

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. pdf

1: Summer cruise in the Mediterranean : on board an American frigate / - CORE

Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American frigate by Willis Willis, Nathaniel Parker, Title: Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on board.

Stereotyped and Printed by C. OF one of the most delicious episodes in a long period of foreign travel, this volume is the imperfect and hastily written transcript. Even at the time it was written, the author felt its experience to be a dream-so exempt was it from the interrupting and qualifying drawbacks of happiness in common and working life-but, now, after an interval of many years, it seems indeed like a dream, and one so full of unmingled pleasure, that its telling almost wants the contrast of a sadness. Of the noble ship, whose summer cruise is described, and her kind and hospitable officers, the recollection is as fresh and grateful, now, as when, twenty years ago, the author bade them farewell in the port of Smyrna. Of the scenes he passed through, while their guest, he has a less perfect remembrance-relying indeed on these chance memoranda, for much that would else be forgotten. Visit to Naples, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, The Lunatic Asylum at Palermo, Palermo - Fte given by Mr. Vienna - The Palace of Liechtenstein, I HAD come from Florence to join the " United States," at the polite invitation of the officers of the ward-room, on a cruise up the Mediterranean. We got under way on the third of June, and the next morning were off Elba, with Corsica on our quarter, and the little island of Capreja just ahead. The firing of guns took me just now to the deck. They were coming home from the affair at Tunis. A bold fortification just appears on the point, with the Tuscan flag flying from the staff. The sides of the hills are dotted with desolate looking buildings, among which are one or two monasteries, and in rounding the side of the island, we have passed two or three small villages, perched below and above on the rocks. Off to the east, we can just distinguish Piombino, the nearest town of the Italian shore, and very beautiful it looks, rising from the edge of the water like Venice, with a range of cloudy hills relieving it in the rear. Our anchor is dropped in the bay of Porto Ferrajo. As we ran lightly in upon the last tack, the walls of the fort appeared crowded with people, the whole town apparently assembled to see the unusual spectacle of two ships-of-war entering their now quiet waters. A small curving bay opened to us, and as we rounded directly under the walls of the fort, the tops of the houses in the town behind appeared crowded with women, whose features we could easily distinguish with a glass. By the constant exclamations of the midshipmen, who were gazing intently from the quarter deck, there was among them a fair proportion of beauty, or what looked like it in the distance. Just below the summit of the fort, upon a terrace commanding a view of the sea, stood a handsome house, with low windows shut with Venetian blinds and shaded with acacias, which the pilot pointed out to us as the town residence of Napoleon. As the ship lost her way, we came in sight of a gentle amphitheatre of hills rising away from the cove, in a woody ravine of which stood a handsome building, with eight windows, built by the exile as a country-house. It is altogether a rural scene, and disappoints us agreeably after the barren promise of the outer sides of the isle. I have been continually surprised in the few days that I have been on board, with the wonders of sea discipline; but for a spectacle, I have seen nothing more imposing than the entrance of these two beautiful frigates into the little port of Elba, and their magical management. The anchors were dropped, the yards came down by the run, the sails disappeared, the living swarm upon the rigging slid below, all in a moment, and then struck up the delightful band on our quarter deck, and the sailors leaned on the guns, the officers on the quarter railing, and boats from the shore, filled with ladies, lay off at different distances, the whole scene as full of repose and enjoyment, as if we had lain idle for a month in these glassy waters. How beautiful are the results of order! We had made every preparation for a pic-nic party to the country-house of Napoleon yesterday-but it-rained. At sunset, however, the clouds crowded into vast masses, and the evening gave a glorious promise, which was fulfilled this morning in freshness and sunshine. We were first set ashore at the mole to see the town. A medley crowd of soldiers, citizens, boys, girls, and galley-slaves, received us at the landing, and followed us up to the town-square, gazing at the officers with undisguised curiosity. We met several gentlemen from the other ship

