

Perugia.

Hôtel de la Poste.

Feb. 21/66.

My dear Mamma,

On Wednesday we visited the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, it is very fine and better lighted than that of the Pitti Palace. There were two French artists painting there and they made more row than all the other painters and people together. I also called on Maxwell (uncle Joe's friend) and paid him a visit of an hour. He was very friendly and so was Mr. M. I find they are relatives of my friend and late classmate "John Maxwell". In the afternoon we went to the Spanish Embassy and had our passports duly viséd for Rome - gratis. On Thursday morning we ~~for~~ left at 7.30 by rail for Montevarchi and went on by so called diligence, really a paltry trap carriage, to Arezzo; it had been raining all the morning and was not clearing up so we stopped at Arezzo. It is a large garrison town and has a very fine cathedral with handsome old stained glass

windows. It was the Roman Arretium. From the walls we saw some arches a mile or so off and went to look at them. They proved to be the arches of a still perfect aqueeduct seemingly very ancient; Roman I should say from the tile-shaped bricks and peculiar arches. Further we saw the remains of some larger arches but had not time to reach them. The guide books do not mention these remains. Yesterday we walked on to Cortona (16 miles) and lunched at ^a strange little place called Castiglione where there was a caffè kept by a Venetian who could actually talk a little French, German and English. Cortona is perched up on a hill side and is still surrounded by its old Etruscan walls, I suppose at least 2500 years old. It was the Corythus of Virgil and the Lake Trasimene is visible from it. It is a most primitive town with a most primitive inn where we ~~could~~ could only get beds and had to get

our dinner at a wretched little trattoria^{or}
or "trattoria" and had to get coffee this
morning at a caffè (N. B. I am
using the Italian spelling of Caffè').
We got a trap on to Passignano, 17
miles, passing parts of the way along
the shores of Lake Trasimene, a
lovely sheet of water seven or eight
miles across and about the same in
length. The road and railway now in
construction run across the scene of old
Hannibal's slaughter by Hannibal.
From Passignano we walked the sixteen
miles into Perugia. Near Passignano
we passed a curious old square tower
standing quite alone; its upper ^{part} looked
very old but the base for some 8 or 10
feet seemed very much older. Guide
books do not mention it. The rail is
nearly finished on to Perugia, fit
to open in fact till within a few miles
of the place. Here this evening there are

some Italians and a German and his wife, the two latter pleasant people and with whom I have been talking German (and French when Dawson joined in the conversation) most of the evening.

This German was telling us how a landlord ~~etc~~ in Savoy had shamefully overcharged him and how he takes his revenge by sending him non-prepaid letters, always reminding him of the shameful overcharge he had made.

Our walks these last two days have not been very interesting as "Umbria" as it is still called, is rather monotonous in these parts. Thrascinere and Cortona have been the only two interesting points. The weather too has been broken and the roads are muddy and greasy. Cultivation is at a high pitch here and though the natives look lazy they evidently take care of the land and make use of every inch of it.

Perugia 25th.

This has turned out a wet day so we are quietly staying indoors; neither of us being in a hurry to get on, it makes little difference as we are in comfortable quarters. In the Strangers book at Arrezzo I saw Dean Alfred's name, also that of a Mr Curraw; Dublin qu? These Italians are very cunning at painting their houses inside and outside. Inside they paint really creditable pictures on the walls and outside such good imitations of cut stone balconies, and windows as often to deceive one at a distance. There are magnificent milk coloured oxen down in these parts, some of them with huge horns and looking so strong and gentle. All the cattle I have seen these last few days have been large milk-white animals, no red or black ones at all. At Arrezzo, Cortona and here we have been rather bothered by the people talking nothing but Italian, at Arrezzo and here the landlords know a little French; it is easy enough to get on with the Italian for the usual questions and answers but anything out of the way

gets rather beyond ones powers when they are so very limited. The Tuscan Italian seems very easy to understand; this less so.

This place is up a great height on a hill and they have ~~managed~~ ^{managed} to ~~manage~~ contrived to get the railway a long way up toward the town. Statistics in this country seems to vary, one guide book gives the population at 18,500, ^{of Perugia} another at 30,000! and many other towns similarly. It is raining now as well as it could do in Ireland and Dawson says people should come to Italy to see how broken weather can last.

Ever since we left the coast at Spezia we have never had one really fine day and there were four days bad weather at Genoa. I wonder if it is fine at Cannes. Our portmanteaus have gone on per the Messageries to Rome so we have no trouble about luggage and can come and go and go and change routes as much as we like.

10. p.m. In the afternoon it cleared up and we had a grand forage about the town which is very interesting, there are antiquities in all quar-

- ters, the principal one is an Arch of Augustus, the upper part only being Roman, the lower Etruscan, the large clean-cut stones being still quite perfect. There is another good Roman arch, and remains of the old Etruscan walls here and there and indeed many of the houses and old square towers, which are built of clean-cut stone, may possibly be Etruscan too. The view from the town is exquisite, almost panoramic and embracing an immense tract of country with mountains in the distance.
Hotel Europe. Terni. Feb. 27. 1866

Yesterday morning we left Perugia and had a 12 mile walk to Assisi; on the road we met a carriage with two mules as wheelers, and two oxen as leaders, a most singular looking team. The banks by the roadside were literally alive with brown and green lizards darting into their holes in all directions as we passed along. At Assisi we lunched and visited the churches; the town is a most extraordinary dead-alive place; parts of it seem very ancient. Assisi is certainly curious and its

churches, one over the other, worth seeing,
but it did not strike me as being so very
wonderful. In the afternoon we walked
on 10 miles by spells to Foligno where we
slept. Spello is another curious old place
with remains of its old walls. This morn-
ing we came on here through some
fine country by rail and went and
saw the "Falls of Terni." Certainly it is
the finest waterfall I ever saw; the
height (said to be 500 feet, of the middle
fall) the body of water, its clear, free
fall and the glorious scenery, all render
it magnificent; we had a perfect
day too, sun and cloud alternately.
It is 5 miles from the town to the falls.
This morning on the rail we passed
Spoleto now best known for what the
Lynde Books call its gallant defence
by the Pope's Irish Brigade of 300 men
against the Piedmontese army. All
the country about is rich and well cul-
-tivated, Spoleto itself occupies a com-
-manding position on a hill. Between
Spoleto and Terni the rail traverses a most
wonderful gorge and goes through a tunnel of nearly a
mile.