

4. The Lock Hospital in London, founded in 1746 for the treatment of venereal diseases, stood in Grosvenor Place. Its chapel was attended by TBM's family when they lived in Cadogan Place.
5. San Ciapellato, the hero of the first tale in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. After a particularly blameworthy life, Ciapellato, a notary, makes a fraudulent confession on his deathbed, admitting to merely trivial faults, which so impresses the priest who receives it that he praises Ciapellato as an example to be followed. Ciapellato comes to be revered as a saint, whose shrine is a place of pilgrimage and whose relics work miracles. Among the faults Ciapellato admits to is that of spitting in church on Sundays – dismissed by his confessor as a trifling fault, committed daily by the priests.
6. Jeremy Collier, *A Short View of the Immorality, and Profaneness of the English Stage, Together with the Sense of Antiquity upon this Argument* (London, 1698). Of plays such as Dryden's *Amphitryon* (1690) Collier writes, 'They are fortified in Smut, and almost impregnable in Stench, so that where they deserve most [in censure], there's no coming at them' (p. 179).
7. The passage between square brackets is scored through, but still legible.
8. Tobias George Smollett, *A Complete History of England, Deduced from the Descent of Julius Caesar, to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle* (1757–8), a continuation of Hume's *History*, which engendered much controversy at the time, but was popular enough to guarantee Smollett's financial security.

Monday – October 29

Up early – made arrangements about my baggage – breakfasted – went to the British Consulate – obtained the necessary signatures and papers for 5 frs. 12 sous – cheap enough, I think – delivered my passport to the people at the office of the steamer that it might be properly attested by the Tuscan Consul. To the Post Office – dropped a letter to Thornton in the box – nothing for me. Indeed I expected nothing, after my disappointment yesterday. My spirits have been better during the last two or three days – whether it be their natural ebb and flow, or that I have been surrounded by livelier and more varied objects. I am impatient to be on Italian ground. Here I stop for the present. I am going to lock this hulking volume up; and I shall next open it in Tuscany. Yet I must add that the Consul told me of Sir R. Grant's death.<sup>1</sup> I feel not so sorry as I wish I did – I never could like him. He was considered as a young man of the highest promise; and he continued to be a promising young man to the last. He lived and was content to live till near sixty on a reputation made before he was thirty. His university fame in 1801 – his articles in the *Quarterly* in 1809 – his speech on the Foreign Enlistment Bill in 1819 – were all that he had to show to justify his high pretensions. His opinion of himself was immoderately high. He succeeded best, I think, in dry humour. I never rated him high either as a reasoner or as a rhetorician. There was a stuffed, padded, air about his style as well as about his person. His bust was stiff with neckcloth and his language with epithets and circumlocutions. Then there was a "florid impotence", as Pope says,<sup>2</sup> about his speaking, apologies

– disclaimers – compliments to others – depreciations of himself without end. In politics he was a Tory by nature and education – a Whig, during a short part of his life by accident and from passion and interest. He was the worst governor – not to be a corrupt, ill-meaning, or unamiable man – that England ever sent to India – ignorant of the country, yet puffed up with an extravagant opinion of his own information respecting it, – an alarmist, a meddler – dilatory to the most scandalous degree – always busy about plots and dangers which existed only in his own brain, and quite negligent of his most important duties. He was just a thought less languid and drowsy than his brother Charles and this gave him an empire over his brother’s mind to which he had no other right. For neither morally nor intellectually was he Glenelg’s equal.<sup>3</sup> I was never ill-used at all by Sir Robert. On the contrary he was always civil and even friendly to me. But I could not like him. I thought him a narrow-minded, pompous, parading person – empty and self-important – a palaverer in debate, a dawdler in business, a bore in society, and with women a coxcomb as well as a bore – (I go on at Leghorn). Was on board the steamer by eleven. A fine vessel. We had to wait three or four hours before everybody and everything was ready. Then we weighed anchor. The sky had been threatening the whole day: and it now began to blow fresh and to rain hard. The Mediterranean ran high, for the Mediterranean; but the waves were very different from the gigantic mountains of water which rise off the Cape of Good Hope. Almost every body was sick – I was not so. But my head ached, and I was muddled and stupid. I ate a very little for dinner, found the thin potatoes on the table ill suited to the state of my head and stomach and ordered a bottle of Madeira of which I drank a few glasses. No separate cabin but I had a tolerable berth [*sic*]. The weather grew worse and worse – the ladies sicker and sicker, and the odour of the cuddy more and more disagreeable. I feel for women in so ridiculous, disgusting and indelicate a situation. There were several English families on board. One gentleman – a military man but whether in the Queen’s or Company’s service I did not make out – had been on the *Nielgherries*<sup>4</sup> at the same time with me. Finding that the deck was not to be approached on account of the rain and wind, I undressed and lay down early in my berth and there dozed till morning – the tossing and rolling was very disagreeable and went on from bad to worse, and I heard the doleful lamentations of my countrywomen from time to time.

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1. Sir Robert Grant (1779–1838), Governor of Bombay, was one of the commissioners of the Board of Control when his brother Charles was President. TBM must have known him then. Their father Charles Grant (1746–1823) was a member of the Clapham Sect and a friend of Zachary Macaulay. Of his six identified articles in the *Quarterly Review*, only one – on Fox – dates from 1809. See H. and H. C. Shine, *The Quarterly Review under Gifford* (Chapel Hill, NC, 1949).

2. Alexander Pope, 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot' (line 317), in *The Poems of Alexander Pope*, ed. J. Butt (London, 1965), p. 608.
3. Charles Grant (1778–1866), created Baron Glenelg in 1835, retained TBM's loyal friendship, despite his failure as Colonial Secretary. He died unmarried.
4. For a description of TBM's time in the Nielgherries, see *LM*, vol. 3, pp. 80–8.

