

JULY 28TH, TUESDAY

We lay about 5 miles off shore for 6 hours, & at 3 o'clock in the morning steamed in with one piston at work, the starboard fire & boiler having been let out during the night. We saw the sunrise beautifully, the mist & fog quite ran away before it. At about 4 the Pilot came on board & took us inside the mole just under the fort, where we moored with the bow anchor & 2 cables from the stern.

Early as it was, everyone in Genoa seemed to be up & stirring, & directly we entered the harbour all hands were looking over the side laughing at the strange sight that met our English eyes. Hundreds of people were bathing in the harbour; not from machines like ours, but from small boats with curtains & an awning over them, & not too much of that: men, women, & children, were all having their morning bath together, & very often out of the same boat. Some of the ladies had a kind of riding dress for bathing, hat & all complete, though more usually a thin white kind of shirt. When they came out of the water, they never thought of drying themselves, but dressed with the wet clothes next their skin; perhaps because it was cooler & saved trouble; the process of dressing however did not take very long, for the climate being hot they only wore three garments.

The harbour here is very large & completely crowded with vessels; at one time it was almost the chief mercantile port in the world, & Genoa shewed herself the formidable rival & enemy of Pisa & Venice. There are three bad sea batteries, two moles, with a light on each, & the lighthouse in one corner, a tall, square, & not inelegant building. There is a small dry dock next the Arsenal for one vessel, which is emptied by pumps. 'The modern aspect of the city of Genoa as viewed from the sea, is truly magnificent. A continuous range of noble buildings, upwards of two miles in length, runs along the shore; palaces embosomed in richly-foliaged parks & gardens, mingled with the spires & campaniles of churches,

rise behind in a splendid amphitheatre on the steep sides of the hills which rear their dark & barren summits above, crowned with ramparts & batteries. Its situation in the recess of a wide gulf, which stretches in the form of a crescent from the frontiers of France to those of Tuscany, the beauty of the view.' (T. A. Buckley's *Great Cities of the Middle Ages*).

We had Pratique given us pretty early, & the police & custom house officers came on board to search soon after. The customs here are very strict, & you have to declare every single article in the vessel, especially the tobacco & salt, even to an ounce, as a slight error in the weight would endanger the confiscation of the ship. As soon as a vessel comes into port here, anyone who happens to know it, whether government official or civilian, comes on board & asks for a present, no matter whether he has assisted you or not, it's all the same. We had a few visits something like the following; (scene; a ragged fellow climbed on deck over the side, addressing Capt. B. or the officer on duty with great familiarity)

- Goot morn Sar! You de Avon, I come for present.
- Indeed! well, who are you?
- Sar?
- Who are you, & what do you want a present for?
- Oh! I Genoese, I see you come.

And for deigning to look at us, as our little vessel steamed into the harbour with a graceful sweep round the mole head, this ugly native wants a dollar. 4/2.

About noon we went on shore; the quay was surrounded with hundreds of watermen's boats, & the wonder is how they all find employment. From the quay we passed through the city gates, where a body of police stood armed with long skewers which they thrust through every sack of grain or coal carried into the city, to see if any smuggling was being attempted. From thence we went through the exchange, the small square between some houses with a church at one corner, & in a lane near there is a large room for the transac-

tion of more private business.

Genoa contains 150,000 inhabitants, & is defended by a double fortified wall, the inner one enclosing the city with a circumference of nearly 6 miles, & the outer one taking in several hills with a circuit of 12 miles; the Citadel stands on one of the heights to the north, & is surrounded by a moat with a drawbridge. Some of the streets are very narrow, mere lanes, & the houses on each side exceedingly high, so as to exclude the sun & keep them cool, most of them are from 6 to 8 & some as much as 11 stories high. 'The interior of the town, however, is less satisfactory than the fair promises made by its lovely appearance from the sea', as is too often the case with Italian cities: the streets are narrow & inconvenient, save only a few, such as Strada Balbi & Strada Nova, which are lined on both sides with the marble mansions of Genoese patricians. In fact, in most parts of the continent the same fault appears to prevail which is only just now disappearing from our own metropolis. There is no alternative between magnificence & penury. A street must either be a double range of palaces (private or commercial), with a Broadway fit for a chariot race, or a narrow court in which neither personal convenience nor sanitary cleanliness can find the least consideration. Half the finest streets have an adjacent purlieu of slums & rookeries, which are of no use save in exciting the querulousness of visitors, & the indignation of philanthropists, & in paying salaries to commissioners.'

