousands of loiterers, (there were said to be more than ten thousand visitors, besides the towns-people,) listening to the Chieti and Tagliacozzo bands, playing alternately. By this time the sun was sinking, and everybody sallied forth to the promenade outside the town, where platforms were erected to observe the horse-races, which shortly took place, and about which great interest was shown. The winning-horse was taken up to the chapel of the Madonna dell' Oriente, and led to the steps of the altar, by way, I suppose, of expressing that a spirit of thankfulness may be graceful and proper upon all occasions. After the race a fire-balloon should have ascended; but somehow or other there was a reigning destiny adverse to balloons, for the first caught fire and blazed away before it left earth; the second stuck in a tree, where it shared the same fate; and the third ran erroneously among chimney-pots and was consumed on the house-tops, to the great disgust of the Tagliacozzesi. Now followed an invitation from Madame Marcini, or some one else possessed of a house in the *piazza*, in order to see the fire-works; so away we went, the governor leading the way, and ate ices in the draped galleries overlooking the square. This was about Ave Maria: the dense crowd of people, some four or five thousand, were at once on their knees, and burst forth as if one voice were singing the evening chant to the Virgin; the echoes of which rang back from the black rocks of the Pass, with a solemnity of deep melody, the most soothingly beautiful after the hours of hubbub."—*Ibid.*, p. 65.

This tender sentiment and spectacle, which affect Protestants deeply—"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!"—is lost upon too many callous Romanists, with whom it is an every night's form; the spiritual is merged in the mechanical, and the Tagliacotians comply, indeed, but vote it sheer loss of time, as aldermen do the saying grace before mayor's dinners. Accordingly, ere the last echoes of prayer die away in the mellow distance—

"Crack—bounce—whizz!—the scene was changed in a twinkling by the flash and explosion of all kinds of fireworks; rockets flying hither and thither; serpents rushing and fizzing all around the colonnades; and that which should have been a fountain blazing away in streams of fire.

"Again a movement—and the point of interest is changed; a long line of people is bending towards the theatre, and threading with difficulty the groups of peasants already composing themselves to sleep. As soon as our party arrived the performance began; and great fun we had between the acts of the opera in laughing at the strange dresses of some of the personages from neighboring towns, who displayed fashions unchanged, said the Tagliacozzesi, since the last century's *festa*. One charming old lady, with a rose-colored satin bonnet at least four feet in diameter, with a blue and yellow fan to match, was the delight of the whole audience. It was past midnight ere we returned by bright moonlight through the quiet *piazza*, thronged with the same multitudes of peasants, who had been unable to find shelter in the overfilled accommodation of the town *Locande* and *Osterie*, and now lay buried in sleep. Many of the groups of mothers and families, with the broken silver rays falling on them through the Gothic arches of the little temple, were picturesque and touching beyond description. To all these events, add a very merry supper, and a late going to repose: and such was the routine of three days—the varieties of processions, visits to adjacent villas, &c., excepted. Annoyed as I had been with the prospect of such waste of time, I confess to having been pretty well reconciled to it by the kindness and amiable disposition of every one with whom I was brought in contact, and the unbroken cheerfulness with which every moment was filled up."—*Ibid.*, p. 66.

Not an unpleasant life this, in the Abruzzi, which the Mrs. Ratcliffe school peoples with bears and bandits. It must be admitted, that accommodations for man and beast at the public inn fall short of these private hospitalities; they are fitter for the aforesaid bipeds and quadrupeds than Christian Englishmen, whose habits and wants are accordingly set down to mental unsoundness by the compassionating natives. Compare the Casa Mastroddi with the hostelry of Isola:—

"An old woman, Donna Lionora, (who, like many I had observed in the course of the day, was a goîtreuse,) cooked me some beans and a roast fowl; but the habitation was so dirty and wretched that one had need to have had a long journey to provoke any appetite. While I was sitting near the chimney, (it had the additional charm of being a very smoky one,) I was startled by the entrance of several large pigs, who passed, very much at their ease, through the kitchen, if so it were called, and walked into the apartment beyond, destined for my sleeping-room. *Sapete che ci sono entrati i porchi?*—Do you know that the pigs have got in? said I to the amiable Lionora. *Ci vanno a dormire*—They are going to bed, quoth she, nowise moved at the intelligence. They sha'n't sleep there while I am in the house, thought I; so I routed them out with small ceremony, and thereby gave great cause for amazement to the whole of the family. *E matto* (he is mad) suggested some of the villagers *sotto voce;*—*Lo sono tutti, tutti, tutti*, (so they are all, all, all,) responded an old man, with an air of wisdom—*Tutti gli Inglesi sono matti*—an assertion he proved on the ground that the only Englishman who had ever been known to visit Isola (several years previously) had committed four frightful extravagancies, any one of which was sufficient to

