REMARKS

ON

ANTIQUITIES, ARTS, AND LETTERS

DURING AN EXCURSION IN

ITALY,

IN

THE YEARS 1802 AND 1803.

BY JOSEPH FORSYTH, ESQ.

THIRD EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

AUTHOR.

JOSEPH FORSYTH was born in Elgin, county of Moray, North Britain, on the 18th of February, 1763. His parents were respectable and virtuous. His father, Alexander Forsyth, carried on business as a merchant in that place for fifty years, with the greatest credit to himself, and which has been continued in succession by his eldest and youngest sons for nearly a century.

Joseph, while at the Grammar-school of Elgin, was distinguished both by his assiduity and genius. At twelve years of age he was pronounced by his master to be qualified for the University. Being entered a student of King's College, Aberdeen, he soon attracted the attention and kindness of Pro-

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fessor Ogilvy by the superior performance of his exercises, and by the gentleness of his manners. As he successively passed under the care of the other professors, he found himself the object of their approbation and solicitude. Returning every summer to the bosom of his family, he devoted his whole time to study, and thus laid the foundation of that eminent knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, which it was the business and chief pleasure of his life afterwards to complete. On concluding the four years usually employed in the Scotch universities, his parents left to himself the choice of a profession, but with a secret hope that he would prefer the church; his natural diffidence, and the little prospect he then saw of obtaining a patron, determined him on trying to turn his classical acquirements to some account in that universal mart—London. Here he soon formed a connection with the master of one of the most respectable academies about town, at Newington Butts; and entering as assistant and successor, purchased the establishment and conducted it for thirteen years on his own account, with the highest reputation and success. The drudgery and irksomeness of this business were too much for his strength and spirits. Having a tendency to pulmonary com-

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plaints, he was, during this period, twice reduced by them to the brink of the grave. Seeing the impossibility of struggling longer with such incongruous duties as the care of his health and the conscientious superintendance of the education of nearly an hundred boarders, he resigned the charge, and retired to Devonshire in the spring of 1801, to recruit his constitution.

After restoring his health by a residence of some months in Devonshire, he came, in July, 1801, to Elgin, to visit his aged and beloved mother, and remained until autumn. During this interval of "learned leisure," his mind was anxiously bent on enjoying the grand object of all the wishes and hopes of his life—a tour through Italy. His intimate acquaintance with the poets and historians of that classic country, both in its ancient and modern state, had already familiarized him with every scene, and almost with every building it contained. But at this period an insuperable barrier was interposed by Buonaparte;—no Briton might tread with safety the soil over which he bore sway. Thus, in the midst of leisure, renovated health, and easy circumstances, was his ardent imagination left, almost in despair, to lan-

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guish over his favourite object. It may be easily conceived with what rapture *he* hailed the unexpected happiness which the peace of Amiens brought to every heart. That event took place on the 1st October, was known at Elgin on the 7th, and Mr. Forsyth was already on his journey to London for Italy on the 12th. He was in France at the celebration of the extravagant and tumultuous festival that took place in honour of that hollow treaty. After spending a few weeks in Paris, where he had been twice before, he pushed on to the land of promise, and arrived at Nice on Christmas-day, 1801. Here his "Remarks" will best enable those who may feel an interest in his progress through life to trace it for the two succeeding years.

In consequence of the rupture between England and France in 1802, and that cruel and unjust order of Buonaparte to arrest all British subjects travelling in his dominions, Mr. Forsyth was seized by the police, at Turin, on the 25th May, 1803, while on his return home through Switzerland, and with no intention whatever of entering France. He was carried to Nismes, and found his situation there as pleasant as under restraint it could be.

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There were soon collected from Italy and the southern provinces of France a great many English at this depôt; and, in this early stage of their confinement, a considerable degree of relaxation and indulgence was granted. Feeling themselves unjustly detained, many of the more adventurous made their escape in different directions; and Mr. Forsyth, encouraged by the general practice, withdrew to Marseilles with the intention of passing, in an American ship, to Malta and thence to England. Here, however, the broker who negociated for his passage, sold him to the police; by whom he was arrested when stepping on board, and conveyed, under guard, back to Nismes. For this venial transgression he was visited with a dreadful punishment. In the depth of a most severe winter he was marched from one extremity of France to the other, (a distance of 600 miles,) to that most execrable dungeon, Fort de Bitché. His confinement at first was intolerably strict, but, by degrees, was softened into something more bearable. His mild and gentle demeanour, the extent and variety of his information, and his facility in the French language, at length procured him the notice and esteem of the commandant, who afterwards paid him particular attention. He continued there two

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years; but in consequence of earnest applications to the French government by some of his friends who had been removed from Bitché to Verdun, he was at last permitted to join them; where he remained five years. The dissipation and riot, in which the English prisoners in general indulged, were so repugnant to his habits and feelings, that he lived almost in solitude. He was well known by the more regular part of his countrymen there, who esteemed him for that fund of intelligence he possessed, and for his benevolence to humdreds of our poor prisoners whose allowances scarcely afforded the means of existence. At this time his most anxious desire, next to the recovery of freedom, was to be permitted to reside in Paris. The easy access to the society of learned Frenchmen, the public institutions, the museums, the National Library, and, above all, the glorious collection in the Louvre were his excitements. After many fruitless endeavours, he at last accomplished his wish in the spring of 1811, through the influence of a lady in the suite of the King of Holland, then a kind of state-prisoner at Paris. His permission was no sooner granted, than he set off for the capital, and found himself established in every respect, except his darling object *liberty*, to his

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heart's content. Four months had scarcely elapsed, when an order from government was secretly issued to send off instantly every Englishman from Paris to his respective depôt.

Mr. Forsyth's astonishment and disappointment were extreme when two gendarmes drew aside his curtain at four o'clock in the morning of the 22d July, presented the order, and desired him to dress immediately and follow them. He waited on two friends, members of the National Institute, who accompanied him to the Minister of Police, and who, by way of special indulgence, gave him two days to prepare for his departure, with the choice of Verdun or Valenciennes as his future residence. He fixed on the latter, and after three years' abode was well pleased with the preference which he had given it. Here he enjoyed the advantage of riding into the country, and even of living, during the summer months, in a cottage several miles from the town. These favours seem to have been conceded from the estimation in which he was held by the commandant, by whom he was appointed one of the five commissioners who superintended the appropriation of the allow-

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ances given to the mass of prisoners by the French government, and the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's.

Mr. Forsyth's favourite pursuits during his detention seem to have been the classics, Italian poetry, and architecture: but the anxiety which he incessantly felt to be delivered from restraint, absorbed every other consideration, and prevented the application of his mind to any fixed subject, or to composition of any kind. His correspondence at this time shews unwearied applications to his friends at Paris, to the government, and even personally to the Emperor, but without any effect. Nor were his friends in Britain less anxious, or less zealous in the same good cause; yet, although persons of high rank and influence lent their earnest assistance, no beneficial effect resulted from it. Having seen some of the *détenus* obtain their release in consequence of appearing before the public in the character of authors—(Buonaparte affecting to be considered the patron and protector of literature)—Mr. Forsyth was induced to prepare the notes he had made while on his tour in Italy, and publish them in England, copies of which were forwarded to the leading members of the

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National Institute at Paris, with solicitations in his favour by some of the most eminent literary characters in London. Even this last effort for freedom failed, and he never, to his dying day, ceased to regret that it had been made. He considered his "Remarks" as not sufficiently worthy of himself, put together as they were on the spur of the moment, to attain a particular object, dearer to him than fame itself. Had he embodied his whole mind, with his ample store of materials, in a period of personal satisfaction and self-possession, his work would have displayed his erudition and talents in a far more favourable light.

At length the long wished-for moment of deliverance approached. The appearance of the allies on the north-eastern frontier of France, in the end of 1813, made it necessary that the English depôts should be removed farther into the interior. They were ordered first to Mons, then to Orleans, and lastly to Blois. At Orleans, on the 6th April, 1814, Mr. Forsyth first heard the welcome news of the allies having entered Paris on the 31st March. His chains were now broken, freedom and home burst upon him with all their endearing force, and for two days he seems to have been almost wild

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with joy. The first moments of recollection were devoted to his journey to Paris; there he had the satisfaction of finding himself in the midst of the deliverers of Europe, and surrounded by the most extraordinary assemblage of princes, statesmen, and soldiers, that had ever before met on one spot. In May he arrived in England; and after an absence of thirteen years, came to Elgin, in July, to visit his only surviving brother, and the friends of his earliest days. Fearing to encounter the severity of a northern winter, he returned to London in October, and spent that season in the family of a friend in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, where every attention that kindness or affection could dictate was paid to his comfort. His time was employed chiefly in the reading-room of the British Museum, and in intercourse with men of letters. In April, 1815, he came down again to Elgin, to establish himself with his brother, and take possession of his extensive collection of books, from which he had been divorced for the last fourteen years. After so long a privation, he seemed almost to devour them by the eagerness of his enjoyment, and his incessant devotion to them. It was, however, evident, that his constitution, originally delicate, had been undermined by the harassing

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confinement which he had undergone, and that the irritation of so painful a cause of distress to a mind of the greatest susceptibility, had fatally injured the body. His relations observed, particularly in the summer of 1815, a weakness of nerve, and a lassitude of mind that gave them the greatest alarm. With the view of rousing his spirits, and improving his health, by moderate exercise and varied scenery, his brother accompanied him in an excursion through the Highlands of Invernessshire and Argyll to the island of Staffa. The grandeur and sublimity of the objects which present themselves in that tour, and the wonders of Staffa, delighted and interested him exceedingly, and he returned home apparently invigorated in body, and cheered in mind. How uncertain is the tenure of any temporal good! This amiable man, and most accomplished scholar, who was now thought to have laid the foundation of better health, was on the very eve of removal to another and a better world! On Friday night the 17th September, a few days after his return, having spent the evening with more than usual gaiety, he was struck speechless and nearly insensible by a fit of apoplexy, in which he lingered till Mon-

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day the 20th, and then died, to the irreparable loss of his relations, and the sincere regret of all who had an opportunity of admiring his highly cultivated talents, and the amiable and polished expression of the heart which shone so conspicuously in him.

ISAAC FORSYTH.

Elgin, May, 1816.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I LEFT England in November, 1801, without any intention of sporting my pen on so beaten a field as ITALY, and had reached Pisa before I began to commit to paper such remarks as are usual in travelling. Materials of this kind readily accumulate. From these I have been recently prevailed upon to select, and to offer to the Public, what relates to Antiquities, Arts, and Letters. I design my observations chiefly for them who have already examined the objects I review: but not without the anxiety, which the lateness of their appearance is but too well calculated to excite.

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How far they may have lost their interest, or been anticipated by publications in England during my long captivity, I have no means of knowing. My misfortune denies me all acquaintance with the works of others, and may perhaps claim some indulgence for the many defects of mine.

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JOURNEY TO GENOA.

——— Mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare. PERSIUS.

I TRAVELLED through France, and stopped some weeks at Paris, engaged by the great museum, and the revolutions which that capital had undergone since my former visit. I then proceeded to Lyons, and embarked at Marseilles in a felucca for Nice; but being driven into Toulon, I left the vessel there, and continued my journey by land.

On Christmas day, 1801, I arrived at NICE, where a soft and balmy air, oranges glowing in every garden, lodgings without a chimney, and beds with mosquito-curtains, presented the first signs of ITALY.

At Nice I embarked for Genoa in a felucca: but the wind, though fair, raised too heavy a sea

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for so slender a vessel, and drove our timid crew into NOLI. In the only inn of this city four of us passed a sleepless night on two filthy beds, devoured by fleas, and tormented by passengers who could find no bed at all.

Here we left the felucca, and crossed on foot a mountain, which modern geographers class among the Apennines, though D. Brutus describes it as the last of the Alps.* This pass, which appeared to Dante one of the four worst in Italy, brought us round the promontory to a gap in the summit, where a hurricane, meeting us with all the advantage of a blast-tube, threatened to blow us back into the sea.

The population of this state runs into a line of narrow towns, forming one row of white houses, drawn along the strand and interrupted only where the sea denies footing.

SAVONA is a crowded, irregular town, with an excellent harbour. The shipping lies safely

* Ad Vada venit, quem locum volo tibi esse notum. Jacet inter Apenninum et Alpes, impeditissimus ad iter faciendum.—CICERO. *Epist. Fam.* 11. 13.

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moored under the Blessed Virgin, on the pedestal of whose statue is an inscription at once Latin and Italian, which the Mediterranean seamen sing in storms,—

> In mare irato, in subita procella,
> Invoco te, nostra Benigna Stella!

We now hired mules and rode along the Cornice, amid the grandest combinations of mountain and sea. Above us rose the bald and burnt tops of the Apennines, the sides of which were cut into narrow terraces, and planted with olive trees. Here the olive receives the best cultivation, and finds that schistous, slaty, loose, broken ground, and those craggy hills, which Virgil recommends for the tree. The spolverino, indeed, when salted by winds from the sea, may corrode the plantation next the beach; but there it stops and is spent.

We passed through COGURETO, a small fishing town, generally supposed to be the birth-place of Columbus. Some, indeed, maintain that he was born at Genoa, of parents who, though originally of Cogureto, afterwards settled as wool-combers at Savona. Three other towns, Quinto, Nervi, and Pradillo, have laid pretensions to his birth.

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The Piedmontese, however, claim Columbus as their countryman on authority more positive than all: for the Supreme Council of the Indies solemnly decided that he was born at Cuccaro in Montferrat: the Chroniclers of the 17th century, Alghisi, Malabaila, Donesmundi, Della Chiesa, support this assertion: and a judicial plea, published at Venice in 1589, claimed for a Colombo of Cuccaro the inheritance of the great Christopher.

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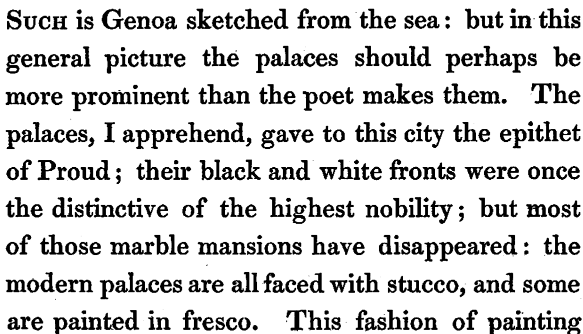
GENOA.

Ecco! vediam la maestosa immensa
Città, che al mar le sponde, il dorso ai monti
Occupa tutta, e tutta a cerchio adorna.
Quì volanti barchette, ivi ancorate
Navi contemplo, e a poco a poco in alto
Infra i lucidi tetti, infra l'eccelse
Cupole e torri, il guardo ergendo a l'ampie
Girevol mura triplicate, i chiusi
Monti da loro, e le munite rocche
A luogo a luogo, e i ben posti ripari
Ammiro intorno: inusitata intanto
Vagbezza a l'occhio, e bell' intreccio fanno
Col tremolar de le frondose cime,
Col torreggiar de l' appuntate moli. BETTINELLI.



SUCH is Genoa sketched from the sea: but in this general picture the palaces should perhaps be more prominent than the poet makes them. The palaces, I apprehend, gave to this city the epithet of Proud; their black and white fronts were once the distinctive of the highest nobility; but most of those marble mansions have disappeared: the modern palaces are all faced with stucco, and some are painted in fresco. This fashion of painting

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figures on house-fronts was first introduced at Venice by Giorgione; but though admired even by severe critics, to me it appears too gay for any building that affects grandeur. Nothing can be grand in architecture that bears a perishable look.

The Ducal palace is large and magnificent even for Genoa; but two balustrades break the unity of the front and lessen its elevation. The statues are not ill arranged. The enemies of the state are chained on the attic, and its benefactors are lodged within.

Prince Doria's palace is detached from the throng, and commands attention as an historical monument. Though magnificent when viewed from the bay or the mole, the mansion itself is patched and neglected; the titles of the immortal Andrew, which extended 200 feet in front, have been effaced by the late revolution: the gardens are unnaturally pretty; colossal statues rise over cut box; nothing corresponds with the majesty of the site.

