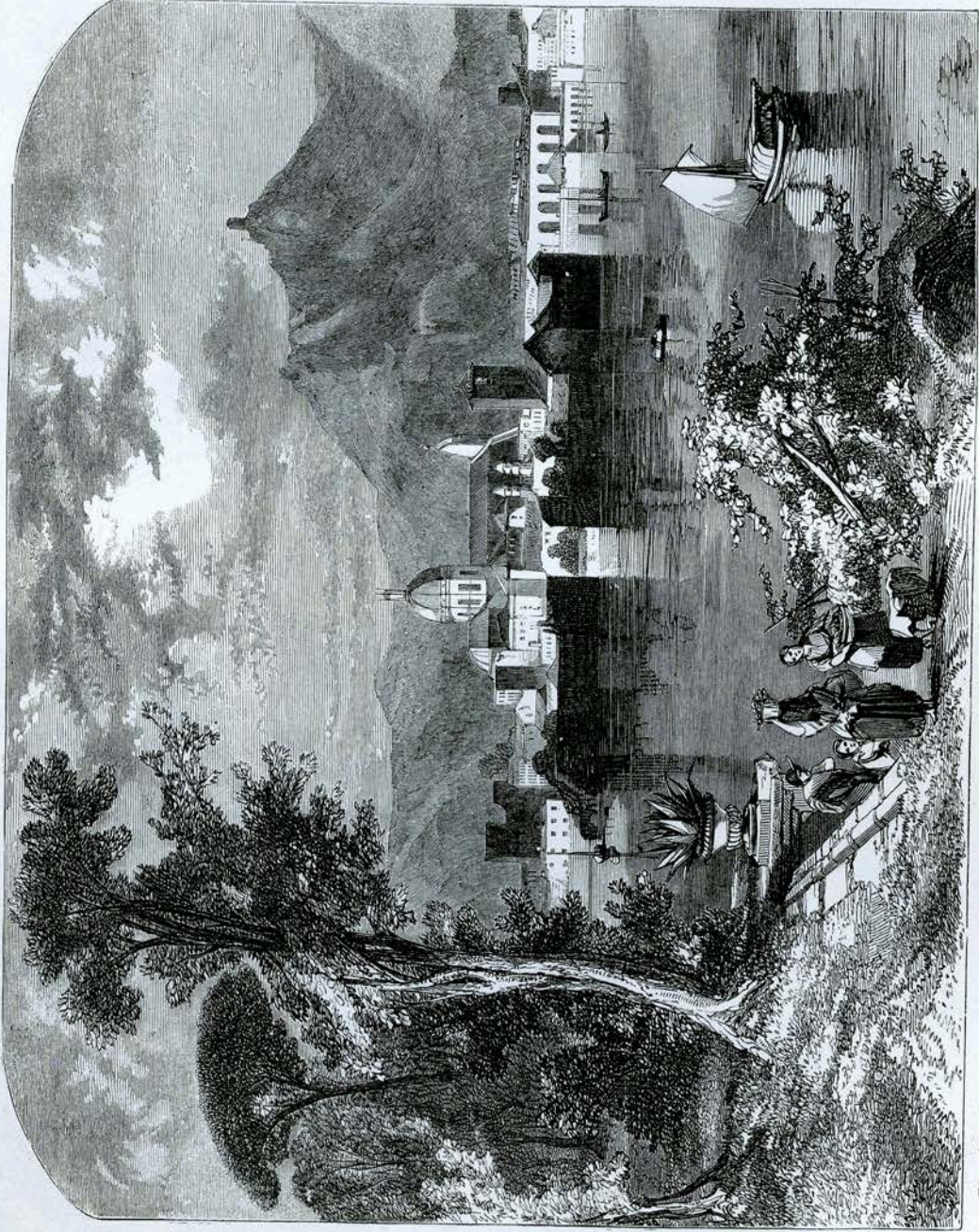


AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM ANTWERP TO ROME.



Drawn by T. B. Ayinger.

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nieholls.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM  
ANTWERP TO ROME.

## THE ITALIAN LAKES.

WHILE descending the beautiful shores of the Italian lakes, one of the first surprises which must take possession of the mind of any moderately enthusiastic artist is, that such scenery should have aroused no talent among its inhabitants equal to the task of its representation; that all should be left to foreigners; and certainly it is very remarkable that the Italian nation has produced so few landscape-painters of any consideration, while the most distinguished in other countries have achieved their noblest triumphs by painting Italian scenery.

To celebrate the *actions* of illustrious men by pictorial representation is obviously a higher aim, and one more worthy the exercise of great talent, than merely giving the *scenery* in which those actions took place. But the admirers of inanimate nature are numerous, possess great intellectual attainments, and are quite equal to the most perfect enjoyment of every faithful delineation of those scenes in which they are accustomed to seek health and recreation; and now that Italy has asserted her superiority over all other countries in recording the highest class of incidents which ever happened on earth, and that the lapse of centuries has produced, not only no rival, but no imitator who could for a moment contend with her, might not her sons, who seem equally unable with foreigners to tread in the footsteps of their ancestors, turn their attention to a new branch of the art, and while administering to the tastes of a considerable circle of admirers, forget their political distresses in the hitherto unstudied beauties of the scenery which surrounds them?

A notion prevails in England that the art of landscape-painting is so easily acquired, as to be unworthy the attention of men of a high range of intellect; if we consider that of the thousands of our countrymen who annually cross the Alps, an enormous proportion are armed with a sketch-book, we might fairly conclude that the art is easily attained and that we are a nation of landscape-painters—perhaps we might be undeceived if we inspected the books on their return, but we certainly are when we examine the catalogue of the Royal Academy and count the names of those whose position is unquestionable as figure-painters, and then observe how much smaller a number among the landscape-painters we should be disposed to place in the same rank. The reviewers in periodical publications, are all ready to declare an exhibition “inferior,” when the landscapes predominate, but if those landscapes were of the highest class, or were even efforts beyond the merely pastoral, I doubt if this would be so. All writers upon the Italian masters are ready to speak in high praise of their landscapes,\* though they were for the most part merely accessories to the figure-subject in the foreground; with them this result is attributable rather to their exquisite sense of

\* The landscape portion to Titian's “Death of Peter Martyr,” is a particular instance of this desire to add another leaf to their laurels. Burnet, in his “Letters on Landscape-Painting,” gives an etching of these trees, page 32. Turner is said to have bestowed his praise upon the foliage (Pre-Raphaelitism, 46), and many other writers have equally borne testimony to this unusual instance of landscape in a historical subject. The landscape portion of the “Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple” is remarkable for the richness of the colouring, and perhaps shows more emphatically how Titian would have painted an entire landscape than the other more frequently quoted example. Both are now, I believe, in the Academy at Venice, the “Peter Martyr” having been moved from the church for which it was painted, since I saw it.

form and colour, than the motives that actuate ourselves, which are more readily traced to a thorough love of out-of-door life, than any particular appreciation of artistic excellence in its representation. The question

as regards the ancients also, has been well considered by Mr. Howitt,† and their indifference to landscape-painting is by him assigned to their habits and tastes not leading them, as ours do, into that close intimacy with



PREDORA.—LAKE OF ISEA.

inanimate nature, which results in its description by both poets and painters. Mr. Twining ‡ considers that they had no landscape-painter at all, “nor any word in the Greek or Roman language appropriated to express exactly what we mean by a *prospect*.”

This last remark is certainly not applicable to the modern Italians, for wherever we go we find proofs of their sensibility to the general beauty of their lovely country. We need only recall the epithets applied to some of their cities, as “Genova la Superba,”



MALCESINA.—LAKE GARDA.

“Bella Napoli,” or the proverb “Vede Napoli è poi mori;” or the names of their houses, “Belloguardo,” “Bellavista,” “Belvedere,” &c.; a common peasant in the south of Sicily, at Chiaromonte, observing my admiration of the prospect from the

town, told me it was called “Il Balcone di Sicilia;” and in various ways we are prevented bringing such an accusation against

† “The Rural Life of England,” Vol. ii.

‡ “The Philosophy of Painting,” pp. 60, 61, quoting however from an edition of Aristotle by his relative.

them. Still in the interminable catalogue of the Italian masters, almost every landscape-painter of repute is a foreigner with an Italian soubriquet, as "Tempesta" for Mulier, born at Haarlem; "Orizonte" for Van Bloemen; "Enrico di Spagna," for Heinrich Vroom, who had merely made a journey to Spain. Gaspar Vanvitel, of Utrecht, was Italianised into "Vanvitelli," and the Flemish brothers, Matthew and Paul Brill, become "gli Brilli." Yet whatever the Italians and these men did learn of landscape was from Titian, for before his time, as Lanzi says, they knew as little how to paint a landscape to their figure, as Phidias is said to have done of a throne for his god, when he had completed the figure.\* Annibal Carracci gleaned his knowledge from Titian and Paul Brill, thus laying the foundation for Poussin and Claude Lorraine.† We find two landscapes also by Domenichino in the Doria Palace at Rome; and Leonardo da Vinci, who studied everything, is said to have given his attention to landscape-painting, and imparted his knowledge to Gaspar Poussin, and so on. But when we go to see an Italian collection of pictures we find the room of landscapes filled with the works of such men as N. or G. Poussin, Vander Werf, Orizonte, Paul Brill, Breughel and Berghem—this in the Colonna palace at Rome; in the Doria palace we find large fresco, or tempera paintings by Gaspar Poussin (Dughet) with some of his best easel pictures; also pictures by Paul Brill, Both, Vanvitel, and Claude (his two most celebrated works); there are certainly some by Salvator Rosa, a veritable Italian landscape-painter, but even his reputation depends far more on his figure-painting.‡ In the Borghese collection it is the same, and indeed it is so with most other collections. We must therefore conclude either that they wholly disregarded that particular branch of their vocation, or, that from some peculiar mental organisation they were unable to attain any excellence in it. Nor are matters improving in the present age; and what is worse is, that a notion prevails both in Rome and Naples, that foreign artists degenerate after a lengthened residence there, which is wholly contrary to the experience of the fifteenth and sixteenth century. It is happily far otherwise with those of our own countrymen, who merely visit foreign lands and bring home studies for pictures to be painted on their return; and I believe a painter of perfectly English scenes, would find his powers of observation, even of them, much increased by a summer and autumn devoted to the study of Italian landscape. And nowhere could he so readily find every variety of subject in an easy ramble, as by a visit to the Italian lakes. They differ materially from the Swiss in almost every essential; they command equally fine views of Alpine scenery, while the lower range of mountains is clothed with vegetation. They have, too, in some instances at least, that great charm of lake scenery, islands, floating as it were, idly

"As a painted ship upon a painted ocean:"

and, more than all, every miniature bay or

\* Vol. ii. p. 227, Roscoe's translation. It is remarkable that Lanzi gives the name of but one Venetian who painted landscape as the *subject* of his picture, and he was probably an amateur, "a literary friend of Titian's, Geo. Maria Verdizzotti."

† Kugler's Handbook, by Sir C. Eastlake, 484.

‡ At the end of each epoch in the various schools of painting, Lanzi gives the name of several artists who were known as landscape, or marine, or architectural painters—known as *quadraluristi*; some merely decorating the walls in fresco or tempera, while others occasionally produced easel pictures. But scarcely one of these is known on this side the Alps; Pannini and Canaletto readily recur to the memory, but there we hesitate.

creek has its village and little fleet of rustic boats; every town or cluster of houses has a fort, or tower, or dome; and the interval between one town and another, is happily broken by villas of all proportions, while

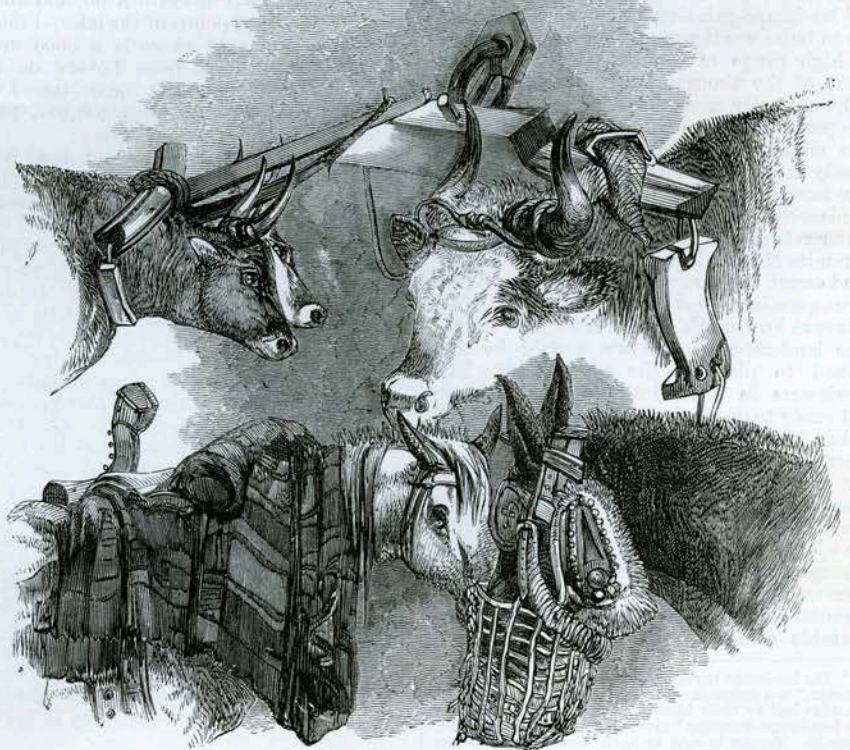
beautiful promontories, or headlands, crowned with buildings interspersed with the cypress, or pine, thrust themselves forward into the purple waters, which they dye with the reflection of their own varied hues.



BOATS OF THE ITALIAN LAKES.

The town of Como will probably be the first place in which most travellers become acquainted with the interior of a highly-decorated Italian church, made up of materials and designs of various ages and styles, containing many paintings, some

really good, others merely curious. The altar-piece by Luini, a native of Luino, on the shores of the Lago Maggiore, whence his name, is considered a very fine work. There are also two distemper pictures on canvas by him, which are mentioned in



CATTLE OF THE ITALIAN LAKES.

Kugler's hand-book, frescoes by C. Proccacini, and numerous other objects of interest.\* The Broletto, or town-hall, will introduce him to buildings constructed of

different-coloured marbles in layers, of which he will find plenty afterwards at Genoa and Pisa, and there is a good gateway to the little piazza, erected in honour (?) of a visit from Francis I. The views of the town from the lake itself are not so

\* Sir C. Eastlake's Edition, page 290.

good, as the walls of the little harbour shut out many of the best features. By ascending the hills on either side, you see over these;—there is a very pretty walk leading from the road to Lecco, by the Villa Pasta, to Pliniana, which commands fine views of the town and hills, with the tower of the Baradello behind it. The drive to Lecco by Erba is very beautiful; but the Lecco branch of the lake does not furnish such good points for drawing till you get to Varenna, where you have both reaches and the promontory of Bellagio before you. The mountains behind Lecco, however, have fine forms.

Beautiful as the Lake of Como undoubtedly is, many prefer the scenery at the head of the Lago Maggiore, myself being of the number. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the views from the hills behind Baveno; the mountains take every form you can possibly desire, from the isolated Monte Lavino, to the long chain of snowy Alps stretching far away to the north and east. To one who had never seen the islands in paintings, I could imagine they would convey a notion of enchantment; but long familiarity with the appearance of the "Isola Bella," materially disturbs our enjoyment of it when actually there. I strongly advise any one of an over-critical disposition not to land there, but to walk into the chestnut-woods behind Baveno, and look at it through the trees; he may become poetical in spite of prejudice. Murray has amusingly collected the different opinions of Simond, Matthews, Saussure and Brockedon on the merits of this beautiful "folly."—*Handbook to Switzerland*, p. 183.