deprive him of all claim to rationality—viz., he frequently drank water instead of wine; he more than once paid more money for an article than it was worth; he persisted in walking, even when he had hired a horse; and he always washed himself—*si, anche due volte la giornata*—(yes, even twice a day:)—the relation of which climax of absurdity was received with looks of incredulity and pity by his audience."—*Ibid.*, p. 109.

Mr. Lear soon washes his hands of these pigs and peasants. Doleful inconveniences of bad fare and strange bed-fellows have plagued tourists in these parts since the days of Horace, and, we dare swear, long before; the remedy continuing also unchanged; and all prudent wayfarers will, like him, request some Muræna to furnish lodgings and some Capito a cook. Such was, after a little experience, the wrinkle adopted by Mr. Lear. He had plenty of letters with him, and whenever the great man of a place was at home, he seems to have been courteously received and very decently dieted. To be sure, it was not often that he found the *cuisine* so entirely to his mind as he did at Antrodoco. There, frightened by the larderless *locanda*, and "that speckly appearance of the walls, which denotes to the initiated certain entomological visitors, politely called B flats and F sharps," he plucked up courage to send some credentials to no less a personage than the Intendente of the Abruzzo Secondo Ulteriore himself, whose palace overlooked the dirty town; and the result was an invitation to supper from the said governor, to wit, Prince Giardinelli, a "lively little man of friendly manners, who spoke English:"—

"Near him was a sweet little girl, his only child, about ten years of age; and about the room were various *uffiziali* attached to his suite, and sundry *personaggi* of the town, who were paying their evening devoirs. These by degrees subsided, and we were left with the governor and Donna Caterina, who, after a long hour, in which I was more than half asleep, took us into a room, where there was a table, plate, and covers; and what did we see when those covers were removed!—a positive plain English-looking roast leg of mutton, in all its simplicity and good odor; and two dishes, one of simple mealy boiled potatoes and the other ditto baked; add to this a bottle of excellent champagne, and imagine our feelings. The secret of these amazing luxuries was that the prince and his cook had both been in England. Nor, when all this was discussed, had we anything more to do with the vile inn; our *roba* had been taken to the comfortable private house of a Don Luigi Mozzetti, whither we proceeded to sleep."—Vol. i., p. 49.

Noctes cœnæque deûm! Such blissful nights, such suppers, sweet in simplicity as three per cents, are fleshly comforts unknown to those who stay at home, racked on too easy couch and sated with saddles of mutton; they, to be relished, must be earned, as in cognate Spain, by long rides over hungry hills, where the plagues of Egypt are fixtures in beds, and war perpetual is claimed at boards against knives and forks; where the evil one either denies meats or sends Canidias to blast them with saffron, red peppers, garlic, and condiments from his own satanic cruets. The peasantry of these regions seem to be diametrically opposed in their notions of luxury to friend Paddy, who prefers a potato to a pork-chop, not to mention cormorant soup; and rather than eat turbots in a famine, sees them carted out by the hundred for manure to the fields. In the immediate neighborhood of Prince Giardinelli's laudable *ménage*, Mr. Lear encountered a rustic carrying a dead fox. "It is delightful food," said he, "*cibo squisito*, either boiled or roast." Said Lear, "I wish you joy." The travelled prince's new inventions puzzle the vulpicides, who, ever since the establishment of an iron foundry and a mill for obtaining sugar from "the tuber," invariably put this question to every stranger—"Are you one of those who extract sugar from iron, or iron from potatoes?" Much of this confusion of ideas, chemical and culinary, is attributable, we fear, to his deceased holiness, who prohibited in his own states, and elsewhere discountenanced, rails, journals, and periodical meetings of peripatetic philosophers. The natives, fine raw material for naturalists, if duly encouraged, would doubtless produce papers worthy to be read, not merely after plain mutton and mashed potatoes, but as a *chasse* to the turtle and punch by which our great British Association are so regularly inspired. In proof of such capabilities, the important discovery of a friend of Mrs. Fanny's may be cited. This rising zoologist "caught a number of tarantulas, and confined them in a tumbler together; their first movement was to construct within that narrow space each a sort of fortress of its own, from which sallying forth, they immediately fell upon, and with incredible fury and rapidity devoured each other—the conquerors increasing in size as the process of victory and cannibalism proceeded, until there remained at the bottom of the glass one huge hideous creature, the universal conqueror, whose bloated body had become the sepulchre of his enemies as fast as he demolished them."—*F. Kemble*, vol. i., p. 50.) Amiable animalculæ; and henceforward to be classed by our Broderips among the genera Robespierre and Bonaparte, not Terpsichore.