Genoa would be all very well notwithstanding this, were it not for the filthy cheese which abounds in every street & taints the atmosphere with its disgusting & pestilential stench. Each house does not contain a single family, but one family occupies a flat, as in Glasgow & other Scotch cities, & the top rooms are considered the best, being *only* about 100 stairs up; so that the poor man is at the bottom where he can easily see his customers, or run out for anything he may want, while His Excellency who has nothing to do, can amuse himself by running up & downstairs. The buildings in general have a

great deal of marble which seems very common here, for even the posts in the streets are marble, & the pillars supporting the verandahs are all pure marble: each dwelling has a cool court yard in the middle; the outsiders are not all painted plainly as in England, but sometimes have pictures & gaudy devices between the windows & under the coping, & now & then a balcony, pillar, or Venetian blind is so excellently imitated, as to deceive even a close observer. The rooms are nicely decorated, mostly with frescoes or imitation frescoes done by cutting out the pattern in a card, & then placing it on the wall & rubbing the wet brush over it; so that there is a paint mark corresponding with every cut in the card; an easy way of doing a difficult task.

The costume of the people is a mixture of English, French, & Italian; some of the poorer women & young girls wear a long white net veil hanging from the back of the head down the back; it looks very pretty & graceful. We passed by some Government offices & also the Mint, where they strike a quantity of brass, & copper-plated *silver* coins: fountains were playing in many of the streets, sparkling like diamonds in the sun & refreshing the sultry atmosphere with their cooling streams. We were followed at first by one or two, but afterwards by a swarm of officious guides, who were most persevering in their offers of assistance to view the lions, grinning at us & gibbering away in Genoese which is quite a different dialect to the pure Italian, & wanting the easy flow of that soft tongue. Today was spent in gaining a general idea of the city, & the only place we went into was the Jesuits Church of St. Philip: after being accustomed to the neat quiet looking churches in England, the effect as we entered was quite dazzling. The ceiling was beautifully painted with, I think, a picture of the Assumption, all the columns which supported the roof were marble, the floor was composed of inlaid marbles of different kinds, the altars & side chapels were adorned with silver & gold most beautifully worked, & resplendent with precious stones, some of these jewels though

looked very sickly & rather *too much* like sham ones, still they were gaudy, & so answered the purpose they were intended for, & wherever any space was left unoccupied by substantial decorations, it was filled up by fine gilt moulding; in fact the whole church was one glittering gilt mass.

There was plenty of fruit about the streets, & I managed to purchase some before we returned on board, while quite a crowd collected to witness this most interesting process.

JULY 29TH, WEDNESDAY

This morning we had to call at the police office, when to my amazement I discovered that I ought to have had a passport which was not thought necessary on leaving England, since I was going the whole voyage out & home, & in a manner like one of the crew, & that in landing without one, I had made myself liable to all sorts of horrible punishments: so I was obliged to call at the English Consul's & several other places, & after a couple of hours bother, & a rather free expenditure of dollars & 5 franc pieces, succeeded in obtaining one properly vise'd. Genoa, among its other curiosities seems to have quite a collection of dwarfs, we passed 4 today, one little old man sitting on a stool, playing at draughts, with his feet about a foot off the ground, & three old women, the tallest not more than two feet high, such queer little manikins.

There are several Dukes in Genoa, who all keep their armed retainers like our English Barons of the Olden Time. We went over the Brignole Palace, belonging to the noble family of the same name; it is a splendid edifice, mostly of marble & granite, the rooms are large & lead from one to the other without passages between them, the ceilings are painted & surrounded by elegant gilt mouldings & cornices, the walls are hung with fine paintings, the windows with rich satin & damask curtains, the floors are a kind of marble asphalt & sometimes wood inlaid or marble mosaic, all the furniture is very handsome, the chairs, couches &c of satin damask or

needlework, with gilt legs & back; there are also some pretty good bronzes & sculptures. The lower part of the house has a flat roof, outside it is paved with marble slabs with a balustrade round it; in the year 1823 the Duke gave a grand dinner on this terrace to our Lord George Bentick, when 260 guests sat down together. From this we went to the Church of St. Lorenzo, which was decorated in the same style as St. Philip's only rather more highly finished, far surpassing anything of the kind I had ever seen in any other foreign place; in fact I should have thought that at St. Lorenzo's the art of Church decoration was carried to its highest possible point of perfection, but when we entered the Church of Annunziata I found that I was mistaken, the decorations there were exceedingly gorgeous.

The Church *outside* is rather dilapidated & the marble facing all knocked off, but *inside* it is very different; it consists of three aisles, the roof in the centre going higher than at the sides & being supported by marble columns, there are side chapels & confessionals all round; the ceiling & walls are covered with some very fine brightly coloured paintings, which though 500 years old still retain their freshness as on the day they were first painted; the floor is paved with different coloured marbles, & the side chapels are one mass of delicate workmanship in silver, sculpture or highly gilt mouldings. At the upper part of the church near the high altar, in a slight recess, are a couple of side chapels, facing each other, whose altars are supported by four very fine dark brown marble columns cut spirally like a horn, about 12 or 15 ft high, which an English Lord (I think Lord Elgin) offered to buy for their weight in silver; no wonder after such offers as this that foreigners think the English are all nabobs and have nothing to do but spend their money.