From Baveno, is a very celebrated walk over the Monterone to the Lake of Orta, commanding a superb view of the Alps, and having a fine descent upon the lake, with the pretty island of St. Giulio lying under the opposite hills. For the lower part of Lago Maggiore, Arona is the best resting-place. The whole of this part of Italy is so intersected with beautiful routes, it would become tedious to enumerate them,—one can scarcely go wrong; but for views of Monte Rosa, from the valleys immediately adjacent, it will be necessary to leave the Lake of Orta for Varallo.

Varese and its lakes I think very disappointing, and except some of the chapels on the Monte Sacro, I drew nothing there. The view from the hill is exceedingly grand, and I saw it first under most favourable "skye influences," when I could see over the plain of Lombardy to the Maritime Alps. It is, however, a view for a panorama, and scarcely even that, and the lakes are in the plain. Lugano is beautiful, with more of the aspect of a Swiss lake about it; there is good forest scenery in the pass to it from Magadino, on the Lago Maggiore; and the chief point of beauty upon it is passed in the passage from Lugano to Porlezza, on your way to Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como.

To visit the remaining lakes of Iseo, Idro, and Garda, would materially extend the tour: they have, however, many points of great attraction. Lovere, at the head of the Lago Iseo, is beautifully situated, and the view up the Val Camonica towards the Stelvio, is singularly fine; a very similar view by the riva of the lake of Garda is destroyed by a mountain having, some time or other, rolled over and broken in three pieces, which choke up the entrance of the valley.\* A stream bursts from the heart of the mountain behind Lovere

through an opening large enough to admit a boat, and giving one or two fine falls in its course, turning several mills, joins the lake at the town of Bisogne. The little town of Predora stands delightfully at the bend of the lake towards Sarnico; it appears so out of the world and reach of contamination, I was dreadfully shocked to hear that out of a small population of 200, exactly 150 perished by cholera in 1836-37; Lovere escaped altogether. The island, Monte Isola, is too large for the lake; you lose all notion of its being an island: there is a smaller one, St. Paolo, the site of a convent, now occupied by a silk-grower's establishment, but it has no particular recommendation. Other small villages are dotted about this part of the lake; the small town of Iseo, whence the lake derives its name, possesses no very striking features either, but here small carriages may be procured to carry you to Brescia.

From Brescia I went to Saló on the Lake of Garda by way of reaching Vestone, the best resting-place for the Lake of Idro. The drive through the Val Sabbia is very fine; richly wooded hills, studded with castles, rise out of groves of walnut, of majestic growth. The village of Nozza is remarkable for the verdant scenery which surrounds it, while the river Chiese flows from the lake a full rich stream; an hour and a half's drive on its banks brings you to Vestone, where are to be found decent lodgings for a rambler. The walk hence to the lake takes you across a ravine where the Chiese comes foaming down a slope in the most brilliant manner, leaving the lake behind as calm and undisturbed as a mirror. The mountains appear to fall into it in rude and craggy masses, but still covered with verdure. On the left, one is surmounted by the fortress called Rocca d'Anfo, and about this are the finest points of the lake; I found when too late that there is a good cross road for pedestrians from Lovere on the Lago d'Iseo to Vestone, near the Lago d'Idro, which will save much hot and dusty travelling in country carriages.\*

The Lake of Garda is the high road from this part of Lombardy to the Tyrol, and by this time I presume there are daily steamers up and down: it was not so when I was there. A steamer passed up one day and down the next, and a boat with paddle-wheels—worked by six horses on deck, their task-master perched on a chair in the midst of them—supplied the service on the alternate days. Rough country boats are procurable at many points, and all have remarkable sterns and rudders, looking as if they were "stove in." On Como, there are many elegancies about the boats; the awnings are generally good and of different colours, the bows have some of the characteristics of Venetian boats, and the sails are often decorated with painted garlands or Madonnas. The stormy character of the Garda, and the more warlike aspect of its buildings, put these frivolities out of countenance. The colour of the waters of the Garda is quite different to that of the other lakes, it resembles more the colour of the Bay of Naples—an intense French blue. Seen through the fortress at Peschiera, one is reminded of poor Müller's picture of the brass gun at Smyrna, with "the dark waters of the deep blue sea" glistening through the embrasure. Sermione at the S.E., Malcesina nearer the head of the lake, and then Ponale and Riva, are the

great points of attraction. The view of the valley beyond Riva, reaching to the Tyrolese Alps, is much impeded by the fall of a mountain ages ago; on the summit of a portion of this is built the fortress of Arco, whence there is a very grand view.

By the time we have arrived at the Lake of Garda we have become familiar with the beautiful gray cattle of Italy, which do the work of horses, fastened by various expedients to waggons and carts of all sorts. In the finer breeds we are charmed by their large gazelle-like eye and silken lashes, and the delicately formed nose and lip: more towards Central Italy we meet with richer colours in the darker portions of their skin, the jetty black stripe on the forehead, and the dark hue of the shoulders often being tinged with a rich tan colour, but the prevailing colour consists of shades of gray.

### THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

THE Conversazione on the 22nd of June was the formal inauguration of an institution, long contemplated, which bids fair to become one of the most important aids to general advancement of Art. Without it, the great amount of beautiful design and workmanship in architectural ornament generally, must have remained inadequately known even to professional men, and it had been often urged, that were there a place of deposit, however rude, casts could be accumulated at very trifling expense. It was obviously the duty of government to have attended to this, as well as to take means for the preservation of the remains of which this country is richly possessed. The important and increasing collection, so speedily got together in Canon Row, is therefore of very great value to architects, and for the education of artist-workmen. With the collection at the Crystal Palace, the Soane Museum, the Museum of the Department of Practical Art, and that formed for the works of the Houses of Parliament, the student will shortly have more in the way of details within his reach, than he could see by years of costly travel.

Threading our way through the least promising corner of the street, we came to a large timber building, and climbed the steps to a range of lofts, which, with little expense, but with some taste and practical skill, have been converted into an extensive gallery. The space is already nearly filled, and it is in contemplation to add to it by taking the ground story. We found the principal members of the profession, and a large number of others, and several ladies. Earl de Grey took the chair, and spoke with more than usual point and appropriateness.—The specimens which are being collected consist of sculpture, effigies, mouldings and ornaments, rubbings of sepulchral brasses, tracings of stained glass and mural paintings, pavement tiles, metal-work, and seals. Original objects are very properly considered as rightly to be preserved in the buildings where they were first placed, unless the Museum would conduce to preservation. The Ecclesiological Society have contributed their books and specimens; and casts from the well-known gates at Florence are amongst the obvious essential objects in such a collection, which are not wanting. Various other additions to the Museum will, it is confidently expected, be made from time to time, in order to render it complete.

A class of students meets on three evenings in the week for the study of architectural carving, decorative painting, metal-work, and other matters; and it is intended to open the Museum on the other evenings, to enable workmen to inspect it. Arrangements are also in progress for lectures. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. C. Bruce Allen, the curator, to whose assiduity the serious undertaking of the present institution is due, and to Mr. George G. Scott, to whom the success of the arrangements is greatly to be attributed.

\* Kugler mentions, "Handbook of Painting," edited by Sir C. Eastlake, pg. 220, that even here there has been an Art-Institution established by Count Tadini.

\* It may be as well to say of these lakes—Iseo and Idro—that beautiful as they are, they are more properly objects of interest to the rambler than the artist: they are deficient in incident.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM ANTWERP TO ROME.



Drawn by T. B. Aylmer.

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

TURIN, FROM THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM  
ANTWERP TO ROME.

NORTHERN ITALY.

DURING the last century "the beaten track" to Italy lay over Mount Cenis, where the road was constantly almost impassable, and always attended with difficulties trying alike to the temper and the purse. Horace Walpole and his companion Gray had "twelve men and nine mules" to carry them across, and the presence of such a host of bipeds and quadrupeds could not scare a hungry wolf from making a sudden and successful dash at his pet spaniel, and carrying it off for a meal. The military necessities of the beginning of this century, which must for ever stand conspicuous for road-making, left us at least the consolation of passing the Alps in various directions, with the simple condition of choosing a reasonable season of the year, and then

abandoning ourselves to the uninterrupted enjoyment of the *grandeurs* of nature; and as this is the principal object with so many of us, the usual consideration in the selection of the "pass," is its greater beauty. On this account, Mount Cenis has for many years been much neglected by the general run of travellers, and with the pass, the city at its foot: for we shall find at least a hundred of our countrymen who have visited Milan, to one who knows anything of Turin. And yet the want of beauty assigned to Mount Cenis can be only relative, for at the foot of the mountain on either side, whether of Savoy or Piedmont, there are points of considerable beauty, affording plenty of occupation to the sketcher. On the one side, Lans-le-bourg and the valley of the Arc is replete with a desolate grandeur, reminding one of the views in Norway; while Susa, on the other, plunges you at once "*in medias res*," for in the centre of a range of mountains of the

leaving the city. I have before remarked that I am one of those who place the attractions of Turin very high in the list of inducements to cross the Alps; I know nothing of it as a permanent residence: in the winter I believe it is very wet and very cold; but for the sort of stay most artists make in any locality in a "ramble," Turin and its neighbourhood offer many special attractions; as a resting-place after "roughing" it in the mountains or along the coast, where lodging and diet are worse, I know none more desirable. There is a clean, quiet, well-to-do air of repose about the place, an easy access to the galleries and churches, and such charming peeps at the mountains at the end of every rectangular division of the streets, reminding you of the fatigues you have endured (without regret,) which give a very pleasurable tone to one's sensations of existence in this place, beyond many others of greater general repute.

The calamities of war, however, have fallen heavily on Turin in all ages, and with such destructive results, that every trace of its ancient origin has disappeared; what remains of its mediæval buildings is confined to two towers forming part of the Palazzo Madama. There is, therefore, nothing in the way of street scenery for the painter, whatever there may be for the architect. The cleanliness and good order, the absence of suburbs and their inhabitant beggars, the rectilinear arrangement of the streets, all adding very much to the comfort of one's existence, are not conducive to replenishing one's portfolio. To the artist, the collection of pictures in the Palazzo Madama, always accessible, will be one of the first attractions, for although of comparatively recent formation, it contains many admirable pictures, and of every school; as, if I say the two most to be remembered are, a grand scene by Paul Veronese, and the head of a Jew rabbi by Rembrandt—indeed the collection is very rich in pictures of the Dutch school—will be sufficiently evident. There is also the same painful activity in multiplying copies of them as in other Italian galleries, but without those solicitations to purchase which are so distressing in Naples. Close by is a grand collection of armour, much of it equestrian, and set off with great care on very tolerable wooden horses; the king had given a fancy-dress ball in the gallery just before I saw it: it must have had a remarkable effect. There is a copy of Marochetti's horse from the statue of Emanuel Filibert, in the Piazza San Carlo, among them, and some arms, said to have been the work of Emanuel himself. Marochetti's statue is certainly a noble production, and I wish the "Cœur de Lion" were at all comparable with it, as there is a prospect of its being erected in England.\* The churches possess



BRESCIA.

sublimest proportions there is planted a miniature capital of the middle ages\* on the ruins of a Roman city, of which period there is still an arch of triumph, rising beautifully above the surrounding buildings; these, insignificant and even mean in themselves, acquire an interest in the eyes of the untravelled stranger from the pains which have been taken to decorate them with frescoes, which, rude as they are, prove a love of Art inherent in the natures of a people who have lost all excellence in its practice. The effect upon most minds produced by the first sight of a Roman arch of triumph is not easily forgotten, based though it may be upon one's schoolboy recollections: and he who sees one for the first time at Susa, will still see one surrounded by the noblest adjuncts, though wholly different from those in the Roman forum, where I first beheld one. The

details of the *relievi* are very bad indeed, and are presumed to have been executed by the untaught natives of the place, under the direction of their then sovereign, Julius Cottius, in honour of Augustus, to whom he had become subject: but at a distance to lose them, and retain the *ensemble* of the structure, the whole scene is surprisingly grand: so that, if true, the notion of transplanting it from the scene of its associations to Turin, is far more barbarous than carrying off the Apollo from the museum of the Vatican to the museum of the Louvre. Several excursions on the mountains here are highly spoken of, particularly that to the old convent of "San Michele," but I have no personal knowledge of any of them.

In descending from the gorge in which Susa is placed to the plains which surround Turin, the views are enchanting, and the long drive on level ground through a highly cultivated country is passed with more gratification when approaching than when

\* Susa was the capital of Piedmont under its Marquises.

\* I have been induced to modify my remarks upon Marochetti's statue of Richard I. since they were originally committed to paper, as there has been set on foot a subscription for casting it in bronze. The proposition that it shall remain as a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851 will not, I conceive, be accepted; there is not, probably, much doubt that it will be cast, either in bronze, or in zinc, bronzed afterwards, as in the case of Kiss's "Amazon," particularly as the Baron has so handsomely offered to forego all idea of remuneration for himself, and as the list of subscribers contains the names of so many illustrious, not for their rank alone, but equally for their taste and knowledge of Art. Yet at present no one has authoritatively interfered to point out the numerous anachronisms in the costume of the figure; that the sword was one of the present century everybody saw; the crown, too, seemed objectionable, even to those not well informed in such matters; but it was accepted as a sketch, and it is to be hoped it may still be considered as one, open to many corrections; and authority for these are easily found, as there are two seal effigies of Richard in existence—one before he went to Palestine, and one after his return; of one of these I possess a drawing, which was copied from the seal to a deed in the possession of the

various attractions, particularly if seen when entering Italy, but many have wanted funds for their completion, and have painted architectural decorations instead of marble. About five miles from the city rises a hill surmounted by a votive church, used as a mausoleum for the royal family; it is visible for an immense distance, and from every point, so that one is seized with an uncontrollable desire to visit it; it is worth visiting for the view from it, but there are no materials for a picture.

Travelling in Lombardy implies travelling in a carriage of some sort; the long, straight, flat roads interrupt all the sentiment of rambling; you are conveyed from point to point, and, but that the Alps are always in sight, it would be dull enough. From Turin to Milan, unless you stay at Vercelli and Novara to see the works of L. da Vinci's pupils, Gaudenzio Ferrari and Bernardino Lanini, in the churches there, and the churches themselves; or care for rambling merely, in sight of Monte Rosa, you will probably complete your journey as quickly as possible. With the very considerable exception of the Alps, out-of-door nature here is more interesting to agriculturists than artists.