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. pdf

at the cafe, and taking a cicerone together, started for the town-residence of the emperor. It is now occupied by the governor, and stands on the summit of the little fortified city. We mounted by clean, excellent pavements, getting a good-natured " buon giorno! Napoleon lived on the first floor. The rooms were as small as those of a private house, and painted in the pretty fresco common in Italy. The library is a pretty room, though very small, and opens on a terrace level with his favorite garden. The plants and lemontrees were planted by himself, we were told, and the officers plucked souvenirs on all sides. Three assassins were discovered and captured in the course of, the eleven months, the first two of whom he pardoned. The third made an attempt upon his life, in the disguise of a beggar, at a bridge leading to his countryhouse, and was condemned and executed. The second floor was occupied by his mother and Pauline. The furniture of the chamber of the renowned beauty is very much as she left it. The bed is small, and the mirror opposite its foot very large, and in a mahogany frame. Small mirrors were set also into the bureau, and in the back of a pretty cabinet of dark wood standing at the head of the bed. It is delightful to breathe the atmosphere of a room that has been the home of the lovely creature whose marble image by Canova thrills every beholder with love, and is fraught with such pleasing associations. Her sitting-room, though less interesting, made us linger and muse again. It looks out over the sea to the west, and the prospect is beautiful. One forgets that her history could not be written without many a blot. How much we forgive to beauty Of all the female branches of the Bonaparte family, Pauline bore the greatest resemblance to her brother Napoleon. But the grand and regular profile which was in him marked with the stern air of sovereignty and despotic rule, was in her tempered with an enchanting softness and fascinating smile. What the faces of the damsels of Elba might be, if washed, we could hardly form a conjecture. The country-house of Napoleon is-three miles from the town, a little distance from the shore, farther round into the bay. Captain Nicholson proposed to walk to it, and send his boat across-a warmer task for the mid-day of an Italian June than a man of less enterprise would choose for pleasure. We reached the stone steps of the imperial casino, after a melting and toilsome walk, hungry and thirsty, and were happy to fling ourselves upon broken chairs in the denuded drawing-room, and wait for an extempore dinner of twelve eggs and a bottle of wine as bitter as criticism. A farmer and his family live in the house, and a couple of bad busts and the fireplaces, are all that remain of its old appearance. The situation and the view, however, are superb. A little lap of a valley opens right away from the door to the bosom of the bay, and in the midst of the glassy basin lies the bold peninsular promontory and fortification of Porto Ferrajo, like a castle in a loch, connected with the body of the island by a mere rib of sand. Off beyond sleeps the main-land of Italy, mountain and vale, like a smoothly-shaped bed of clouds; and for the foreground of the landscape, the valleys of Elba are just now green with fig-trees and vines, speckled here and there with fields of golden grain, and farm-houses shaded with all the trees of this genial climate. We examined the place, after our frugal dinner, and found a natural path under the edge of the bill behind, stretching away back into the valley, and leading, after a short walk, to a small stream and a waterfall. It made a natural bridge over the stream, and as its branches shaded the rocks below, we could easily imagine Napoleon, walking to and fro in the smooth path, and seating himself on the broadest stone in the heat of the summer evenings he passed on the spot. It was the only walk about the place, and a secluded and pleasant one. The groves of firs and brush above, and the locust and cherry-trees on the edges of the walk, are old enough to have shaded him. We sat and talked under the influence of the c" genius of the spot," till near sunset, and then, cutting each a walking-stick from the shoots of the old fig-tree, returned to the boats and reached the ship as the band struck up their exhilarating music for the evening on the quarter-deck. We have passed two or three days at Elba most agreeably. The weather has been fine, and the ships have been thronged with company. The common people of the town come on board in boat-loads, men, women, and children, and are never satisfied with gazing and wondering. The inhabitants speak very pure Tuscan, and are mild and simple in their manners. They all take the ships to be bound upon a mere voyage of pleasure; and, with the officers in their gay dresses, and the sailors in their clean white and blue, the music morning and evening, and the general gayety on board, the impression is not much to be wondered at. Yesterday, after dinner, Captain Nicholson took us ashore in his gig, to pass an hour or two in