The Serra palace boasts the finest saloon in Europe. This celebrated object is oval in plan,

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the elevation a rich Corinthian, the walls are covered with gold and looking glass; the floor consists of a polished mastic stained like oriental breccia. Surfaces so brilliant as these would deaden any pictures except those of a ceiling, which require a bright reflection from the walls. Here then the ceiling alone is painted, and borrows and lends beauty to the splendour below.

The hospitals of Genoa vie with its palaces in magnificence, and seem more than sufficient for all the disease and misery that should exist in so small a state. They are crowded with honorary statues: but I write only from recollection, and one seldom recollects things so pompous and so uniform as the effigies of rich men. At the Albergo de' Poveri is a sculpture of a higher order, a dead Christ in alto relievo by Michael Angelo. The life and death which he has thrown into this little thing, the breathing tenderness of the Virgin, and the heavenly composure of the corpse, appeared to me beauties foreign to the tremendous genius of the artist. At the hospital of Incurables I found priests and choristers chanting between two rows of wretches, whom their pious noise would not suffer to die in peace. The very name

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of such hospitals, forbidding the patient to hope and the physician to struggle, cuts off at once two sources of recovery.

As for the national character, we need not bring Virgil nor Dante to prove failings which the Genoese themselves tacitly acknowledge.* So low are the common people sunk in the esteem of their own countrymen, that no native porter is admitted into the Porto Franco, where Bergamasques alone are employed.† A suspicion, unworthy of Italian merchants, who were once the most liberal on earth, excludes also from this free port the clergy, the military, and women, as persons who may pilfer, but who cannot be searched.

* Travellers have often applied the "Vane Ligus, &c." to the Genoese character; but the "*Patrias* tentâsti lubricus artes" appears to me to be levelled rather at an individual, the "fallaci Auno," than against the nation at large.

† These Bergamasque porters tread nimbly through very narrow streets with amazing loads suspended by ropes from lateral poles, each of which rests on the two men's shoulders; a mode which may be traced in one of the ancient paintings found in the catacombs of Rome.

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PISA.

EDIFICES.

Pisa, while the capital of a republic, was celebrated for its profusion of marble, its patrician towers, and its grave magnificence. It still can boast some marble churches, a marble palace, and a marble bridge. Its towers, though no longer a mark of nobility, may be traced in the walls of modernized houses. Its gravity pervades every street, but its magnificence is now confined to one sacred corner. There stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo; all built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with years, and fortunate both in their society and their solitude.

The *Cathedral,* though the work of a Greek, and surmounted by a cupola, is considered by Italians as Gothic: not surely the Gothic of the

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north; for here are no pointed arches, no clustered pillars, no ribs nor tracery in the vaults. To prove it so, however, they adduce some barbarisms in the west front; but the most irregular arches in that front are as round as the angle of the roof, under which they are crushed, could admit; they all rest on single columns, and those columns, though stunted, are of the same Greek order as prevails below. On the sides are some large arches, each including two or three smaller ones; a combination certainly very frequent in Gothic and Saxon works; but here again the arches are all round, and they rest on columns or pilasters of Greek order. On some columns we see lions, foxes, dogs, boars, and men figured in the capitals; but such ornaments, though frequent in Gothic churches, had been introduced long before them into those of Greece and Italy, as a pious decoy to the contemplation of the cross.

In fact, the very materials of this cathedral must have influenced the design; for columns taken from ancient temples would naturally lead back to some such architecture as they had left. It is a style too impure to be Greek, yet still more remote from the Gothic, and rather approaches

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the Saxon; a style which may here be called the Lombard, as it appeared in Italy first under the Lombard princes; a style which includes whatever was grand or beautiful in the works of the middle ages, and this was perhaps the noblest of them all.

The plan and elevation are basilical. The five aisles are formed by insulated columns; the choir and the transepts are rounded like the tribuna; the general decoration of the walls consists in round arches resting on single columns or pilasters; a decoration vicious every where, particularly here, where the arches bear no proportion to the shaft. This defect reaches up to the very cupola, and degrades the noble peristyles of the nave.

How beautiful do columns become when they support a roof! how superior to their effect as an idle decoration! what variety in these, still changing their combinations as you pace along the aisles! how finely do their shafts of oriental granite harmonize with the grandeur of the pile, while their tone of colour deepens the sombre which prevails here in spite of an hundred windows!

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how sublime might such a nave be made if taken as a whole! but the clergy, ever anxious to extend and diversify, branched this out into a Latin cross; and thus broke the unity of the design.

The side altars are beautiful; the high altar is only rich. The pictures, though not much admired, assist the architecture; but the sculpture and the tombs interrupt some of its general lines. Even the marble pulpit, fine as it is, impairs the symmetry by standing before a column. This pulpit is supported by a naked figure of most gross design. Indeed, few churches in Italy are free from the incongruous. Here are Bacchanals and Meleager's hunt incrusted on the sacred walls, an ancient statue of Mars, worshipped under the name of St. Potitus, and the heads of satyrs carved on a cardinal's tomb!

The *Baptistery* displays another crowd of unnecessary columns, placed under mean and unnecessary arches, round an immense polygon; and betrays, too, something like the Gothic; for certainly the figure inscribed in each of the acute pediments of the second order does resemble our cathedral trefoils.

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The inner elevation is still inferior to the outside. Arches are perched on arches, and pedestals are stilted on the capitals of columns, as a base to a hideous tunnel which screens the fine swell of the cupola. Who could ever suppose that such a structure and such dimensions were intended for a christening! The purpose of an edifice should appear in the very architecture; but here we can discover it only in the accessories, the font, statues, relievos, all allusive to baptism.

The *Leaning Tower*. Here are eight circles of columns supporting arches, which are smaller and more numerous in proportion as you ascend. Such a profusion only betrays that poverty of effect, which must ever result from small columns and a multitude of orders.

As to the obliquity of this tower, I am surprized that two opinions should still exist on its cause. The Observatory in the next street has so far declined from the plumb-line as to affect the astronomical calculations of the place. A neighbouring belfry declines to the same side, and both these evidently from a lapse in the soft soil, in which water springs every where at the depth

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of six feet. This great tower, therefore, leans only from the same cause, and leans more than they, because it wants the support of contiguous buildings. Many Pisans, however, are of the old opinion. One of their litterati took pains to convince me that the German architect contrived this declination, which his Italian successors endeavoured to rectify.

The *Campo Santo.* The portico of this vast rectangle is formed by such arcades as we find in Roman architecture. Every arch is round, and every pillar faced with pilasters; but each arcade includes an intersection of small arches rising from slender shafts like the mullions of a Gothic window. This, however, looks like an addition foreign to the original arcades, which were open down to the pavement.

Such cloistered cemeteries as this were the field where painting first appeared in the dark ages, on emerging from the subterranean cemeteries of Rome. In tracing the rise and genealogy of modern painting, we might begin in the catacombs of the fourth century, and follow the succession of pictures down to those of St. Pontian and Pope

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Julius; then, passing to the Greek image-makers of the tenth and eleventh centuries, we should soon arrive at this Campo Santo which exhibits the art growing, through several ages, from the simplicity of indigence to the simplicity of strength.

Here the immensity of surface to be covered forbade all study of perfection, and only required facility and expedition. The first pictures shew us what the artist was when separated from the workman. They betray a thin, timid, ill-fed pencil; they present corpses rather than men, sticks rather than trees, inflexible forms, flat surfaces, long extremities, raw tints, any thing but nature. As you follow the chronology of the wall, you catch perspective entering into the pictures, deepening the back-ground, and then adjusting the groups to the plans. You see the human figure first straight, or rather stretched; then foreshortened, then enlarged: rounded, salient, free, various, expressive.* Throughout this sacred ground, painting preserves the austerity of the Tuscan school: she rises sometimes to its energy and

* A similar progress may be traced in the sculpture called Etruscan, which passed from the meagre style to the round, and from the attitudinarian to the natural.

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movement, she is no where sparing of figures, and has produced much of the singular, the terrible, the impressive;—but nothing that is truly excellent.

All the subjects are taken from Scripture, the Legends, or Dante; but in depicting the life of a patriarch or a saint, the artists have given us the dress, the furniture, and the humours of their own day. A like anachronism has introduced some portraits of illustrious Tuscans, which are rather fortunate in such works as these. But how many anachronisms disfigure the first paintings in Italy! How painful it is to see, in the finest Nativities and Crucifixions, a St. Francis, or St. Dominic, or the *donatore*, or the painter himself, or the painter's mistress, looking out of the picture and impudently courting your remark!*

Some of these frescos have been exposed to the open air for 500 years, and the earliest works are mouldering away from moisture.† What pity that

* This practice was ancient: Pliny reprobates Arellius for introducing his mistresses into sacred pictures.

† This climate, however, is favourable even to the materials of art. The outside *marble* of the Duomo has in seven hundred years contracted very little of the lichen which would blacken an English

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a country full of antiquaries and engravers should let such monuments perish without a remembrance! How superior these to the coarse remains of Anglo-Gothic art, which our draughtsmen are condemned to search out for those old mumbling collectors who are for ever picking the bare bone of antiquity!

UNIVERSITY.

This University is now reduced to three colleges; yet still allots a chair to each faculty. Many of these, indeed, have lost their old scholastic importance, and left their professors idle; for the students attend only the classes necessary to their future degree.

Universities, being in general the institution of monkish times, are richest in objects related to church or state. Divinity and law engrossed the manors of the pious founders, and left little or

tombstone in fifty. The *bronze* door of 1184 is not yet corroded with patina. The *iron* griffons of the Strozzi palace, wrought in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, are still as sharp as when they came from Caparra's smithy.

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nothing to the improvement of natural science. In this university, however, Physics found the earliest protection: it boasts the first anatomical theatre and the first botanical garden in Europe; both created before the middle of the sixteenth century. The botanical chair is now admirably filled by the learned and amiable Santi: yet, in general science, Pisa is declined much below the fame of Pavia.

The library is full of civil and canonical law, polemics, councils, fathers, and metaphysics; but in science or polite literature I saw nothing very curious or rare. On the classical shelves are some early Italian editions, the remains, I presume, of the Aldine legacy. The Observatory is adjoining, and includes a school for astronomers; but no student intrudes at present on Dr. Slop's repose.

The lectures were formerly given in Latin from the chair, and were then recapitulated in Italian under the portico of the schools; but this stoic exercise, and the Latin, are both fallen into disuse. That censorial discipline which once expelled members through the window is now obsolete and unknown. Attendance passes for merit; time, terms, and the archbishop, confer academical rank.

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How infinitely more important are private schools scattered over the country than institutes like this, which young men seldom enter till they are able to teach themselves! In universities the very multitude of helps only tends to relax, to dissipate, or embarrass the attention. Neither Pisa, nor any academical city in Italy, has given birth to a man of transcendent genius, if we except Galileo, who was dropped here by chance.

That excluding spirit which prevails in other universities is here unknown. No religion is proscribed. All degrees, except in divinity and canonical law, are open to heretics and Jews. Such liberality must win a number of volunteers. Others are forced to attend as a qualification for legal practice; for in Tuscany every attorney's clerk is a doctor.

Pisa, though long posterior to Bologna, was the second school of law in Italy. Some ascribe this early eminence to her possession of the Pandects; but this celebrated manuscript was so hoarded, both here and at Florence, that instead of restoring the Roman law, it remained useless and lost to study, till Politian was allowed by Lorenzo the

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Magnificent to collate it with the Pandects first published at Venice. Politian's collated copy of that edition escaped the sack of the Medici library in 1494, and after a long train of travels and adventures it at last re-appeared at Florence in 1734.

Pisa lays some claim to the introduction of algebra, which Bonacci is said to have transplanted hither from the east; while the Florentines contend that their Paolo dell' Abbaco was the first to use equations. Algebra was certainly known in Europe before 1339, the date of this university.

The professorships are in general reduced to one-fourth of their original emolument. Francesco Bartolozzi, in a paper read at the Accademia Economica, states their mean salary to have been 2,000 crowns, at a time when the great Macchiavel received only 180, as secretary to the Florentine republic.* Such was the encouragement that drew the celebrated Decius so often back to Pisa from contending powers; for this great oracle of

* Bartolozzi calculates from a curious fact—that for four centuries wheat was bartered in Tuscany for its weight of butcher's meat, of oil, of flax, or of wool, however the money-prices might fluctuate.

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the laws appeared so important a possession to Louis XII. and to Venice, that they threatened hostilities on his account.

POETS.

Ma quì la morta poesia risorga. DANTE.

ITALIAN poetry has for some time revived from the torpor of two centuries, and seems now to flourish in a second spring. Every book-shop, every circle, swarms with poets; and the Pisan press is now selecting a Parnassus of the living, as a rival to that of the dead.

Where should we seek for the principle which multiplies poets so incalculably in this country? Is it in the climate or in the language? Is it education, or leisure, or fashion, or facility, or all these together? Interest it cannot be. No where is poetry so starving a trade; nor do its profits, rare as they are, arise so much from the sale of books as from dedication-fees. Gianni prints his flattery in very small retail. In a single duodecimo he

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gives thirteen dedications, twelve of which were lucrative, and one was thrown away on sensibility. A certain Count lives by this speculation: his works serve only as a vehicle to their inscriptions.

Satirists, perhaps the most useful of all poets, write under other discouragements: the censure of the press, and the sacredness of public men and measures. Hence their brightest things are confined to private circles, where they come out with hesitation and fear from the pocket-book. Hence the necessity of masking their satire has led some to a beauty, when they sought only a defence.

In reviewing some of these bards, I shall begin with *Pignotti*, as he still belongs to Pisa. So little does this elegant fabulist owe to genius, that his very ease, I understand, is the result of severe study; and, conscious of his own faculty, he seems to describe it in these lines:

> ———— La natura
> Parrà che versati habbia da vena
> Facil versi che costan tanta pena.

Pignotti admires and resembles Pope. Both seem confined to embellish the thoughts of others; and both have depraved with embellishment the

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simplicity of the early Greeks. Pope's Homer is much too fine for the original; and Pignotti, for want of Esop's naïveté, has turned his fables into tales. Some of his best novelle are reserved for private circles. I heard him read one on "the art of robbing," which could not be safely published by a Tuscan placeman. In the man himself you see little of the poet, little of that refined satire which runs through his fables and has raised those light-winged, loose, little things to the rank of Italian classics.*

Bertola is, perhaps, a more genuine fabulist than Pignotti. He does not labour to be easy; for he has naturally the negligence, and sometimes the vacuity of a rhyming gentleman. His fugitive pieces are as light as the poetical cobwebs of his friend Borgognini. His sonnets run upon love or religion, and some inspire that mystic, unmeaning

* Pignotti, who is now engaged on a history of Tuscany, once repeated to me, with great satisfaction, what Gibbon says of the Italian historians, among whom he anticipates a niche for himself. This led him to compare Mr. Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo with Fabroni's history of the same great man, when Monsignore himself entered the room and stopped his parallel. Why does that prelate write modern lives in an ancient language? Is he ashamed, in this silver age of Italian letters, to appear a "Fabbro del parlar materno?"

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tenderness which Petrarch infuses into such subjects. Bertola is too fond of universality and change. He has been a traveller, a monk, a secular priest, a professor in different universities and in different sciences, an historian, a poet, a biographer, a journalist, an improvvisatore.

Bondi has also been bitten by the "estro" of sonnet, though more conspicuous as a painter of manners. His "conversazioni" and "alla moda" expose some genteel follies with great truth of ridicule. His "giornata villareccia" is diversified, not by the common expedient of episodes, but by a skilful interchange of rural description, good-natured satire, and easy philosophy. The same subject has been sung by Melli in Sicilian, a language now the Doric of Italian poetry and full of the ancient Theocritan dialect.

Cesarotti is the only Italian now alive that has shewn powers equal to an original epic; powers which he has wasted in stooping to paraphrase the savage strains of Ossian, and in working on Homer's unimprovable rhapsodies. The Iliad he pulls down and rebuilds on a plan of his own. He brings Hector into the very front, and re-moulds

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the morals and decoration of the poem; modernizes too freely the manners, and gives too much relief to its simplicity.