Unless recent events have cast their blighting influence over unfortunate Milan too heavily to be transient, it may have become once more, as it was when I was there, the most visibly prosperous city in Italy; you saw it in everything, but more particularly in the general bearing of the people in the streets; they did not appear so oppressively idle and dirty as in the generality of Italian cities, and there was an air of greater energy in the step of the higher class of promenaders in the Strada Orientale, or by the Arco della Pace, than one meets in the Cascine at Florence, or on the Pincian Hill at Rome. There is more activity apparent in the streets than in Turin, in part to be accounted for by its being a place of greater resort by foreigners; there are many more and much larger hotels, and every day witnessed the arrival and departure of more visitors than probably find their way to Turin in twelve months. With scarcely an exception, its attractions date no farther back than the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; there are very few remains of its Roman history; wars and insurrections have done that for Northern Italy which convulsions of Nature have effected in the south. The gates, both ancient and mediæval, have been destroyed, but some ancient Corinthian columns still

Dean and Chapter of Westminster, (for which, and the confirmation of my objections to this statue, I am indebted to a friend who is singularly well informed on the subject of ancient costume and armour;) and I think it likely that Scott may have seen them, as I find, on referring to his portrait of Richard, as given in "The Talisman," that it nearly resembles the drawing now before me, in all essentials as regards the rider, but he loads the horse with armour, whereas, in the drawing, the horse is quite unprotected. But the "triangular shield," the "long, broad, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross," instead of one more like the rapier of a court-dress, (with a cruciform handle, however,) are there; the helmet, which Scott describes as of "barred steel," is, in the drawing, conical-shaped, and encircled by two crowns; but the "hood and collar of mail, which was drawn round the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece," are there. The later seal has the cylindrical helmet, with the *ventail* protecting the face, and something like a crest round the top, which Sir S. Meyrick thought was meant to represent broom (*Planta genista*). When Marochetti designed his *capo d'opera* at Turin, he had within a stone's throw, the very armour his subject wore, and has been sufficiently faithful in the use he made of it. In the case of our own hero he had not the same advantages; but with sufficient inquiry he might have avoided such obvious anachronisms as he has committed, both in the sword and in the crown. The seal used before Richard went to Palestine may be found on a deed in the chapter-room at Winchester; and one or both are represented in the second volume of Meyrick's "Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour."

stand in the walls of the church of San Lorenzo. Of what building they originally formed a part is not agreed upon by the learned; they are dreadfully shattered and

burnt by a fire which destroyed the church formerly standing on the same site, and are altogether so circumstanced as to be unavailable for sketching. I conceive it will



VERONA.

be quite superfluous to say anything about the Duomo, or Cathedral; it is one of those superlative objects, which far exceeded all my own highly-wrought expectations; one even forgets the incongruous insertion of

Palladian windows in the intense admiration of its general beauty; I must not, however, forget to urge a visit to the roof, and ascent of the cupola, where the white pinnacles and statues will afford, by their contrast



BOLOGNA.

with the distance, a singular opportunity for the study of colour.

The next great attraction in Milan will be the wreck of Lionardo da Vinci's "Last

Supper," *Il Cenacolo*, as the Italians call it. This is painted on the wall of the refectory of the convent of *S. Maria delle Grazie*, which is altogether worth seeing. The

history of this picture is in itself a perfect romance in Art. No human hero of the most imaginative writer ever passed through a more eventful career. Every preparation was made to insure an easy and honourable existence for it, and yet every ill that pictures are heir to has befallen it, and what remains to us, grand and instructive as it may be, can at best be received as a patched and painted *rifacimento* of the original work. We often notice in Italy that in the hope of preserving the walls of houses from pollution the inmates paint a rude cross or other holy symbol to command respect and decency; but here is an instance of one of the most interesting works of Art, devoted to the representation of one of the most memorable events in our Saviour's life, painted for a building devoted to holy purposes, yet ill-used and neglected by those who should have been its first guardians. It is idle to abuse soldiers for want of sentiment in a matter to which men devoted to sentimental religious seclusion paid no attention. Were it even true that the soldiers practised target firing at Judas's head, the crime was venial in comparison with the iniquities of the monks themselves, who cut a doorway through our Saviour's limbs. The place itself was always ill-used and neglected; it was never wanted long for the same purpose, its uses alternating between peace and war. It was originally a barrack under Sforza I., then it became a residence for friars, till in 1464 the first stone was laid for a church which took thirty years to build! Then (1493) L. da Vinci began his picture and spent sixteen years upon it. After that Francis I. wanted to carry the wall bodily to Paris; who can say on reading its ultimate history that it was fortunate the art of removing frescoes from walls had not then been discovered to enable such a man as Francis to carry off this treasure from the monks? Having cut a doorway through the picture that they might serve their soup hotter, they whitewashed it afterwards to make the room lighter. Pictures must have gone dreadfully out of fashion in Italy about this time, and soon after the convent returned to its former uses, and once more became a barrack, and so remained for years. Lady Morgan "gets up" a good picture of the cloisters when she saw them. "In one place an artillery waggon was wheeled against a broken shrine; in another a group of soldiers laughed and sang as they smoked their pipes, seated on a prostrate crucifix; a tattered shirt hung to dry upon the flayed back of St. Bartholomew, and a musket leaning on the shoulder of a virgin, gave her the air of a sentinel on his post. In a word the *gens-d'armes* of his Imperial Majesty of Austria were placed here in quarters."\* Let us hope its value can never again be forgotten, for such as it is, "we ne'er shall look upon its like again." The frescoes in the church are, the best of them, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, the pupil of L. da Vinci, while others still more injured by decay, are by Bernardo Zenale, who is said to have assisted him when painting "the Last Supper."† San

Maurizio is another church to be seen, especially for the frescoes by Luini; then San Ambrogio, and some other churches are not to be forgotten even in the most hasty visit.

We now come to the great collection of pictures, which are hung, not arranged, in the rooms of the monastery or college of the Brera; the "Palazzo Brera," they call it at the hotels, but it is properly called the "Palazzo delle Scienze e delle Arti." The collection contains very many examples by painters whose names are almost unknown in England, besides some few of great excellence by L. da Vinci, Luini, Giorgione, P. Veronese, Guercino, &c. By Raffaele is the celebrated picture in his early manner, known as the "Sposalizio" or the Marriage of the Virgin. "Abraham dismissing Hagar," by Guercino, is the most popular picture, but a study for the head of our Saviour in crayons by L. da Vinci, for the "Last Supper," will be to many the object of greatest interest in the whole collection.

From Milan we naturally go to Venice by way of Verona; for our present purpose however, interrupted by the necessity of giving space to the London exhibitions in one month, and the Dublin great exhibition another, we must pass by a favourite haunt whether for working out of doors, or studying in the gallery, or palaces, or churches: we could not do justice to Venice and all it contains for every denomination of artist with less than one paper, so we must imagine that it is unfortunately in a state of siege with Radetzky's head-quarters in the Ducal palace, from which state may Heaven in its mercy defend it; the Austrians will not. Otherwise taking this route to Rome one contrives to include Bergamo, a town of much interest to the landscape painter. The views from the upper town towards Como, with Monte Rosa in the distance, are very grand. The Cathedral is good with a fine cupola, as is the Broglio or Town Hall, built upon arches. The church of Sta Maria Maggiore, close by this, has some early gothic work about it, which is interesting and picturesque, particularly the doorways in the "Piazza Vescovo." And on the return to the lower town, the Borgo, (the upper town being designated "La Città") the church of San Agostino, falling into decay by neglect, has many attractive features.

From Bergamo to Brescia, by Palazzuolo, or thence to Sarnico, for a visit to Lago Iseo, is a road increasing in interest, passing many towers and castles of feudal times. Brescia itself is well worthy a visit; the views from the hills are very interesting, and there are constant discoveries of Roman antiquities of more than average value; there are many varieties of architectural ornaments, and among them a capital of the Ionic order, with angular volutes, thus proving that idea to be much older than is usually supposed. There are some good pictures in the churches, painted generally about the middle of the sixteenth century: they are Venetian in character, but sometimes showing a preference for Raphael over Titian. There were several artists of repute born here, though their names are little known in England. Lanzi, (Vol. II., p. 180) however, speaks of "many dilettanti going out of their way to visit Brescia, solely for the works of Alessandro Bonvicino, commonly called 'Moretto of Brescia.'" He had a rival "Romanino," whose manner however is much bolder. Then Geronimo Savoldo (about 1540) was considered a rival of Titian himself: he was

efficiently expressive of villainy, but that now he thought he would introduce that of the Prior who so molested him "che maravigliosamente gli se confara."

a man of fortune, and made presents of his pictures to different churches as well as to private friends. In the church of St. Francesco and in the Cathedral, are pictures by Pietro Rosa, also highly esteemed; and many other names, I think, meet the English traveller's ears for the first time at Brescia.\* The churches generally are worth visiting: there is moreover a fine town-hall, the Palazzo della Loggia, with many interesting features. Many of the private houses are covered with frescoes, principally the works of Gambara; some are in tolerable preservation; and altogether, although the accommodation at hotels is, or was, very indifferent, Brescia is quite a place to spend some days in.

From Brescia the road passes through Desenzano and Peschiera, at the foot of the Lake of Garda, whence the mountain-views are very grand all the way to Verona, another city of remarkable interest to every artist. Its historical associations are endless, and the palpable remains are neither few nor inglorious; but I was mobbed to death in the streets when sketching, and left it certainly in ill-humour on my first visit. The birth-place of Paul Caliari should be a city of refuge to the humblest and latest of those who would follow any ramification of his own most glorious Art; but I suspect I might by possibility have been laughed at, had I appealed to his *manes* for protection, or what would have answered my purpose, "a dear stage, and no favour." There are two or three piazzas with good points, though the "Piazza delle Erbe," given in the illustration, is most attractive to the sketcher. The river scenery is nearly inaccessible, except below the town, as the buildings quite enclose it, but the bridges are picturesque. There are fine views from the hill above the town, "San Felice," but you are surrounded by fortifications, and though I was more fortunate here than in the town, "recent events" have probably made it difficult to ramble about here. (One Englishman was certainly arrested last year where I must have gone with impunity some years ago.) The amphitheatre will form a good preparative for the Colosseum and the different gates, and the Tombs of the Scaligers will afford plenty of occupation. The Cathedral and churches are filled with objects of interest, but as they are very numerous, they say about forty,† it will be necessary to make a selection; you need waste no time in drawing the tomb of "Juliet."

Vicenza is a sister city to Verona, and in some features resembles it: its attractions however are wholly architectural, and here, that means Palladian. The Piazza de' Signori is very grand, and is that feature we are most familiar with in drawings. Here stand two tall pillars with large capitals, rather *à propos* to nothing at all, such as are represented in so many Venetian views; the lion of St. Mark surmounted one of them, as at Venice: it was removed by the French, and has never been replaced.

Except that it is a dull drive of twenty miles, an excursion to Bassano would amply repay for the views of the Brenta, there, a fine mountain torrent dashing past the town, under a long-covered bridge. There are of course in the churches and in private collections several pictures by Bassano, that is, Jacopo da Ponte, and his sons. I went to see these with a very kind-hearted Bassanese gentleman who had been in England, and thought our examples of this school—for the father, his four sons, and their pupils really constitute a school—were not

\* The Brescian artists are classed in the Venetian School.

† Murray's Handbook.

\* "Italy," vol. i. p. 139.

† The notion of Zenale's assisting L. da Vinci in the painting may have arisen from a story related by Lomazzo as quoted in Lanzi (Vol. ii., p. 469, Bohn's edit.). "Vinci in his Supper had endued the countenance of both the saints Giacomo with so much beauty, that, despairing to make that of the Saviour more imposing, he went to advise with Bernardo Zenale, who to console him said, 'Leave the face of Christ unfinished as it is, as you will never be able to make it worthy of Christ among those apostles,' and this Leonardo did. There is a counterpart to this story in Vasari's life of him. The head of Judas also was left unfinished for a long time, of which the Prior complained to the Duke Sforza, which, provoking the ire of Lionardo, he said that hitherto he had vainly sought a countenance suf-



good ones, and that we should find better here: if this is so, they are not equal to many I had seen in Italy before arriving here. But I do not admire the school: it is I think chiefly interesting, as showing an Italian mind imbued with a Dutch taste.

The particular inducement I felt to visit Bassano was to reach Asolo and Passagno, the birthplace and, when not in Rome, the home of Canova. In the hope of beautifying his native place, he has only rendered its homeliness more apparent: he has built a rotunda, a church, on the model of the Pantheon in Rome, which, placed on the side of a wooded hill, is about as remarkable an instance of *mal à propos* as one need see; and the meanness of the village itself, with nothing in the adjacent scenery to harmonise with it, or keep it in countenance, makes it more and more conspicuous as an utter failure for the intended purpose. When standing on the flight of steps leading to this temple, you are enchanted with the views over the Euganean hills to Lombardy, but when you enter the building, you find a bald, unfinished church, with a bad altarpiece, said to be painted by Canova himself, and an indifferent bronze of a "Dead Christ" in plaster from his own design, which is very fine. One turns with impatience from this costly "folly," to his own villa with pleasure: it is the only decent house in the place, and has a large, vaulted room, built to contain the whole of the plaster-casts; many had the dotted measurements still upon them, from which the marble statues were worked: this is dignified by the name of *Gypso-theca*, a word which must surprise the natives as much as the collection would a stranger, who had not expected to find it in so out-of-the-way a corner of Italy, but to the admirer or student of sculpture it is at once interesting and instructive, and a grand monument of the first sculptor of his own time, or many antecedent centuries.

\* \* \* \* \*

The illustration of Bergamo is given as showing what quaint and odd points there may be about a city of even the most classical pretensions. The towers which lean so horribly here have no architectural beauty whatever, as is the case at Pisa, but are ugly brick excrescences, which may frighten, but can delight no one; whether they were so built originally, or whether the subsidence of the earth beneath them has brought them to their present position, is, I believe, still problematical: no one disputes their being hideous. These, however, are but blots in a city full of treasures, including one of the most interesting picture galleries in the world; a host of churches, not one of which would be passed by in many other cities; and numbers of the palaces of the nobility, which are highly interesting, and easily accessible to the stranger. Indeed, too many of them are thrown open in the hope of selling their contents; in the Palazzo Marescalchi the catalogue was priced, and, I believe, a vast many of the best pictures have been thus lost to the city. What belongs to the public is, however, of the highest class, and consists of works by the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and Guercino, with the Santa Cecilia of Raffaele, and a perfect catalogue of other works of great repute. The Piazzas are highly interesting in tombs, or monuments; in the Piazza Maggiore, or del Gigante, is an enormous fountain of bronze, with figures by John of Bologna, of which the "Neptune" is a triumph of Art, while the buildings which surround it have all, more or less, an architectural interest attached to them.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ART-UNION.**—The nineteenth Annual Meeting of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, has been held at Edinburgh. The prizes to be distributed among the subscribers, including Mr. Faed's drawings in illustration of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," engravings of which were to be also distributed, were hung behind and in front of the platform. The report stated that the amount of subscriptions received for the current year is 4,160*l.* being an increase over the last year's amount of 683*l.* The committee had purchased, for distribution, fifty paintings, some of a high class, and all of merit, at a cost of 1,302*l.* They had also purchased, for distribution, at a cost of eighty guineas, twenty-five statuettes of Sir Walter Scott in statuary porcelain, by Copeland, after the original marble by Mr. John Steel; and also an intaglio of Dante and Beatrice, by Mr. William Brodie, sculptor.

**CRYSTAL PALACE AT BIRMINGHAM.**—We rejoice to learn that the Great Exhibition of 1851 is again manifesting its influence. It is in contemplation to erect a Crystal Palace, on the plan of that at Sydenham, within about six miles of Birmingham. The project has originated with Mr. S. Beale, deputy chairman of the Midland Railway Company, and the structure is intended to be placed at Sutton Coldfield. A numerous and influential meeting of magistrates, merchants, and manufacturers of the borough, at which the mayor presided, has been held, when the proposal of Mr. Beale was fully discussed and unanimously approved. It was understood that if the project was adopted by the corporations of the two towns of Birmingham and Sutton Coldfield, the Midland Railway Company would, in all probability, construct a branch line from their station at Broomford-forge, and thus provide, at nominal rates, an easy and ready access from Birmingham to Sutton. It is calculated that a rate of a halfpenny in the pound would pay the outlay, and redeem the building in twenty years; but the general opinion is, that the receipts would be more than sufficient to pay the outlay and management within that period, to say nothing of the excellent moral effect it would in the meantime produce upon the neighbouring population.

