

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

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## AN ADVENTURE IN THE APENNINES.

BY A CANADIAN.

### CHAPTER I.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain side—  
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride—  
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene—  
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd!  
Whatever fruits in different climes are found  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die,  
These here disporting own the kindred soil  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;  
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

—*Goldsmith.*

My kind father's liberality having supplied my eldest brother and myself with means for indulging in a few months' sight-seeing, at home or abroad, as our fancy might suggest, we sat down on the steps of the noble old porch which formed a side entrance to our family dwelling, to consider in what direction our way should tend. Each of us was prolific in suggestions, and both fluent (if I must not say eloquent) in commendation of our various proposals—still this did not bring us a whit nearer to the desired point. In truth we had too much liberty of choice, and therefore remained prisoners to indecision. My brother (Frederick was his name) resorted to his old mode of helping himself to catch an idea and buried his face in his hands. Yet the coy imp still eluded him. She did not choose to be

trapped in the dark; but she fluttered so close to me, as I stood gazing on the sun-gilt pillars of the porch, that a bound made her mine. "I have it," said I triumphantly. "We must carry our knapsacks to 'Italy the Beautiful,' once more."

"Pshaw!" said Fred; "what novelty will there be in that? Have we not already spent two seasons there—and now I confess to a school-boy antipathy to 'classic Rome,' barbarian though you may call me for uttering such a sentiment. To tread the 'Appian Way'—to 'turn towards Tiber,' and beyond the city gate,

'Where on his mule I might have met so oft  
Horace himself—or climb the Palatine,  
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest.

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And the summit gain'd

Inscribe my name on some broad aloë-leaf,  
That shoots and spreads within those very walls  
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine.'

Yea even to accomplish this, and much more of the same, I can no longer be tempted. I have had enough of it; or even the 'glorious city in the sea,' with its 'streets ebbing and flowing.' Or Florence 'fairest city of the Earth,'—or yet Naples on which 'Fable and Truth have shed in rivalry each her peculiar influence.' These fail to attract me—I am weary of them. You remember how we had to spell them over for months before our first visit, and then to repeat our lesson on the spot, and how we groaned under the lash of Signor Gallatti—twisting our tongues most ineffectually in pursuit of correct pronunciations; and even when we