Tuesday – October 30

However, the day came, and I got some coffee – without milk – for breakfast. I thought of the Lord Hungerford and of Captain Farquharson's cows.<sup>1</sup> I had some chat with some of the party French and English. I insisted that my countrymen had greatly improved the French inns. But some of the French present maintained that we had spoiled the innkeepers, waiters, chambermaids, hostlers, porters and postillions by our liberality. We talked about rail-roads. The general opinion seemed to be that the line from Paris to Havre was the best; and that even on that line there was no likelihood of success. We talked of the detestable poisonous stench of the port of Marseilles, and I boasted of the superior cleanliness of our docks. We talked of cookery; and to my surprise I found that all the foreigners present who had been in England acknowledged the prodigious superiority of the English fish. The turbot and mullet of the Mediterranean – though so renowned by the Roman poets – they pronounced far inferior to ours. Of salmon we have almost the exclusive enjoyment. I asked about the Thunny so much celebrated by the ancients but I was assured that I should find it very bad. I picked up other miscellaneous information – that the shops of the Palais Royal are not, as I had imagined, the private property of Louis Philippe – that they are by no means good property except those on the ground-floor.

At about two we came to Genoa but the fog and rain deprived us of the famous spectacle which the city presents from the sea. We anchored in the port which was as quiet as a pond though the wind was high and the sea without much agitated. A little before this time an English lady applied to me for advice about her journey. She was with her family on the road to Naples and one of the party had told them that they would be assassinated by the banditti. I laughed her out of her fears – the person who had alarmed her was a singularly chicken-hearted fellow, who woke her and half-a-dozen other people in the middle of the preceding night to tell them that we should be drowned. When we were in the port we had to dawdle for an hour or more till a public functionary came on board – then we were counted, and this idle vexatious process was so performed that several were counted twice – so little care was taken by the officers. Then we were rowed to a miserable hovel on the shore where we were crowded into a smoky room till a police-officer was ready to examine us. He asked us our ages, noted down this valuable piece of information with great solemnity and then sent us about our business. What idle mummery! I can understand that gov-

ernments may be suspicious and may use strict precautions in order to prevent dangerous people from entering their territory but in the measures which are taken here there is much vexation and no precaution. Time is lost, travellers are plagued, and the government gains absolutely nothing in the way of security. What possible protection does the throne of the King of Sardinia derive from the circumstance that the ages of fifty to sixty foreigners are all noted down in a register? However we went through this ceremony. Then we had to pass the custom-house. I was civilly used but they were more prying with some others of our party. I had brought scarcely any books for fear of some detention. At Leghorn I shall not mind it, for I can get an order from Florence if necessary for the restoration of anything which may be detained. When I had got through the custom-house I went to the Croce de Malte – it was full but they recommended the Hotel d'Italie whither I went, through dark gloomy vaults which had the merit of protecting me from the rain. It was five before I got to the hotel. I was lodged at an enormous height. I counted the steps. They were exactly an hundred, and not small ones. I could not go up to my room without climbing a quarter of the height of the monument. The waiters might as well have passed their lives on the treadmill. However, my rooms were clean and comfortable and contrasted very advantageously with those of the hotels at Lyons and Marseilles. I dined – tasted the wine of Piedmont – one taste was enough – I ordered Marsalla and drank it too freely, I think, for I had a headache afterwards which I could only explain on this supposition, I took it for a light wine like Burgundy, and it is, I believe, much stronger and hotter. Before I went to bed the moon was shining and the clouds breaking. I lay down with a good hope for the morrow. A comfortable bed. My first day in Italy – wrote to Hannah.<sup>2</sup>

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1. TBM returned from India on this ship; Charles Farquharson (1795–1856) was its captain. See *LM*, vol. 3, p. 229.
  2. See *LM*, vol. 3, pp. 260–1.

Wednesday – October 31

One of the most remarkable days of my life. A day of interest and enjoyment. We were not required to be on board of the steamer again till six in the evening. Soon after seven in the morning I was in the streets of Genoa. Never had I been more struck and delighted. The Strada Balbi, the Strada Nuovissima, above all the Strada Nuovà quite enchanted me. Nothing mean or small to break the charm. One huge massy towering palace after another – forming an assemblage in which the finest houses of London would have seemed contemptible. What would Northumberland House, Lansdowne House, or Norfolk House have been there? Change Northumberland House from brick to variegated marble, and raise it to twice its present height and it might perhaps pass muster as a sec-