**THERE IS TO BE AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT MUNICH IN 1854,** to which the various nations of the world will be invited to contribute; at least so we understand our Correspondent, who refers directly to the anticipated aid from Austria. It is not likely that England will "show" in the contest, but there can be no doubt that all Germany will aim to be present at the gathering. The occasion will be favourable for those who desire to visit the capital of Bavaria—the Art-Capital of Europe. The various collections, private and public, will be of course open to strangers (indeed the greater number of them are always so), and adequate preparations will be made for their due reception. The "Great King," Louis, will we trust and believe be present to participate in the triumph of the Art-City he has created.

**THE King of the Belgians** has conferred the Cross of the order of Leopold on Mr. Louis Haghe, the eminent painter in water-colours, by the hands of the Belgian consul in London, the Chevalier Octave Delepierre.

**GENUINE PICTURES BY LIVING ARTISTS.**—Every one cognisant of the London sale-rooms must know that the most eminent auctioneers who sell pictures do not scruple to place on their walls works that are bare-faced forgeries, leaving the public to judge of their authenticity, or to place reliance in default of such judgment on the names of the painters inserted in the catalogue. The grievance has long been felt and acknowledged. The London sale-rooms are literally swamped with works attributed to eminent men, who never saw the canvas thus polluted. We have long struggled in the pages of this *Journal* to point out the legal loophole practised at these auctions, the condition of sale which is always inserted—that "all lots are to be taken and paid for when knocked down, not-

withstanding any error of description." Error, indeed, is a mere word substituted for "false." It is therefore with unfeigned gratification we can announce (upon the authority of a correspondent on whose information we can rely) that a gentleman of high respectability in his profession, who has wisely seen his course, proposes on the commencement of the next London season, to commence a monthly course of sales by auction of pictures by living painters only—every one of which will be guaranteed to be truly the genuine performance of the artist to whom it will be attributed in the catalogue. The pictures offered for sale in these auctions will be either received from artists' themselves, or from professors wishing to dispose of them, who are of unquestionable respectability. In the latter case they will be called upon to enter into security to guarantee the genuineness of the pictures, to the entire satisfaction of purchasers. The foregoing proposition will shortly be extensively circulated, and the undertaking will merit the support of artists in the fullest extent, and prove a real benefit to Art by giving confidence to collectors.

**IMPROVED PROCESS OF ORNAMENTS GLASS, CHINA, AND CERAMIC MANUFACTURES GENERALLY.**—Mr. Ridgway, of Cauldon Place, Staffordshire, china-manufacturer, has patented a process for ornamenting the surfaces of ceramic manufactures by means of the electro-deposition of metals. As these articles are found of a non-conducting material, they are first coated with some porous glaze, or rubbed with a mixture of equal parts of sulphate of copper and plumbago. A coating of copper is next deposited by galvanic agency, and the article, after corrosion by hydro-fluoric acid, is cleaned, and finally coated with the metal required to effect the proposed ornamentation. If silver be the metal employed for that purpose, the surface of the article previously coated with copper, is immersed in a solution of nitrate of mercury before being placed in the silvering bath, whereby the after coating of silver is rendered more firmly adherent. Gold, platinum, and other metals may in like manner be deposited on the copper coating. The process of deposition is effected by means of a galvanic battery in the manner usually practised.

**FOUNTAINS** in London are very different things to those usually seen in continental cities. There they are artistic groups of sculpture, combined with beautiful bits of sculpture, and *jets d'eau* of graceful contour. Among ourselves, what they are had best be left to the generally expressed definition of most London visitors. The fountains in Trafalgar Square are bad enough, but there was one opposite Buckingham Palace which for deformity surpassed any other. It resembled a water-pipe set upward and driven through three tea-boards of unequal sizes. At last it has been removed, and a very pleasant and simple display of a group of jets bursting upward from rockwork has succeeded to it. This is well so far, and we hope the example may be followed elsewhere; and that if London is to have fountains, they may at least be inoffensive to the eye, something refreshing, not repulsive. A simple jet is better than any costly abortion.

**THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY** is a collection of books not generally familiar to literary men in London; it is however well worthy of their attention, inasmuch as it contains many books of exceeding rarity, peculiarly connected with metropolitan history, and therefore of general interest to denizens of London. The collection of works on ancient pageantry in the city is more perfect than that in any other library, except the Bodleian; it also possesses the rare original woodcut view of London in the reign of Elizabeth, by Agyas; an autograph of Shakspeare for which they paid 120*l.*; a singular collection of antiquies found in excavating at the Royal Exchange; and some curious pictures of ancient London. With great liberality the Library Committee have recently sent free tickets to literary men, requesting them to use the library at all times; an act of graceful courtesy which does the citizens great honour, and cannot fail to be generally useful to authors.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM ANTWERP TO ROME.



Drawn by T. B. Aylmer.

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

THE CASTLE OF SAYONA.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM  
ANTWERP TO ROME.

## THE ITALIAN COAST.

HAVING called attention to the merits of the various mountain entrances to Italy, it will make our "ramble" more complete if we remember that there are seasons in the year when these are almost, if not altogether, impassable, and that circumstances might occur which would render it desirable "to commence operations" before the Alps were open to the traveller. Such, indeed, was my own case, and a desire to meet the spring before it was to be found at home induced me to go from one side of France to the other, as quickly as possible, in the month of February, when out-of-door drawing is delightful enough in Italy, while the mere thought of it produces a shiver in England. By this route we fall in with the beauties of the coast scenery of Italy, and having had the advantage of seeing it myself in almost the entire reach from Nice in Piedmont to Reggio in Calabria, I can confidently recommend the sketcher to prepare his route to include as much as possible the shores of this most lovely country, as containing every feature that can add fascination to landscape-painting.

I am aware we are departing considerably from the "unities" of a "ramble from Antwerp to Rome" by imagining oneself at Nice; but, in addition to the possible necessity already suggested of a run through France, the run from Turin by the Tenda, to which reference was made in the number for May, is so completely "on the cards," and the subjects for the landscape painter are so materially increased, that we feel quite justified in introducing so delightful an episode.

The town of Nice itself is perfectly uninteresting to the artist, and the best thing within reach of it is the frontier division between France and Piedmont, the river Var, with the ragged old town of St. Laurent—a very good subject. On leaving Nice for Genoa, the first resting-place by Vetturino is Mentone, and this half-day's journey includes some subjects which would rather require two or three days,\* such as the little town and castle of Esa, and the promontory of St. Ospizio, the town and castle of Monaco, and the woods under Roccabruna. If this road is taken for sketching, therefore, some different arrangement must be made before starting; it is easy to make agreements about half days and so on. At Mentone there is a good inn, and just beyond is a most remarkable scene. The road winds up the hill from the town, which stands on the sea-shore, and in about a mile and a half it is thrown across a ravine by a bridge of a single arch; beneath this rushes a torrent from the summit of cliffs torn into all conceivable forms; one larger than the rest stands forward like a huge tower, frowning defiance to the blasts from the Mediterranean; while round its base and across the torrent, in many graceful curves, following the windings of the ravine, is built an aqueduct, in some parts with several tiers of arches; it is called the Pont St. Luvie.† There may be

\* The Vetturini occupy three days and a half, or even four days, to perform the journey to Genoa, always stopping two hours at midday to bait. They generally start at six or seven o'clock in the morning, halt from twelve till two, and arrive at their journey's end at about six in the evening.

† It is to be observed that the drivers often speak French altogether to foreigners, particularly if you are coming from the French frontier; from Genoa to Nice, on the contrary, they will possibly address you in Italian. As I first crossed this ravine on the route from Nice, I obtained the name in French, and as I

some difficulty in including in this détour a visit to the gigantic ruins of "La Turbia," which are adjacent to the common route, but between the two temptations there is no doubt about the choice; I very much question "La Turbia" ever making a good picture, from requiring the horizontal line to be so high; the scenery about it is blanched and sterile, and covered with half decom-

posed rocks, a blasted wilderness, though rising but a few feet above a level of the richest vegetation. Every effort is made to coax this higher up the mountain; you may see a few spadeful of mould terraced up with stones, and then planted; a cow or two, and a desolate-looking hovel, weather-beaten and wretched; but the line of confirmed sterility seems too strongly marked



MULE OF GENOA.

to be easily destroyed. From Mentone to San Remo the scenery continues to be very beautiful, passing through Ventimiglia on the height above the river Roija, over which is a long bridge of many arches, when the next best feature is the view of San Remo, at some distance from it; within, the town is dark and dirty; the houses are all joined

together by arches at the top, which makes walking about the streets something like rambling in a catacomb; but, after seeing towns of similar pretensions in southern Italy, one is much struck by the absence of arches as a common feature in the façade of the buildings all through this route. There is otherwise a great desire to embel-



CHIAVARI.

lish their houses according to the means at their disposal, and though the churches are rarely worth entering for their beauty, they always contain proofs of the good intentions of their congregations: as, when their

have never seen it in print, and am unfortunately ignorant of the existence of any such saint, I may make some mistake in saying it is called the "Pont St. Luvie."

poverty prevents their erecting a noble façade to them, their will induces them to paint a representation on the otherwise blank walls of what they would aspire to. There is a profusion of rude fresco, or, more properly, tempera painting, along the route, and some of the villas have rather outstepped a discreet taste in this particular. On one I observed the owner had inscribed

the maxim "*Fas est hic indulgere genio,*" upon the strength of which he had allowed his "genius" to run riot, and had "cockney-fied" his beautiful grounds to his heart's content. It is before arriving at San Remo that you come to the palm trees, which are here to be found in profusion, but looking rather like strangers to the scene. They are cultivated for the sake of the ceremonies and processions of "Palm Sunday," and some other church festivals. The Vetturini next halt at Oneglia, a half-day's journey, but it would be much better to stay at Porto Maurizio, which is a very fine point, and far better worth drawing from the west, where the great church on a terrace built on arches is a beautiful feature, and the mountains behind are grand; you lose them altogether by drawing from Oneglia, and the church merely rises above inferior buildings. There is a very pretty modern suspension-bridge between Porto Maurizio and Oneglia, and it looks, in such scenery, quite as exotic as the palm trees. There are good opportunities for sketching boats and feluccas at Oneglia, and at most of the towns between this and Genoa; the town itself is a better object when seen from some groups of pine on the road eastwards. The road hence often runs along the shore, and through flatter scenery, passing occasionally like a bye-path through olive woods, and then suddenly climbing a hill, as near Noli, runs through galleries as in the Alps. One of these forms a beautiful frame to the scenery beyond. Genoa becomes visible near here, but, before reaching it, Savona will furnish some good subjects. The castle is a fine object, and rich in varieties of local colour; the port has always plenty of Mediterranean craft, and about an hour's walk towards the east will bring you to the village of Albissola, whence the view of Savona as a picture is most beautiful; indeed, Savona is a rich field for the sketcher, and if he should be staying at Genoa, without the time to go the whole route to Nice, it is as well to know that there are several public conveyances daily to Savona. There are some pictures in the cathedral worth notice; at the same time the whole of this route depends for its attractions upon out-of-door scenery. The remainder of the road to Genoa is thickly studded with villas or villages during its whole length; at Cogaretto you are shown the house where Columbus was born (why not?) and one of its inhabitants rather vauntingly pointed to his name on the stern of a felucca I was drawing at the moment—then Voltri, and particularly Sestri, near to Genoa, afford excellent sketching.

Genoa is seen to the greatest advantage from the water, whence, with some features all its own, it has many of the characteristics of Naples; it is not anywhere a particularly good subject for painting; the principal features are too much scattered to compose well, so that all the best sketches contain merely portions, and even those rather of outlying objects than of the city itself. It is nevertheless rich in attractions to the artist from the water's edge to the ramparts. A busy harbour for ships of all nations, the quays are dotted with groups of interesting costume, loading or unloading bales and boxes of merchandise in every variety of picturesque package: gangs of mules with very elaborate head-gear wait close by, either to supply the crews with fruit and vegetables, or carry away small purchases to the hills above; and all this is happily so much on the increase that the Sardinian government is engaged in removing the arsenal and fleet to the Bay of Spezzia to leave more room

for the mercantile prosperity of Genoa. Within the city are numerous churches, which, however questionable in taste, are all worth notice; and a crowd of palaces still containing much of their ancient splendour, and many of their most valuable pictures. Yet there has been an evident disinclination in some writers to do justice to the many artistic excellences of Genoa. Eustace says\* "the churches are numerous, and as splendid as marble, gilding, and painting can make them; but have seldom any claims to architectural beauty. In truth ornaments and glare seem to be the principal ingredients of beauty, in the opinion of the Genoese." In the face of this, Murray gives us the authority "of one of our most competent judges, Mr. Cockerell, who considers that to an architect, Genoa offers more useful objects of study than any other city in Italy, and that if he were compelled to select one for this purpose, he should choose Genoa."†



LERICI.

considerable height, spanning a ravine filled with houses, something in the manner of the upper town in Edinburgh. By the city gate near here is the little old church called San Stefano della Porta: here is the picture, the joint production of Raphael and his best pupil Giulio Romano, of the "Martyrdom of St. Stephen." This, too, is injured in effect by the trumpery decorations which stand before it, but it is one of

\* Classical Tour, vol. iii.

† "Handbook of North Italy." These guides are invaluable to the traveller; so much so, one only wonders how our ancestors got on without them: but there will be errors everywhere, and there is a curious one in the "Genoa." In the description of the cathedral, mention is made of the Pallavicini chapel as containing "a detached marble statue of a cardinal kneeling before the altar, a fine, but almost a startling figure." In vain did I hunt for this figure, till at last, from other circumstances, I found that the chapel, unlike most others, was not enclosed by a screen, or colonnade, but consisted mainly of an altar and steps against the wall of one of the aisles, and there, true enough, a stump of marble, fit to sit upon but not admire, might be traced to be the remains of a kneeling figure, and of a cardinal, perhaps, from the rude resemblance to a broad-brimmed hat on the ground!

The churches of the Annunciata, filled with marble inside, and having a painted façade on the outside—of San Lorenzo or the cathedral, with black and white marble in layers, but with many architectural beauties, and the rich chapel of St. John beyond all of them—the Jesuits' church, St. Ambrogio, with an "Assumption" by Guido, and two fine pictures by Rubens, one however almost lost by the decorations of flowers and candlesticks on the altar in front of it—San Siro, with a miserable exterior, but rich internally with marbles and frescoes, are those best worth seeing in the city. High on the hill, rising out of it, and commanding a superb view, stands Santa Maria di Carignano with a dome and towers; it is painted of a rosy hue and "lights up" wonderfully under the influence of an evening sky. This church contains some paintings, but it is better worth visiting for the view from it than for anything else: you reach it by a bridge of

the three finest pictures in the world: the figure of St. Stephen has never been surpassed by any one. They say it was restored by David during its stay in Paris.