Parini has amused and, I hope, corrected his countrymen by the Mattino and the Mezzogiorno, for the other two parts of the day he left imperfect. An original vein of irony runs through all his pictures, and brings into view most of the affectations accredited in high life or in fine conversation. He lays on colour enough, yet he seldom caricatures follies beyond their natural distortion. His style is highly poetical, and, being wrought into trivial subjects, it acquires a curious charm from the contrast. He is thought inferior to Bettinelli in the structure of blank verse; but the seasoning and pungency of his themes are more relished here than the milder instruction of that venerable bard.

Fantoni, better known by his Arcadian name Labindo, is in high favour as a lyric poet. This true man of fashion never tires his fancy by any work of length; he flies from subject to subject, delighted and delighting. You see Horace in every ode, Horace's modes of thinking, his variety

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of measures, his imagery, his transitions. Yet Labindo wants the Horatian ease; he is too studious of diction, and hazards " some taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," which remind us of our late Della Crusca jargon.

Pindemonte was connected with some of our English Cruscans, but he cannot be charged with their flimsy, gauzy, glittering nonsense. He thinks, and he makes his readers think. Happy in description, sedate even in his light themes, generally melancholy and sometimes sublime, he bears a fine resemblance to our Gray, and, like Gray, has written but little in a country where most poets are voluminous.

*Casti** is the profligate of genius. He rivals La Fontaine in the narrative talent, and surpasses him in obscenity. His late work, " Gli Animali parlanti," though full of philosophy and gall, must soon yield to the fate of all political poems. Its form and its agents are tiresome. We can follow a satirical fox through a short fable, but we nauseate three volumes of allegorical brutes connected

* Casti, and several persons mentioned in this and some of the following articles as living, have died since I left Italy.

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by one plot. His "novelle" are, on the contrary, too attractive, too excellently wicked. Such also is their reverend author. He has lived just as he wrote, has grown old in debauchery, and suffered in the cause: yet is he courted and caressed in the first circles of Italy, as the arbiter of wit, and the favourite of the fair.

All these gentlemen seem to have renounced that epic chivalry, both serious and burlesque, which forms the principal poems in the language. Most of them have imbibed the philosophical spirit of the present day, a spirit destructive of the sublime, which it poorly compensates by the terse, the correct, the critical. They borrow language, imagery, and illusions incessantly from science. They affect the useful and the didactic. Some have sung the rights of man; others the topography and economics of their country; a few have attempted the scientific themes which the Physiocritics of Siena introduced into poetry.

Such subjects naturally led their poets into blank verse, which, from its very facility, has grown into a general abuse. Many Italians could go spinning "versi sciolti" through the whole

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business of the day; though it is more difficult to excel in these than in rhyme. I heard some unpublished heroïds flow with such ease from that benevolent chemist, the Marquis Boccella, that I forgot he was reading verse. Blank verse requires a certain poetical chemistry to concentrate, to fuse, to sublime the style, and to separate its measures from the rhythm of periodical prose.

THE CLIMATE.

O utinam hybernæ duplicentur tempora brumæ! PROPERTIUS.

THE great evil of this climate is humidity. Both the Arno and its secondary streams glide very slowly on beds which are but little inclined, and nearly level with the surface of the Pisan territory. Hence their embankments, however stupendous, cannot ultimately protect the plain. They may confine to these channels the deposite of earth left by floods; but an accumulation of deposites thus confined has, in many parts, raised those channels above the level of the country. Should

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any water, therefore, escape through breaches into the plain, the difficulty of draining it must yearly increase; for even the bed of the sea has been rising for ages on this coast, and has stopped up some ancient outlets.

Drainage, however, made very important conquests during the last century, and has greatly improved the climate. Scotto, with the spirit of a merchant accustomed to wholesale success, lately attempted to drain his part of the marshes between Pisa and Leghorn; but the villas which he built for his future tenantry were filled the first winter with water. The Ferroni, who have doubled their rental by their *colmate* near Pescia, are now pursuing a still grander design on the lake of Bientina.

We may calculate the mischief of inundations in this country from the violence of the rain; for its annual height (47 inches) is about double that of our climate, while its duration is not one half. It generally falls in large round drops direct to the ground: it never breaks into mist, nor dims the air, nor penetrates the houses, nor rusts metals, nor racks the bones, with the searching activity of an English shower.

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Winter is by far the finest season at Pisa and fully as mild as our Spring. The East wind, indeed, being screened only by the Verrucola, is exceedingly sharp, and freezes at 35°. The South West, being flat, lies open to the Libecci, which is therefore more felt than the other winds, and is fully as oppressive on the spirits as the leaden sirocco of Naples.

Some Pisans feel the climate colder, and I should suppose it drier too, since the neighbouring Apennines were cleared of their woods. Others compare the quantity of snow on these with that on the mountains of Corsica; and, if the former exceed the latter, they expect fair weather; if the reverse, rain: but I remained here long enough to find the prognostic fallible. One reverend meteorologist accounted to me more philosophically for a chill which I once complained of in Lent. "This cold (said the priest) is a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and will continue till Easter; because it was cold when Peter sat at the High-priest's fire on the eve of the crucifixion."

The Spring is short, for violent heat generally

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returns with the leaf. In Summer, the mornings are intensely hot; at noon the sea breeze springs up; the nights are damp, close, suffocating, when not ventilated by the maëstrale. Pisa may reverse what physicians say of the capital—"They hardly conceive how people can live at Florence in Winter, or how they can die there in Summer."

The Lung' Arno di mezzo giorno, which is in fact the north side of the river, is usually recommended to invalids as the healthiest quarter of the city. The hottest it certainly is, for its curve tends to concentrate the meridian rays; but on that very account it appears to me scarcely habitable in Summer. On this side, the house fronts are baked by a powerful sun which throws into the chambers a close fetid warmth, and more than their proportion of the moisture which it pumps up. On the opposite side the houses are all damp, and many are covered with lichens. On both sides, the exhalations from the river seem unable to clear the lofty tops of the palaces which line it; for walking at night on the quays, I have often perceived my stick and my hair moistened with the descending vapours. Convinced, therefore, that the general temperature of Pisa is mild

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enough for any constitution, I should prefer the quarter of Santo Spirito, or Via Santa Maria, as sharing only the common weather of the place, and being free from adventitious heat, or humidity.

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LUCCA.

LIBERTAS. *Inscription on the Gate.*

I ENTERED the Lucchese territory at *Ripafratta;* a frontier which indicates, by its name, how little the proudest imbankments can resist the Serchio, when its floods are repelled by a South wind. On passing this frontier I remarked a national change of feature, and a costume distinct from the Pisan. All the women were slip-shod: their dress was precisely alike:—the colour scarlet.

This little state is so populous, that very few acres, and those subject to inundation, are allotted to each farmer on the plain. Hence their superior skill in agriculture and draining: hence that variety of crops on every enclosure, which gives to the vale of Serchio the economy and show of a large kitchen-garden. So rich is the creation of poor men who must render up to their landlord two-thirds of their produce, and submit to whatever price he may fix on the remainder! Even

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the little that is left to their own disposal they cannot sell at home; their very milk they must export every morning to a foreign state like Pisa.

Oppressed, however, as this peasantry is, perhaps the advocates for large farms would find it difficult to prove that the Lucchese would produce better crops, if tilled by fewer tenants. Italy might bring against that system the authority of her Virgil, her Pliny, her Columella; the example of Lucca where husbandry is so subdivided, that of Tuscany where the farms are so limited, that of the Roman state where they are so large. Every state in the peninsula is productive, I believe, in proportion to the number of farmers on a given space of land equally good.

This plain is skirted by vine-clad hills, where the celebrated villas rise on such sites as court admiration from the city. Indeed they deserve to be conspicuous, as monuments of that ancient lordliness which dignified the Lucchesi with the epithet of Signori.

The ramparts of the city, though neglected even as a walk, attest the same national magnificence.

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The cannon, once their ornament and happily nothing but an ornament, are gone. The armory, which was also admired, and useless like the cannon, is now empty. The palace of the republic, no longer the residence of the Gonfaloniere, bears a deserted and vacant aspect. This immense and august edifice makes the city round it look little; yet only half the original design is completed. Those petty Italian states, when commercial and free, had a public soul too expansive for the body. In its present decline, I remarked through the city an air of sullen, negligent stateliness, which often succeeds to departed power; a ceremonious gravity in the men, a sympathetic gloominess in the houses, and the worst symptom that any town can have—silence.

The Cathedral is of the same age, and the same marble as that of Pisa; nor did I see any thing very peculiar here except a wide arched porch crowded with sculpture, and the round temple of the Santo Volto insulated in the nave.

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THE TUSCAN REPUBLICS.

—— Ex Thusca Græcula facta est. Juv.

Every city in Tuscany having been once a separate republic, still considers itself a nation distinct from the rest, and calls their inhabitants foreigners. If we compare these little states with those of ancient Greece, we shall find that in both countries the republics emerged from small principalities; they shook off the yoke by similar means, and they ended in a common lord who united them all. In both, we shall find a crowded population and a narrow territory; in both, a public magnificence disproportionate to their power; in both, the same nursing love of literature and of the arts, the same nice and fastidious taste, the same ambitious and excluding purity of language.

Viewed as republics, the Tuscans and the Greeks were equally turbulent within their walls, and equally vain of figuring among foreign sove-

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reigns; always jealous of their political independence, but often negligent of their civil freedom, for ever shifting their alliances abroad, or undulating between ill-balanced factions at home. In such alternations of power, the patricians became imperious, the commons blood-thirsty, and both so opposite, that nothing but an enemy at the gates could unite them.

But in no point is the parallel so striking as in their hereditary hatred of each other. This passion they fostered by insulting epithets. The Tuscans called the Pisans *traditori*, the Pistoians *perversi*, the Senese *pazzi*, the Florentines* *ciechi*, &c. The Greeks (take even Bœotia alone) gave Tanagra a nickname for envy, Oropus for avarice, Thespiæ for the love of contradiction, &c.

Nor was their hatred satisfied with mockery: it became serious upon every trifle. Athens

* The Florentines themselves account for their nickname *ciechi*, by the whiteness of their houses which blinds so many of their inhabitants; but the other Tuscans contend that the epithet of Blind, applied nationally to Florence, should mean what it meant at Chalcedon.

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waged a bloody war on Ægina for two olive stumps, the materials of two statues: Florence declared hostilities against Pistoia, on account of two marble arms which had been dismembered from one statue.*

The first private wars among the free cities of Italy broke out in Tuscany, between Pisa and Lucca. Tyrant never attacked tyrant with more exterminating fury, than these republics, the hypocrites of liberty, fought for mutual inthralment. No despot ever sported more cruelly with his slaves, than the Thessalians and Spartans with their Penestæ and Helots, or the Florentines with their Pisan prisoners. These last wretches were brought in carts to Florence, tied up like bail-goods: they were told over at the gates, and entered at the custom-house as common merchandise: they were then dragged more than half naked to the Signoria, where they were obliged to kiss the posteriors of the stone Marzoccho

* E liete, in cambio d'arrecarle aiuto
L' Italiche città del suo periglio,
Ruzzavano tra loro, non altrimenti
Che disciolte poledre a calci e denti. TASSONI.

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which remains as a record of their shame, and were at last thrown into dungeons where most of them died. Such was

> La rabbia Fiorentina, che superba
> Fù a quel tempo sì, com' ora è putta.

The Florentines brought home in triumph the chains of the unfortunate harbour, and suspended them in festoons over the two venerable columns of porphyry which Pisa had presented in gratitude for a former service. The Pisan chains hang like a fair trophy on the foreign bank of Genoa; but to place them at Florence over those pledges of ancient friendship, betrayed a defect of moral taste; and to expose them still at that sacred door, which Michael Angelo thought worthy of paradise, tends only to keep up the individuality of those little states, which it is the interest of their common governor to efface. No trifle should be left to record their separate independence, or to excite that repulsive action,—that tendency to fly off from their present cluster, which is doubly fatal in an age and a country so prone to partition.

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FLORENCE.

GABINETTO FISICO.

This, being originally an assemblage of several scattered collections in natural history, is rather full than complete. It is richest in fossils, corals, shells, and insects; but celebrated only for the anatomical imitations.

Wax was first used in imitating anatomy by Zumbo, a Sicilian of a melancholy, mysterious cast, some of whose works are preserved here. Three of these bear the gloomy character of the artist, who has exhibited the horrible details of the plague and the charnel-house, including the decomposition of bodies through every stage of putrefaction—the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk—the worm, the rat and the tarantula at work—and the mushroom springing fresh in the midst of corruption.

I was struck by the immensity of this collection,

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which occupies fourteen rooms; yet, considered as a system, anatomists find it both defective and redundant. Sig. Fabbroni told me that many articles should be melted down as useless; that others were inaccurate; that all, from the yielding nature of the wax, wanted frequent retouching; and that, beginning anew, he could make the system more complete in half the compass. But such is ever the course of experiment. Every new step in science is the correction of an old one. Science may be considered as the art of remedies which originate in defect and end in it.

This awful region, which should be sacred to men of science, is open to all. Nay, the very apartment where the gravid uterus and its processes lie unveiled, is a favourite lounge of the ladies, who criticise aloud all the mysteries of sex.

This museum is under the direction of Felice Fontana, now a cavaliere, yet more generally known than his brother by the title of Abbé; from the clerical habit which he once wore, like other laymen, for mere economy. Fontana seems to preside here in the scientific world, rather by the diffusion than the depth of his knowledge; by

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bringing into science the man-of-the-world faculty, by a well-managed talent of display and evasion, which gains him credit for much more than he knows, by the art of improving the inventions of others, and passing their joint work under his own name. In his hands every man's ability is available, and nothing is lost.

Above that consequential reserve which many affect on subjects where they are known to excel, Fontana readily entered into the history of imitative anatomy, " an art invented by Zumbo, and revived," he said, " by me. I began with a very young artist, whom I instructed to copy the human eye in wax. This I shewed to Leopold, who, pleased with the attempt, and desirous that his sons should learn anatomy, without attending dissections, ordered me to complete the whole system."

" I stood alone in a new art, without guide or assistants. Anatomists could not model, and modellers were ignorant of interior anatomy. Thus obliged to form workmen for myself, I selected some mechanical drudges, who would execute my orders without intruding into my design. Supe-

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rior artists are too full of their own plans to follow patiently another's; too fond of embellishing nature to toil in the slavish imitation which I required. Such difficulties I surmounted; but before I finished the system, the funds had failed."

This active Prometheus is creating a decomposable statue, which will consist of ten thousand separable pieces, and three millions of distinct parts, both visible and tangible. I saw only the head and the upper region of the trunk; which appeared as sensible to the weather as its fleshly original: for the wood, already warped by the heat, has perceptibly altered the large contours; while the pegs which connect the members become unfit on every change of atmosphere. When I suggested this to the Cavaliere—"The objection is nothing. Ivory is too dear: papier maché has been tried, but it failed."

Fontana, finding wax succeed so well in the rest of anatomy, applied it even to the imitation of bones, and has substituted, without any necessity, a waxen skeleton for the real preparation. Wax, too, he has employed as a supplement to the herbal, in copying the mushrooms and the thick-leaved

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plants: wax he designs for the whole sylva of trees, and has already exhibited a few specimens of the stump cut horizontally with a twig, leaves, blossom and fruit. I asked him whether the real stump would not be truer, cheaper and more durable than its waxen copy; but this objection glanced off from his foil.

Signor Fontana may boast that the first anatomical cabinet in Europe was created under his direction; but his direction, I have been assured, was only official. He left the business of dissection to Mauteucci and Bonicoli,* and that of modelling to Ferini. Clementi Susini afterwards united both offices, and attained such skill in this museum that, from recollection alone, without consulting a real subject, and by combinations perfectly new, he has developed the whole lymphatic system on two statues only, with an accuracy which astonished the Pavians who had ordered them. Fortunately for Fontana's pretentions, this young man is as modest as he is ingenious.

* Bonicoli, being reduced to want, lately drowned himself in the Arno.

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The Cavaliere has the merit of finding out, and sometimes of rearing talents which had been lost in obscurity; but those talents he lays under unsparing contributions to his own fame. He drew Sig. Giov. Fabbroni from a sphere where none would expect to find genius; but this singular man, who was half in all his labours, rose too rapidly for his patron. His genius opened to him advantages and celebrity which were incompatible with the friendship of Fontana: language, literature, science broke down before him, and left him nothing to conquer but invidious, academic cabals.