The contrast in bearing and forbearing between Mr. Lear, a real invalid, and our rude-healthed Fanny, is remarkable: his temper flows unruffled, even by the "small deer;"—where she is petulant and put out with everything and everybody, he takes men, women, gentle and simple, as they come, making the best of the worst, and just doing in Rome and out of Rome as the Romans do. It must be added that his travelling "indispensables," artistic as well as social, were undeniable; he could discourse eloquent Italian, sing Scotch songs, strum Spanish guitars, and, what is better, had an English heart in its right place. He could and would listen to landed proprietors' yarns, without yawns, although the Thames Tunnel were *passim* the twice-told tale of the Abruzzi squirearchy; and considering the sums of public money which have been buried never to fructify in that colossal boring,

it surprised us much that it should be productive of the smallest interest of any kind anywhere. Furnished with such powers of face, Mr. Lear needed no costly passport of Downing street; which, as we shall presently see, does not always answer. Welcome everywhere as rent, and admitted behind the curtain, his eye has been quick to mark, and his hand busy to realize strange scenes of nature and society. Thanks to him, we are at home among places and people which, although within a few days' journey of Rome and Naples, were scarcely better known than the country and best resident families near Timbuctoo. An unaffected modesty beams out, whether he draws or writes. There is no attempt at elaborate pictures with the pen; a few pithy expressions suffice to let off his artistic enthusiasm; but on them is the smell of the field, not of Cheapside gas. He will probably think it a doubtful compliment when we say that we have sometimes been inclined to like him even better as an author than as an artist. Prepared by annual experience of the stereotyped stuff of illustrated books, we began by only looking at his engravings; but by and bye, from an accidental glance at a sentence or two, we found ourselves tempted on—and so on, until we read the entire letter-press—to be well repaid by much new observation, nice marking of manners, genuine relish for nature, and quiet dramatic humor. On the whole we are left with a conviction that, in spite of all Mrs. Fanny's sweeping charges, the domestic affections are in a very healthy state;—perhaps, indeed, English people may see cause to blush slightly at some of the incidental traits—of filial and fraternal cordiality and liberality especially. A most delightful octavo for any well-cushioned boudoir or britchca might be extracted from these bulky tomes, were all the extraneous matter cut out, that has cost author and us the most pains, and on which he sets the highest estimation; for, ignorant of the value of his own diamond, he has overlaid its sparkle with husks, historical, topographical, and so forth, quoted from older and outlandish folios, with the best-meant motive of disarming learned critics like ourselves, who are supposed by the unlearned to doat on books of whose dulness worms die. Two mortal pages are filled with the names and titles only of the Dry-as-dust compilers thus forced on the unthankful.

