

appearances of the lava, lest it should burst into a sudden flame. When, after much fatigue, though without being obliged to run over the incrustation of the lava, they reached the verge of the crater, and drank their friends health in some English porter. The perpendicular height is every year increased. It is eleven thousand fathoms above the surface of the sea; and the crater gradually converges towards the top. As they looked into it, when the wind blew in the opposite direction, they saw the white sloping sides of ashes, and a projecting tower, as it were, ready to fall into the chasm. The mountain groaned under their feet, and threw up threatening volumes of smoke glowing with a tinge of fire, and, sometimes, almost bursting into a flame. As they crept down, some of the guides endeavoured to work on their minds, and to engage them to promise additional rewards if they conducted them safely. These guides deem themselves secure as they are guarded by charms, some of them being marked with a cross of St. Anthony, the patron of Italy, a guardian against fire.

The weather at Naples is sometimes dreadfully oppressive: at other times remarkably fine. Every nobleman in Calabria has a wooden house to resort to in case of an alarm of an earthquake. One might fear also without great imputation of timidity, the effects of subterranean fires, a burst of which, in 1538, dried a lake not far from Naples, and threw up, in one night, a mountain three miles in circumference and one hundred feet high. But these are rare calamities, and the vegetation is wonderful. Italy formerly produced eighty sorts of wine, more than two thirds of which were the production of the soil: and our travellers had green peas in January.

The palace at Caserta is still, what its name imports, a dreary house, in a flat country, in the plain of ancient Capua. It contains views of all the Italian ports, by Hacket, and some spacious rooms, some of which are finished and furnished with splendid decorations. The stair-case, and chapel, and theatre, are very handsome. The gardens are stiff and disposed with childish ornaments. The town, and houses of the nobility are wretched.

Having left Naples they arrived again at Rome February 1, and departed from thence February 15, driving through a flat desolate country, about four posts, by Civita Castellana, to Borgetto, where the appearance of population began to improve. They crossed the Tiber at Ponte Felice, and travelling over a more varied country passed Otricoli, situated amidst romantic scenes, and thence mounted, by a doubtful ascent, to Narni, which is eight or nine posts from Rome, and surrounded by tremendous cliffs and rocks, of which the moonlight did not suffer them fully to discern the beauty. Though it was late, they did not stop to see if it corresponded with its former character, for elegant accommodations, or to examine the birth-place of Tacitus, or the reputed bridge of Augustus, and the Æolian hills of Cæsis in the neighbourhood, but fatigued with antiquities proceeded on to Terni.

The next morning they walked through a beautiful and well wooded country, by a gradual ascent, about four miles, to the Cascata della Marniore, to which there is a road which was cut through the rock to facilitate the passage of the emperor Joseph when he visited the cascade, so well known and so deserving of admiration.

From Terni to Stretura they admired the hills richly covered with evergreens and the valleys, which, in the time of Pliny, were mowed four times a year, and still retain their reputation for fertility. These beauties, however, gradually disappeared as they approached Spoleto, and ascended the Somma, one of the Appenines. They slept at Spoleto, a town famous for having repulsed the troops of Hannibal, flushed with their victory at Trasimene, from a gate which still exists, and is, besides, rendered worthy of attention by a fine aqueduct.

The next day they drove through a cheerful olive country, by le Vene to Foligno, through the vale of Umbria, along which the Clitumnus freshens the air.

The people still believe that the breed of white cattle, which pasture on the banks of this river, and spread themselves, indeed, over all Italy, derive their whiteness from its waters. Foligno is a large well situated town, famous in the records of modern history, for its confessionary. On the night which had preceded the day of their arrival, it experienced a slight concussion, an expiring throe of the earthquake which produced such considerable effects in October last, and which has so frequently continued its movements, since that time, that the observance of the carnival there has been interdicted.

The ascent of an high mountain, scattered over with poor villages, brought our travellers to Serravalle. The country improved as they approached Ponte le Trave, and its scenery changed again to the wildness of Savoy, as they drew near to Valcimara. They slept at Tolentino. The land of this neighbourhood is highly capable of benefiting by the industry of its inhabitants, who, after having sufficiently laboured on it, repair to the environs of Rome to cultivate the plains of Campania. The town affords a small opera-house. The next day a ride through a pleasing country, swelling into gentle declivities, led them, by Macerata and Sambuchetto, to Loreto. They were here permitted, as strangers, to be present, in the evening, at a private theatre. The public opera-house was suppressed about twelve years ago, upon the pope's observing that it faced the church.

The next day they had two stages through a populous and prosperous country to Ancona. They were pleased with the improving neatness of the town, which has flourished since it was declared a free port by Clement XII. The mole, the port, the triumphal arch of Trajan, the cheerfulness of commerce, and the indications of successful industry, render the town very interesting. In the evening they were present at a masked ball, which, however, was not more enlivened by character than those are in England. It commenced with a lottery, the effects of which, though they may intoxicate a few, must produce a general depression of spirits little favourable to the spirit of the entertainment.

Their next day's route lay by Cafe Brugiate and Senigaglia, the last of which is a large and flourishing town, and has a cathedral embellished by the present pope, of whose munificent piety there are many proofs in Italy. Passing thence through a flat country, by Marotto and Fano, they arrived in the evening and slept at Pesaro, the ancient town of which was swallowed up, a little before the battle of Actium, by an opening of the earth: it is now a distinguished place of resort for Italian merchants.

The next morning they renewed their journey, and drove over a dreary flat, by Catholica, to Rimini, a handsome but irregular town, decorated with the ornament of a fine old arch. Passing thence through Savignano they arrived at Casena, a Bologna in miniature, just at the conclusion of a tournament, which is annually kept up there. Continuing their course afterwards through Faenza, they slept at Faenza, where, at the opera, they were regaled with the sight of female dancers.

The succeeding day brought them by Imola and St. Nicholo, to Bologna. Having visited this city before, they stayed but one day, and on the following morning travelled by a very bad road to St. Georgio, and thence by a still worse to Cento, a small neat town.

The roads the next day, for a post and a half, to St. George, and afterwards for the same distance, to Ferrara, were so execrably bad, that they were obliged to have eight oxen to their chaise, and eight horses to that of their friends, with whom they had joined party, and notwithstanding this, they were detained for nine hours in a deep clay and stiff mud, through