With the exception of the Doria Palace, with its beautiful terraces running into the sea outside the city walls, and where is an air of painful neglect, the Genoese palaces show more vitality, if we may use the word in such a sense, than do most of the Italian palaces; for although their owners are generally absentees, either for pleasure at Paris, or for office at Turin, so that they do not appear very solicitous to restore the fading glories of their mansions, still, what remains appears to be carefully attended to, and is most liberally thrown open, with scarcely an impediment, to the uninterrupted contemplation of strangers. The palace of the Brignole family is that best worth seeing, both for its architecture and for the paintings it contains: the portrait of one of the Marchesas and her daughter, by Vandyke, is alone worth

going far to see: the collection, indeed, besides containing some first-rate Italian pictures, is unusually rich in works by Rubens and Vandyke. On one occasion I found there was a general cleaning of the pictures and regilding the frames going on; it is to be hoped no correspondent of the *Genoese Times* thought fit to write an insulting *exposé* of the process. Next after this the Palazzo Sera, with its golden drawing-room—the Palazzo Pallavicino for pictures again—and the Durazzo, or Palazzo Reale, are the best worth seeing of the palaces. The Senate house or Doge's Palace possesses a curious feature, which may be suggestive to the minds of some. There was formerly a range of statues of illustrious Genoese all round the great hall; these being destroyed as imparting notions inconsistent with "Libertà," they are now replaced by figures with plaster heads and arms, and calico draperies.

The route from Nice to Genoa has long been known by the name of the Corniche, or border road; it is also called the Riviera di Ponente, in distinction to the road from Genoa to Spezzia, which is called the Riviera di Levante, the west and east shores that is to say.

On leaving Genoa for Tuscany by land, we follow the Riviera di Levante so far as the bay of Spezzia, still exceedingly beautiful, but yielding the palm to the western portion. We have the same bold promontories enclosing miniature bays, and the same delicious verdure and varieties of fruit-bearing forests, but we miss the succession of towns, so striking in their effect upon the surrounding landscape, and find only detached buildings scattered over the face of the hills, with, here and there, a church and its campanile as a centre of attraction. In a six hours' drive, however, you reach Chiavari, a beautiful instance of that assemblage of objects which at once decides your stay till you have them. The inhabitants venture to hope they are in possession of a Velasquez, and like many others who own a treasure they cannot appreciate, appeal for confirmation, not to intrinsic merits, but to a certificate of some incident in connection with its history; this boasts a journey to Paris and back in such good company that it must be respectable to the end of its days. The long ascent of the Apennines, which we cross from this to reach Spezzia, abounds in fine views, but is not rich in subjects for the pencil; Borghetto is a horrid place, but three more hours' drive brings you to Spezzia with its far-famed gulf. Here there is a greater appearance of costume and picturesque incidents, and there are some pretty scraps about the town. The town itself is so lost in the vegetation which surrounds it that there is some difficulty in finding good points; there is a fortress on the hill above it, and other materials if you will hunt them up. Porto Venere, a little rough port on the west horn of the crescent forming the bay, is within a long walk and should be seen; the woods and Martello towers on the roadside will break the distance, and the opposite coast, with the exquisite range of the Carrara mountains, will sufficiently occupy your attention. A short row or sail across the bay brings you to Lerici, which is an excellent point, and might have been the model of half of Gaspar Poussin's mountain towns; or it may be reached by a not unprofitable walk either from Spezzia, or Sarzana. To reach Sarzana from Spezzia you must pass the river Magra, a stream rather straggling over the face of the earth than working a passage through it. This is done by a monster ferry-boat, and the

assemblage collected waiting upon or discharged from this, if it fortunately happens to be an occasion of traffic, is not to be forgotten. The costume of the women in this district is curious, but very rich in colour. The hair at the back of the head is enclosed in a long cherry-coloured silk net, fastened with a considerable length of ribbon of the same colour, while the front is concealed by an affectation of a straw hat with a brim to it, often decorated with straw ornaments, or flowers real or artificial, the whole affair being about six inches in diameter, of which the inside, or presumed place for the head, is certainly not more than two! They wear a long brown jacket of the colour and material of the Capuchin gown, which over petticoats of various colours and materials has a good effect, pictorially speaking. A party returning from a Festa at Spezzia were very elaborate in their ornaments; one old woman had an especial treasure in a silver case round her neck, on which I was able to read the words "*S. S. lignum crucis*;" the only occasion on which I have known so humble a personage in possession of such an esteemed relic. The range of mountains here, and the town of Sarzana and adjacent villages, form a beautiful scene. The town itself boasts a cathedral with architectural points of interest, and a picture by Fiasella, a native artist, whose works are highly esteemed in many Italian churches. He is mentioned by Lanzi as one of those who appeared at the close of the sixteenth century, giving a new impulse to the Genoa school; but more successful as an imitator of others than in original design. In the picture of "The Slaughter of the Innocents" here, he has adopted Guido as a model, and with much success.\* It would be quite worth while to stay at Carrara for sketching, and then to retrace your steps on foot to Lavenga for the fortress and the scenery there, but the associations of Carrara are too artistic to allow any one with such feelings to pass it by without a visit to the quarries.

There is a considerable colony of sculptors always resident here, to practise where the material is cheap, but many of them never aspire higher than making indifferent copies of the most popular statues, ancient and modern; there is a "store" for the sale of them at Leghorn, and I was amused to find how much the vicinity of the material, with other circumstances perhaps, may affect the price of even such costly art as sculpture. I found an acquaintance rather delighted with a purchase he had made for his mansion at home, not for its excellence, but because at Rome he had given one hundred guineas for a statue only four feet high, and here he had found one which was five feet and he had not paid nearly so much for it. Who can wonder that the dealers profit more by Art than the artists themselves? At Rome I found it was a practice to give the sculptor who had rough-hewn the block into the shape of the figure it was eventually to represent, a piece of marble of a size sufficient for a bust which he might work for his own benefit, but here such a lump seems of little or no value at all. I saw them blast a block from the top of a quarry, which when it left its bed was large enough to have carved the Laocoon; but it leapt into the air, bounding from crag to crag, at every stroke breaking off fragments apparently quite large enough for busts, till it finally fell to the earth seriously diminished in its bulk.

Massa, an hour from Carrara, is a desolate

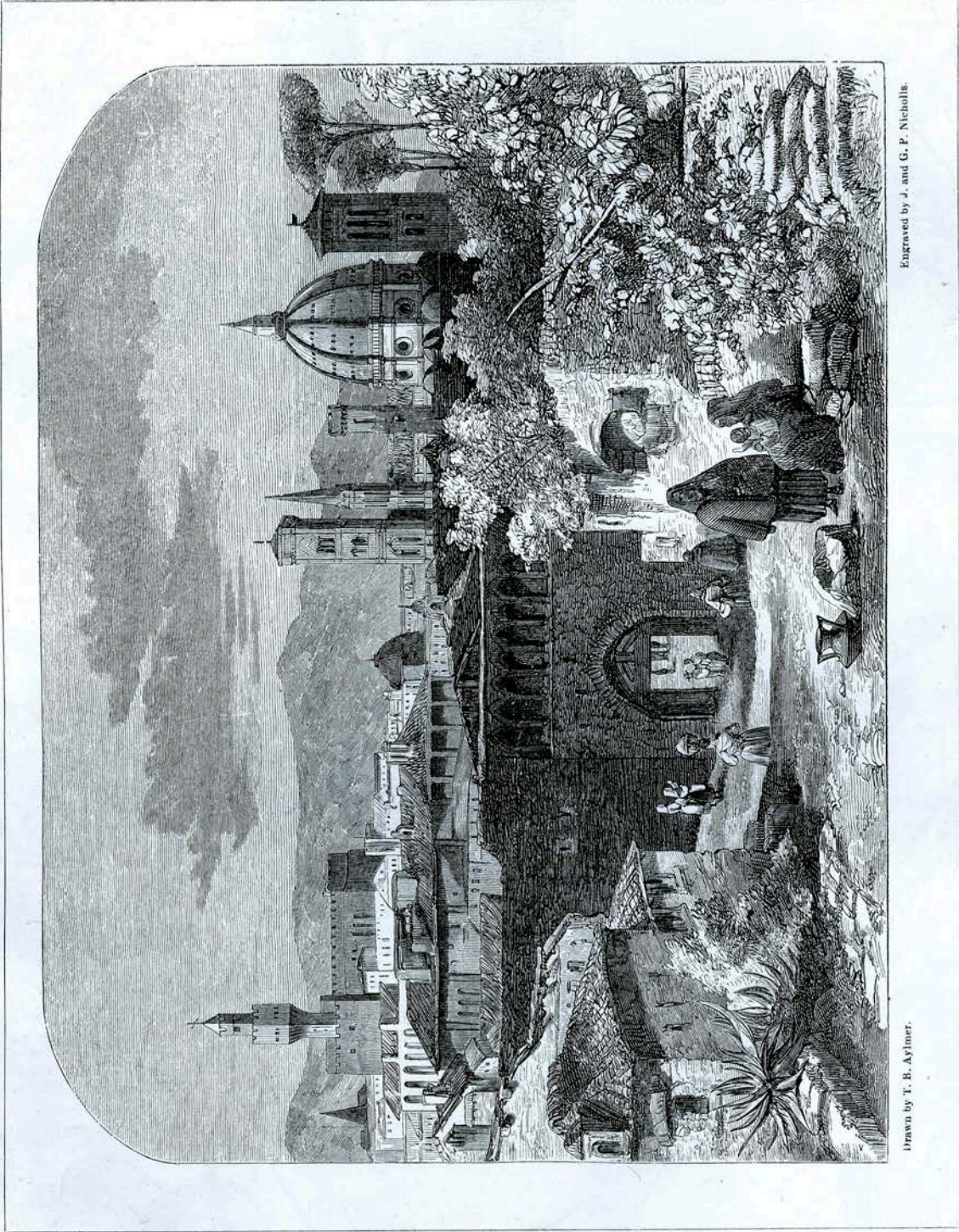
\* Domenico Fiasella, called "Sarzana," from his native place. Vol. iii., p. 257.

looking little city, with some good features about it; but Pietra Santa, both for itself and for what it contains, is worth a day. After this, though still passing through a fine country with many towers rich in colour, and beautifully placed, but "out of the way," we begin to lose our practice of the picturesque, and once more find ourselves haunting churches and public buildings. At Lucca there is plenty to do in this way. The Duomo or cathedral is a museum of interesting objects, and San Michele, in the market-place, is very striking: there are good points about the ramparts, and a fine aqueduct stretches across the country for some distance.

On leaving Lucca for Florence the choice of routes must be decided by the preference for sketching romantic scenery, such as would be found by returning to the mountains in the neighbourhood of Pistoja, or of studying the works bequeathed to us by the painters, sculptors, and architects of the middle ages, which are preserved at Pisa. The world-wide celebrity of the latter attractions, singularly separated from the dulness and decay of the city they were intended to adorn, occupying a little territory all their own, usually determine the question in their favour, and as a few hours' drive enables you to include so important a port as Leghorn, with its busy quays thronged by the sailors and merchants of all nations, in ever so short a stay at Pisa, this route is generally preferred. Of the Pistoja road I cannot speak from experience; but I hear there are some fine scenes of ancient fortresses on craggy steeps, in richly-wooded defiles, suggestive of more out-of-door work than will be found by going through Pisa. The drive from Lucca to Pisa (about three hours) runs through a rich and highly-cultivated country, and often reminds you of the same kind of scenery on a grander scale in Piedmont, but will not probably delay you on the road. Directly you see Pisa at all, you can see the monuments of Art which induced you to go there. The Cathedral, Baptistery, and the "Leaning Tower" the Campanile, are at once visible, (not so the Campo-Santo) and seem to greet your entrance with the welcome of familiar friends. This isolation from the city generally (for they stand within the city walls) has an unpleasant effect in the landscape, which is rather increased than diminished by their colour, there being no other white objects visible in the group forming the remainder of the view. As the city stands in a plain, and is surrounded by high walls, it is not easy to find points of view, and the streets themselves do not offer many; the ranges of palaces and buildings along the banks of the Arno, are altogether finer than those along the river at Florence, called also "Lungo l'Arno," but the general assemblage of forms and objects does not constitute such a good picture; indeed, you see little or nothing beyond the buildings which enclose the river, and as this is but little used, a few barges lying idly here and there, we look along the deserted quays lost in astonishment at such entire desertion of a once important and busy city, when thousands are crossing the Atlantic in the hope of finding room enough.\* In short, there is little or nothing to occupy your time out of doors: the "sketch-book" may be laid aside for the "handbook," and your whole thoughts devoted to the consideration of the long catalogue of treasures contained in and upon the four great wonders of mediæval art.

\* "A population of 150,000 inhabitants filled its vast precincts with life and animation, and spread fertility and riches over its whole territory." Eustace, vol. iii., p. 66.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM ANTWERP TO ROME.



Drawn by T. B. Aylmer.

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

PORTA SAN NICOLO, FLORENCE.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM ANTWERP TO ROME.

FLORENCE AND THE ROAD TO ROME.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls."—CHILDE HAROLD.

IN Rome, Art seems to be the business of every man's life; in Florence, it is only a recreation. Perhaps this may be explained in some measure by the absence of the remains of antiquity in the streets, and that the objects of attraction are not only fewer in number, but are included within a smaller space. Here, however, Byron became a convert to the beauty of sculpture and painting, "which, for the first time, at all gave him an idea of what people mean by their cant about these two most artificial of the Arts."\* But here he stood in an atmosphere which more than any other has the credit of the revival of painting as an Art beyond mere decoration, if, indeed, it may be said to have existed for any other purpose till, in its decadence, men learned the necessity of collecting and preserving what remained of it, before it should have passed away in a manner as unaccountable as was its appearance in such splendour and profusion† during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

When Lorenzo di Medici laid the foundations for the wondrous collection at Florence, Italy was slowly emerging from the oppression of the dark ages, when men's minds were more engaged in building watch-towers and fortresses, and when the armourer was the only artist whose decorations could be tolerated: everything in connection with the Arts of painting and sculpture had to be re-discovered; the so-called Grecian paintings were found to be very insufficient to gratify the taste which then began to show itself in such force. We read of an insatiable desire to collect sculptures,—all the more urgent that paintings were not procurable; these, often mutilated, without hands or feet, and even noses, were still received with gratitude; every traveller to Greece was charged with commissions to bring back sculptures, coins, cameos,—anything which could be called Art;‡ and almost at once, within a period of one century, a perfect legion of artists sprang from the soil thus nourished with the remains of by-gone excellence. Why, when both painting and sculpture were thus once more restored to the highest point of imaginable perfection, with such an interchange of experience as took place between Italians, Flemings, and Spaniards, with the arts of printing and engraving affording an easy means of diffusing and preserving the theory and mechanism of the Art itself, there should no longer exist a race of men who should be at least equal to the restorers

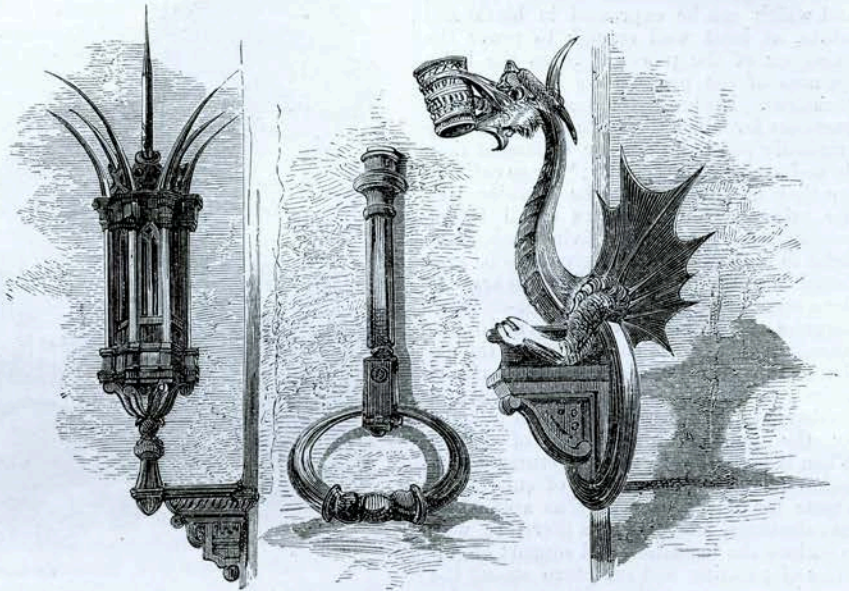
\* Only a week before Byron visited the Florence gallery, he wrote thus to a friend—"I know nothing of painting. Depend upon it, of all the Arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon."—Notes on "Childe Harold," Canto iv.

