

GAETA, KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

There he took young Binks firmly by the shoulder, and walked him aft to the rail where his father—long since dead and murdered—had been used to sit and sing sailor ditties.

Then he impressively told him that "this 'ere sort of thing wouldn't do! Even if he was a-readin' the Bible—which was all very good on occasion, such as clear weather out on the broad Atlantic; but in fog times, when schooners were creepin' about in amongst the Antilles, and partick'larly off Jamaiky or the south side of Cuby, mates and men should be wide awake and lookin' everywhere. And harkee, Binnacle! When you commands this 'ere old brig, or maybe a bran-new Martha Blunt, and me and my old woman lying below together in narrow cabins, you must bear in mind these my words! Well, my boy! Don't rub that 'ere sleeve over your eyes no more, and it will be all right."

(To be concluded in our next.)

GAETA AND THE FORTRESS OF BASILICATA.

GAETA, a fortified seaport town of the kingdom of Naples, acquired some celebrity in 1848, by becoming the residence of Pope Pius IX. The visit of the queen-mother again directed attention to it some months ago, but recent events have given it still greater importance, Gaeta being the haven to which King Francis II. has betaken himself on his flight from Naples. Before turning his back on his capital and his foes, the king found himself deserted by all his civic and military officers, they being to a man unwilling to utter a word or draw a sword in his defence. Francis issued a manifesto or protest, describing himself as the most injured of sovereigns, and Garibaldi as a "daring marauder," and assuring all whom it might concern that "right and reason," opposed to "violence and usurpation," would ultimately triumph, and restore to his people the "paternal government" which his majesty exercised.

At five o'clock on the 6th of September two Spanish and an Austrian vessel, which had been occupied all the morning in taking on board valuable property, prepared to leave the bay. In one of the three was King Francis and his wife, and all the three vessels steamed away for Gaeta.

Gaeta is situated on a gulf, the shore of which is truly delightful, and was formerly interspersed with beautiful houses: in the sea may still be seen the ruins of ancient buildings, similar to those in the Gulf of Baia; this proves the partiality which the Romans entertained for these charming situations. This town is nearly insulated, being only connected

with the Continent by a narrow strip of land; there are only two gates, which are guarded with great care. It has a commodious harbour, which was constructed, or at least repaired, by Antoninus the Pious, and in the immediate vicinity of the harbour is an extensive suburb.

On the summit of the hill of Gaeta is a tower, commonly called Torre d'Orlando (Orlando's Tower), which is the most remarkable monument in this town. According to the inscription on the gate, it was the mausoleum of Lucius Monatius Plancus, who is regarded as the founder of Lyons, and who induced Octavius to prefer the surname of Augustus to that of Romulus, which some flatterers wished to give him as the restorer of the city of Rome. This mausoleum must have been erected sixteen years before the Christian era. At this place, likewise, is a superb column with twelve sides, on which are engraved the names of the different points of the compass, in Greek and Latin.

In the suburb of this town is a tower called Latratina; it is circular, and is nearly similar to the first, which is supposed to have been a temple of the god Mercury, whose oracles were delivered from a dog's head. Hence this temple was called Latratina, from *latrando*, signifying "barking."

The fort of Gaeta was made by Alphonse of Aragon, about the year 1440, and augmented by King Ferdinand and Charles V., who surrounded the town with thick walls, and rendered it the strongest fortress in the kingdom of Naples. It contains also a small residence, lately constructed, for the King and the royal family. In a room in this castle the body of the constable Charles of Bourbon, general of the troops of Charles V., was preserved for a long time. He was killed at the siege of Rome, which was pillaged by his army in the year 1528, after he had for a long time besieged Pope Clement VII. The body of this constable was to be seen here till within a few years; but it is said that Ferdinand I. caused it to be interred with funeral rites worthy of his rank. Gaeta has lately resisted two long sieges—the first, in the year 1806, against the French; and the other against the Austrians, in 1815.

The cathedral church is dedicated to St. Erasmus, Bishop of Antioch, who is the protector or patron saint of the town of Gaeta. This church contains a beautiful picture by Paul Veronese, and the standard given by Pius V. to Don John of Austria, the general who commanded the Christian army against the Turks. Opposite the grand altar is a symbolical monument which appears to have some reference to