ond-rate palace in Genoa. The vestibules beautiful – the flights of marble steps and the colonnades within far superior to anything in London or Paris. True it is that none of these magnificent piles is a strikingly good architectural composition. But the general effect is majestic beyond description. The royal palace was the palace of the family of Durazzo in the Strada-Balbi. When the King of Sardinia became Sovereign of Genoa he bought the house, and found himself at once lodged as magnificently as a great prince need wish to be. What a city where a sovereign has only to go into the market and buy Luxembourg or St James's. But indeed the Genoese palaces are superior either to the Luxembourg or to St James's nor is the Royal Palace superior to many others except perhaps in the length of the facade. I went over the Royal Palace – both that I might see the interior of one of these superior mansions, and that I might see the famous Paul Veronese.<sup>1</sup> The house is very noble – magnificent flights of steps of the finest marble – long suites of gilded rooms – galleries adorned with a profusion of glasses – and many good pictures and tolerable sculptures. Of the pictures the Paul Veronese of Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ is by far the most celebrated. It is the same with that which Rogers has on a reduced scale. I must learn the history of Rogers' copy and the nature of the relation between the two pictures. The harmony of the colouring is said to be exquisite. The softness of Mary's hands is much admired but there is no use in lying to one's own self and I must say that I want taste to see the transcendent merit of the picture. The expression of the two principal countenances is quite insipid. Mary might be washing her hands and Christ might be sitting to be measured for shoes. There is no love or adoration on her side, nor has he the air of a superior being accepting graciously a sacrifice offered by sincere reverence and affection. The dog under the table is, I think, as well painted and seems as much interested in what is going on as any other character in the piece. There is in the gallery a most striking bust of Vitellius but I could learn nothing about its history. Indeed the showman and the author of the trumpery "Guide à Genes"<sup>2</sup> which I had purchased seem to be equally ignorant. I could myself correct the catalogue of the paintings in this palace. There are two whole lengths – the one of our Charles II in the robes of the Garter, the other of Queen Anne in her royal apparel, not to be mistaken for a moment. The former is described in the catalogue as a gentleman in a Spanish habit, the latter as a lady dressed like a Queen. I should like to know whether these pictures were part of the old Durazzo collection or were, as I rather suppose, the property of the Dukes of Savoy. The terrace of the palace commands an incomparable view of the city, the port, the shipping and the Mediterranean. The sun was bright and the sea blue so that I saw this fine sight with every advantage. Next to the huge palaces of Genoa – or rather quite as much as those palaces I admired the Churches – not outside for they are mean and bad, and are seldom so high as the stately houses which surround them, but the interior dazzled and

pleased me more than I can express. It was like the awakening of a new sense. It was the discovery of a new pleasure. I had drawn all my notions of classical interiors of churches from such buildings as St Paul's and St Genevieve's<sup>3</sup> – cold, white, naked edifices, fine undoubtedly, but without richness and variety. I now found that the classical orders might be used in such a manner as to produce the most gorgeous effects – that an outline like that of St Genevieve might be filled up with all the richest colouring of Rogers's painted cabinets. The first church door that I opened at Genoa let me into a new world. Variegated marbles, gildings – paintings in fresco occupied every inch. One harmonious glow pervaded the whole of the long Corinthian arcade from the entrance to the altar. These Churches, I am told, do not stand high among Italian Churches, but their effect on me was very great, particularly the effect of the Church of the Annunziata and of the Church of San Siro. I hardly know which of those two I liked the more. In this way I passed the day, greatly excited and delighted. I walked over and over along that incomparable line of streets from the neighbourhood of the Post Office to the Royal Palace. I went into the old Ducal palace and looked into the hall of the Senate. It is a fine room, but not interesting from antiquity. I walked to the ancient Palace of Andrea Doria and I should have liked to go in but it seems this palace is not shewn and all the pictures are at Rome. Except for the fame of its founder it is not distinguished among these great Genoese mansions. Indeed it is perhaps the meanest among them. The architectural splendour of this fine city appears to be of a later date than its highest political importance. Nothing that struck me much either in the palaces or the Churches is older than the sixteenth century. How the Genoese nobles live at present I could not learn from any authority on which I could depend. They seem generally to let large parts of their enormous houses, reserving the suite on the second floor for themselves. They have good pictures and fine furniture. But in what their wealth consists I cannot ascertain. I am quite sure that no Englishman would think of building or buying a town house of one fourth part of the size of these superb dwellings, unless he had thirty thousand a year to keep it up. The grandeur of Genoa is in these palaces and in the interiors of the Churches – the shops are mean, very far below those of the fourth-rate towns of France – of Auxerre or Chalons-sur-Saone. The streets are very narrow. Even those noble streets of palaces – Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima are certainly not a quarter so wide as they are high. The other streets are hardly, I think, twelve feet across, if so much, and are as high as the tallest buildings in the Old Town of Edinburgh. The town is not offensively uncleanly, far superior in that respect to Marseilles. I dined in my hotel and went on board. Our numbers were greatly increased. There were 108 passengers. We started soon after dark. The wind was as before, foul, but it was not violent. And the weather was fine. I walked about the deck for some time and talked about

French politics with a sensible Frenchman – then I wrapped myself in my cloak, put my carpet bag under my head, and slept soundly till morning in my birth.

1. Paolo Caliari Veronese (c. 1522–88), Venetian painter and pupil of Titian.
2. Not identified, but TBM had more solid guides. In India he had read John Chetwood Eustace, *A Classical Tour Through Italy*, 4th edn (1802), and he carried with him Mariana Starke (c. 1762–1838), *Travels in Europe for the Use of Travellers on the Continent ...* (London, 1833), which went through numerous editions and enlargements. He had been extensively briefed by Samuel Rogers, the poet, and used his long poem, *Italy*.
3. St Genevieve was the church of Paris's patron saint. It became the Pantheon during the French Revolution, although TBM refers to it by its old name.

Thursday – November 1

At an early hour we reached Leghorn.<sup>1</sup> There we had again the precautionary measures of the government – less vexatious however, than at Genoa. This town is a free port – so that goods are landed without any interference on the part of the Custom-house. It is only on leaving Leghorn that they are searched. I went to the Aquila Vera – a tolerable house, washed, dressed, breakfasted, and wrote. I made an agreement with a vetturino<sup>2</sup> to take me to Pisa today and to Florence tomorrow. There was some delay about my passport, and I took a short walk through the town. It is quite a modern town – unnamed in the old history of Italy – a recent creation of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Its principal ornament is said to be the brilliancy of the shops. I was unfortunate: for it was All Saints' day and all the shops were shut. The people were lounging at their doors or crowded together on a great open space called the Piazza d'Arma or pressing into Church and out of it. I looked into the large Church on the Piazza d'Arma, but found nothing striking. It was much like the chapel at Greenwich – much gilding, much middling painting, many busts and tablets. The crowd within was very great. In the streets I observed many Turks whose dress reminded me of the East – nor was this the only spectacle which brought India strongly to my mind. For the whole look of Leghorn, now at least that the windows are closed, greatly resembles the look of those streets of Calcutta which are occupied by European shops. The policy followed here towards heretics is very liberal. The English have a chapel for the convenience of which, as I remember, Sir Charles Grandison often stayed here:<sup>3</sup> and the Jews are allowed a synagogue. There are, I hear Jews of very great wealth at Leghorn. At last I got my passport and set off. The Town is very considerable and, though not striking, is well-built and has the appearance of affluence. I forgot till I was out of it that the scene of Goldoni's *Villeggiatura*<sup>4</sup> – his best piece as far as my knowledge goes – is laid at Leghorn. I had to stop at the barrier, and to open my boxes. But the custom-house officers let me pass very readily and civilly, and my books, about which I had entertained some appre-