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. pdf

the shade. The simplicity of the old man and his wife, and the wonder of himself and several laborers in his vineyard, to whom the captain gave a glass or two of his excellent wines, would have made a study for Wilkie. Sailors are merry companions for a party like this. We returned over the unruffled expanse of the bay, charmed with the beauty of the scene by sunset, and as happy as a life, literally sans souci, could make us. What is it, in this rambling absence from all to which we look forward to in love and hope, that so fascinates the imagination? He regretted that his commission did not permit him to leave the shore, even to visit a ship, but offered a visit on the part of his sister and a company of the first ladies of the town. They came off this morning. She was a lady-like woman, not very pretty, of thirty years perhaps. As she spoke- only Italian, she was handed over to me, and I waited on her through the ship, explaining a great many things of which I knew as much as herself. This visit over, we get under way to-morrow morning for Naples. I have walked around its famous bay, looked at the lazzaroni, watched the smoke of Vesuvius, traversed the square where the young Conradine was beheaded and Masaniello commenced his revolt, mounted to the castle of St. Elmo, and dined on macaroni in a trattoria, where the Italian I had learned in Tuscany was of little more use to me than Greek. The bay surprised me most. It is a collection of beauties, which seems more a miracle than an accident of nature. It is a deep crescent of sixteen miles across, and a little more in length, between the points of which lies a chain of low mountains, called the island of Capri, looking, from the shore, like a vast heap of clouds brooding at sea. In the bosom of the crescent lies Naples. Its palaces and principal buildings cluster around the base of an abrupt hill crowned by the castle of St. Elmo, and its half million of inhabitants, have stretched their dwellings over the plain toward Vesuvius, and back upon Posilipo, bordering the curve of the shore on the right and left, with a broad white band of city and village for twelve or fourteen miles. In the centre of the crescent of the shore, projecting into the sea by a bridge of two or three hundred feet in length, stands a small castle built upon a rock, on one side of which lies the mole with its shipping. The other side is bordered, close to the beach, -with the gardens of the royal villa, a magnificent promenade of a mile, ornamented with fancy temples and statuary, on the smooth alleys of which may be met, at certain hours, all that is brilliant and gay in Naples. Farther on, toward the northern horn of the bay, lies the mount of Posilipo, the ancient coast of Baie, Cape MBysene, and the mountain isles of Procida and Isehia, the last of which still preserves the costumes of Greece, from which it was colonized centuries ago. The bay itself is as blue as the sky, scarcely ruffled all day with the wind, and covered by countless boats fishing or creeping on with their picturesque lateen sails just filled; while the atmosphere over sea, city, and mountain, is of a clearness and brilliancy which is inconceivable in other countries. There is something like a fine blue veil of a most dazzling transparency over the mountains around, but above and between there seems nothing but viewless space-nothing like air that a bird could rise upon. The eye gets intoxicated almost with gazing on it. It lies on the southern side of the bay, just below the volcano which overwhelmed it, about twelve miles from Naples. The road lay along the shore, and is lined with villages, which are only separated by name. The first is Portici, where the king has a summer palace, through the court of which the road passes. It is built over Herculaneum, and the danger of undermining it has stopped the excavations of unquestionably the richest city buried by Vesuvius. We stopped at a little gate in the midst of the village, and taking a guide and two torches, descended to the only part of it now visible, by near a hundred steps. We found ourselves at the back of an amphitheatre. We entered the narrow passage, and the guide pointed to several of the upper seats for the spectators which had been partially dug out. They were lined with marble, as the whole amphitheatre appears to have been.

2: Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean

*Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on Board an American Frigate [N. Parker Willis] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This collection of literature attempts to compile many of the classic works that have stood the test of time and offer them at a reduced.*

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. pdf

3: Full text of "Summer cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American frigate"

Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean On Board an American Frigate by N. Parker Willis. *Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean On Board an American Frigate* summer cruise.

4: Summer cruise in the Mediterranean, on board an American frigate / - CORE

Full text of "Summer cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American frigate" See other formats.

5: Catalog Record: Summer cruise in the Mediterranean on board | Hathi Trust Digital Library

Summer cruise in the Mediterranean: on board an American frigate Nathaniel Parker Willis Full view - *Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on Board an American Frigate*.

6: Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on Board an American Frigate |

Read "Summer cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American frigate" by Nathaniel Parker Willis with Rakuten Kobo.

7: German addresses are blocked - www.enganchecubano.com

Get this from a library! *Summer cruise in the Mediterranean: on board an American frigate*. [Nathaniel Parker Willis].

8: Summer cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American frigate (edition) | Open Library

Page I. Page II. Page III SUIMMER CRUISE'HE MEDITERRANEAN, 3Y N.'D PARKER WILLIS. NIEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER, NASSAU STREET. Page IV Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year , by CHARLES S CRIBNER, In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

9: Summer cruise in the Mediterranean, on board an American frigate. By N. Parker Willis.

Similar Items. *Summer cruise in the Mediterranean: on board an American frigate* / By: Willis, Nathaniel Parker, Published: ().

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD AN AMERICAN FRIGATE. pdf

Movement, Stability Lumbopelvic Pain Excel 2013 shortcuts Public sector employment selection Complexity, society, and everyday life Pedro Sotolongo The arrangement series An introduction to civil procedure Douglas skoog analytical chemistry In Search Of Failure The Basis of Hominid-Human Evolution/t150 Quality of care for cardiopulmonary conditions Money Hungry (Jump at the Sun) Glencoe journey across time chapter 1 And Jerry Mathers as / Sharing with everyone Business of Image Secret life of Amanda K. Woods Philosophy of religion selected ings peterson Corrective reading techniques for classroom teachers The writings of James Russell Lowell By-laws of the Board of Arts and Manufactures for Lower Canada Look, Pat and Nan! The song of the sword Quantitative Business Analysis:Text and Cases Seven story dream. Primer of botany. The Monkeys Uncle Inspired prophetic warnings Supersonic wing and wing-body shape optimization using an adjoint formulation Chapter 12 Placed in chains Ndic annual report 2015 Staceys Mistake (The Baby-Sitters Club #18) Guided-Wave-Produced Plasmas (Springer Series on Atomic, Optical, and Plasma Physics) Stories and episodes. The historical claims of the Gospels A collection of original poetry 6 Hobbes and Tacitus Critical theory and poststructuralism: Habermas and Foucault Beatrice Hanssen Meet Me in a Taxi Stone fruit tea cake Pieter van den Broeckes journal of voyages to Cape Verde, Guinea, and Angola, 1605-1612