† The number of pictures contained in some of the principal collections is thus given in a highly interesting and important article in the "Edinburgh Review" for April of this year, p. 403. "The Pinacothek at Munich contains 1269; the Berlin gallery, 1252 pictures. Those in the Louvre are, or were, nearly 2000; at the Prado of Madrid about as many; in the Uffizii above 1200; in the Museo Borbonico of Naples some 700; in the Vienna Belvidere above 1700. At Rome, the Doria collection contains 810 works; the Borghese, 582." These, of course, are not all by old Italian masters, but to them may be added the Dresden gallery, those at St. Petersburg, at Turin, Milan, Rome, the Pitti, and Academy at Florence, besides the Colonna, Sciarra, and a dozen other galleries at Rome, and what we have in England, &c., &c., &c., nearly the whole of which bear date from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries.

‡ Vide "Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," ch. ix.

of the Art, is one of those hidden mysteries of nature which are beyond mortal comprehension. It certainly is not enough to point to the magnificent architectural works of the same period and say, fitly to embellish these, genius and feeling of no common order

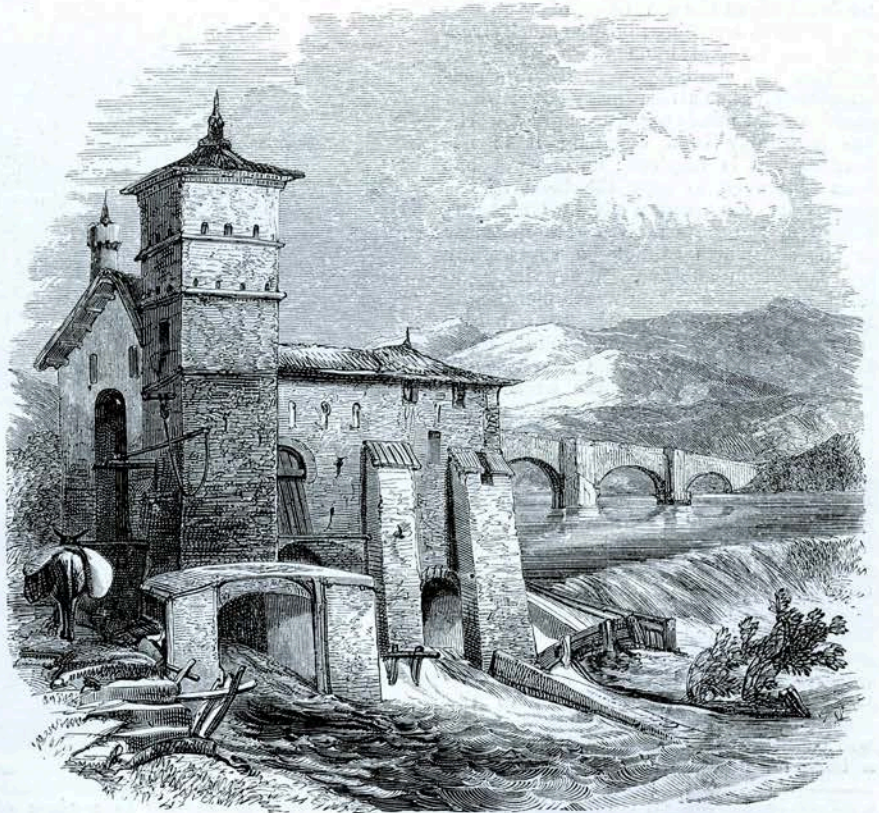
were necessary, and so they came.\* There have been occasions enough within the present century to have roused any latent talent, both at home and abroad, if it had existed; even if the proposed purpose were not exciting enough, the price offered might



TORCH-RESTS, PALAZZO STROZZI.

have made up in some measure for the absence of a more noble inducement; and we must always bear in mind that the most important paintings were designed, if not coloured, by the author of the structure they

were to decorate. That these should have been torn from the wall of which they formed the surface, whether by being wrought in the fresh lime which was coated over it, or by being painted with a different



THE TIBER AT PERUGIA.

preparation of the pigments on a canvas to be stretched over it, or upon wooden panels to be inserted in some moulding—possibly of masonry—in the smaller portions of the general design, to be collected together as objects of analytical study, nay, even of

chemical experiment, that we may discover

\* "When the Arts were thus prodigally called for in Italy, the mystery of the genius for painting in the middle ages is at once explained. The produce is always proportioned to the market; but institutes for the Arts, however presided by nobles and endowed by kings, cannot create an artificial demand; public taste

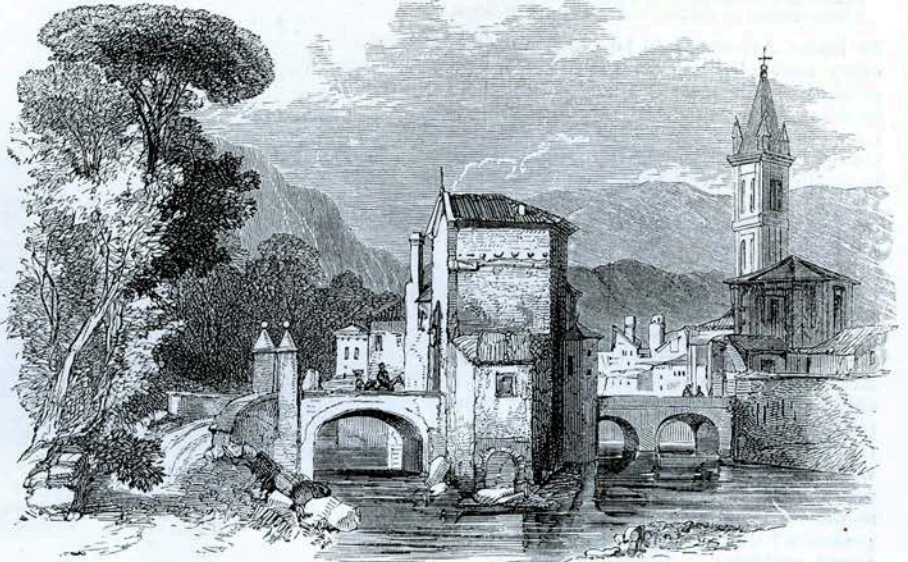
some secret process, which, in spite of all the means of preservation and transmission by writing and printing, seems to be considered as lost, (forgetting all the time that it is the exquisite grace of treatment, the spiritual refinement of expression, and the dignity and ease of motion which is most required, and which can be expressed in black and white, at least well enough to prove the existence of the power,) proves the helplessness of the position we have assigned ourselves. Nothing can less resemble the purposes for which the Italian pictures were originally painted, than the treatment they do and are likely to receive; \* for so entirely are they now proposed to be considered as the primers and grammars of all future painting, that the greatest living authorities seem to recommend large screens to be projected from the piers of windows to arrange them upon, as you see books in over-crowded libraries, where one may wander in and out, to consult them as works of reference: the design of the future buildings is to be sacrificed entirely to exhibit the merely ornamental portions of others which have been pillaged for the purpose, incidentally of course. When it is said that every government now understands the importance of cultivating a taste for Art, particularly as applied to manufactures, and that it is therefore wise to include the formation and support of galleries of painting and sculpture among the annual charges upon the public purse, under a painful necessity, and with hopes based upon a very uncertain foundation, they erect a monumental reproach to the Schools of Art of every nation living.

There always have been heretics to the belief in the amount of good to be acquired by studying the old masters: there can be no doubt about the advantage of consulting excellence in anything; but too much stress must not be laid upon the certainty of deriving any similar powers from its contemplation. The extraordinary power which enables great minds to perform great works has invariably been original; it is not borrowed, it is inspired: no one yet has been able even to copy the head of the Cenci, † far less paint a rival. Great perfection in the Arts arrives at a maturity in one age which cannot be successfully approached in another. What improvement, nay, what addition worth mentioning has ever been made to the mere border ornaments of the Greeks? While there can be no doubt about the advantage of forming a collection of works which shall illustrate the rise and progress of painting from the most dry and meagre representation of humanity, till it reached the lofty ideality of Raphael, with a painful supplement marking its declension to David, such a collection I humbly venture to think may be very useful to students in Art, who will gladly seek instruction anywhere; but for forming the taste of the multitude, for creating that appetite which shall lead to the patronage, and thereby encourage the growth of excellence, the application of pictures to the decoration of noble apartments will go much farther than the museum-like arrangements talked of; it will be little better than trying to create a taste for flowers by exhibiting a *hortus*

*siccus*. One visit to a gallery arranged like that at Stafford House, where everything breathes a fitness of purpose, would go farther in creating a soul beneath the ribs of the present death of perception of

the proper application of the Arts, than days spent in wandering in and out of these proposed wards for decayed excellence.

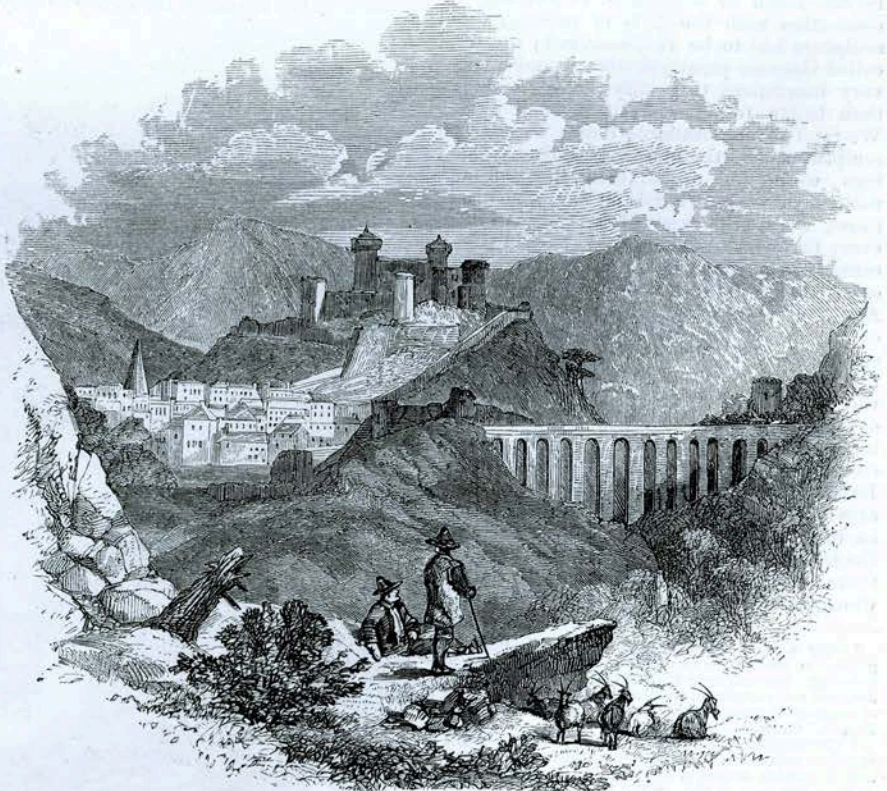
But we forget we are at Florence, and that the collections we are going to visit



ENTRANCE TO FOLIGNO.

have been preserved more as a magnificent apanage suited to the dignity of a sovereign prince, than with any further notion of training up a school of artists: two unproductive centuries have proved the fallacy of

that hope: whatever is still considered necessary for such a purpose has been arranged at the *Accademia delle belle Arti*: here, indeed, we find an historical arrangement of the works of the painters of Tuscany,



SPOLETO.

is the only effectual stimulus, and the only serviceable patron.—Lady Morgan's Italy, vol. I., p. 394.

\* With the Flemish school the case is altogether different, for, in the present consideration Rubens's great gallery pictures should be classed with the Italians.

† I have heard sculptors say that no one has succeeded in taking even a good cast of the Venus de' Medici. The best ever taken was during her sojourn in Paris. Canova was said to have had a beautiful cast of the feet, and modestly to show it, when complimented on the success of his own. No one is now permitted to make the attempt.

which is highly interesting as a place of study, but at the Pitti Palace we learn the luxury of the application of painting; we feel that ever hereafter it will be impossible to inhabit rooms with bare walls, void of any idea but that suggestive of the paper-hanger. Many of the pictures here were brought from the Medici Gallery, known as Uffizi, it is therefore not only a more

numerous but in most respects a much better collection. It is most kindly thrown open to the world, without let or hindrance, and chairs, catalogues, and attendants not expecting fees, are at your service. There are pictures enough, and of sufficient excellence, to form the taste of a nation, if it is to be called into existence by such means. The circular composition so well known by



engravings, the "Madonna della Seggiola," is the gem of the collection, but there is not a picture out of the 500 which would not be prized in an English collection.

The collection of the Uffizii has many bad, many very odd, and happily a greater number of very good pictures. But it is especially rich in sculpture. The Venus! the whetter! the wrestlers! the dogs! the boar! and, in casting, the bronze Mercury of John of Bologna!—the catalogue of treasures has no end: to think that we might once have purchased the whole for 200,000! \* we who have paid 122,000*l.* for what we possess, irrespective of donations. After the three galleries of pictures and sculpture comes a very wonderful gallery of modelling in wax, attached to the Museum of Natural History, and called *Lo Specolo*: here is a grand opportunity for studying anatomy without the horror of practising it. Near this are the Boboli gardens, which give some of the best views of the city.

The churches will be more interesting to the architect than the painter, except indeed, for frescoes. The cathedral is a heavy pile, with a huge dome of rough materials, the triumph of Brunelleschi, and which, in allusion to its stunted proportions, M. Angelo threatened to hang in mid-air, and performed his promise at St. Peter's. The façade to this and so many other Italian churches is only painted stucco, which is a miserably poor conclusion to so grand a commencement, and is in this instance more than usually painful, from its contrast with Giotto's elaborately finished campanile by its side. Of the churches, Sta. Croce, Sta. Maria Novella, the Annunziata for frescoes, the Santi Apostoli, and San Lorenzo are the best worth seeing. Although we do not meet with any remains of antiquity, one great charm of Florence arises from the number of interesting objects of Art one encounters in the streets. The beautiful groups of the "Rape of the Sabines," by John of Bologna, the "Perseus" by Benvenuto Cellini, and the "Judith" by Donatello, which stand in an open arcade called the Loggia dei Lanzi; the fountains and monuments in the Piazza Granduca, the Boar of the Medici Gallery repeated in bronze as a fountain to the fruit market, the beautiful gates of the Baptistery, "fit for Paradise," with many others, not forgetting the torch rests and cressets for containing lights, wrought in bronze and iron and fastened to the walls of the Strozzi Palace. These were wrought at a time when the artist and artizan were the same person; when a man hammered out his own design, and did not lose half of it in trying to guess what was intended; truth to tell, I drew them for their beauty, and was rather surprised to read afterwards † that they were well known as the *Lumiere maravigliose*, the work of N. G. Caparra.

I have been unfortunate in three visits to Florence always to find bad weather. I consequently know nothing of the neighbourhood, the usual ramble to Vallambrosa being out of the question. The finest views of the city are from the neighbourhood of the Villa Bellosguardo, or San Miniato, or the Porta San Nicolo, or on the level of the river from opposite to the Cascine, or Park.