hensions, were not even opened. The journey was through a very flat country, but the Apennines made a noble appearance in the distance. The land round me seemed to be rich and carefully cultivated. The road was certainly far the best on which I have been since I quitted Brighton. The dwellings of the peasantry were neat and cheerful. White stone farmhouses with red tiles, and surrounded by the outward signs of rustic plenty were to be seen every two or three hundred yards. My vetturino a smart intelligent lad begged my permission to take up a traveller. I did not like to grant it, but the man came up to the carriage, and there was some awkwardness about refusing, as the applicant had the look of a decent person. I let him ride outside, but I was angry with myself for doing so, and determined not to suffer my driver to take such a liberty again. I see that Signor L'Inglese is considered as fair game. I soon came in sight of Pisa. The appearance of the city at a distance is really very much like that of Oxford – many towers and steeples among trees – the Baptistery not unlike the Radcliffe Library – the Campanile very striking and in the view which I had of it, the inclination not discernible.

We drove to the Ussaro and I was shown to a very comfortable room. I then set out on my rambles – and I must say that I was disappointed. The truth is that I had not very sanguine expectations of pleasure from Genoa: and was surprised and delighted more than I remember to have been by any sight in all my life. Then my expectations from other Italian cities rose to an extravagant height: and have naturally been disappointed. Pisa is an exceedingly neat town beautifully situated along the Arno with handsome quays and handsome bridges. It is as clean and white as a lady's wedding-finery. The day being a high holiday, all the shops were shut; and the look of the town was like that of a respectable English country town – not a great commercial or manufacturing place – on a fine Sunday afternoon. I called a hackney coach and was driven to that part of Pisa where all the great curiosities lie close together – the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo. As to the Duomo, I dislike altogether the style in which it is built. I love Grecian architecture, Gothic Architecture, Saracenic Architecture, any architecture which is good of its kind. But Gothicised Greek architecture, Doric and Corinthian pillars sometimes elongated into lances and sometimes shortened into a squat dwarf-like appearance are distasteful to me. I saw nothing but deformity in the exterior of this building. The inside is fine – but far below the Churches which charmed me at Genoa – the only colours of the marble are black and white, which produce too strong a contrast. I had made the same observation in the Cathedral of St Lorenzo at Genoa. The roof is flat instead of being arched as it ought to be to suit the rest of the building, and is adorned only with a profusion of gold-leaf instead of paintings. There are frescoes on the walls but I was not much struck by them. The Baptistery, though more to my taste than the Duomo is in the same disagreeable style. The Campanile would be very fine but for the unfortunate distortion which has made it curious, rather

than beautiful. A noble tower out of the perpendicular is like a hump-backed Antinous or a Helen with a hare-lip. The Campo Santo has no such drawback. It is exceedingly pretty and interesting. Yet it disappointed me. I expected something more vast and splendid. I expected too that the frescoes would be more vivid. I have seen, I think, cloisters quite equal in general effect at home. As to the paintings, Giotto's which I most wished to see are quite effaced. And those which are visible are not much superior to the old prints in bibles of Queen Elizabeth's reign. I looked hard for Buffalmacco's works.<sup>5</sup> For I remembered his admirable pranks in the Decameron and was curious to see what sort of an artist so consummate a wag would make. He seems to have carried his waggery into his religious painting. For there is a whimsical daub by him of God pulling Eve out of Adam's side, and all the angels looking on in very natural surprise. The best part of the frescos are the borders, which seem to belong to a more advanced age of art. The heads are admirable and the other decorations often reminded me of the friezes on the Mausoleum at Agra as they appear in vignettes. If I do injustice to this city the cause is partly my own highly raised expectation and partly the annoyance which I sustained from two Ciceroni who fastened themselves on me whether I would or no, gabbled to me in Tuscan which I understood imperfectly, hurried me past things on which I wished to dwell, and put me thoroughly out of sorts. I resolved as soon as I had escaped from them never to be pestered by a Cicerone again. I went back to the Duomo and the Campo Santo in about an hour to see them quietly and by myself, but my old tormentors came about me again. Would I ascend the Campanile? Would I see I forget what? And when at last I freed myself it was growing late. I walked some time however in the Campo Santo which seems to be the holiday promenade of all the people of Pisa. It was crowded as the Cloisters of Trinity at Cambridge used to be crowded in wet weather – or like the arcades of the Palais Royal. To see the building as it ought to be seen was impossible. I dined at my hotel – read Kirk<sup>6</sup> – bought a box of capital Pisan made matches – drank part of a bottle of most detestable wine of this province of Italy – looked over a number of Galignanis, and so to bed.

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1. Livorno.
  2. *Vetturino*: 'one who provided horses and made other arrangements for the convenience of travellers whom he accompanied on a journey' (*OED*); based on the Italian *vettura*, a four-wheeled carriage.
  3. See Samuel Richardson, *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753–4), vol. 3, letter xii.
  4. Carlo Goldoni, *La villeggiatura, commedia* (1773). TBM's copy of Goldoni's works is at Wallington.
  5. Bonamico di Martino, nicknamed Buffalmacco (fl. 1315–36), an Italian painter noted for his practical jokes in *The Decameron*. Although no authenticated work by him survives, he could be the master of the *Triumph of Death*, an extensive fresco cycle in the Camposanto.
  6. Not identified.