Deferential to Dunciad authors, Mr. Lear has better appreciated his own attainments as an artist; and we regret that we cannot make any specimens of his pencil speak, like the literary extracts, for themselves. There is no mistake in their originality, or in the lively interest which the impressions of individual mind and local identity must ever convey. With the Abruzzi he makes us feel ourselves as familiar as if we had paced every step with his mule—and here we have no help to his pencil but from his own pen. As to Rome, his eye is fully impregnated with the emphatic points of the city and its environs, where everything is so suggestive—where every field has its Livian battle, every hill its Horatian ode, every fountain its Egeria, into which we heartily wish every Niebuhr thrown. He has treated with clever but conscientious drawing the leading characteristics of the scenery, giving us well-selected specimens of each variety;—but, without disparagement to the artist's letter press, his fair colleague's poetical descriptions are, on the whole, his best *Roman* commentary. She revels in the luxuriant theme—and happily do her skill and his combine to set before us the forlorn Grand Campagna, where Melancholy broods, and the Eternal City sits, its queen and centre, moated by the silvery Mediterranean, and guarded by walls of purple mountain—fit frame for such a picture. Mr. Lear has well effected the delineation of far-stretching space and flatness by an infinite series of horizontal lines: in his engravings we behold the Campagna spread out like a tawny sea, and feel its solemn sentiment of antiquity, its uncultivated, uninhabited air, dreamy tranquillity, and Claude-like atmosphere of heat and haze. Cleverly his crayon carries us through ravines choked with vegetation, where creepers festoon crumbling temples whose creeds are extinct, and hide the wrinkles of time with the repairs of tender spring. Now we climb slopes spread with a cloak of flowers, and chequered with lights and shadows, as the sun and clouds play at hide-and-seek; while long-horned cattle drink with patient eye from some fountain that drops its diamonds in the bright day-beam. Anon we wander through gullies and gorges, from whose rocks vines suck nectar, while emerald swards wind like rivers between. On every sunlit hillock its time-colored tomb or ruined tower cuts the blue sky, a landmark and sentinel, where, like meaner insects in deserted shells, shaggy peasants, of coal-black eye and hair, bask and beg. Turning a leaf, we penetrate through spicy groves of ilex, umbrella-headed pines, and dark solid cypresses,

"Which pierce with graceful spire the limpid air,"

into leafy retreats of the cool Algidus, where Dian's sandals might shine and her quiver rustle, where water supplants fire, and volcanic craters furnish lakes, clear and deep-set as Albano maiden's eye, baths and looking-glasses for Naiads. High above, on peaks and pinnacles, are bandit-looking hamlets, which nestle and crouch about feudal castles, whose frowning Poussinesque masses contrast with the light and color around. Gaze on, but enter not these sketcher-charming abodes of sloth and pauperism. Into what bosoms of beauty does not the pure love of nature entice an enthusiast like this!—what pearls are revealed to the educated eye, which, passed over and thrown away upon the herd, the power of drawing enables him to seize and fix forever! But descriptions of pictures are almost as unsatisfactory as the catalogues of auctioneers or royal academicians. Only one word more on parting with Mr. Lear's charming portfolio. We could wish that he were more resolute in color, and less afraid of light. His effects are sometimes too flat and dun for the skies of Italy—fitter for children of the mist than

those of the sun; his lights, scanty as they are, seem frequently spotty, and his touch timid, wanting in masculine force and daring—we might say too gentleman-like.

It is impossible to close his volumes without being struck with the close parallel presented by life and manners in the Abruzzi and in Spain, whose dominion this Italian Eden enjoyed or endured during many centuries, and whose moral impression, stamped on a country cognate in latitude and religion, is deep and lasting. We confess to having been constantly transported from the Apennines to the Alpujarras; in perusing his journal of methodless, roadless rambles, we retravelled the *dehesas y despoblados*, the unpeopled wastes of Estremadura and Andalucia. Heaven and earth, man, his ways and works are alike; the same "lapis lazuli curtain" hangs over warm fertile valleys, hemmed in by cold barren sierras where the goat is way-warden, and bridgeless water-courses, which, when torrents, stop all traffic—when dry, are the makeshifts for roads. The same mechanical and agricultural antediluvianism—the same wretched, scratching, childish cultivation, confined to the vicinity of musty villages, into which the peasants, far from what they call their labor, herd for mutual protection; the same leagues of fat lands abandoned to aromatic underwood, the home of wild birds and beasts—at best the appanage of wandering sheep—a system fatal to good husbandry. Every high place has its saint, image, miracle, pilgrimage. No less analogous are the hamlets and cities; their common character is silence, the worst sign a town can have. Bore unspeakable reigns the genius loci; there is the same look of being in chancery—the same ghost of departed disproportionate magnificence in church and palace mocking present poverty. Pass the threshold of the hovel, and every sense becomes an inlet of pain—everything is wanting to elevate man above the condition of his *porchi*. Sad enough it is to witness, in a land where Nature would fain be so lavish of her kindness, such a wilderness of weeds, the rank growth of nothing but bad government. But climate is great in the chapter of compensation; the blessed sun gilds misery, and, where people live out of doors, furnishes fire, raiment, and lodging, stimulates the system and banishes blue-devils. Enter the vasty mansions of the great—we find the same dull, weary impress of a cumbrous, obsolete existence, amid faded tapestries, flapping portraits, and dry-rot; the same lack of life, business, and employment—the same utter absence of books and all other signs and symptoms of intellectual occupation. Nor is the analogy of the all-plundering, all-destroying, invading Gaul wanting; that European pest has in both fair lands left the mark of the beast on temple and tower—everywhere, from shattered roofless tenements, the bright light gleams through empty windows, as through sockets of ghastly skulls. Mix with the inmates in both countries—they are all dons or donnas—formal, punctilious, ceremonious—joying in pompous titles and puny decorations—local in loves and hatreds—leading a life of routine made up of mass and siesta, sauntering and twaddle—a dozing immemorial vegetation—the worship excepted of the great goddess of the south, *Dolce far niente*—the much-calumniated idleness of work-loving Britons. As one wanders through these kindred realms, and sees about the most magnificent regions of the globe abandoned to such helpless indolence, it requires some little effort to realize the fact that we tread on what have been the scenes of exalted heroism, energetic administration, refined civilization, and successful industry.