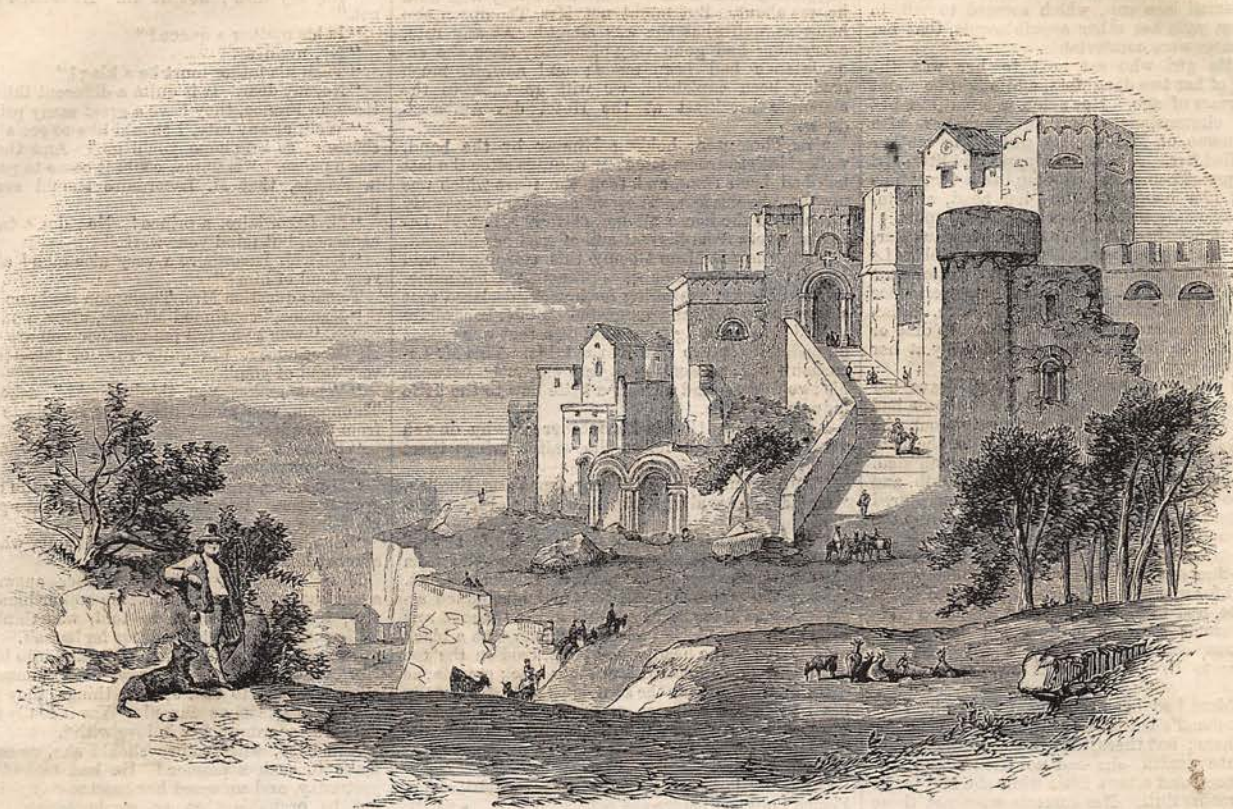
Æsculapius. The steeple is remarkable for its height, and for the beauty of its work: it is said to have been erected by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

The Church of the Trinity is the most celebrated at Gaeta; it is situated outside the town, near a rock, which, according to the tradition of the country, was rent in three parts, in honour of the Trinity, on the day of our Saviour's death. A large block, fallen into the principal cleft of the rock, forms the foundation for a Chapel of the Crucifix, a small but elevated building, beneath which the sea passes at a considerable depth, and bathes the foot of this rock. This chapel was very ancient, but was rebuilt in 1514 by Peter Lusiano, of Gaeta. The situation is very singular, and there is, perhaps, no other chapel in a similar position. It is evident that this cleft has been produced by some violent eruption, as the projecting angles correspond, on one of its sides, to the indented parts of the opposite side.

Near Gaeta was a house which had belonged to Cicero, and as stones were wanted for projectiles the proprietor was directed to demolish it; but Alphonse (in the attack of 1450), from respect for the great Roman, would not allow that to be done. In 1707 the place was vigorously attacked by the Austrians, when it sustained three months' siege without succumbing. In 1734 a Franco-Spanish army of 16,000 men attacked the fortress; the defenders were only 1,500 in number, with 110 pieces of cannon, and an insufficiency of ammunition, yet they held out for five months, and only ceded in consequence of misunderstandings among themselves. We say nothing of 1799, when Gaeta, with 4,000 soldiers in its walls, 70 cannon, and 22 mortars on its ramparts, an enormous quantity of gunpowder, and provisions for a year, shamefully surrendered to the French General Rey, who commanded the advanced guard of only 400 men of Championnet's army, and who merely fired a few shells into the place. In 1806, when Gaeta was under the command of Prince Hesse Philipstadt, it displayed more vigour. From the 13th February to the 18th July it resisted all the attacks of the French army.

Our second engraving represents the Imperial Rock Fortress of Basilicata.

The whole of the above-named province has revolted from the Bourbon sway, and has now established a provisional government, and proclaimed the kingdom of United Italy under Victor Emmanuel. Under existing circumstances, this locality becomes possessed of claims upon public notice, without



IMPERIAL ROCK FORTRESS OF BASILICATA.

which, perhaps, its strong fortifications would not have attracted the amount of attention they are now likely to enjoy. "The Imperial Rock," of which the accompanying is a sketch, is situated on that point of the map of Italy which corresponds with the hollow of the foot in the boot, to the shape of which that country has been often fancifully likened. The province of Basilicata possesses a population of 456,000 souls, and comprehends within its limits a district of 3,481 square miles in extent. Cosenza is the capital and seat of the provisional government. The latter is in regular communication with the secret committee of Naples, and reports of the progress of the popular cause arrive daily.