Friday – November 2

Off early in the morning. I shall always have an interesting recollection of this place, though the buildings as buildings have disappointed me. But there is something pleasing in the way in which all the monuments of Pisan greatness lie together in a place not unlike the close of an English Cathedral surrounded with green turf, and still kept up with the utmost neatness and evidently objects of admiration and matters of pride to the whole population. Pisa has always had a great interest for me – partly from its misfortunes, and from the long and obstinate struggle which it made after an interval of near a century, to regain its independence – partly I believe because my first notions about the Italian republics were derived from Sismondi<sup>1</sup> whom I read while at school, and Sismondi, who is or fancies he is of Pisan descent, does all in his power to make the country of his ancestors an object of interest. I like Pisa too from having been Ghibbeline. After the time of Fredric Barbarossa<sup>2</sup> my preference, as far as one can have preferences in so wretched a question, are all Ghibbeline. I am vehemently for Frederic II against the Pope, for Manfredi<sup>3</sup> against Charles of Provence. I drove out of Pisa at about six – I looked with great pleasure on the huge dark house which made so important a part of Count Ugolino's dreadful dream.<sup>4</sup>

*Perche il Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.*

Surely it is better to travel in mature years with all these things in one's head than to run over the continent while still a boy. It rained, and I had but a dull view of the country. Yet it seemed highly cultivated and thickly peopled. The houses were much like those of the north of Lancashire – Garstang for example and all that country. The peasantry were certainly worse dressed than those of England and of the North of France. But the cause may be merely that in this climate less clothing suffices. I have seen too much to fall into the error of supposing that because people go about barefoot or in their shirts they are necessarily in a starving condition. The horses were changed twice on the road. At the first place where they were changed I stepped into a cafe and ordered breakfast. The man brought me such stuff as an English porter would have refused to touch – two lumps of half-toasted bread with butter of the quality of dripping sticking to it in huge collops and a glass of thick coffee. Here, and indeed through the whole day I was mercilessly cheated – not only by being asked to pay more than I ought but by having short change given to me, and all sorts of vile counters passed on me for paoli and half paoli. This is an inconvenience to which a foreigner is necessarily subject whenever he comes into a country with the coin of which he is unacquainted.<sup>5</sup> And here the evil is peculiarly great for the paolo does not, like the frank, carry its value on its face, and is indeed so wretched a piece of money that any round bit of pewter or tin may easily be taken for it. However, this inconvenience will not last beyond today. As I approached Florence the day became brighter, and the country looked, not indeed strikingly beautiful,

but very pleasing – much vegetation, many white houses and villages, many soft hills covered with vineyards and wood, and a river winding among them, hardly deserving indeed of its poetical fame but still a pretty river. The sight of the olive tree interested me much. I had indeed seen what I was told were olive trees on the banks of the Rhone as I was whirled down the stream from Lyons to Avignon, but they might, for anything that I saw, have been willows or ash-trees. I now saw them covered with berries all along the road for miles. I looked at them with the same sort of feelings with which Washington Irving says that he heard the Nightingale for the first time when he came to England, after having read descriptions of her in poets from his childhood.<sup>6</sup> I thought of the Hebrews and their numerous images drawn from the olive, of the superstitious veneration in which the tree was held by the Athenians, – of Lysias's speech,<sup>7</sup> – of Sophocles' fine ode in the Oedipus at Colonus<sup>8</sup> – of Virgil<sup>9</sup> and Lorenzo de' Medici.<sup>10</sup> I have often thought it very strange that the English have never introduced the olive into any of those vast regions which they have colonized. I do not believe that there is an olive tree in all the U.S. or in South Africa, or in Australasia. At the gate of Florence I was stopped for a moment by a custom house officer who very civilly let the carriage pass and then asked me for some money. I had nothing about me less than Napoleons, and was not sorry that I was thus prevented from pampering this vile system of oppression and corruption. He could not stop me or search me with decency after having once let me pass. I was driven to Schneiderff's hotel,<sup>11</sup> was shown into comfortable apartments – a sitting room and a bedroom which I am to have for 12 paoli a day. Here for the first time since I left Paris – indeed since I left London – I mean to take a little rest. Sent my linen to the washerwoman – sent to the post for my letters – took my books out, – and made myself as comfortable as I could. I must say that the inns of Italy, as far as my experience goes, are very far superior to those of France in every respect except the cookery and wine. The Italian cookery is not to my taste; and their wine I have done with. I shall drink sherry whenever I can get it, and ditch-water rather than the vapid stuff which they call vino ordinario. No letters, I find to be had till tomorrow. Dined comfortably – read Marryatt's Naval Officer which I picked up at a stall at Paris.<sup>12</sup> Went early to bed. I like this house much.