THE ROYAL GALLERY.

The Florentines seem now to desert a place where vacant frames and idle pedestals only remind them of treasures that are gone, and lessen their esteem for those which remain.

On entering this grand repository the Founders meet you in the vestibule. Some of their busts

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are in red porphyry, a substance which one of those Medici is said to have recovered the lost art of carving; a substance, by the way, not the most proper for statuary. A statue should be of one colour. That colour, too, seems the best, which the least suggests any idea of colour, and is the freest from any gloss or radiance that may tend to shed false lights, and confuse vision. Hence I should prefer white marble to black, black marble to bronze, bronze to gold, and any of them to a mottled surface like porphyry.

The first things that strike you in the Gallery itself, are some glaring Madonnas painted on wood by Greek artists in the tenth and eleventh centuries. These pictures are uniform; the drapery of the Virgin is dark, but bespangled with stars; the posture of the child the same in all; for when the divine maternity was acknowledged at Ephesus, the child was then first coupled with the Madonna, but the mode of painting both was fixed by the ritual. Painting in that age was satisfied with producing mere forms, and did not aspire at expression or movement. Conscious of her own weakness, she called in the aid of gold, and azure, and labels, and even relief; for these pictures are

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raised like japan-work. They present all the meagreness, the angular and distinct contours, the straight, stiff parallelism of attitude, the vacant yet pretty little features, which are common to the productions of unenlightened art: and are more or less perceptible in the Egyptian idol, the Gothic statue, the Indian screen, and the Chinese jar.

The paintings of this Gallery run strangely into series—a series of Florentine portraits classed on the ceiling in compartments of the same form—a series of 850 illustrious foreigners running on the same level in frames of the same size—a series of 350 painters crowded into the same apartment—a series of the arts—a series of the elements, all exact to the same dimensions. Such uniformity betrays the furnishing taste of a tradesman. Method and multitude are ever remote from excellence. What a disparity of forms in a select cabinet! There every picture is a separate unit, and bears no relation to its neighbour. As to the technical merit of those pictures, I leave such metaphysics to the initiated. Painting I value only as it excites sentiment, nor do I ever presume to judge beyond the expression or story; convinced by the absur-

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dities which I have been so often condemned to hear, that the other parts of the art are mysteries to all but the artist.

The series of imperial statues and busts is the most valuable of all, as they shew the iconography, and the state of sculpture from Julius Cæsar down to Constantine. Some individuals re-appear in several busts, and in busts not always similar. No difference of age could reconcile to me the three which are called Julia daughter of Titus. Those of Commodus are not very like each other, nor does any one of them breathe the terrors and threats remarked by Herodian. Several doubts may be started on the sculpture of this gallery. The Julius Cæsar which begins this series bears no great resemblance to his effigy on coins. A head which had been long called Cicero now passes for Corbulo; from its likeness, I presume, to the two Gabine busts, which can plead only local probabilities for the name assigned to them. Two of the cross-legged Apollos have been lately degraded into Genii, and their swans into geese.

Physiognomists, who can read sermons in stones, find a world of character and history in those im-

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perial heads. They can discover habitual paleness in the face of a Caligula, can see the slaver dripping from the lips of a Claudius, and the smile of yet unsettled ferocity in a Nero. All this, I confess, sounds mystical to me. Some heads are certainly marked with appropriate mind; but in others, as Titus, Didius, Septimius Severus, I looked for the men in vain.

None of those heads are absolutely entire. Most of their noses and ears have been mutilated. Indeed, such defects were common even in ancient galleries.* An imperial nose, however, may be always authentically restored, as it appears on coins in profile.

In several busts the flesh is of white marble and the drapery of coloured; but neither Homer nor Virgil, nor Phidias, nor Canova, nor the Venus which this Gallery has lost, nor the Marsyas which remain,† no authority can defend a mixture

* Et Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem
Corvinum, et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem.—*Juvenal.*

† *Homer* brings gold, silver, and tin into the sculpture of Achilles' shield.—*Virgil* admires the effect of gold on marble: "Pariusve lapis circundatur auro."—*Phidias* composed both his Jupiter and his Minerva of ivory and gold. He also inserted metal bridles into the heads of the marble horses which have been

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so barbarous. Sculpture admits no diversity of materials; it knows no colour; it knows nothing but shape. Its purpose is not to cheat the eye, but to present to the mind all the truth and beauty and grace and sublimity of forms. Did the excellence of a statue depend on the illusion produced, or on the number of idiots who mistake it for life, the Medicean Venus would then yield to every wax-work that travels from fair to fair.

I saw nothing here so grand as the group of Niobe; if statues which are now disjoined, and placed equidistantly round a room may be so called. Niobe herself, clasped by the arm of her terrified child, is certainly a group, and, whether the head be original or not, the contrast of passion,

lately carried off from the frieze of the Parthenon.—*Canova* has given a golden cup and spinther to his Hebe.—The *Venus* de' Medici and the daughters of Niobe have their ears pierced for jewels.—The two *Marsyas* are of white marble interspersed with red stains to represent the flayed flesh; and, in gems, this figure is generally carved on red jasper. So common a statue was Marsya in ancient Rome, and so invariably were his hands bound, as they are here, over his distorted visage, that Juvenal's image would be more obvious to the Romans, and more a picture, if read, "ceu Marsya *vinctus*."

The ancients, in affixing bronze heads, hands, and feet, to alabaster bodies, probably made a sacrifice of taste to prescription alone, which seemed to regulate those barbarisms, and give laws to deformity.

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of beauty, and even of dress, is admirable. The dress of the other daughters appears too thin, too meretricious for dying princesses. Some of the sons exert too much attitude. Like gladiators, they seem taught to die picturesquely, and to this theatrical exertion we may perhaps impute the want of ease and of undulation, which the critics condemn in their forms.

One of the cabinets is full of Etruscan idols and penates, with their implements of worship, both earthen and bronze. Those little images came probably from the lararia; some of them are minute enough for the lararia of children; some are as rude as a barber's block; some are wrapt, like the "statuæ compernes," in swathing clothes, and lead us back to the very cradle of art, and the infancy of the style called Etruscan.

There is certainly a class of statues scattered over Italy, which bear a family likeness in their long faces, their pointed chins, their flat eyes and simpering mouths. But who has removed all doubt of their country? who can now trace the fine limit which separates this manner of design

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from the later Egyptian, or the earlier Greek?* Stiffness of form does not indicate nation, but age; not Etruscan art alone, but the art of all rude times and retired situations.

* The Egyptian statues may be considered as a part of the architecture for which they were formed, and have all the solidity proper for that office. Their backs are flattened for adhering to the wall, their arms stick close to their flanks; and the head is secured to the shoulders by broad tæniæ, or by tresses falling down to the breast. Such protections have preserved entire some statues of Isis and Serapis, more ancient than the Ptolemies.

The sculpture of Greece, also, sprang out of architecture. Pausanias saw in Laconia some statues which had not fully emerged from the form of columns. Ruder than any Hermes, they consisted merely in shafts, on which a face was carved for the capital, and toes for the base. The Caryatides appear to have been afterwards adopted in the Greek architecture, merely as an imitation of those earlier antiques. We may still trace the statue blended with the column in the temple of Pandrosos at Athens.

Etruria received its gods, and consequently its statuary, either by direct or by secondary emigrations from both those countries: but from Egypt it also contracted that pious dread of innovation which checked all improvement. I should, therefore, attribute what Winkelman calls the second and third styles of Etruscan sculpture, either to Greece, or to the Greek part of Italy.

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LIBRARIES.

Multiplici pariter condita pelle latent. MART.

THE *Laurentian* library contains only the public manuscripts, which are chained to desks and overspread with woollen cloth. Ancient manuscripts being in their nature unique and in their loss irreparable, will justify the precaution of securing them, when thus exposed to the world. But how illiberal do the chains appear in some colleges tethering printed books which money can always replace!

The oldest monument that this library possessed was the Virgil written, it is supposed, in the reign of Valens, and corrected by the consul Asterius in the fifth century; but this celebrated book, which had been formerly stolen and re-stolen, disappeared during the late war, and is now lost for ever to Florence.

The Pandects were better guarded, and sent to

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Palermo for safety. Government, indeed, had always kept them under its own key, and opened them only by torch-light to the great, on an order from the senate. Tradition says that this famous code was discovered in a barrel at Amalfi; and Hume, who believes the story, ascribes to this discovery the revival of the Roman law. But it is far more probable that the Pisans brought it from Constantinople while their commerce flourished in the Levant, and it is certain that, before they took Amalfi, Irnerius had been teaching the Pandects at Bologna.

The earliest works that now remain here, of a date inscribed or otherwise ascertained, are some venerable classics, both Greek and Latin, of the eleventh century, which are far more legible than the illuminated writing that succeeded. In the older illuminations I saw nothing to admire but the brilliancy of their colours, which were used in the virgin state, perhaps only because the art of mixing them was unknown. This brilliancy is, I believe, the chief merit of Gothic miniature, if that can be merit which arose from ignorance.

Some of those illuminations came from the pen-

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cil of Oderisi, whom Dante extols as "the honour of the art;" an art which grew afterwards into a luxury baneful to learning. Every copyist became a painter, and wasting his time in the embellishing of books, rendered books in general rare. Early in the fifteenth century this art made a most rapid progress, as appears very eminently in some of these manuscripts; and Attaventi, who wrought for the magnificent founder of this library, had brought it near to perfection, when printing gave a check to its importance. Hence the works usually shewn here as objects of beauty, such as the Pliny, the Homer, the Ptolemy, the Missal of the Florentine Republic, are all of that age, and contain portraits of the Medici painted in the initials and margins.

Manuscript-miniature is now confined to the few artists necessary for the repair of such libraries as this. I found Ciatti, who ranks first in the art, supplying here lost or damaged leaves; copying in fac-simile the writing of every age, and giving vellum the due tinge of antiquity. His enrichments have all the system of modern composition, though inferior to the old illuminations in their

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general effect. In the former, we admire an harmonious design; in the latter, a rich confusion. Such is an English carpet compared with a Persian.

The *Magliabecchian* library is the great repository of printed books, and the seat of the Florentine academy, a name in which the Della Crusca and two others are now lost.

It has been the fate of the greatest libraries to resound with the trifling of poets. Asinius Pollio founded the first poetical meeting and the first public library in Rome, probably for each other. The Apollo and the Ulpian were appropriated to the ancient recitations. The Magliabecchian affords a similar vent to a thousand ephemeral poems, which could never aspire to a place on its shelves.

I once attended here a solemn *Accademia*, which always supposes the presence of the sovereign. The king, however, was only represented by his picture hung on the throne, and his chair of state was reversed on the audience. On each

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side of the throne were academicians seated round tables, and in the gallery was a band of music, the only thing excellent that I heard.

Sarchiani, being Lettore d'eloquenza Toscana, opened the Accademia with an oration elegantly dressed in the common-place of elogy. Then music. Next rose La Fantastici and read a copy of verses on the late peace; a subject which entered allusively into all the succeeding compositions in Italian, Latin, and Greek. These were read by their authors. My blind acquaintance Giotti recited some sonnets. Music and applause crowned the recitations; but the applause came chiefly from the academicians themselves, for the audience gradually withdrew, muttering—"*seccatura!*"

IMPROVVISATORI.

Andiamo al bel cimento
Sulle ali del momento. LA FANTASTICI.

FLORENCE has long been renowned for *Improvvisatori.* So early as the fifteenth century the

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two blind brothers Brandolini excelled here in singing Latin extempore. The crowned and pensioned Corilla drew lately the admiration of all Italy, and Signora Fantastici is now the improvvisatrice of the day.

This lady convenes at her house a crowd of admirers, whenever she chooses to be inspired. The first time I attended her accademia, a young lady of the same family and name as the great Michael Angelo began the evening by repeating some verses of her own composition. Presently La Fantastici broke out into song in the words of the motto, and astonished me by her rapidity and command of numbers, which flowed in praise of the fair poetess, and brought her poem back to our applause. Her numbers, however, flowed irregularly, still varying with the fluctuation of sentiment; while her song corresponded, changing from aria to recitativo, from recitativo to a measured recitation.

She went round her circle and called on each person for a theme. Seeing her busy with her fan, I proposed the Fan as a subject; and this little weapon she painted as she promised, "col

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pennel divino di fantasia felice." In tracing its origin she followed Pignotti, and in describing its use she acted and analyzed to us all the coquetry of the thing. She allowed herself no pause, as the moment she cooled, her *estro* would escape.

So extensive is her reading that she can challenge any theme. One morning, after other classical subjects had been sung, a Venetian count gave her the boundless field of Apollonius Rhodius, in which she displayed a minute acquaintance with all the Argonautic fable. Tired at last of demigods, I proposed the sofa for a task, and sketched to her the introduction of Cowper's poem. She set out with his idea, but, being once entangled in the net of mythology, she soon transformed his sofa into a Cytherean couch, and brought Venus, Cupid and Mars on the scene; for such embroidery enters into the web of every improvvisatore. I found this morning-accademia flatter than the first. Perhaps Poetry, being one of the children of pleasure, may, like her sisters, be most welcome in the evening.

I remarked that La Fantastici, when speaking of her art, gave some cold praise to her rival La

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Bandettini; but she set an old Tuscan peasant above all the tribe, as first in original and poetic thinking. She seemed then to forget her once-admired Gianni, the Roman Stay-maker. This crooked son of Apollo was the contested gallant of the first beauties in Florence, where he displayed powers yet unequalled in impromptu; defying all the *obbligazioni* or shackles that the severest audience could impose on him. The very idea, however, of imposition is a violence fatal to genius; and the poetical commands thus executed, like laureate odes and other tasks, may shew skill, practice, talent; but none of the higher felicities of art.

Such "strains pronounced and sung unmeditated, such prompt eloquence," such sentiment and imagery flowing in rich diction, in measure, in rhyme, and in music, without interruption, and on subjects unforeseen, all this must evince in La Fantastici a wonderful command of powers; yet, judging from her studied and published compositions, which are dull enough, I should suspect that this impromptu-exercise seldom leads to poetical excellence. Serafino d'Acquila, the first improvvisatore that appeared in the language, was gazed

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at in the Italian courts as a divine and inspired being, till he published his verses and dispelled the illusion.

An Italian improvvisatore has the benefit of a language rich in echoes. He generally calls in the accompaniment of song, a lute, or a guitar, to set off his verse and conceal any failures. If his theme be difficult, he runs from that into the nearest common-place, or takes refuge in loose lyric measures. Thus he may always be fluent, and sometimes by accident be bright.

I once heard a little drama given extempore with great effect, from the acting talent of the poet: but dramatic poetry is not so much the subject of Italian impromptu, as it was among the Greeks. The Greek language and the Italian appear to me equally favourable to this talent. Equally rich and harmonious and pliant, they allow poets to alter the length and the collocation of words, to pile epithets on epithets, and sometimes to range among different dialects.

In attending to the Italian improvvisatori, I began to find out, or perhaps only to fancy, several

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points in which they resemble their great predecessor Homer. In both may be remarked the same openness of style and simplicity of construction, the same digressions, rests, repetitions, anomalies. Homer has often recourse to shifts of the moment, like other improvvisatori.* Like them he betrays great inequalities. Sometimes when his speech is lengthening into detail, he cuts it short and concludes. Sometimes when the interest and difficulty thicken, the poet escapes, like his heroes, in a cloud. I once thought of Homer in the streets of Florence, where I once saw a poor cyclic bard

* Homer seems to have kept a stock of hemistichs, which recur incessantly at the close of verses; as ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδαθεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη, &c.; expletive epithets, as, δῖος—δαιμονίη, &c., which appear in so many, and so opposite meanings that they cease to have any meaning at all; expletive phrases which he applies indiscriminately, as the ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, both to the monarch and the swine-herd; set forms which introduce his speeches, as, Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη, &c.—or else begin them, as, Ἀνέρες ἔστε φίλοι, &c., and thus leave him time to collect thoughts for the speech itself. When he has killed one warrior, in comes the Δούπησεν δὲ πεσων, &c., and allows him a moment to look about for another victim. How often does he serve up, particularly in the gluttonous Odyssey, the same τ' ἄρα τ' ἄλλα feast, to refresh himself as well as his heroes! How often does the Ἦμος δ' Ἠριγένεια φάνη, &c. begin the business of the day! The return of such passages was a breathing-place to the improvvisatore. The names and titles which he heaps on his Gods, were only, says Lucian, an expedient to fill up a verse. Such was Homer and such is the Italian; both literally singers; and the harp of the ἀοιδὸς is now most generally represented by a guitar.