In the afternoon it was too hot onshore for Mrs. B. to venture out, & Capt. B. was occupied about the ships papers, so Mr. Box & myself landed together for a stroll & a look at the shops to see if we could get a few things we wanted; they

were pretty well supplied with goods & plate glass windows, but Mr. Box soon called my attention from them to admire the beauty of the ladies, which I'm afraid I was rather slow in discovering, but at last really did see a pretty face, peeping out of a shop over the shoulder of an old man with a face like a shrivelled apple, perhaps her father, so I immediately stepped across the street to buy something. She was a young girl, (but girls here at 12 look as old as England's daughters at 20, so I should not like to venture a guess at her age,) with lovely features, a straight nose & dark eyes, & by far the best looking I had seen since parting from the rosy cheeks & laughing eyes of Merry England. The old gentleman could not speak French, which however was one of the young lady's accomplishments, so of course I could not understand a word of Italian, and consequently had all the conversation to myself.

In the evening we went with Mr. Lertora to the French Comedy: we had intended to go to the Opera, but unfortunately it was not open that evening, so being rather early for the Comedy, we went to a neighbouring Cafe to while away the time by eating ices & drinking lemonade in the garden which was prettily lit up & where a military band was in attendance.

In going towards the theatre we saw a very old gentle man standing sentinel at the Palace; I hear that everyone in this city is a soldier, & has to mount guard for 24 hours every month.

The Theatre was small, about the size of our Adelphi, & highly decorated, the gilding must have cost a large sum, but is not *really* such an expense as it would be in England, where it would require constant renewing, for they say that if well put on it will last quite fresh for 50 years or more, & in fact this is the true secret of the churches & palaces in Italy being so gorgeously embellished. The acting was passable though the piece rather absurd, being *as usual* all about Love & Murder.

The city gates are closed at midnight, after which hour no one can enter or go out.

JULY 30TH, THURSDAY

Early this morning before sunrise I took a dive off the deck & went for a swim round the harbour, which I enjoyed very much, looking at the different people who were already having their accustomed bath. Notwithstanding the Genoese are so often in the water, I was surprised only to see a couple of good swimmers all the time we were there, but one can hardly wonder at it, for most of the men only come down to the rocks, undress, put on a hat, & sit in the water without a movement for three-quarters of an hour. I had been swimming for about an hour & was then a quarter of a mile from the ship, & thought I would go round a buoy close by, & return on board; so I had just swum to the other side of this large barrel, when a very queer apparition presented itself in the shape of a woman splashing about in the water supported by a couple of hollowed pumpkins fastened to her shoulders. The air had got under her wet bathing dress & blown it out like a balloon, a conical straw hat surmounted her head, & a cigar smoked away in her mouth, while her 'gude mon' sat shivering on the gunwale of a boat near at hand dabbling his toes in the water, & looking with awe & admiration at his venturesome spouse. Altogether it was a most comically novel exhibition, & caused such a boisterous fit of laughter as almost to endanger my sinking.

About noon we all landed and went with Mr. or rather Signor Lertora to the King's Palace. It is a large marble-faced building, very lofty, & with a terrace on part of the roof similar to the one at the Brignole Palace & looking from the back over the harbour & arsenal, where is a fine 60 gun frigate building, it is said, as a present for our Queen Victoria; the king in selecting the site of his house seems to have had an eye to an easy escape by sea in case of a sudden revolution. Just before our arrival a very extensive & dangerous conspiracy had been discovered, only three hours before the time appointed for its outbreak; it seems that the benevolent intentions of the conspirators were, to murder everyone and

destroy everything, first commencing with the crowded places of public amusement & then proceeding to the Palaces & Hotels; their plans however, notwithstanding the great pains taken to keep them perfectly secret, were entirely frustrated, and the prisons quickly filled with the conspirators. For a wonder, these regenerating patriots received no sympathy from the people they were going to murder, as Genoa is said to be the best governed & lightest taxed state in Italy.