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1. Léonard Simonde de Sismondi (1773–1842), Swiss economist, critic and historian, best remembered as the author of *Histoire des républiques italiennes*, 16 vols (1807–18). TBM read his *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, 4 vols (1813) in school. His copy of the former is at Wallington. See *LM*, vol. 1, pp. 73, 78.
  2. Frederick II (1194–1250), German king, 1212–50, and Holy Roman Emperor, 1220–50, who pursued imperial policies against the papacy and the Italian city states.
  3. Manfred (c. 1232–66), son of Frederick II, was king of Sicily from 1258, despite being excommunicated by Pope Alexander IV (Rinaldo dei Segni, 1254–61), who tried unsuccessfully to oust him with a papal army. The new Pope Urban IV (Jacques Pantaléon,

- 1261–4) offered the Sicilian crown to Charles of Anjou (1226–85) in 1265. It was he, not Charles of Provence, who defeated King Manfred at Benevento in 1266, so ending Hohenstaufen rule in Southern Italy.
4. In Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii. Count Ugolino was imprisoned with his sons and grandsons by the Archbishop Ruggieri of Pisa and starved to death in what became known as the Tower of Famine. His dream of a hunt on the mountain ‘which hides Lucca from the Pisans’ sight’ foretold their fate.
  5. According to Mariana Starke, ‘A French franc (10*d.* equivalent) goes as far in France as does a shilling in England; a Tuscan paul, usually worth about five-pence-halfpenny, will go as far in Tuscany as does a franc in France: a Roman paul, worth about five-pence, will go as far in the Ecclesiastical Territories as does a Tuscan paul in Tuscany: and a carlino of the kingdom of Naples, usually worth about four-pence, will go as far in the Neapolitan dominions as does a Roman paul at Rome’ (Starke, *Travels*, p. 593). There were 5 pauls in a mezzo-scudo and 10 in a scudo. The louis d’or was worth 44 pauls in Rome and the napoleon 37.
  6. Geoffrey Crayon [Washington Irving], *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), ch. 1: ‘The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes ...’
  7. Lysias (c. 445–c. 380 BC), Speech 7, ‘On the Olive-Stump’.
  8. Sophocles, *Oedipus Coloneus*, 694–706.
  9. Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro, 70–19 BC), *Georgics* 2.420–5.
  10. Perhaps the lines in ‘Ambra’ [Amber], *Lorenzo de’ Medici, Opere*, ed. Tiziano Zanato (Turin, Giulio Einaudi, 1992), p. 531.
  11. ‘A very capacious and good inn’ (Starke, *Travels*, p. 85).
  12. Frederick Marryat, *The Naval Officer; or, Scenes and adventures in the life of Frank Mildmay* (1829).

Saturday – November 3

Up before eight – put things in order – read Boiardo at breakfast. Stayed at home for the letters. My rooms look into a court adorned with orange trees and marble statues. I never look at the statues without thinking of poor Mignon

Und marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an: –

Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?<sup>1</sup>

I know no two lines in the world which I would sooner have written than those. Found that the only way to get my letters was to go for them myself. Went – found a letter from Thornton<sup>2</sup> enclosing a power-of-attorney to be executed by me and a letter from Hannah – All well – Thornton’s letter very kind – a few words from Trevelyan.<sup>3</sup> In good spirits. Went to the Duomo; – not a good composition outside certainly – yet grand in its effect. If the front were finished and if the cupola were of better materials it would certainly be a very remarkable building. How the front came to be left unfinished I cannot comprehend. The church was built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and it seems incredible that during four hundred years of prosperity and of munificent encouragement of the arts the most important part of the largest edifice in Florence should have

been left in so scandalous a condition. The inside of the Duomo is not beautiful; but it is awful and gloomy. The famous cupola a little disappointed me. But I was greatly int[erested and] affected at finding myself surround[ed by] so many great men whose na[m]es were] familiar to me. It was to m[e what] Westminster Abbey would be to an American. There was a daub of Dante on wood – of great antiquity – the monument of old Sir John Hawkwood<sup>4</sup> – the monument of Poggio,<sup>5</sup> of Giotto,<sup>6</sup> of Marsilio Ficino.<sup>7</sup> It was a high day and the ceremonies of the church were going on with great pomp. It is a religion which furnishes its votaries with a great deal to see and a great deal to smell, – but nothing intelligible to hear. I walked round the Campanile.<sup>8</sup> It is very fine – Giotto's design – superior to the Campanile of Pisa, even if the Campanile of Pisa were set upright. Looked at the beautiful doors of the Baptistery – Michael Angelo used to say that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Picked up a copy of Parini<sup>9</sup> – Then to my banker's – very civilly and kindly received. Sir Charles Doyley<sup>10</sup> and his Lady were in their carriage at the door – we shook hands. He seems quite well again. My bankers will write to Rome this day for a lascia passar.<sup>11</sup> I went to a Cabinetto Litterario hard by – subscribed and read the last English newspapers. It is reported that Ld Spencer is to succeed Ld Durham.<sup>12</sup> If so the Canadians will have been governed successively by the worst-tempered and by the best tempered Lords [page torn] crossed the river, went to the [page torn] and walked over as [page torn] Duke's collection as is at present to be seen.<sup>13</sup> Half the apartments are shut up a month in consequence of repairs. However I shall see them as I go through Florence on my return. It is a noble collection. What struck me most was the comparable excellence of some portraits by Titian and Raphael, particularly by Raphael. I felt how just Rogers's remark to me was, that they were far superior to Vandyke in Vandyke's own line. There is a Vandyke – I believe a very famous one – of Cardinal Bentivoglio. But by the side of Raphael's Leo the Tenth it looks quite poor. There were other paintings, which I admired. A little one by Raphael from Ezekiel – so fine that it almost reconciled me to seeing God the Father on canvas. I did not much admire the Cataline of Salvator Rosa which I had heard highly praised. There was a fine painting of the three Fates by Michael Angelo. But I must go again. As to the palace it is not a beautiful building certainly. Yet it has an air of grandeur which many much better compositions want. In its style – bad style – I think it superior to any that I have seen – far superior to the Luxembourg for example. Looked into a Church – Santo Spirito I think – nothing very remarkable.<sup>14</sup> Home – wrote to Hannah. Post for England does not go till Monday afternoon.