Leaving Florence and its treasures behind, a choice of routes either by Sienna or by Perugia is before you; having taken both

I venture to recommend that by Perugia as the finest for sketching purposes, though between Florence and Perugia there is not much to detain a sketcher, the Lake Trasymene being more remarkable for its historical associations than for any charm of lake scenery; but, if the artist is wisely including much more than the mere collection of views in his route, Arezzo will be quite worth stopping at for a long day or two. I was ill advised enough to take the Malleposte to Perugia and so lost it, as I arrived there at daybreak and merely waited long enough to swallow some coffee and see enough to regret my arrangements for leaving such a town unvisited. Cortona, another interesting point, lies so far out of the road that the same feelings of mortification were not aroused. From Perugia to Rome every ten or twelve miles brings you to points which are inexhaustible in the materials for the sketcher. And here, independently of having the first sight of the Tiber, though now a considerable stream spanned by a bridge of several arches, but no architectural beauty, we arrive at a point where costume is in its glory.

But the student in Art will remember that he is in the birthplace and headquarters of the most spiritual of Lanzi's twenty-five schools of Art, whence was to arise a race of painters who, taking advantage of Giotto's labours at Assisi close by, should carry out all that was good in the Tuscan school as the foundation of the future greatness of the Roman; a school of pre-Raphaelites, who would have been more than astonished to have heard the wild imaginings of Turner included in the same category as the works we shall find on the walls of the churches of St. Agostino, and St. Pietro. They are abundant in most of the many churches here, and particularly in the chapels of the convents: some, too, in the Academy. In the church of St. Domenico is the beautiful and curious monument erected to the memory of Benedict XI., while the bones of another illustrious Perugian still remain unburied—in the Convent of San Francesco—those of Braccio Fortebraccio, who was killed in 1424. About the town are picturesque points and incidents; the town hall is good in patches, and has a good circular archway. About the old dismantled fortress and the walls of some of the churches are excellent scraps. The front of the cathedral is very rich in colour from the design and the use of many-coloured marbles; by the principal entrance, up a flight of steps, is a very pretty pulpit of the Byzantine order, said to be the last from which St. Gregory preached, and on that account no longer used; it is a bijou of inlaid marbles. It is two miles down to the valley in which flows the Tiber, here dammed up to turn some mills.

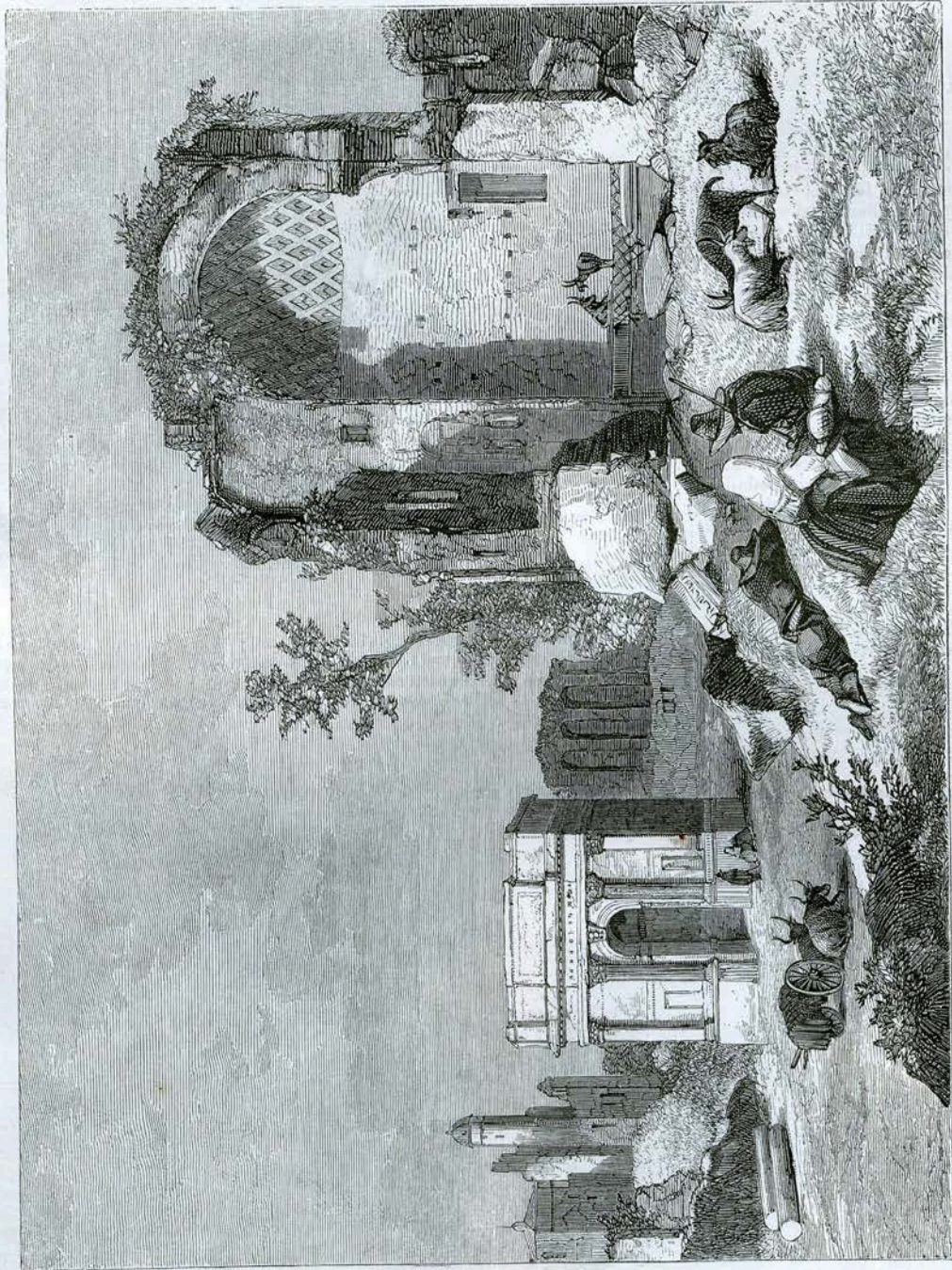
On leaving Perugia arrangements should be made for visiting Assisi; no pains should be spared to accomplish this, although I myself was unfortunately prevented from getting there. Now that I know more of what I have lost by not going there, I feel that of all things in Italy which I have not seen, this and the Cathedral at Orvieto are to be the most regretted: but in those days "Murray" had no existence, the subject of fresco painting had not been revived, and the sort of general impression I had imbibed of the value of a visit was insufficient to urge me through the very bad weather and some difficulty in including it on the road to Foligno. In a light carriage—such as I there took for nearly the

whole journey from Perugia to Rome, and which you can find in every town, and can discharge when you have gone as far as you choose—there is no difficulty, and there is accommodation good enough, and by all accounts, much better than a great deal to be put up with everywhere off the high-road. What one sees of the position of this convent fortress as you drive past it, some few miles from it, is exceedingly picturesque. It seems to be midway between Perugia and Foligno, and is probably about two hours in a caratella with one horse. The drive to Foligno, though fine, is not comparable to those we meet with on leaving it. We pass a church in a very shattered state, but of great pretensions—Sta. Maria degli Angeli: it has been almost torn in half by an earthquake; and soon after reach the town of Spello, and finally, in another ten miles, find ourselves at Foligno. The entrance is very picturesque, crossing the Topino under an arched gateway, and the Apennines rising close upon it. The chief treasure of Art it ever possessed was carried off to the Vatican, where we find it under the name of the "Madonna di Foligno." The town has not any particular attraction left, and the houses looked miserably shattered, and were still supported by props, not having recovered the shock of the earthquake some few years before. It is about three hours hence to Spoleto, one of the most beautiful features of the whole route; about mid-way you pass the little temple, which has proved a greater object of attraction to writers than painters; it is now a chapel, and will quite escape your attention if your driver, by experience, does not call to you when you arrive there. At Spoleto you may safely dismiss him, and make up your mind to a thorough enjoyment of the most picturesque scenery; the town, the fortress, and the aqueduct are all arranged for those combinations a painter never wearies of. There is a delightful ramble by the far end of the aqueduct, up the mountain covered with ilex, where, looking back over the valley of the Clitumnus, you see so clearly beyond Assisi, beautiful even at this great distance, (although I could imagine it was frowning reproaches for my ignorant neglect,) and over Perugia;—you might believe you could trace the whole route back to Florence. Again along the river's banks are good subjects, with the fortress and churches rising above the town, and backed by the mountain rich with evergreens. Within, the streets are poor, but many churches are worth seeing, and contain remains or spoils of ancient temples. In the Augustin convent of St. Crucifisso the monks show you some Corinthian columns which they say formed part of a Temple of Concord. But they have columns of all orders, some are channelled, and some have a painted resemblance of channelling: some have capitals, and some blocks of marble instead. In short they have used ancient buildings as a quarry, and the parts are put together as was convenient for a modern purpose, without thought of symmetry or proportion. Outside of the convent are some window-cases and a doorway formed from the remains of a richly carved cornice of white marble. Something of the same sort may be seen in the church of S. Andrea and S. Guiliano. The cathedral is rich with altars inlaid with precious marbles, and some good carvings. It boasts a picture by Annibal Caracci, and, which is remarkable for a country church, is very clean. I found eight or ten priests, &c., performing divine service to a congregation of two.

\* Murray's Handbook says 100,000*l.*, edit. 1843. I think the "Edinburgh Review," in the article before referred to, is more likely to be correct; but, perhaps, we may overcome our feelings of mortification by disbelieving the story altogether, where there is so wide a difference in the sum mentioned.

† "Italy and the Italian Islands," by Spalding.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM ANTWERP TO ROME.



Drawn by T. B. Ayler.

Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls

REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT ROME.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLE FROM  
ANTWERP TO ROME.

## ROME.

SHORT as the distance really is from Spoleto to Rome, it would be worse than unwise even to think of it while such places as Terni, Narni, Civita Castellana, and Nepi, must be passed *en route*. A drive, or walk of about four hours, will change the scene of operations from Spoleto to Terni, where there is the most beautiful waterfall in Europe, and the most intolerable set of *Ciceroni* in the world. As it is some five miles from the town to the falls, and up hill all the way, if you are on foot it is better to engage one guide if only to get rid of the rest; he will do for a porter if you require one, and can be dismissed when you arrive at the top of the hill beyond the little village of Papigno, where is a fresh gang of importunate guides ready to fasten upon you, should you by any means escape those in the town. The view of the valley of the Nera above the falls here is remarkably fine, and at a short distance the first burst of the Velino from its rocky channel into the terrific chasm below becomes visible. Here you may fairly dismiss your guide, for, except as a porter, he is no longer of any use, and bores you most inæsthetically, to make use of the latest sesquipedalian enormity. How I rejoiced when mine was fairly off! and pushing through the ilex shrubbery, I felt myself at liberty to sentimentalise uninterruptedly, picking cyclamen by the handful and throwing them away like buttercups, rambling through the underwood to all the points, which speak for themselves, and are readily found with no guide but the sound of noisy waters. At Terni no one thinks of anything but the falls; indeed there is nothing in the town to interest an artist, and standing as it does on flat ground, thickly covered with trees for training vines and feeding silkworms, it is not easy to find points of view worth having.

At Narni, however, the case is reversed; there the town standing on a promontory, commanding views along the valley of the Nera, is itself the most striking feature of the landscape. The ruins of the great Roman bridge, the *ponte rotto*, stand in a very pretty ravine, which contains good forest and rock scenery with the Nera flowing through it; the modern bridge over the Nera, itself almost a ruin when I saw it, spans the river in a meadow scene as quiet and verdant as if it was in Holland; and though within a stone's throw of each other, the contrast between the two views is very remarkable. The road from Narni through Otricoli to Civita Castellana fully sustains the interest of this route; walking up the hill from the town you are still in a richly-wooded country, and before reaching Otricoli you see the solitary hill forced upwards through the level of the plains which stretch away to Rome, and which will be your companion till you have crossed the Campagna beyond it and left it at Albano; this is Soracte, in feature somewhat resembling the Malvern Hills. It would not be worth while to stay at Otricoli, although it is a curious "conglomerate" of antiquity and the middle ages. I noticed about the streets marbles enough to make a first-rate provincial museum in England; Roman altars as the stems of doorposts, or lying useless under tumble-down walls with groups of ragged urchins playing about them. But Civita Castellana may vie with Spoleto for abundance of subject. The principal feature is

a large fortress, somewhat dwarfish in its proportions, but good in colour; this is seen to great advantage from certain points near a fine ravine which runs under the city walls, while the Apennines form a distant background of the most varied hues. The ravine itself is full of drawing, with a stream brawling through it, and dammed up here and there to turn a mill, till it flows

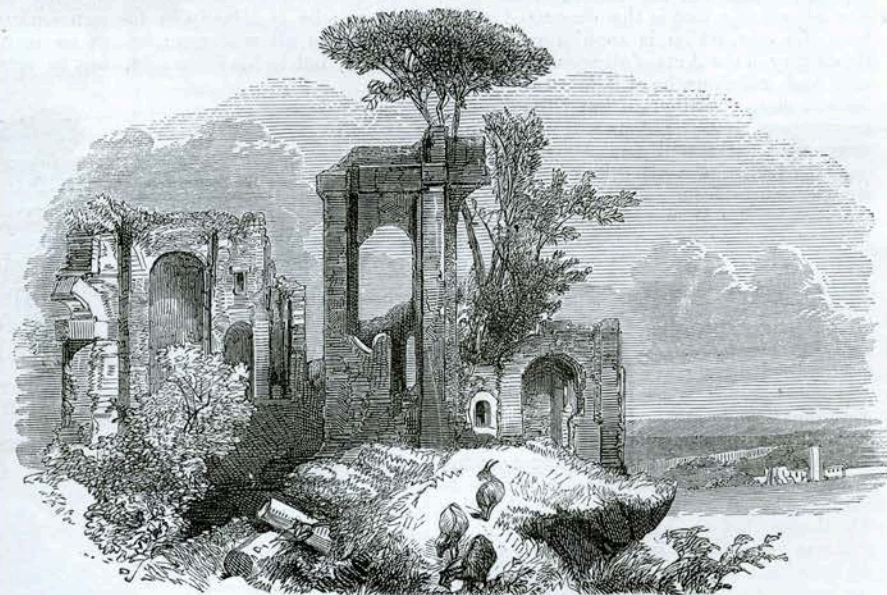
away through the arches of a viaduct one hundred and twenty feet high; here it meets another stream from a different, though less interesting, ravine. In looking at drawings containing viaducts and aqueducts not in ruin, made before the reign of railways had rendered us so familiar with arcades spanning valleys, one is grievously distressed by finding how much of their



ROMAN PEASANTS.

interest is now gone. I suspect it will be some years before artists will paint pictures of railway arches unless commissioned by a director, yet one could not have passed such a viaduct as this at Civita Castellana without a sketch, though after all it merely represents the same thing. In the town the Cathedral contains little but curious

mosaics to induce a visit. The Piazza was generally filled with large groups of country people, and the costume is good without being showy; it would be far better to get studies of it here than from models in Rome, where it is often made up and tawdry. The walk to Falerii, about four miles through a forest with some fine



PALACE OF THE CESARS.

pinasters, is interesting enough, but the ruins possess more interest for the antiquary than the artist. After Civita Castellana, Nepi is again a point rich in landscape subject; a villainous-looking place, and the skulls of some brigands, one a woman's, still preserved in iron cages on a wall by the roadside, by no means convince you they were the last of their race. Like Civita Castellana,

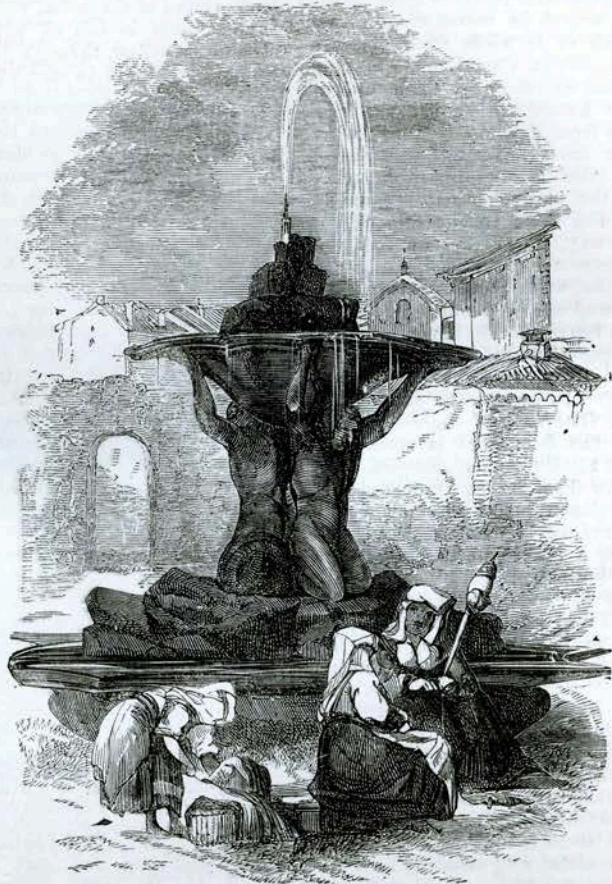
Nepi owes much of its picturesque beauty to its position on the edge of a precipitous ravine, whose sides, clothed with evergreen shrubs springing from the clefts of the rocks, are surmounted by picturesque towers and dilapidated fortifications, more useful to the artist than to any one else. Retracing your steps a short distance on the road to Civita Castellana, the traveller meets

with some fine arches of great height, another viaduct in short, but very beautiful from its situation.