Among the endless coincidences—mendicancy not the least—which space prevents our detailing, a fear and suspicion of foreigners marks the official mind. The odious French machinery of passports, permits, and gendarmerie, is all in full vigor. The petty despotisms of the two cognate peninsulas alike tremble at the fear of change, and see in every curious stranger a spy, an apostle of reform and revolution; and the Dogberries rarely deviate into common sense. Mr. Lear recounts an adventure from which the melodious title of our *nuper idoneus* foreign secretary appears to be synonymous even in the wild Apennines with protocols of hot water—battle, murder, and sudden death. The anecdote may be quoted as a companion-picture to the effect produced by the magic name of *Balmerson*, when exhibited by Mr. Borrow to the ragged and liberal National Guard of Estremadura:

"Nothing particular happened in the walk, except being wet through by storms of rain; but at *Civita Ducale* a three parts drunken *carabiniere* prevented my entering, insisting on knowing my name, which I not only told him, but politely showed him my passport, which was one from the foreign-office, with Viscount Palmerston printed thereon in large letters, *Lear* being small and written. *Niente vero*, (a complete lie,) said the man of war, who seemed happy to be able to cavil *Voi non siete Lear, siete Palmerstoni!* (You are not Lear, you are Palmerstoni.) No, I am not, said I; my name is Lear. But the irascible official was not to be so easily checked; though, knowing the power of these worthies, I took care to mollify his anger as much as might be. *Quel ch' e scritto scritto e—dunque ecco qua scritto Palmerstoni—dunque siète Palmerstoni voi!*—(What is written is written; here Palmerstoni is written, and therefore Palmerstoni you are.) You great fool, I thought, but I made two bows, and said placidly, Take me to the *Sott'intendente*, my dear sir, as he knows me very well. *Peggio!*—said the angry man, *tu! incommodare l' eccellente Signor Sott'intendente!—vien, vien, subito ti tiro in carcere!*—(Worse still!—thou, forsooth!—worry, the excellent Lord Under governor for thee!—come, come: I shall instantly take thee to prison.) Some have greatness thrust upon them; in spite of all expostulation, Viscount Palmerston it was settled I should be. There was nothing to be done: so I was trotted ignominiously all down the High-street, the carabiniere shouting out to everybody at door and window, *Ho preso Palmerstoni!*—(I have bagged Palmerstoni.) Luckily the sub-governor was taking a walk, and met us, whereupon followed a scene of apologies to me, and snubbing for

the military, who retreated discomfited. So I reached Rieti by dark, instead of going to prison." —*Lear*, vol. i., p. 127.