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most cruelly perplexed in a tale of chivalry. He wished to unravel; but every stanza gave a new twist to his plot. His hearers seemed impatient for the denouement, but still the confusion increased. At last, seeing no other means of escape, he vented his poetical fury on the skin of his tambourine, and went off with a "*maledetto.*"

THE THEATRE.

Quàm non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco! HOR.

THE Italian theatre would be the oldest now in existence, if traced up to the Istrioni of the twelfth century; but those were mere ballad-singers, and never rose to histrionic imitation. No dialogue was attempted before the Moralities of the next age, nor did these monkish pastimes bear any other mark of drama, until the history of Abraham appeared here in 1449. Thirty years afterwards Politian revived, in his Orfeo, the ancient form of acts and choruses; a form which excited so many imitations of the Greek, that a regular theatre,

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the first in modern Europe, was built at Milan in 1490 on the Greek model.

Tragedy now began to speak Italian. The first was Carretto's Sofonisba in 1502; for that of Trissino did not appear till 1515. After a lapse of some years came Alamanni, Martelli, Speroni, Giraldi, Anguillara, Dolce, Tasso, Torelli. All these tragedians wrote on the ancient plan in long solemn dialogues, quite foreign from the purpose of playing, and as heroically stiff as our own imitations of the Greek drama.

Comedy was first introduced by Hercules, duke of Ferrara, in his translation from Plautus. Then came Ariosto with a comedy of his own. The crowd that succeeded wrote plays as exercises for princes and scholars, who recited those comedies, now called "Erudite," in courts, academies, and colleges. The very title, the purpose, the place, and the players, seem to have condemned the whole species to stupidity and oblivion. The best of that class were unfortunately obscene, a vice unknown on the present stage.

The "Commedie dell' arte" took a different

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aim. Being made for a profession of men who subsisted on the public curiosity, they were obliged to catch and to reflect all the popular humours. Their very essence was action, they seldom ventured into print, their plots alone were chalked out, and the dialogue was trusted to the extemporary wit of the actors. Each of these was confined to a single character, and bred to his own mask; yet though always re-appearing as Harlequin and his fellows, those maskers could furnish an incessant variety of story, satire, and fun.

Tragedy could not, like her sister, descend to the mob; and therefore sunk under the heavy coalition of her scholastic poets and gentlemen-players. To rouse her from this lethargy, they applied the fatal remedy of music. In 1597 Vecchi and Rinnuccini introduced the recitativo into tragedy, and about fifty years afterwards, Il Cignonini interspersed this recitativo with airs. The result was the Opera, that genuine child of the *Seicento*.

Nothing so extravagantly unnatural as the opera has ever stood so long. For the opera, Italians have erected their grandest theatres, invented a

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new system of decoration, instituted academies, and mutilated men. Music, though introduced only as an assistant to tragedy, soon became the principal; and any poetry was thought good enough for an entertainment where no poetry could be understood.

The musical demon fell next upon comedy, and begot the monster called *opera buffa;* a composition more wretched, if possible, than the serious melo-drama. This last innovation, however, pampered the two great appetites of the nation with music and buffoonery, and drew the upper classes of society away from poor prosaic Harlequin, who sunk to the level of our Bartholomew-Fair.

In this low state was the Italian theatre when Goldoni appeared. Obliged, like Molière, to acquiesce for a while in the established barbarisms, he at first wrote for the old masks; but, introducing beauties which were foreign and unfit for them, he gradually refined the taste of the spectators, made them ashamed of their former favourites, and then ventured to exclude the whole Harlequin family. Chiari and his adherents clamoured against this exclusion; but Goldoni has so completely succeeded, that his own masked

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comedies are now banished from the regular stage to the *marionnette*. This revolution necessarily reduced the number of acting plays, and though Federici is very diligent in supplying the deficiency, the public appears at present to prefer translations from the German and French to Italian originals.

The players seem to keep pace with the poets in improvement. As if ashamed of their descent from the "maschere dell' arte," they have renounced the rant and buffoonery of the old stage, and affect a temperance bordering upon tameness. Yet still degraded in society, subject in some states of Italy to a police as humiliating as the ancient,* and every where rated below the warbling wethers of the opera, they claim no respect for an art which denies them the rank and emolument of liberal artists: they style it only recitation; they expose, like showmen in the streets, their scenes "painted upon a pole and underwrit;" and they close each performance with a long imploring invitation to the next.

* "Prætoribus jus virgarum in histriones esset."—Tac. In one part of Lucian we find the players subject to be whipped at the discretion of the audience; in another we find the ἀθλοθετα exercising that right; at this moment they lie under the same scourge at Rome.

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The theatrical year is divided into four or five seasons. Each season brings a different company of performers to each theatre. The singers and dancers, whom I ignorantly omit in this review, are perpetually changing their engagements; but the comedians adhere to their manager, and follow him from city to city. Most of the comic troops are composed of Lombards, and of these the best are inlisted under Goldoni, a relation of the great dramatist. In his company are the two first actors of the day, Zanerini and Andolfati.

Zanerini's walk is the "padre nobile," and surely in pathetic old characters he carries the exquisite and the forceful as far as they can exist together.

Andolfati excels as a *caratterista*, and has dramatised for himself some passages in the life of Frederic II., whom he imitates, *tale quale*, in his voice, walk, and manner. But Andolfati's merit rises far above mimicry; he can thrill the heart as well as shake the sides, and (what is more difficult than either) he can excite through long scenes that secret intellectual smile which, like the humour of Addison, never fatigues.

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The scene of their dramas lies so often in England, that they should learn to dress them more truly. I have seen Milord Bonfil appear in three different comedies, with a broad silver lace on the calf of his right leg to represent the garter. Their scenery often corresponds with their dress. Ill painted, ill set, inappropriate, rumpled, ragged and slit, it presents its strolling poverty in the face of the noblest architecture. No illusion can be attempted on a stage, where the prompter rises in the front, and reads the whole play as audibly as his strutting echoes, who, from their incessant change of parts, can be perfect in none.

Benefits are allowed only to the chief performers. A *prima donna* is bound to call on all the gentry of the place, to solicit their attendance, and on the evening allotted to her, she sits greedily at the receipt of custom, bowing for every crown that is thrown on her tea tray. The price of a ticket is but three Pauls, nor will this appear so low, when you consider the short roll of actors, their small salaries, their mean wardrobe, and the cheap composition of an orchestra, where noblemen volunteer their fiddles with the punctuality of hirelings.

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Every theatre in Tuscany has its epithet and device, as the *Immobili* and their windmill, the *Infuocati* and their bomb, &c. An epithet, device, and motto, were thought necessary here to every society, to every prince, to every academy, and to every academician.

Previous to Alfieri, there was not a tragedy in the Italian language that would now draw an audience. The players, therefore, finding nothing else better adapted to the buskin, had recourse to Metastasio's operas, which they still recite occasionally, omitting the airs. But verses composed for a composer of music are not the language of men speaking to men; nor can much passion be excited by speeches so antithetical, so measured, and so balanced as those of Metastasio.

Hence tragedy is but seldom performed, and very few performers excel in that sphere. No tragic genius has yet appeared here equal to that of a boy, who died lately at the age of fifteen. This little prodigy was the son of Count Montauti, governor of Leghorn. Though born a dwarf, he had the perceptions of a hero; he could grasp the gigantic thoughts of Alfieri, present them to their

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author in all their original grandeur, and force him, against his nature, to admire.

Alfieri is, next to Dante, the Italian poet most difficult to Italians themselves. His tragedies are too patriotic and austere for the Tuscan stage. Their construction is simple, perhaps too simple, too sparing of action and of agents. Hence his heroes must often soliloquise, he must often describe what a Shakspeare would represent, and this to a nation immoderately fond of picture. Every thought, indeed, is warm, proper, energetic; every word is necessary and precise; yet this very strength and compression, being new to the language and foreign to its genius, have rendered his style inverted, broken,* and obscure; full of ellipses, and elisions; speckled even to affectation with *Dantesque* terms; without pliancy, or flow, or variety, or ease.

* The periodical and voluminous style of Italian tragedies having led actors into a musical monotony, it was to correct this vice that Alfieri cut his speeches into short and unequal members. Such a precaution at first betrayed him into a harshness of versification which, though indignant at the critics who dared to blame it, he was obliged to file down in the second edition of his plays. Parini told him his defect fairly:

——— Dove il pensier tuona,
Non risponde la voce amica e franca.

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Yet where lives the tragic poet equal to Alfieri? Has England or France one that deserves the name? Schiller may excel him in those peals of terror which thunder through his gloomy and tempestuous scenes; but he is poorer in thought, and inferior in the mechanism of his dramas.

Alfieri's conduct is more open than his works to censure. Though born in a monarchy, and living under mild princes, this Count concentrated in his heart all the pride, brutality and violence of the purest aristocracies that ever oppressed Genoa or Venice. Whoever was more or less than noble became the object of his hatred or his contempt. The same pen levelled his Tirannide against princes, and his Antigallican against plebeians. The patriotism which he once put on could never sit easy upon such a mind, nor fall naturally into the forms and postures of common life. In forcing it violently on he rent the unsightly garb, then threw it aside, and let the tyrant go naked.

This hatred of princes led him to dedicate his Agis to our Charles I. I admit the jurisdiction of posterity over the fame of dead kings. But

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was it manly, was it humane, to call up the shade of an accomplished prince, a prince fully as unfortunate as he was criminal, on purpose to insult him with a mock-dedication? and of all Italians, did this become Alfieri, the reputed husband of that very woman whose sterility has extinguished the race of Charles?

His aristocratical pride, working on a splenetic constitution, breaks out into disgusting eccentricities, meets you at his very door,* bars up all his approaches, and leaves himself in the solitude of a sultan. How unbecoming of a poet was his conduct to General Miollis, the declared friend of all poets living and dead! How often has he de-

* He posted up in his lobby the following advertisement, which breathes precisely the same sentiment as his answer to General Miollis, who had politely invited him to his quarters: "Vittorio Alfieri non riceve in casa ne persone, ne ambasciate di quelli che non conosce e da' quali non dipende."

The following was his grateful return to Count Delce for a present of two tragedies:

Tragedie due già fè
Che il solo sa
Satire or fa
Saran tragedie trè.

Of his scurrility take this curious specimen addressed to another poet:

Losco, fosco, io ti conosco;
Se avessi pane, non avresti tosco.

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scended from his theatrical stateliness to the lowest scurrility! How true is his own description of himself!

Or stimandomi Achille, ed or Tersite.

ARCHITECTURE.

Tal sopra sasso sasso
Di giro in giro eternamente io strussi;
Che così passo passo,
Alto girando al ciel mi ricondussi.

Inscription.

The edifice which commands our chief attention here, as beginning a new era in the history of architecture, is the Cathedral founded by Lapo in 1298, and crowned by the cupola of Brunelleschi, the object of the above inscription.

This is the first church that Italians raised in the present proportions of the arcade. It is generally considered as a mean between the Gothic style and the Greek; yet nothing can be conceived more remote from either. In opposition to the fretted, frittered surfaces, and spiry flights

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of the Gothic, here is the most naked simplicity and strength unconcealed. Of the Greek, on the other hand, not a particle entered into the original idea. Instead of columns, the exterior decoration consists of three kinds of marbles composed into panels, and the interior in pillars and round arches; but no arches were known in Greek architecture, nor can be traced in the ruins of free Greece. What architecture then is this but the ancient Roman, revived as completely as the purposes of the church would admit?

Brunelleschi has raised here the first double cupola, and, I believe, the widest in Europe. No columns assist as latent buttresses to shore it up. The same coloured marbles that face the walls continue their decoration round the drum. Though this cupola is polygonal, and bears on the perpendicular, it may fairly be considered as the prototype of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo drew his famous bravado from the Pantheon, but this grand enterprize of Brunelleschi gave him the assurance of performing it.

Under the cupola is the choir, corresponding in plan with the great polygon above; but its Ionic

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elevation, though fine, is at variance with the fabric, and seems a beauty as foreign to this cathedral as the Grecian screen is to that of Winchester. Cathedrals in general, lying under the control of tasteless or interested men, have lost their original unity, and become mere galleries of architecture; in which specimens of every style are built side by side, just as pictures of every school are hung upon the same wall. A choir thus enclosed is necessarily darker than the nave. Here is just that "dim religious light" which pleases poetical and devout minds; a light which heightens the effect of the lamps and candles, of the gold, silver, and brocade of Catholic worship, while it shades the mediocrity of the paintings and sculpture.

This cathedral contains very few pictures, and none of any value. I remarked a portrait of the English condottiero John Hawkwood, painted and even cut out, prancing over the military praise which he obtained by traitorously selling to Florence the Pisans who paid him to defend them.

Next to our honest countryman stands an antique picture of Dante, painted by Orcagna several

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years after his death, and placed here by the same republic which had condemned him to the stake. Such was the poor *palinodia* of Florence to the man who made her language the standard of Italy: while three foreigners, in three different ages, raised to him in a foreign state his sarcophagus and tomb and funeral chamber. Well might he call his countrymen

> —— Quello 'ngrato popolo maligno
> Che discese di Fiesole ab antico,
> E tien' ancor del monte e del macigno.

I have been assured that not only this, but all the portraits now existing of Dante are, like those of "*our* divine poet," posthumous: yet as all resemble this venerable work of Orcagna, uniformity has given a sanction to the common effigy of the bard. Not so Shakspeare's. Most of the portraits that pass for his are dissimilar; the only effigy recorded by a contemporary was in bronze. None of the pictures are authentic, none certainly original, none such as the mind can repose on, and fix its idolatry.*

* Dante and Shakspeare form a striking parallel—as the master-bards of Italy and England—oppressed with praise and annotation at home, and ridiculed as barbarians by foreign critics—Dante rose

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The other churches of Florence have nothing very peculiar or important in their construction. The chapel de' Depositi is a work of Michael Angelo's, and the first he ever built; but the design is petty and capricious; consisting in two insignificant orders, altogether unworthy of the impressive monuments which he raised within it. The contiguous chapel de' Medici is more noble and more chaste in the design itself; though its architect was a prince, and its walls were destined to receive the richest crust of ornament that ever was lavished on so large a surface.

The palaces may be divided into those of republican date, and the modern. The former had originally towers, like the Pisan, which were introduced towards the close of the tenth century,

before the dawn of letters in Italy: and Shakspeare soon after they had spread in England.—Finding their native tongues without system or limit, each formed another language within his own; a language peculiar as their creators, and entering only like authorities into common Italian and English: to add nerve, and spirit, and dignity, and beauty. Both have stood the obliterating waste of ages, have seen younger styles grow old and disappear, have survived all the short-lived fopperies of literature, and flourish now in unabated fashion, inviting and resisting ten thousand imitations.

—————— Altri Danteggia
Fra duri versi brancola, e s'avvolge,
E si perde d'Averno tra le bolge. PIGNOTTI.

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as a private defence in the free cities of Italy. To these succeeded a new construction, more massive, if possible, and more ostentatiously severe than the Etruscan itself; a construction which fortified the whole basement of the palace with large, rude, rugged bossages, and thus gave always an imposing aspect, and sometimes a necessary defence to the nobility of a town for ever subject to insurrection. Such are the palaces of the Medici, the Strozzi, the Pitti. This harsh and exaggerated strength prevails only below. The upper stories are faced with vermiculated rustics or free-stone, and the whole is crowned with an overpowering cornice which projects beyond all authority; for here are no columns to regulate its proportions, and its very excess diffuses below a certain grandeur distinct from the character of any regulated style. The court is generally surrounded with Greek orders, and bears no analogy to the outside.

The modern palaces are generally faced with stucco, but not painted. A few near Santa Croce are hatched with figures "*al 'sgraffito,*" a style peculiar to Polidore Caravaggio. The larger palaces, such as the Capponi, &c., run rather into

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long fronts than quadrangular courts. Their doors and windows are admirably designed, and being sparingly distributed they leave an air of solidity and grandeur on the wall.