Between Nepi and Baccano there is nothing to interfere with your indulging as much or as little sentiment as your nature may require, from the consideration that to-morrow will bring you to Rome. I imagine very few ever forget the feelings of that day, or the sensations he experienced when, on leaving the inn at Baccano, probably at a very early hour, about a mile over the first hill top he looked across the Campagna, and, as the morning mists rolled slowly away, he beheld the dome of St. Peter's, and knew that within its shadow lay such an accumulation of associations and realities, as would, from their number, themselves supply the chief impediment to their perfect enjoyment. A bold man wrote a book showing how you might see Rome,—was it in five days? surely he was the inventor of those tasks of strength and agility which we read of, where men run so far, leap so high and so often, trundle a wheel and throw about iron weights of fifty pounds apiece, and do a dozen other things within the hour! Here is Eustace's catalogue of what one might see. "Rome contains forty-six squares, five monumental pillars, ten obelisks, thirteen fountains, twenty-two mausoleums, one hundred and fifty palaces, and three hundred and forty-six churches. Of these objects, most have some peculiar feature, some appropriate beauty, to attract the attention of the traveller."\* The Romans boast that the pope could perform mass in a different church every day in the year; if we accept this literally their number would exceed even that given by Eustace, and I doubt any having been built since his time. Entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo an artist feels in a moment that he has crossed the threshold of a gigantic studio, his eye is instantly filled by objects of Art, where taste and feeling were the first consideration; the Piazza in which he has placed his foot is the decorated vestibule of a city, which is to him merely the depository of the Arts of all ages. Of politics, civil and religious, he will learn nothing, if he will shun "Galignani" and the English newspapers, but the Arts will meet him at every turn. He will find himself thrown into the bosom of a republic of Art formed by emigrants from all lands. They are counted by the thousand; and though the greater number of the members are constantly changing, a large proportion are permanent residents; and these keep alive those generous sentiments which clothe all new comers with the character of friends and not intruders. This is not generally understood among artists in England; and the consequence is there are some great mistakes made by our countrymen on arriving in Rome. Now and then they are simply ridiculous. A clever young coxcomb meets with early success and determines to go; writes his address in the Exhibition Catalogue before he leaves London, as "Rome"—in Rome in general, he is sure to be heard of; and by way of "doing in Rome" as he thinks "the Romans do," he shaves no more. Some months pass away before his address is truly "Rome;" and then he arrives with a very creditable beard and moustache, and a hat of most surprising contour. We find him frequenting the Caffè Greco,† (though imbibing none of the qualities of its occupants but the smell of stale tobacco,) and "doing" the given num-

ber of palaces and St. Peter's. After a time, he finds that the pursuit of Art as carried on there is too serious; he succeeded at home by a certain cleverness of "handling,"

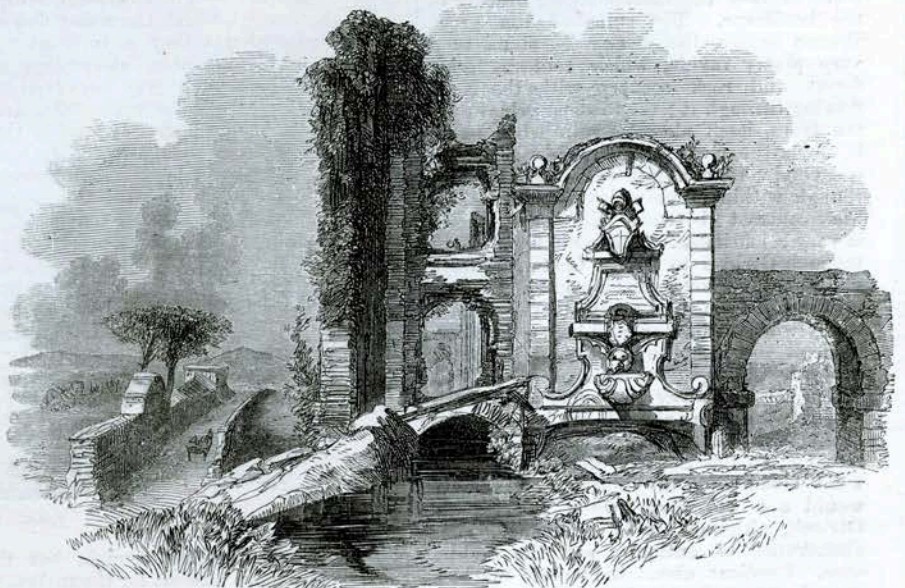
without any regard to subject, and home accordingly he goes by the steamer as soon as possible, not one whit benefited by his change of scene. Another, confident in his



FOUNTAIN NEAR THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

own abilities, comes merely to study the antique: he is already, in his own estimation, above all moderns; brings an introduction, not to his fraternity, but to some

influential resident. He does not understand the social feature of the place, and that all residents not artists are amateurs, and make common cause with them; and is



FOUNTAIN IN THE CAMPAGNA, ON THE ALBANO ROAD.

rather annoyed at finding himself at an evening party made actually for the purpose, surrounded by a perfect Babel of artists, to the leading men of whom he is most kindly introduced. But he despises

the moderns, and coldly receives the advances of a man whose kind attentions to such of his countrymen as happily make his acquaintance, is only surpassed by his unpretending demeanour and most exalted

\* Classical Tour, vol. i., cap. xliii.

† The coffee and smoking house most frequented by artists.

talent; (at that time second only to Thorwaldsen, he has now no superior: he not only returns no visit, but actually commands his assistants to shut the doors of his studio to all artists, and they blush while they obey his orders: cap in hand a Roman left his work, and knowing full well who was the unintentional intruder, he crimsoned over from head to foot, as with a thousand apologies he actually closed the gates in the face of such a man as——, saying "these are our orders." This was not certainly "doing as they do in Rome;" and he too soon returns home, finding, when too late, that he had abused the first maxim of the republic which he had entered unbidden. There are, however, a sufficient number of those who arrive bent in good earnest upon study and improvement, who bring letters of introduction to the right people, follow the advice so kindly given when sincerely asked, and who for many months of their existence lead a life of happy intellectual enjoyment which they can never forget, and may rarely hope to repeat. These soon form little groups, who share the expenses of models between them; and, leading a life of good fellowship, ramble over the Campagna, or into the mountains, and return home with well-filled folios and well-stored minds; and let their success in after-life be what it may, there will remain to them a host of pleasant recollections which time may sweeten but can never destroy.

Some caution is necessary in painting from models who offer themselves as Contadini; particularly to those who, I must say, unfortunately arrive at Rome by sea: if they have travelled overland, working their way, they will have learnt the real from the made-up costume some of these professed models assume; if not, they are likely to be painting tawdry finery which certainly was never worn in the mountains, now the only place where national peculiarity of costume is any longer to be found. In most of the villages in the mountains which encircle the Campagna, the peasants will willingly sit to you for a small sum, and the costume is generally better *felt* under these circumstances. In the city of Rome the occupation is held in such contempt, that it is a rare thing to get a Roman model, and a good one—that is, possessing the required features—will presume so immoderately as to prove an infliction of no ordinary kind. Some have followed the occupation since their childhood, and many amusing anecdotes of the *studij* might be collected from their conversation. A countryman of our own painted a very large picture in Rome, some years ago, from sacred history, which seems to have furnished an inexhaustible fund of surprise and amusement, not only to the models who sat to him, but to the whole city. One woman told me she sat for an "Infant Saviour;" and so long was the picture in hand, that she afterwards sat for the "Virgin Mother" of herself. A man who has since collected costumes, and got up a model academy of his own, was slung up by the wrists and ankles, to represent an angel flying, and, when writhing with pain, was threatened with a pistol, unless he lay still. If you are induced to buy costume, when you have paid for it, keep it; as some of the models will sell an attractive article of dress to everybody they sit to, begging the use of it till the season is over. Some of them have really parted with their chief attraction by selling an apron or some such thing, which they had worn for years. One of our oldest residents there, who has an increasing love for what he so excels in painting, told me he had just been obliged to yield to the entreaties of a woman and give her back

her apron, for she found that all her popularity depended on that,—a compliment she could not at all understand.

The best points for sketching the remains of ancient Rome are to be found by crossing the Forum, or the Via Sacra, towards the Palace of the Caesars. The entrance to the remains of the palace is not easily found, but it is through a farm-yard at the back: some points are visible from what were the Villa Mills, which were always accessible; and also from the second tier of arches in the Colosseum. The garden of the Passionists near the Colosseum, or of the Maronite monks near St. Pietro in Vinculis, or the Villa Mattæi behind the Colosseum, are all good points. The Forum speaks for itself. The road to the west will lead to the Piazza della bocca della Verità, with a good fountain, and the favourite little temple of Vesta: here are generally good subjects in the way of carts and grey bullocks, or mules and country groups. In order to find them, it is better to begin the day there, as I observe they usually leave the city after the middle of the day. At a short distance from most of the gates there are Osterias or little inns, where the wine is sold cheaper, as it escapes the tax paid upon entering the city; and here are often to be found beautiful groups of figures and cattle. Following the Albano road for two or three miles, you will find yourself in the heart of the aqueducts; and where pains have been taken to secure drinking-places for the cattle, as in the annexed engraving, there will be generally good opportunities for similar studies. I was witness to a scene of first-rate interest to an animal painter while sketching here. Some bullocks fastened to a cart had finished drinking, when the driver, in backing them, contrived to let the cart run too much on the bank in the centre: the bullocks being awkward in their movements, the cart at last fairly backed into the water, drawing them in with it. One fell altogether, and impeded the efforts of his companion to gain a footing on the bank again. The driver in his dark velvet dress and rich brown hat, struggling with these grey monsters; the ruined aqueduct of old Roman brick-work mantled with ivy, having at its side a more modern sculptured wall, through which the water flowed to the basin whence they were drinking, formed a most desirable assemblage of colour, while the incident was improved by the arrival of groups, some with mules, and others with carts and oxen like that in the dilemma. By the aid of some of the drivers, and a good many appeals to the Madonna, though rather rudely uttered, the beasts and their burthen were at last emancipated. By the Porta Maggiore the road leads to many good remains of tombs and picturesque scraps. Two or three miles farther are some caverns overgrown with verdure and not easily found; they are said to have been used as stone quarries for ancient Rome: they now afford shelter to nothing better than the numerous foxes which are to be met about the Campagna. Occasionally, however, they are invaded by a numerous and joyous party of a very different kind. It is said that Raffaello used to give an annual treat to his friends and scholars in them; and for many years past the custom has been revived in some sort by the artists residing in Rome holding a reunion there. It was my good fortune to be present at one, and a very interesting scene it was. It appears that a few years previously the papal government had taken some alarm at these meetings, and dreading the entrance of such a party *en masse* to the city, had stationed a troop of dragoons at the gate to meet

them on their return, but, as it happily turned out, merely to break them up into small groups before they reached the city. At the time I speak of all political fears had subsided, and the party went forth and returned unmolested except by a storm of rain, which will attend pic-nics, even in Italy, sometimes. The artists arrived on the Campagna by nations; each nation carried some badge or colour, as a distinguishing mark, but when they approached the first group of ruins, the Torri dei Schiavi, parties disappeared among them to make a masquerade toilet, and there soon emerged gold and silver knights, Quixote and Sancho, Red Indians, or even peasants of the Roman States, and in short the usual fancies of masqueraders in-doors were indulged in the face of day, on the breadth of the Campagna of Rome. This proceeding at once divided the assembly into actors and spectators, and I need not say to which class our countrymen belonged; in this manner the procession once more advanced towards the caverns selected as the saloons for the day's festivities; rude tables were soon constructed, and the carts, which had been sent out with provisions, were unloaded and the viands becomingly disposed of. The somewhat rude dinner at an end, groups of Germans gave us some admirable singing; as usual with them, they were skilled in part music, and, by the aid of an admirable *falsetto*, one group of Bavarians particularly, delighted the whole company. Then the premium for the highest merit among the students of a certain class was given *en Grottesque*: a dark cavern being selected and filled with bones and skulls of cattle and partially illuminated, a tutelary genius appeared, to whom the youth was introduced and delivering an ode suitable for the occasion, received a medal, of what value I cannot say; indeed we all received from somebody a medal commemorative of the occasion, by association only, for they were *mezzi baiocchi* pierced for the riband. This "imposing ceremony" over, we amused ourselves with rambling about, talking, and sketching, and found during the afternoon that parties were arriving from Rome as spectators of the scene; one carriage contained the venerable Thorwaldsen, and it was a good lesson to English apathy and unsociability, to see the rush made by the whole party to do homage to their beloved chief, for so he was by common consent of all who went to Rome from love of Art. It was probably by no means the first display of collective admiration he had received, but the old man gave visible proofs of its effect upon him, and indeed it was well known that no artist, however humble his pretensions, ever approached Thorwaldsen for advice or assistance, who did not receive it, and unsparingly; his love of Art extended to its votaries, and they returned it with the most genuine gratitude.

It would be beyond our present purpose to attempt a selection of objects of interest in such a place as Rome, "their name is Legion," and as they are well enumerated in Murray's Handbook of "Central Italy," without which assuredly no one will now venture there, I may safely leave the selection to be influenced by the information he gives; the visits to the palaces will be confined to about twelve or fourteen, and to about fifty of the churches. I can only repeat the advice I gave in an earlier number, do not trust too much to climate; go to churches and galleries when it is too wet or too hot to sketch out of doors, but when you can go out, do so. Work from Nature while she is approachable, and study Art when she is not.