THE CHATEAU OF PRINCE POLIGNAC.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

FEW Englishmen or Englishwomen are intimately acquainted with the little town of Le Puy. It is the capital of the old province of Le Velay, which also is now but little known, even to French ears, for it is in these days called by the imperial name of the Department of the Haute Loire. It is to the south-east of Auvergne, and is nearly in the centre of the southern half of France.

But few towns, merely as towns, can be better worth visiting. In the first place, the volcanic formation of the ground on which it stands is not only singular in the extreme, so as to be interesting to the geologist; but it is so picturesque as to be equally gratifying to the general tourist. Within a narrow valley there stand several rocks, rising up from the ground with absolute abruptness. Round two of these the town clusters, and a third stands but a mile distant, forming the centre of a faubourg, or suburb. These rocks appear to be, and I believe are, the harder particles of volcanic matter, which have not been carried away through successive ages by the joint agency of water and air. When the tide of lava ran down between the hills, the surface left was no doubt on a level with the heads of these rocks; but here and there the deposit became harder than elsewhere, and these harder points have remained, lifting up their steep heads in a line through the valley.

The highest of these is called the Rocher de Cornelle. Round this and up its steep sides the town stands. On its highest summit there was an old

castle; and there now is, or will be before these pages are printed, a colossal figure in bronze of the Virgin Mary, made from the cannon taken at Sebastopol. Half way down the hill the cathedral is built, a singularly gloomy edifice, Romanesque, as it is called, in its style, but extremely similar in its mode of architecture to what we know of Byzantine structures. But there has been no surface on the rock side large enough to form a resting-place for the church, which has therefore been built out on huge supporting piles, which form a porch below the west front; so that the approach is by numerous steps laid along the side of the wall below the church, forming a wondrous flight of stairs. Let all men who may find themselves stopping at Le Puy, visit the top of these stairs at the time of the setting sun, and look down from thence through the framework of the porch on the town beneath, and at the hill side beyond.

Behind the church is the seminary of the priests, with its beautiful walks stretching round the Rocher de Cornelle, and overlooking the town and valley below.

Next to this rock, and within a quarter of a mile of it, is the second peak, called the Rock of the Needle. It rises narrow, sharp, and abrupt from the valley, allowing of no buildings on its sides. But on its very point has been erected a church sacred to St. Michael, that lover of rock summits, accessible by stairs cut from the stone. This, perhaps—this rock, I mean—is the most wonderful of the wonders which Nature has formed at Le Puy.

Above this, at a mile's distance, is the rock of Espailly, formed in the same way and almost equally precipitous. On its summit is a castle, having its own legend, and professing to have been the residence of Charles VII., when little of France belonged to its kings but the provinces of Berry, Auvergne, and Le Velay. Some three miles further up there is another volcanic rock, larger, indeed, but equally sudden in its spring,—equally remarkable as rising abruptly from the valley,—on which stands the castle and old family residence of the house of Polignac. It was lost by them at the time of the revolution, but was repurchased by the minister of Charles X., and is still the property of the head of the race.

Le Puy itself is a small moderate pleasant French town, in which the language of the people has not the pure Parisian aroma, nor is the glory of the boulevards of the capital emulated in its streets. These

are crooked, narrow, steep, and intricate, forming here and there excellent sketches for a lover of street picturesque beauty; but hurtful to the feet with their small round-topped paving stones, and not always as clean as pedestrian ladies might desire.

And now I would ask my readers to join me at the morning table d'hôte at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs. It will of course be understood that this does not mean a breakfast in the ordinary fashion of England, consisting of tea or coffee, bread and butter, and perhaps a boiled egg. It comprises all the requisites for a composite dinner, excepting soup; and as one gets further south in France, this meal is called dinner. It is, however, eaten without any prejudice to another similar and somewhat longer meal at six or seven o'clock, which, when the above name is taken up by the earlier enterprise, is styled supper.

The *déjeuner*, or dinner, at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, on the morning in question, though very elaborate, was not a very gay affair. There were some fourteen persons present, of whom half were residents in the town, men employed in some official capacity, who found this to be the cheapest, the most luxurious, and to them the most comfortable mode of living. They clustered together at the head of the table, and as they were customary guests at the house, they talked their little talk together—it was very little—and made the most of the good things before them. Then there were two or three *commis-voyageurs*, a chance traveller or two, and an English lady with a young daughter. The English lady sat next to one of the accustomed guests; but he, unlike the others, held converse with her rather than with them. Our story, at present, has reference only to that lady and to that gentleman.

Place aux dames. We will speak first of the lady, whose name was Mrs. Thompson. She was, shall I say, a young woman, of about thirty-six. In so saying, I am perhaps creating a prejudice against her in the minds of some readers, as they will, not unnaturally, suppose her, after such an announcement, to be in truth over forty. Any such prejudice will be unjust. I would have it believed that thirty-six was the outside, not the inside of her age. She was good-looking, lady-like, and considering that she was an Englishwoman, fairly well-dressed. She was inclined to be rather full in her person, but perhaps not more so than is becoming to ladies at her time of life. She had rings on her fingers and a brooch on her bosom which were of