The interior distribution accords with the length of front. One line of doors enfilades the apartments and lays open the whole house; a plan rather incommodious for private life, but very proper for a gala, and suited to a hot climate. It sometimes, indeed, makes a thoroughfare of Signora's bed-chamber; but those sacred retirements which an Englishwoman requires are unnecessary in a country where ladies affect no restraint, and feel embarrassed by no intrusion. In every house the lower rooms are vaulted. The upper apartments are hung very generally with silk; never with paper. The walls are coated with a stucco which is rather gritty, but well adapted for fresco-painting.

Columns are very seldom employed in public works; and no where happily. In the "piazza della SS. Nunziata" the porticos are composed of arches resting on Corinthian columns, a combination every where wrong, and here very meagre in

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its effect. In the Uffizzi the columns stand too high for so solid an order as the Doric. The triumphal arch of San Gallo is in the most perfect opposition to the grave and austere architecture of the city which it announces.

Some of the principal edifices have remained for ages unfinished—such as the Cathedral, St. Lorenzo, Santa Croce, Santo Spirito, the chapel of the Medici, &c. The Pitti palace wants a wing; the Strozzi half its entablature; the vestibule of the Laurentian Library is still encumbered by the very scaffolding which Michael Angelo erected.

In the same unfinished state I saw several statues of this mighty master;—the dead Christ at the cathedral; the Madonna; the Day and the Twilight at the tombs of the Medici; the bust of Brutus in the royal gallery; the Victory in the Palazzo Vecchio:*—and so sacred is the terror of

* I saw several of his drawings at the Buonarroti palace in the same half-finished state. Most of those are the sketches of a boy, but a boy who broke out an original sculptor at the age of fourteen; and who excelled most in that part of sculpture which forms the very

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Michael's genius, that these statues remain untouched and inviolate in the midst of restorers who are daily trifling with the sculpture of antiquity. So many works thus begun and abandoned cannot all be considered as failures of the chissel; which certainly, in the heat and confidence of genius, he is said to have driven sometimes too deep into the marble. Some, perhaps, we should impute to the fastidious taste of an artist who rejected whatever came short of his first conceptions; some, to his

essence of drawing. I saw nothing finished except a Christ extended as on the cross, and a figure of Fortune on her wheel; both in red chalk, on thin paper; and both full of singularity and mind. His paintings in the library are much defaced; his books have lately disappeared; but the bust remains and is the best resemblance extant of the immortal founder: for John Bologn has given the full contusion on his nose which was flattened, as the story runs, by the fist, or, as a relation of his own assured me, by the mallet of an invidious rival.

Though all the great artists of that age affected universality, none united so many talents as Michael Angelo. Sculptor, painter, poet, architect, civil and military engineer, mechanist; in short, here he is every thing. An Italian, when at a loss for the author of any object that you admire, will immediately rank it among the labours of M. Angelo, the Hercules of modern art. I once stopped to examine some cart-wheels which were lying in the Campo Vaccino, when the maker came out, expatiated on the advantage of their enormous diameter, and gave Michael Angelo for their inventor,—"Michael Angelo?" said I.—"Yes, surely; else why was he named Buonarroti?"

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rapid succession of designs; designs too numerous and too grand even for a life of ninety years, made still more productive by the ambidexterous faculty.

ENVIRONS.

——Sic fortis Etruria crevit. VIRG.

THE environs of Florence owe their beauty to a race of farmers who are far more industrious, intelligent, and liberal,* than their neighbours born to the same sun and soil. Leopold toiled to make his peasants all comfortable, and the steward takes

* Their liberality is conspicuous in the contributions of their rural fraternities, who come in procession to Florence with splendid fusciacche, and leave their donations in the churches. Hence the clergy keep them well disciplined in faith, and, through the terror of bad crops, they begin to extort the abolished tithes.

On Easter-eve I remarked a crowd of these farmers collected in the cathedral of Florence, to watch the motion of an artificial dove, which, just as the priests began "Gloria in Excelsis," burst away from the choir, glided along the nave on a rope, set fire to a combustible car in the street, and then flew whizzing back to its post. The eyes of every peasant were wishfully riveted on the sacred puppet, and expressed a deep interest in its flight; for all their hopes of a

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care that none shall be rich. They pass the year in a vicissitude of hard labour and jollity; they are seldom out of debt, and never insolvent. Negligent of their own dress, they take a pride in the flaring silks and broad ear-rings of their wives and daughters. These assist them in the field: for the farms, being too small to support servants, are laboured in the patriarchal style by the brothers, sisters, and children of the farmer.

Few of the proprietors round Florence will grant leases; yet so binding is the force of prescription, so mutual the interest of landlord and tenant, and so close the intertexture of their property, that removals are very rare, and many now occupy the farms which their forefathers tilled during the Florentine republic.

The stock of these farms belongs half to the landlord, and half to the tenant. This partnership extends even to the poultry and pigeons: the only *peculium* of the farmer is the produce of his hives. Hence the cattle run usually in pairs.

future harvest depended on its safe return to the altar. "Quando và bene la colombina, va bene il Fiorentino" is an adage as ancient as the dignity of the Pazzi, who still provide the car.

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One yoke of bullocks is sufficient for a common farm. Their oxen are all dove-coloured; even those which are imported from other states change their coat in Tuscany, where they are always fed in the stall, and never go out but to labour. They are guided in the team by reins fixed to rings which are inserted in their nostrils; sometimes two hooks joined like pincers are used, like the postomis of Lucilius, which has teazed so many antiquaries.

Every field in the environs of Florence is ditched round, lined with poplars, and intersected by rows of vines or olive-trees. Those rows are so close as to impede the plough; which, though it saves labour, is considered here as less calculated for produce than the triangular spade with which the tenant is bound by his landlord to dig or rather to shovel one-third of his farm.

This rich plain of the Val d'Arno yields usually two harvests a year, the first of wheat, the second of some green crop; which last is sometimes ploughed up, and left to rot on the field as manure for the next. This course is interrupted every third or fourth year by a crop of Turkey

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wheat, sometimes of beans or rye, and more rarely of oats. Barley was unknown here until the breweries lately established at Florence and Pisa called it into cultivation.

As you approach the skirts of this narrow plain, you perceive a change in agriculture. The vine and the olive gradually prevail over corn; and each farm brings a variety of arts into action! In addition to our objects of husbandry, the Tuscan has to learn all the complicate processes which produce wine, oil, and silk, the principal exports of the state. Of corn an average crop brings only five returns in the Florentine territory; in the Senese eight or nine; and the aggregate affords but ten months' subsistence to all Tuscany, although the mountaineers live mostly on chestnuts.*

* One-half of Tuscany is mountains which produce nothing but timber; one-sixth part consists of hills which are covered with vineyards or olive gardens: the remaining third is plain: The whole is distributed into 80,000 fattorie, or stewardships. Each fattoria includes on the average seven farms. This property is divided among 40,000 families or corporations. The Riccardi, the Strozzi, the Ferroni; and the Benedictines rank first in the number.

This number was greatly increased by Leopold, who, in selling the crown lands, studiously divided large tracts of rich but neglected soil into a multitude of little properties, which proportionately in-

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This garden of Tuscany seems to require more manure than it produces. To keep it perpetually in crop the farmers must resort to the infectious sewers of the city; they send poor men and asses to pick up dung on the roads; and at certain resting-places on the highway they spread litter for the cattle that pass to stale for their benefit.

The objects most admired in these environs are the villas, particularly those of the crown. I shall, however, confine my remarks to *Doccia* alone, on account of the porcelain manufactory established there about sixty years ago by the Marquis Genori.

This "fabbrica nobile" had been represented to me as a "cosa stupenda, portentosa," and the

creased the general produce. His favourite plan of encouraging agriculture consisted not in boards, societies, or premiums, but in giving the labourer a security and interest in the soil, in multiplying small freeholds, in extending the *livelli*, or life-leases, wherever he could, and in maintaining sacredly that equal division of stock and crop between the landlord and the tenant, which engages both equally in improving the farm. The younger Pliny, who practised this last plan, sets it in its true light. "Non nummo sed partibus locem, ac deinde ex meis aliquos operis exactores fructibus ponam. Est alioquin nullum justius genus reditus quàm quod terra, cœlum, annus refert; at hoc magnam fidem, acres oculos, numerosas manus poscit."

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villa itself conspired with the grandeur of those epithets to raise ideas which none of the manufactories realized. I found only fifty men employed in the house, and some of those fellows were idling from one wheel to another; some, while making their moulds, taught their children to read; none had the activity nor the manner of our workmen.

The museum at Doccia contains a great variety of fossils found in the country; but the warerooms were rather crowded than rich. In a country anciently so famous for its pottery, I expected to find some near approaches to the *bello antico* which now gives models to all our furniture and fashions. Here, indeed, are casts of ancient statues in chalk, gypsum, and terra-cotta; but nothing else did I see that bore any print of classical beauty. The forms, the relief, the very paintings of their vases and jars are as inferior to ours as the quality of the porcelain. They exceed us only in price. A dinner-service of clumsy red china costs 150 sequins, a tea-pot two; nor would any of those services pass for complete at an English table, where the little subdivisions of convenience are far more multiplied than in Italy.

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At Doccia they work only for their own country, and for the tastes which prevail there. Whenever they imitate us, they become inferior to themselves. Our superiority in trade is acknowledged universally at Florence, where the name of English, or, at least, the "all' uso d'Inghilterra," is imposed upon the most laboured productions of Italian and German workshops.

You discover here on the very surface of things, how greatly commerce has degenerated in a country which gave it birth, and language, and laws. The counting-houses are in general dirty, dark, mean vaults; the ledgers stitched rather than bound, and covered with packing paper. All commodities are weighed by the old steel-yard; the only balance that I remarked here was held by the statue of Justice. In trades no regular apprenticeships are requisite; nor are the usual appropriations of sex observed. In the same street, I have seen men sewing curtains, and women employed at the loom and the awl.

The Italian shopkeeper only calculates downwards. His sole object is to cheat his customers. He does not remount to the first sources that

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supply his shop; he abandons the general state of his own line to his merchant. In Britain, on the contrary, the great fluctuations of commerce may originate in the capital, but they presently spread through the whole island. The common retailer in the remotest town brings politics into his trade, anticipates taxes, watches the return of fleets, and speculates on the commercial effects of peace and war.

It would be ungrateful to leave the environs of Florence without mentioning the pleasure which I once enjoyed "at evening from the top of *Fesolé*." The weather was then Elysian, the spring in its most beautiful point, and all the world, just released from the privations of Lent, were fresh in their festivity. I sat down on the brow of the hill, and measured with my enraptured eye half the Val d'Arno. Palaces, villas, convents, towns, and farms were seated on the hills, or diffused through the vale, in the very points and combinations where a Claude would have placed them—

> Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina
> Fa di se contro i venti argine e sponda!
> Valli beate, per cui d'onda in onda
> L'Arno con passo signoril cammina!

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My poetical emotions were soon interrupted by an old peasant, who sat down at the same resting-place, and thus addressed his companion, "Che bell' occhiata! guardiamo un po' la nostra Firenze. Quanto è bella! quanto cattiva! chi ci sta in chiesa, chi ci fa birbonate. Ah Gigi! quante ville! quante vigne! quanti poderi!—ma non v'è nulla di nostro." Those notes of exclamation end in a selfishness peculiar to age. There is generally something sordid at the bottom of the bucket which old men throw on admiration.

Fiesole stands on a hill precipitously steep. The front of it is cut into a gradation of narrow terraces, which are enclosed in a trellis of vines, and faced with loose-stone walls. Such a facing may perhaps cost less labour, and add more warmth to the plantation than turf-embankments would do; but it gives a hard, dry effect to the immediate picture, which, viewed from Florence, is the most beautiful object in this region of beauty.

The top of the hill is conical, and its summit usurped by a convent of Franciscans, whose leave you must ask to view the variegated map of coun-

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try below you. Their corridores command a multiplicity of landscape: every window presented a different scene, and every minute before sunset changed the whole colouring. Leopold once brought his brother Joseph up to shew him here the garden of his dominions; and this imperial visit is recorded in a Latin inscription as an event in the history of the convent.

The season brought a curious succession of insects into view. On the way to Fiesole my ears were deafened with the hoarse croak of the *cigala*, which Homer, I cannot conceive why, compares to the softness of the lily. On my return the lower air was illuminated with myriads of *lucciole* or fire-flies; and I entered Florence at shutting of the gates,

Come la *mosca* cede alla *zanzara*.

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VALLOMBROSA.

———— Vallombrosa;
Così fu nominata una badia,
Ricca e bella, non men religiosa,
E cortesa a chiunque vi venia.

ARIOSTO.

THIS grand solitude, which was first called Acqua Bella from the beauty of its stream, takes its present name from a valley; but the abbey itself stands in an amphitheatre of hills; an amphitheatre so accurately described by Milton that, I am confident, the picture in his mind was only a recollection of Vallombrosa:

—Which crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
A sylvan scene: and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

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The intermediate approaches to the abbey are planted in the open parkish style, and finely contrast with the black girdle of forest around it. The abbey is a large, loose pile of various construction, and regular only in one front. Why is no convent to be found absolutely regular? Surely one quadrangle might be made sufficient for all the wants of a few monks. Allot three sides to their cells, the fourth to the general offices, refectory, library, &c., and insulate the church in the middle of the court; then would the result be cloisteral, connected, uniform; Religion surrounded with her votaries; the tabernacle in the bosom of the camp.

Being introduced by a letter to the abbot, and accompanied by the brother of two Vallombrosans, I met here a very kind reception. Those amiable men seem to study hospitality as a profession. People of all ranks and religions are equally welcome, and entertained without either officiousness or neglect. Though the monks then resident were but fourteen in number, their *famiglia,* including novices, lay-brethren, menials, and workmen, exceeded a hundred. In summer the *Foresteria* of the abbey is usually full of strangers, and during

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the winter half-year all the indigent neighbours flock hither for their daily loaf.

Such indiscriminate hospitality is, however, but the virtue of barbarous society. Baneful to industry and independence, it feeds poor men, but it keeps them poor; it gives them a lodging, but it weans them from home. Not that I grudge this rich community the means of being so bountiful; I rather grudge it the youth, the talents, and the active powers which the Institution entombs: I grudge it the very virtues of the men whom I found here. Those virtues tend only to palliate its defects, and correct its general influence by the good which they do in detail.

These excellent men bring economy to the aid of beneficence. While they give bread to hundreds, to themselves they allow but the modest stipend of eighteen crowns a year: yet the revenues of the abbey are about 40,000 crowns. Its fattorias are palaces, its farms are highly cultivated, and its tenantry wealthy; while the Institution, by maintaining the same unalterable plan, and training all its members to the same habits, secures itself from the misgovernment which a pri-

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vate inheritance is occasionally exposed to. The private gentleman, perhaps, spends his income more profitably to the public revenue. His rents do not return so directly as the monk's into the mass of the people, which is the ultimate destination of all property; but they return through more taxable channels, through cellars and shops.

Here is a museum containing some curious objects connected with the place; an astonishing variety of mushrooms all natives of Vallombrosa, painted by Don Tozzi,* and two elephants' skulls which were dug up in these mountains, and are referred by some to the passage of Annibal, by others to the same causes that have lodged such fossils in many parts of Europe.† I remarked

* Is the motto of this collection right in etymology?

Naturæ fœtus mirare, sed aufuge fungos,
Namque a fungendo funere nomen habet.

† Elephants' bones have been found near Vallombrosa also in a petrified state, incrusted with oyster-shells; and from this phenomenon Fortis has deduced a very bold hypothesis. He maintains that those bones belonged to animals which had been originally marine; that the sea left their skeletons on these mountains in a remote period of the world; that, while the continent slowly emerged from the all-creative ocean, those natives of the water became gradually terrestrial; in short, that men, quadrupeds, and birds, were originally fish.—Thus the wheel of philosophy turns round, and brings up again the exploded tenets of Anaximander and the reveries of Telliamed.