Then to the Church of Santa Croce – an ugly mean outside, and not much to admire in the architecture within, but consecrated by the dust of some of the greatest men that ever lived. I said that my visit to the Duomo was like the visit of an American to Westminster Abbey – but this is more applicable by far to the

Church of Santa Croce. The first tomb which caught my eye as I entered was that of Michael Angelo.<sup>15</sup> I was much moved; and still more when going forward I saw the stately monument lately erected to Dante.<sup>16</sup> The figure of the poet seemed to me fine and finely placed; the inscription very happy – his own words the proclamation which resounds through the shades when Virgil returns “Onorate l’altissimo poeta”.<sup>17</sup> The two allegorical figures are not much to my taste. It is particularly absurd I think to represent Poetry weeping for Dante. These weeping figures are all very well when a tomb is erected to a person lately dead. But when a tomb is set up over a man who has been dead more than five hundred years, such lamentation is nonsensical. Who can help laughing at the thought of tears of regret shed because a man who was born in the time of our Henry the Third is not still alive? Yet I was very near shedding tears of a different kind as I looked at this magnificent monument and thought of the sufferings of the great poet and of his incomparable genius, and of all the pleasure which I have derived from him, and of his death in exile and of the late justice of posterity. I believe that very few people have ever had their minds more thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of any great work than mine is with that of the Divine Comedy. He is my favourite modern poet – Shakespeare excepted. I put him decidedly above Milton, and to Shakespeare he yields only in variety. For what he does, he does perfectly. This execution I take to be far beyond that of any other artist who has operated on the imagination by means of words.

O degli altri poeti onore e lume  
 tragliami il lungo studio e'l grande amore  
 Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume –<sup>18</sup>

I was proud to think that I had a right to apostrophize him thus. I went on and next came to the tomb of Alfieri set up by his mistress the Countess of Albany.<sup>19</sup> It is Canova's work, but it did not please me so much as Ricci's monument to Dante. There is allegory and not very good allegory in Ricci's work – but at all events Dante is the principal figure. In Canova's work a tall allegorical woman who may be Italy, or Tuscany, or Florence, or anything else, is the only striking object. There is nothing but a medallion of the poet's head. I passed on – and in another minute my foot was on the grave of Machiavel.<sup>20</sup> Next lay Leonardo Aretino.<sup>21</sup> By this time it was growing so dark that I could hardly discern objects with sufficient distinctness. So I left the Church determining to return next day, and went to my hotel to dinner – dined very comfortably – took tea afterwards – the first tea that I have tasted since I left England – found it tolerable – to bed soon after nine.

1. Mignon is an enigmatic character in Johann Wolfgang Goethe's novel, *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (1795–6). She sings 'Kennst du das Land,' among others, from which TBM takes these lines ('And marble figures stand and stare at me / What have they done, poor child, to thee?').

2. Henry Sykes Thornton (1800–81), son of the Clapham leader Henry Thornton, grew up from childhood with TBM and became a successful banker. He lived at Battersea Rise.
3. Charles Edward Trevelyan (1807–86) was TBM's brother-in-law, having married Hannah in 1834. From 1831 to January 1838 he served in Calcutta, working to get the government to educate the natives of India through the promulgation of European literature and science.
4. Sir John Hawkwood (d. 1394), *condottiere* and leader of the White Company, a group of English mercenaries who fought in Italy from 1360 to 1390. He died at Florence and was buried in the Duomo.
5. Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini (1380–1459), Italian humanist scholar and copyist, who discovered lost or neglected classical manuscripts.
6. Giotto di Bondone (c. 1267–1337).
7. Marsilio Ficino (1433–99), influential Italian philosopher, theologian and linguist, who translated Plato into Latin.
8. Begun by Giotto in 1334, with statues by Donatello, Aretino, Pisano, Giottino and Lucca della Robbia.
9. Giuseppe Parini (1729–99), Italian poet. Possibly *Il mattino, poemetto* (1763) or *Il mattino, il mezzogiorno, e la sera: poemetti tre* (1774).
10. Sir Charles D'Oyly (1781–1845), Indian civilian, who retired from India to Italy in 1838 owing to ill health. He was an amateur artist.
11. Travel permit.
12. John Charles Spencer (1782–1845), known as Viscount Spencer of Althorp, became third Earl Spencer in 1834. For TBM's view of Althorp, see *LM*, vol. 2, p. 88. He did not succeed Durham in Canada.
13. TBM had evidently crossed the Arno by the Ponte Vecchio and was visiting the Palazzo Pitti, then the residence of the Grand Duke.
14. Possibly the Chiesa di Santo Spirito, built by Brunelleschi.
15. Michelangelo was born at Chiusi, near Arezzo, in 1474 and died at Rome in 1563; the Grand Duke of Tuscany, however, removed his body to Florence.
16. The monument was raised by subscription and executed by Stefano Ricci (1765–1837).
17. Dante, *Inferno*, iv.80. 'Honour the most high poet!': Dante, *The Divine Comedy I: Hell*, tr. Dorothy L. Sayers (Harmondsworth, 1949), p. 93.
18. Dante, *Inferno*, i.82–4. 'O honour and light of poets all and each, / Now let my great love steady me – the bent brow / And long hours pondering all thy book can teach!': *Divine Comedy I*, tr. Sayers, p. 73.
19. Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803), poet and dramatist. Louisa of Stolberg-Stolberg (1753–1824) became Countess of Albany on her marriage in 1772 to Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, who was allowed no higher title. After the French Revolution she came to England and was received at Court as the Countess of Stolberg. The tomb of Vittorio Alfieri by Antonio Canova (1757–1822) represented Italy mourning over the poet's sarcophagus and, according to Starke, was not popular with the Florentines, who disliked the 'manner in which the figure of Italy was draped' (Starke, *Travels*, p. 78).
20. Niccolò Machiavelli (1469–1527), author of *The Prince* (1513).
21. Leonardo Aretino (1370–1444), Papal secretary, 1405–15, to Popes Innocent VII and Gregory XII, humanist scholar who brought Aristotle and Plato to the forefront of fifteenth-century moral and political thought.