Arch-Spanish this; but in spite of ventas and garlic, passports and Palmerstoni, there is bird-lime in these racy regions, which are quitted with regret and recollected with delight. Touching is Mr. Lear's farewell to scenes made for the painter, and peopled after all by the kind and hospitable; nor less graceful are the adieus of his pleasing but difficult-to-please colleague. The day before Mrs. Fanny departed, December 7th, was dark and gloomy—the rain incessant;—yet she knelt at the fountain of Trevi, and drank of its sweet waters—for those who so drink return, she had been told, to Rome—and she would carry that hope with her. May it be gratified—when the mind is more at ease, and the fascinating lady's temper less mutinous.

THE WEDDING DAY.

I AM married! I am married!
Weep, ye flirting maids of Cam;
The deed is done, the point is carried—
What a lucky dog I am!
What a pleasant dream my life is!
(Best of dreams, because 't is true!)
What a charming thing a wife is!
(I almost wish that I had *two!*)

Noble brow of thought and feeling—
Lips whence music breathes her spell—
Cheeks whose blushes are revealing
What that music dares not tell—
Eyes, in whose blue depths divine, oh
Purest spirits deign to lodge—
All these beauties now are mine, oh
Marriage is a splendid dodge!

I 'm so glad I fixed on Nancy!
Laura speaks so loud and quick;
Caroline quite took my fancy,
But her ankles are too thick;
Jane should be an hair's breadth shorter,
Helen is a size too small,
Rose I 'm sure drinks too much porter,
Fanny is too thin and tall.

They all loved me—how intensely
Maiden ladies only know—
Oh, I pity them immensely,
They have much to undergo!
Such devotion, such attention,
Whispers, blushes, smiles, and tears,
But 't is hardly fair to mention
All they do, poor little dears!

Nancy 's hit the proper medium,
(What the French call *juste milieu*,)
Who could feel a moment's tedium,
Sportive Nancy, when with you?—
Gentle, tender, soft, complying,
Yet not wanting intellect,
On my every glance relying,
Looking up with sweet respect.

How I wooed her, how I pressed her,
By one little word to bless,
On my bended knees addressed her,
Till the darling whispered "yes;"

Half a dozen men of fashion
All rejected for my sake;
To reward her soft compassion
What a husband I will make!

When she plays I 'll turn the leaves, and
When she works I 'll hold the skein,
Soothe her kindly if she grieves, and
If she laughs I 'll laugh again;
Read aloud in rainy weather,
Give her up the easy chair,
Never smoke when we 're together,
Nor at other women stare.

Every moment play the lover,
Let her have a female friend,
Never sleep when dinner 's over,
Make her presents without end,
Pay her bills when she requires it,
Fill her purse with joyful haste,
Cut my hair if she desires it,
(But I know she 's too much taste!)

Happy then, thrice happy we, love,
Thus to share so bright a fate;
Married life to us shall be, love,
One delightful *tête-à-tête!*
Turn we from the world's caressing,
From its pleasure, pomp, and pride,
To enjoy life's dearest blessing,
At our own beloved fireside!

Sharpe's Magazine.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—We see it stated that the widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush is still living, at the age of 90, in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Hon. Richard Rush, minister to France, and of Drs. James and William Rush, the first of whom is author of one of the most profound and original treatises ever published on the voice. The widow of Lewis Morris, we believe, still resides in the vicinity of New York; Mrs. Madison is in Washington; Mrs. Bradford, widow of the first and greatest attorney-general of the United States, is in Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of the brave and accomplished Gen. Schuyler, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and wife of the immortal statesman, we saw a few days since in Broadway. Here are five of the belles who graced the levees of the first president! What an interesting party, could they be reässembled!—*Lit. World.*

AT a court of common council held 29 October, the freedom of the city was presented to "his excellency James Brooke, Rajah of Sarāwak." The aldermen attended in their scarlet robes, and the common councilmen in their mazarine gowns; and the court was graced by the presence of a great number of ladies. Mr. Brooke having been sworn in as a citizen of London, the chamberlain made the usual complimentary address, in which he referred to the present event as the renewal of a union that formerly existed between the family from which Mr. Brooke is descended and the city; an ancestor of Mr. Brooke's filled the office of lord mayor in the reign of King Charles the Second. Mr. Brooke made an unpretending and modest reply. For himself he had little to say; he was conscious of good motives; he could not sing his own praises; but for the future he trusted that piracy in the Archipelago would be so crushed, that a small boat will be able to proceed in safety from one end to the other of the different islands.—*Spectator.*