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several immense port-folios, in which they pretend that a monk has collected every Madonna yet engraved since the origin of the art. Such are the collections on which the misers and little minds of a convent turn the accumulating passion, when debarred from money. Here, too, are preserved all the pastoral staves that the abbots have borne since Gualberti founded the order. The first, a plain black stick, had its head formed like a T; the next head resembled an adze; the next an adze without its pole; and the rest in succession bent gradually into a crosier. In the same crooked manner did the abbots themselves, from subsisting on the charity of a few nuns, creep into territory, lordship, and jurisdiction.

On one of the cliffs is a monastery in miniature, called the Paradisino, which commands a distant view of Florence, the vale, and the sea. The rooms are covered with a multitude of wretched engravings, which we were obliged to praise, as their reverend collector was our guide. The chapel contains some pictures of Del Sarto, and among these a beautiful accident of art. Andrea, having four large saints to paint on the altar-piece, was embarrassed by a pannel which divided them

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into pairs. To cover this defect he carelessly rubbed two cherubs on the board, and was surprized to find these children of chance far more admirable than their principals.

It was here that Don Hugford, a monk of English extraction, revived the art of *Scagliuola*. This art had been confined to the imitation of inanimate objects, until his improvements gave it the *chiaroscuro* necessary to landscape and the human figure. I remarked at Vallombrosa that all Hugford's pictures are cracked in the outlines, and, on my return to Florence, I mentioned this defect to Stoppioni, who is Hugford's descendant in the art. Stoppioni imputed it to an improper oil used in the first method; as no such flaws appear in his own works, or in those of his master Gori.

Scagliuola, though its materials be different, seems to bear in its effects some analogy to the ancient Encaustic.* It resists the action of the air, it gives solidity to colour, and the selenite, though inserted like mosaic, is not so subject to

* I mean here the Encaustic in wax; for the process called cestrotum was, in my opinion, nothing but poker-work.

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dissolution. Of the ancient Encaustic no remains have escaped: the art itself is lost. Reiffestein, Quatremere, Requeno, and some other Spaniards, have lately attempted its recovery; but, like Count Caylus and Bachelier, they give us a multitude of methods for want of the one sought.

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CAMALDOLI.

Fra due liti d' Italia surgon sassi,
E fann' un gibbo che si chiama Latria;
Dissott' al quale è conservato un Ermo,
Che suol esser disposto à sola latria. DANTE.

FROM Vallombrosa, the region of the fir and larch, we rode through a forest of oak and beech, and returned to the country of the olive and fig-tree. Our guide was a Florentine cobbler, who, finding little to do at home, had consigned the awl to his wife, and was then strolling for subsistence from convent to convent.

By this worthy tourist were we misled into pathless woods, and obliged to put up at a solitary inn called Uomo Morto, an object as woful in aspect as in name. Its name it derives from the execution of a coiner whom Dante has packed among the damned, as an accomplice to the three counts of Romena.

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Ivi è Romena, là dove io falsai
La lega suggellatta del Battista;
Perch' io il corpo suso lasciai:
Ma s' i' vedessi quì l' anima trista
Di Guido, o d' Alessandro, o di lor frate,
Per fonte Branda non darei vista.

The castle of Romena, mentioned in these verses, now stands in ruins on a precipice about a mile from our inn, and not far off is a spring which the peasants call Fonte Branda. Might I presume to differ from his commentators, Dante, in my opinion, does not mean the great fountain of Siena, but rather this obscure spring; which, though less known to the world, was an object more familiar to the poet himself who took refuge here from proscription, and an image more natural to the coiner who was burnt on the spot.

Those counts of Romena had trained here a race of assassins, who transmitted the profession to their descendants. Long after those Guidi had lost their feudal power, when Lorenzino de' Medici meditated the murder of his cousin, he sent hither for a cut-throat. His own puny arm gave the usurper the first blow, but Scoronconcolo dispatched him.

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We now crossed the beautiful vale of Prato Vecchio, rode round the modest arcades of the town, and arrived at the lower convent of *Camaldoli,* just at shutting the gates. The sun was set and every object sinking into repose, except the stream which roared among the rocks, and the convent-bells which were then ringing the *Angelus.*

This monastery is secluded from the approach of woman in a deep, narrow, woody dell. Its circuit of dead walls, built on the conventual plan, gives it an aspect of confinement and defence; yet this is considered as a privileged retreat where the rule of the order relaxes its rigour, and no monks can reside but the sick or the superannuated, the dignitary or the steward, the apothecary or the bead-turner. Here we passed the night, and next morning rode up by steep traverses to the Santa Eremo, where Saint Romualdo lived and established

——— de' tacenti cenobiti il coro,
L' arcane penitenze, ed i digiuni
Al Camaldoli suo.

The Eremo is a city of hermits, walled round'

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and divided into streets of low, detached cells. Each cell consists of two or three naked rooms, built exactly on the plan of the Saint's own tenement, which remains just as Romualdo left it 800 years ago, now too sacred and too damp for a mortal tenant.

The unfeeling Saint has here established a rule which anticipates the pains of purgatory. No stranger can behold without emotion a number of noble, interesting young men bound to stand erect chaunting at choir for eight hours a-day; their faces pale, their heads shaven, their beards shaggy, their backs raw, their legs swollen, and their feet bare. With this horrible institute the climate conspires in severity, and selects from society the best constitutions. The sickly novice is cut off in one or two winters, the rest are subject to dropsy, and few arrive at old age.

I saw nothing to be admired in the church but a silk palliotto painted by Annibal Caracci and encircled with embroidery. Caravaggio's Infant Christ sleeping on a crown of thorns struck me as an indecent repetition of his Cupid's sleeping on a quiver. I was surprized to find, among

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hermits immured on the mountains and restricted to books of devotion, a library so rich in the earliest classics, and in works approaching the very *incunabula* of printing. Among these were Cennini's Virgil, the first Greek Homer, the first edition of Dante and of Lascari's Grammar. To such a library and such a solitude the late bishop of Antwerp retired from persecution; and here he closed his laborious life, without having executed his two Herculean designs of editing the manuscript histories of Germany, and re-establishing the metaphysics of Plato.*

From the Santa Eremo we proceeded up the mountain where Landinus represents the Platonists of the fifteenth century holding the Disputationes Camaldulenses. We climbed one of the

* The bishop left the following epitaph for his own tomb:

Hìc jacet
Cornelius Fran. de Nelli,
Episc. Anverp.
Peccator et Peregrinus.

But his hosts, disliking the humility which it ends in, have politely concealed the last line by the flooring of the chapel.

Their politeness to Leopold has, in another inscription, adopted a formula, which is certainly very common on ancient monuments, in the Imperial rescripts, and in the deifying diplomacy of the lower empire; but which sounds like blasphemy to a Christian ear.—" Eremitæ Camuldulenses—devot. *numini* majestatique ejus—M. P."

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heights of Falterona which, I apprehend, is the *Latria* described in the motto. Our guide called it the giant of the Apennines, and, if we might believe him or Ariosto, it commands a view of both seas; but a distant haze prevented us from ascertaining whether that be possible.

From this point on to La Verna, the upper region of the hills is one continued botanic garden. The beech is indigenous on their tops and the oak on their sides: the chestnut-tree and the fir were planted. These forests belong to the convents of Camaldoli and Vallombrosa, and to the Cathedral-opera of Florence. Immense rafts are floated down the Arno by the winter-floods, and consigned to Leghorn, where the English paid exorbitantly, during the last war, to the catholic church, for the timber which enabled them to fight her battles.

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LA VERNA.

> Nel crudo sasso infra Tever ed Arno
> Da Christo prese l' ultimo sigillo ;
> Che le sue membra due anni portarno. DANTE.

THIS singular convent, which stands on the cliffs of a lofty Apennine, was built by Saint Francis himself, and is celebrated for the miracle which the motto records. Here reigns all the terrible of nature—a rocky mountain, a ruin of the elements, broken, sawn, and piled in sublime confusion—precipices crowned with old, gloomy visionary woods—black chasms in the rock where curiosity shudders to look down—haunted caverns sanctified by miraculous crosses—long excavated stairs that restore you to day-light. This scenery is now under the pencil of Philip Hackert, a Prussian, brought by a reflux of art from the land of Vandals to charm Italy with his landscapes. On the top of the mountain is a mass of marine

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testaceous petrifactions, where Soldani has collected for his microscopical work, myriads of ammonites and nautili perfect in their forms, yet minute as sand.

On entering the chapel of the stigmata we caught the religion of the place; we knelt round the rail, and gazed with a kind of local devotion at the holy spot where Saint Francis received the five wounds of Christ. The whole hill is legendary ground. Here the Seraphic father was saluted by two crows which still haunt the convent: there the devil hurled him down a precipice, yet was not permitted to bruise a bone of him.

——— Pulchra LAVERNA,
Da mihi fallere, da justum sanctumque videri!

What a pity that so great a man should be lost among the Saints! Francis appears to me a genuine hero, original, independent, magnanimous, incorruptible. His powers seemed designed to regenerate society; but taking a wrong direction, they sank men into beggars.

The sanctuary-doors were unlocked to us with

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studied solemnity. Tapers were lighted, incense burnt, prayers muttered, all fell on their knees, and the bead-roll of relics was displayed. They particularly adored a tooth of St. Christopher which, an eminent naturalist assured me, came from the jaws of a rhinoceros.* I could hardly refrain from an heretical smile, till I began to reflect that the scene before me was the work of faith.

These poor friars are more loved and respected by the people who feed them than any of the chartered orders. Obliged and obliging, they mix intimately with the peasants, as counsellors, and comforters, and friends. They give away more medicine than the rich anchorites of Camaldoli sell. In hospitals, in prisons, on the scaffold, in short wherever there is misery you find Franciscans allaying it. They gave us a tolerable dinner and the best wine of their begging barrel which, if I may repeat their own pun, had been filled in

* At the Certosa near Florence I saw another grinder of the same holy giant, which approached the sesquipedalian size of Æmilius's teeth. A similar imposition was practised about two centuries ago in France and England, where the bones of an elephant dug up near Chaumont were paraded about as the remains of the giant Teutobochus.

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Centumcellæ. Thus having nothing, yet possessing all things, they live in the apostolical state; and renouncing money themselves, leave all temporal concerns to their *Procuratore*, who thankfully booked our names, as creditors for a few masses.

Thus ended our pilgrimage to the three sanctuaries.

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EXCURSION TO CORTONA.

——— Hinc Dardanus ortus. VIRG.

ON returning down to the CASENTINE we could trace along the Arno the mischief which followed a late attempt to clear some Apennines of their woods. Most of the soil, which was then loosened from the roots and washed down by the torrents, lodged in this plain; and left immense beds of sand and large rolling stones, on the very spot where Dante describes

> Li ruscelletti che de' verdi colli
> Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
> Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli.

I was surprized to find so large a town as BIBBIENA in a country devoid of manufactures, remote from public roads, and even deserted by its land-holders; for the Niccolini and Vecchietti, who possess most of this district, prefer the

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obscurer pleasures of Florence to their palaces and pre-eminence here. The only commodity which the Casentines trade in is pork. Signore Baglione, a gentleman at whose house I slept here, ascribed the superior flavour of their hams, which are esteemed the best in Italy and require no cooking, to the dryness of the air, the absence of stagnant water, and the quantity of chestnuts given to their hogs. Bibbiena has been long renowned for its chestnuts, which the peasants dry in a kiln, grind into a sweet flour, and then convert into bread, cakes, and *polenta*. Old Burchiello sports on the chestnuts of Bibbiena in these curious verses, which are more intelligible than the barber's usual strains:

> Ogni castagna in camiscia e 'n pelliccia
> Scoppia e salta pe 'l caldo, e fa trictracche,
> Nasce in mezzo del mondo in cioppa riccia;
>   Secca, lessa, e arsiccia
> Si da per frutte a desinar e a cena;
> Questi sono i confetti da Bibbiena.

The Casentine peasants are a hardy and simple race. Two centuries ago a fund was left here for portioning poor girls, to each of whom are allotted 30 crowns; and this humble sum, though fixed for a charity, has served as a standard to all.

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No farmer expects more from his wife or gives more to his daughter; so that marriage is universal in all classes below the gentry, where the established prejudice drives the younger brothers into *cecisbeism* or the church.

The Casentines were no favourites with Dante, who confounds the men with their hogs. Yet, following the *divine poet* down the Arno, we came to a race still more forbidding. The Aretine peasants seem to inherit the coarse, surly visages of their ancestors, whom he styles *Bottoli*. Meeting one girl who appeared more cheerful than her neighbours, we asked her, how far it was from Arezzo, and received for answer—" *Quanto c'è.*"

The valley widened as we advanced, and when Arezzo appeared, the river left us abruptly, wheeling off from its environs at a sharp angle, which Dante converts into a snout, and points disdainfully against the currish race:

> Bottoli trova poi venendo giuso
>   Ringhiosi più che non chiede lor possa:
>   E a lor disdegnoso torce 'l muso.

Arezzo took an active part in the late commo-

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tions, and exposed itself to ruin; but General Miollis was indulgent to a town which gave birth to Petrarch, and proposed, as usual, an apotheosis for the bard. Petrarch, if he really belonged to Arezzo, was only her accidental child;* but Redi and Pignotti, poets more delightful than he, are fairly her own, and perhaps the flower of that offspring whom she exalts above their real rank. Mecænas and Il divino Pietro Aretino owe most of their celebrity to the meanness of their contemporaries. The other Aretini, such as Guy, Leonard, Charles, Amico, Francis, John, are names of no great currency; Old frate Guittone is known to few beside the readers of Dante; and the laborious Vasari is less obscure than these only because he wrote on an interesting subject, and painted on conspicuous walls.

The cathedral of Arezzo was then receiving a magnificent accession. Adimollo was painting there a chapel so disproportionately large that it

* Some gentlemen of Cortona, perhaps from a native prejudice, endeavoured to persuade me that Petrarch was born at Incisa. Montaigne says the same: "Petrarca lequel on tient, nai du dict lieu Anchisa, au moins d'une maison voisine d'un mille!" But Petrarch scarcely belongs to Tuscany, which he left when a boy, and, though often solicited, would never revisit.

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appeared to me rather a second cathedral than a subordinate member: and all this for a little, ugly figure of chalk, which had been lately found in the rubbish of a cellar. But this was the Madonna who headed their armies, and fought their battles, and prophesied their fate.

On entering the Val di Chiana, we passed through a peasantry more civil and industrious than their Aretine neighbours. One poor girl, unlike the last whom we accosted, was driving a laden ass; bearing a billet of wood on her head, spinning with the rocca, and singing as she went. Others were returning with their sickles from the fields which they had reaped in the Maremma, to their own harvest on the hills. That contrast, which struck me in the manners of two cantons so near as Cortona to Arezzo, can only be a vestige of their ancient rivality while separate republics. Men naturally dislike the very virtues of their enemies, and affect qualities as remote from theirs as they can well defend.

The knights of St. Stephen have conquered a large part of this vale from the river Chiana which, being subject to floods, had formed here an im-

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mense morass. The method which they employed is called a *colmata*, and seems to have been known in the Antonine reigns. It consisted here of an enclosure of stupendous dikes, which received the inundations, and confined them for a while on the morass. When the river had fallen, this water was sluiced off into its channel; but, during its stagnation on the surface enclosed, it had left there a deposite of excellent earth; and a succession of such deposites has given solidity to the bog, raised it above the level of ordinary floods, and converted it into the richest arable. By this enterprize has the Religion of St. Stephen deservedly become the first proprietor of the plain; while the lands immediately round Cortona count more masters than any township in Tuscany.

CORTONA, rising amidst its vineyards, on the acclivity of a steep hill with black mountains behind, struck me at a distance like a picture hung upon a wall. From Santa Marguerita it commands a magnificent prospect of the Thrasimene and Clusian lakes, the mountains of Radicofani and Santa Fiora, the wide, variegated vale of Chiana, skirted with vine-covered hills, and beautifully

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strewed with white cottages, white fattorias, white villas, and convents of sober grey.

This is a favourite seat of "Bacco in Toscana;" for good table-wine costs here but a penny the large flask. One of the Aleatic wines, called San Vincenzo, is equal to any in Redi's Dithyrambic, though it does not appear among his valued file. But Redi, as an Aretine, was the natural enemy of Cortona, which celebrates its ancient and immortal hatred by an annual procession most insulting to its neighbour.