The rooms in the palace are large & splendidly ornamented; the ball room is long & lofty with a gallery at one end, & the floor is composed of fine inlaid woods. The throne room is lined with rich dark red velvet, relieved by massive gilt cornices; the various other apartments are mostly lined with green, yellow, or red satin damask, & the furniture is all gilt & carved, many of the tables also are made of marble mosaic; the King's bed, where many of the royal family of Russia have slept when on visits, is finely carved & ornamented, with light green & white satin hangings. The queen's rooms are *very comfortable*, her reception room is long, with mirrors at the sides, & the furniture covered with her own needle-work; but the room set apart for her lady-in-waiting is *very miserable*, quite a chilling contrast to her own well furnished one next door, with its looking-glasses, wardrobes, & couches; only bare walls, one cane-bottomed chair, an old mahogany three legged washing stand with the varnish worn off, & an iron bedstead without hangings. To avoid the fatigue of going up and down the many flights of stairs that lead to her boudoir, the Queen has had a kind of little closet made to hold 8 persons which draws up & down by a pulley & fitted with wheels running in a groove, so that she opens a side door from her room, gets into this contrivance, perhaps gives a whistle or a kick, & is at once lowered to the bottom without further trouble.

In Genoa the goldsmiths are excellent workmen, & make some of the most beautiful filagree work it is well possible to imagine; it looks more like the production of some careful spider than of a thick fingered mechanic.

In the afternoon we all went for a stroll through the city & then on to the ramparts. From our position on the top of the walls we had a good view over the eastern side of the city which lay below us, & in which the mad-house was decidedly the largest building. A regiment had just been exercising on the parade ground, & we watched it march off & come by a circuit to where we stood; the band went first but none played except the drummer, who beat a sort of rattle.

Mr. Box had been listening attentively for a few moments, & then turned sharply round & said,

- Listen! there! listen!
- Listen to what?
- Why there! listen! don't you hear!
- Hear! hear what?
- Why, the drum?
- Oh! yes, I hear that, & wish he'd leave off, for he kicks up a most tremendous row, & no tune.
- No tune? Oh yes there is, I hear it.
- Well I can't make out any, & he's near enough too.
- You don't know it? yes you do; now listen.
- Well, I'm sure there's no tune in that discordant rattle.
- Oh yes, its plain enough; its 'the girl I left behind me',

& on this the happy Mr. Box, rejoicing at his discovery, commenced humming his favourite air, quite regardless of, or perhaps inspired by the wicked little god with thoughts that soared too high or too far off to be reached by, the volley of laughter that greeted his answer.

As we rowed on board we passed a boat full of minstrels, who were singing by the side of a schooner: it's a common practice for them here to come round in the moonlight and serenade crews just arrived; some of them have good voices & keep capital harmony; which sounds so sweetly floating on the still night air & at last losing itself in the echo of the surge that dashes against the rocks.

We left Genoa at 9 P.M., 2 hours after the *Medea*, a large French steamer bound for Leghorn, which place we reached

about an hour before her at 6 A.M. on . . .

JULY 31ST, FRIDAY

As we were warping into our berth between some other vessels, I lent a hand at the bow capstan & then went off to the stern, & after taking in the slack of the large hawser, stood by as it tautened & we swung round, when all on a sudden it flew off the timber heads and caught me a severe blow just above the knee, very nearly breaking the leg, *after* it struck me it hit the second mate & another man who were behind & immediately made their shins black & blue: it was a great mercy that the rope did not break, as in that case it would have torn my leg in two: at first the pain was rather sharp, but it soon became easier & then began to swell. The quarantine officers came on board almost immediately & at once gave us pratique.

The harbour is large & being daily improved; a fine break-water is being built at the entrance; there are three basins one beyond the other farther in, & by the landing stairs of the inner one is the statue of a former prince who pursued & captured a notorious pirate & his three sons: during the chase the father pulled on one side with an iron oar against his three sons on the other side, & so strongly as to break his oar when they were taken. The prince, rejoiced at his prize & flushed with victory, on arriving at Leghorn landed at once without waiting for Pratique, & so made himself amenable to the laws, & was accordingly shot together with his captives by his cruel father the Duke for breaking them. The four pirates are sculptured at his feet.

After breakfast we landed, & I had to visit the Police about my bothering passport. Knowing that our stay at Leghorn would be short, we determined to see as much as possible in the time, so set off for Pisa by the next train at 11.30 & arrived there in about an hour. We had to wait a few minutes before starting from the station, & while doing so, a very pretty Italian servant, with a couple of little boys under her

charge, came to the carriage door; Mr. Box immediately expressed the wish that she might sit next him, but he was fated to disappointment, for she sat opposite him & next me; she was a fine girl, good features, a slightly bronzed complexion, long silky hair and black as the raven's wing, & large bright, jet black eyes fringed by long & often drooping eyelashes; she kept looking at us very inquisitively as we chatted together, no doubt fancying herself the theme of our conversation. As Capt. B. was not much wanted on board today, he kindly accompanied us & took Mrs. B. with him.