Sunday – November 4

After breakfast I set out on a pilgrimage to the churches of Florence. First I went to Sante Croce. There I saw besides the monuments which I have already mentioned – the tombs of Galileo<sup>1</sup> and Feliceja.<sup>2</sup> What a noble list of names for one Church. And all except Alfieri Tuscans and I think Florentines. I do not think that Athens itself could produce a name equal to that of Dante in poetry, of Galileo in Philosophy, of Michael Angelo in the fine arts. I looked into several other Churches, and heard Mass with increasing distaste. There is no denying however the wonderful skill with which the system of the Catholic Church is framed. Religion seems here to be the business and amusement of the whole population. I have now passed four days in Italian cities; and everyone of those days has been to all appearances a day of devotion with a very large proportion of the community. On every one of those days I have seen Churches very respectably filled. The general demeanour of the congregations is reverential, but at the same time, inattentive. Their postures are humble, but their minds appear to be wandering. There is a close connection between the use of Latin in the services and the splendour and solemnity of the ritual. For as the service does not furnish the minds of the audience with employment, it is necessary to give them something else to amuse them. As they receive no ideas through their ears, it becomes necessary to gratify their eyes. Painting, gilding, sculpture, fine robes, the frequent use of significant gestures by the priest, are required to keep most of the assembly from going to sleep. One great plague in these churches is the number and impudence of the beggars. I find them everywhere and in clothes which promise better things. I sat down to hear the service by the side of a decently dressed man, who forthwith began to beg me for God's sake to give him half a paolo. I have found nothing very fine in the architecture of any church in Florence. I have been interested by some paintings – particularly by those of the early masters – Cimabue, Giotto, and Masaccio, but my delight in these very ancient works is by no means so great as Mrs. Austin's,<sup>3</sup> and by her leave all that I have seen of the painters of the 14th and 15th centuries is not worth one of Raphael's or Titian's portraits in the Grand Duke's palace. I sat some time in the Baptistery, thinking of Dante's exploit there – how he broke the font to save the new-made Christian from drowning.<sup>4</sup> Poor fellow! How sadly those words express the feelings of an exile – “Nel mio bel San Giovanni”<sup>5</sup> – The building is of very great antiquity – as old, it is said, as the Lombard times. The marbles with which it is incrustated are of later date. I was struck by the tomb of Balthazar Cossa [*sic*] – Pope John XXIII – repaired by the Council of Constance – a good for nothing fellow.<sup>6</sup> I was very much interested by the Church of Sa Maria Novella. It was there that the ladies in the Decameron formed their resolution of quitting Florence. There is a famous original by Cimabue in which one sees the struggle between genius and the rudeness of a barbarous account very strikingly. There

is also a daub of Dante's inferno by Orcagna which seems to belong to the most helpless infancy of the art of painting. There is no grouping and no knowledge of perspective. After wandering till I was thoroughly tired I came home, wrote to Napier.<sup>7</sup> By the bye I saw today at the Gabinetto Litterario a paper by some Frenchman, Lafage I think, on my article about Bacon<sup>8</sup> – mixed praise and censure. The weather exceedingly fine; but cold, quite cold enough I think for a fine beginning of November in England. The snow lies on the tops of the Apennines. Dined at my hotel, and to bed.

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1. Galileo Galilei (1564–1642), natural philosopher, astronomer, physicist and mathematician. Giovanni Battista Foggini's monument was erected by order of Viviani, Galileo's pupil, and the scientist's bones were finally moved into the church almost a century after his decease, having been initially interred in the Piazza Santa Croce – unconsecrated ground; see Starke, *Travels*, p. 72.
  2. Vincenzo da Filicaja (1642–1707), Florentine poet, whose patroness was Christina, Queen of Sweden. See below, entry for 20 November 1838, n. 13.
  3. Sarah Austin (1793–1867), translator of several works, including Ranke's *History of the Popes* (1840), which TBM reads later in the journal. TBM was friendly with both Sarah Austin and her husband, John Austin (1790–1859), so he may be referring to a personal remark rather than a written comment.
  4. See Dante, *Inferno*, xix.16–20. 'The font in the Baptistry was surrounded by holes in which the officiating priests stood, so as not to be jostled by the crowd on days when a good number of babies were being baptized at once ... A small boy who was playing around the font one day got jammed into one of these holes, and was extricated by Dante, who took the responsibility of breaking down the marble surround': *Divine Comedy* I, tr. Sayers, p. 192.
  5. 'My own beautiful St John' (*Inferno*, xix.17). Dante was himself baptized in the church.
  6. John XXIII was deposed by the Council of Constance in 1415. His dates as anti-pope were 1410–15.
  7. See *LM*, vol. 3, pp. 260–1. Macvey Napier (1776–1847), had been editor of the *Edinburgh Review* since 1829.
  8. *ER*, 65 (July 1837), pp. 1–104; *The Works of Lord Macaulay, Complete* (hereafter *CW*), ed. Lady Trevelyan, 8 vols (London, 1866), vol. 6, pp. 135–245.

#### Monday – November 5

After breakfast went to the Church of San Lorenzo chiefly to see the monuments by Michael Angelo.<sup>1</sup> They were under lock and key. I could not find my way to them, and lounged about the Church discontentedly, heard mass said, saw several female penitents at confession, and wished myself in the chair of the priest – saw the sacrament administered to about forty communicants at one of the altars. When this was over I asked an Ecclesiastic how I could obtain access to the monuments. He was exceedingly civil and put me under the care of the proper person who let me into the Chapel.<sup>2</sup> The sitting figure of Lorenzo is the finest thing of the sort that I ever saw – finer than I expected even from Rogers's