Cortona, being considered as the capital of ancient Etruria, is the seat of the Etruscan academy, and of course swarms with antiquaries. In the museum is a portrait of the late Lord Cowper, as *Lucomone* of that academy; and in the library, I conversed with the canon Maccari, who is secretary and father of the Institute. This venerable man has greatly enriched its present collection, and hinted a design of leaving it all that he possesses. Italy owes half its public institutions to the celibacy of rich men.

Here are more than 40 noble families in a town

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reduced to 4000 inhabitants. A society thus balanced between the two orders or *Ceti*, must be miserably split by that Gothic distinction. Leopold classed his subjects in too simple a manner for Cortona. When a foreign prince asked him how many Ceti there were in his dominions, "Two," replied the philosopher, "men and women." Indeed, quality is here so rigidly maintained, that the heir of the rich Tommasi, having lately married a plebeian, is now shunned by his Ceto, and obliged to take refuge in the crowd of Florence. Neither the lady's accomplishments, nor her husband's high descent could open to her the obstinate *Casino de' Nobili*. Nobility is every where punctilious in proportion to its poverty; for rank becomes from necessity important to a man who has no other possession. Few of the Tuscan nobility are titled: still fewer represent the old feudal barons. Most of them are descended from ennobled merchants, or referable to the order of *Capitani* or *Valvassores*, which was first established in the free cities of Lombardy.

The original walls of Cortona still appear round the city as foundations to the modern, which were built in the thirteenth century. Those Etruscan

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works are the most entire towards the north. Their huge, uncemented blocks have resisted, on that side, the storms of near three thousand winters; while, on the south, they have yielded to the silent erosion of the *Sirocco.* None of the stones run parallel; most of them are faced in the form of *trapezia;* some are indented and inserted in each other like dove-tail. This construction is peculiar to the ruins in Tuscany: it is far more irregular, and therefore, I presume, more ancient than the Etruscan work of Rome. No part of these walls remains fortified. The army which lately laid Arezzo open, has also demolished the few defences of Cortona.

Arreti muros, Coriti nunc diruit arcem.

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SIENA.

THE CITY.

Cor magis tibi Sena pandit. *Inscription.*

Such is the inscription on the Camullia or Florentine gate, where you enter a long, irregular street which nearly bisects this ill-built and ill-peopled town. In this master-line you see none of the principal objects, such as the Lizza, the citadel, the cathedral, the Piazza del Campo; but you see men, you see groups proportioned to the extent of Siena. Leave this line, and you pass into a desert.

The streets are paved with tiles laid in that fish-bone manner which Pliny calls the "Spicata testacea." A stranger coming from the large flat stones of Florence feels the transition unpleasant;

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but the extreme inequality of ground subject to ice in winter, would render the Florentine pavement unsafe for Siena.

Every gentleman's house is called, by the courtesy of the place, a palace, although few of them include courts, which, in most languages, are the very part of a house that qualifies a palace. Some of those old mansions are built in the mixt, demi-gothic style which marks all the public works of their two great architects Agostino and Agnolo. The windows are beset with an awkward angular fret-work which I have no where else observed.

The grand piazza is sloped, like an ancient theatre, for public games; and, like that, it forms the segment of a circle, in the chord of which stands the Palazzo Pubblico. This palace is a work of different dates and designs, and parcelled out into very different objects; such as the public offices, the courts of law, the theatre, and the prisons. The whole fabric was shaken by the earthquake of 1797, which cracked all the frescoes of Meccarino in the Sala del Consistorio, damaged half the palaces in the city, and frightened the late pope out of it.

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In the *cathedral* we find marble walls polished on both sides, and built in alternate courses of black and white—a front overcharged with ornaments on the outside, and plain within—a belfry annexed, but not incorporated with the pile—a cupola bearing plumb on its four supports—circular arches resting on round pillars—doors with double architraves—columns based upon lions tearing lambs. All these are peculiar to the Tuscan churches built in the Lombard style; but here too are indisputable marks of the Gothic, particularly on the front, the vaults, and the windows.

The pavement of this cathedral is the work of a succession of artists from Duccio down to Meccarino, who have produced the effect of the richest mosaic, merely by inserting grey marble into white, and hatching both with black mastic. The grandest composition is the history of Abraham, a figure which is unfortunately multiplied in the same compartments; but when grasping the knife, the patriarch is truly sublime. These works lay exposed at least for 100 years to the general tread, and have been rather improved than defaced by the attrition; for one female figure which had never been trodden looks harsher than the rest.

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Those of the choir were opportunely covered two centuries ago.

This engraved inlay has occasioned more discussion than it deserves. It is certainly interesting as a monument of early art; but were the design more admirable than it really is, the very simplicity of execution unfits it for a pavement, and requires distance to soften and set off the forms. The work is not mosaic, for there is no tessellation. It is not strictly the "pavimentum sectile," for that consisted in regular-lined figures. It can hardly be classed with ancient vase-painting, merely because it expresses the contours and the drapery by dark lines. Here it passes for the invention of Duccio,* and original on this floor.

A barbarous taste for the emblematic pervades this cathedral. Its front is covered with animals, all symbols of cities. Even the lion under its columns conceals, I presume, an enigma; for I

* Dante, who was almost contemporary with Duccio, had perhaps seen some work of this kind when he wrote these verses:

> Monstran anchor lo duro pavimento;
> Qual di pennel fù maestro, o di stile,
> Che ritrahesse l' *ombre e' tratti*, ch'ivi
> Mirar fariano uno 'ngegno sottile!

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have seen it at the doors of several Tuscan churches.* The pillars of the aisles are crossed by alternate courses of black and white marble, which I failed to admire, conceiving that even a pillar, if round, should appear one piece:—"but, Sir," said a Senese, "black and white are the colours of our city banner."

Round the vault of the nave is a set of staring heads cast in *terra cotta,* each bearing the name of a different Pope, although several came evidently from the same mould. Whoever is determined to complete a series will forge what he cannot find. I have seen things as rude and unauthentic as these installed as originals by our portrait engravers.

The pulpit is universally admired as a beautiful specimen of marble and carving; but perhaps it presents too many specimens, too many patterns

* The statues of lions were placed at the doors of Egyptian temples to represent a watch, as Valerian remarks at Mycenæ. Perhaps the idea of the gold and silver dogs, which Homer posts at Alcinous' door, may be traced back to Egypt, the great source of his antiquities.

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of decoration, for the unity of design necessary to so small an object. Being built, as usual, of marble, it becomes a part of the cathedral itself, and hurtful to the general symmetry. Instead of this fixt and established dignitary, I would call occasionally into use a poor old itinerant, the wooden preaching bench of St. Bernardine, which stands mouldering here in all the simplicity of holiness.

The Chigi chapel glares with rich marble, silver, gilt, bronze, and lapislazzoli; where the sweeping beard and cadaverous flanks of St. Jerome are set in contrast with the soft beauty of a Magdalene, which Bernini had transformed from an Andromeda, and thus left us the affliction of innocence for that of guilt.

Fronting this chapel is a library without books; for scored music and illuminated psalms hardly deserve that title. It contains a series of gaudy, gilt pictures which, though painted by Pinturrichio, bear the name of Raphael, from some accidental touches lent by the immortalizing master. Whatever Raphael sketched, or began to sketch, walls which he never painted, jars which he never

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saw, statues which he never cut, are still called Raphael's.

The Dominican church sustained such a shock from the late earthquake, that it no longer serves for worship, nor contains the celebrated Madonna of Guido da Siena, the first Italian painter whose works bear a date. The two Birramani and Baroraba, who had appeared before him, were Greeks. Hence the Senese pretend, from the date of this picture, 1221, that their school of painting was the earliest in modern art.

At present they can boast neither school nor artist, and were lately obliged to call in Adimollo, who has painted three palaces and is too much admired here for the fire, the diversity, the "estetico" of his compositions. It is easier to delineate violent passion than the tranquil emotions of a great soul; to set a crowd of figures on the stretch of expression, than to animate but one hero by an action which shall leave him the serenity natural to a hero. What a distance from the bloated hyperboles of Lucan to the unrestrained majesty of Virgil! from the attitudes of a player to the natural dignity of a prince! from the vivacity and exer-

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tion of Adimollo to the grace and silent pathos of Raphael!

Might I point out the pictures which gave me most pleasure at Siena, the first should be Vanni's Descent from the Cross, a jewel concealed in the obscure church of San Quirico. Here the horror inherent in the subject is softened by that amiable artist, who has finely diversified the affliction of the three Marys, and made the mother's something both human and heavenly. Casolani's Flight into Egypt, in the same church, is full of the tranquil graces, and beautifully mellow; but should the child be old enough to travel on foot?

Perruzzi's Sibyl at Fonte Giusta is a sublime figure, but perhaps too sedate for the act of prophecy. She does not, as in Virgil, pant, labour, rage with the God; nor, like the Pythia, does she reel and stare and foam with the poison of the Delphic mofeta: she rather displays the "folgorar di bellezze altere e sante" of Sofronia. The clergy, as if vain of any connexion between classical objects and Christianity, seem partial to this prophetical being; for the Cathedral has ten different sibyls figured on its pavement.

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Sodoma's* torso of Christ, in the Franciscan cloister, is a damaged figure, but much admired by the learned in art, for its colouring and anatomy. The Luccherini gallery and other collections will not compensate the slavery of praising them, for here, being conducted by the master himself, you must admire and not pay.

* This is the land of nicknames. Italians have suppressed the surnames of their principal artists under various designations. Many are known only by the names of their birth-place, as Correggio, Bassano, &c. Some by those of their masters, as Il Salviati, Sansovino, &c. Some by their father's trade, as Andrea del Sarto, Tintoretto, &c. Some by their bodily defects, as Guercino, Cagnacci, &c. Some by the subjects in which they excelled, as M. Angelo delle battaglie, Agostino delle perspettive. A few (I can recollect only four) are known, each as the *prince* of his respective school, by their Christian names alone—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guido, Titian.

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THE ASSUMPTION.

Hi ritus, quoquo modo inducti, antiquitate defenduntur. TAC.

THE Vergine Assunta, being the patroness of Siena, collects here in August all the neighbours that love either masses or debauchery. This festival calls forth the senate, or rather the red mantles of the senate, borne by men who are satisfied with the title of *Eccelsi*, divested of its powers and its duties. It calls forth the waggon which was conquered from Florence, and a votive waxwork which is conveyed in solemn procession to the Cathedral. This last usage is important only from its high antiquity. Having furnished for many centuries a group of sacred images which differ every year, Siena may partly ascribe to it her priority in art.

On this occasion the horse-races of the piazza seemed to revive, among the different wards* of

* Those wards are denominated each by a respective animal or emblem, as, La contrada della Lupa, La contrada dell' Acquila, &c., not, as in Lombardy, by the gates. Boccace, indeed, mentions a quarter in Siena called the Porta Salvia; but the name is now obsolete.

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the city, the same rivality that prevailed in the four factions of Rome. Every soul in each ward was a party engaged in the same cause, and trembling for the glory of the same horse. At the close of the race all was riot and exultation. The victorious ward tore their jockey from his saddle, stifled him with kisses, and bore him off in triumph to the wine-flask.

Most cities in Italy are split into little sections which may sometimes unite, but which more readily repel. The strongest bond of union among Italians is only a coincidence of hatred. Never were the Tuscans so unanimous as in hating the other states of Italy; the Sanesi agreed best in hating all the other Tuscans; the citizens of Siena, in hating the rest of the Sanesi; and in the city itself the same amiable passion was subdivided among the different wards.

This last ramification of hatred had formerly exposed the town to very fatal conflicts, till at length, in the year 1200, St. Benardine instituted Boxing as a more innocent vent to their hot blood, and laid the bruisers under certain laws which

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are sacredly observed to this day. As they improved in prowess and skill, the pugilists came forward on every point of national honour; they were sung by poets, and recorded in inscriptions.*

* One of these I select as a burlesque on the Latin inscriptions which are prostituted every where in Italy.

Rosso,
Senensium Bajulorum facile principi,
Quod tres agathones Florentinos
In hac caupona combibentes,
Dum invido morsu
Senarum urbi obloquerentur,
Pugnis liberaliter exceptos
Egregiè multaverit
Bajuli Senenses patriæ vindices
M. P.

Such has been ever the rage for inscriptions in Italy, that some have been found scratched on ancient bricks and tesseræ.

You will often see Latin inscribed here, absurdly enough, on temporary erections, and in notices addressed to the people; yet if Latin inscriptions can be defended in any modern nation, it is here. Here the public monuments, being built for remote ages, require an unvarying record which may outlive the present idioms. Now, if we may judge of the future by the past, the Latin alone can afford such a record. The Latin is the ancient language of this country, and is still the language of its religion. The Latin is more intelligible to this people, than to any other. It infinitely excels the Italian in the lapidary style, which delights in brevity and the ablative absolute. It has received the last perfection in that style from modern Italians, as Politian, Pontanos, Rota, Egizzio, &c. and from the metallic history of the Popes.

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The elegant Savini ranks boxing among the holiday-pleasures of Siena—

> Tazze, vivande, compagnie d'amici,
> Maschere, pugni, ed il bollor lascivo
> D'un teatro foltissimo di Belle.

The pope had reserved for this great festival the Beatification of Peter, a Sanese comb-maker, whom the church had neglected to canonize till now. Poor Peter was honoured with all the solemnity of music, high-mass, an officiating cardinal, a florid panegyric, pictured angels bearing his tools to heaven, and combing their own hair as they soared; but he received five hundred years ago a greater honour than all, a verse of praise from Dante.*

A solemn accademia was then held by the *Intronati*, who recited several dozens of fresh sonnets on the assumption of the Blessed Virgin. On this holy theme have those prolific academicians been rhyming for three hundred years.†

* ——— a memoria m' hebbe
Pier Pettinagno in sue sante orazioni,
A cui di me per caritate increbbe.

† The Intronati of Siena are generally considered as the oldest academy in Europe; yet the Rozzi of this city, if really associated

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Italy produces annually an incalculable number of bad sonnets; but perhaps it is the only country that ever produced good ones. The few who excel in these compositions, strike them off at one "colpo di pennello." Like the fresco-painters, they never return to the plaster. A language so full of similar and sonorous terminations gives them peculiar facilities for the sonnet, which if not finished at one heat, they usually throw away. How unlike to those laboured and retouched things which are slowly hammered into the size and shape of sonnets on our English anvils! Such workmanship, if originally bad, became worse by following the advice of Horace:

"Male tornatos incudi reddere versus."

Why are our Wartonians so perversely partial to rhymes and restraints which our language will not bend to? Why do they court unnecessary

for literary pursuits, (as some of their own body have assured me,) were anterior to the Intronati, and even to the club of Platonists whom old Cosimo de' Medici collected round him. Such is the passion here for academies, that the noble college Tolomei has formed three out of fifty students. So early as the sixteenth century Siena counted sixteen academies. In the following age a female one was founded here by the Grand Duchess Vittoria d' Urbino; but this did not long survive its foundress.

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difficulty? Mere difficulty surmounted never gave pleasure in poetry, except to the poet himself The chaining of a flea, or the shiftings of a fiddler, may amuse us for a moment, in relation to the means; but, in the fine arts, we never consider the labour bestowed; we consider only the excellence produced.

English poets cannot plead for the sonnet one successful precedent. Even the greatest of them all, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, split on this rock and sank into common versifiers. Can all the sonnets in our language collected together match the "Italia! Italia! O tu cui fea la sorte," so prophetically striking at this moment? Have we any so exquisitely ludicrous as the sonnet written, I believe, in this town, on discovering that the sarcophagus of king Porsenna had served for ages as the washing-trough of monks? I contend, however, against fashion. The English sonnetteer will persist in his work of torture, and yet complain of the engine which cramps him. But is that fair?

In questo di Procuste orrido letto
  Chi ti sforza à giacer? forse in rovina
  Andrà Parnaso senza il tuo sonetto?

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THE COUNTRY.

Quisquis huc accedis
Quod tibi horrendum videtur
Mihi amœnum est
Si delectat maneas
Si tædet abeas
Utrumque gratum.

Inscription.

All the country for twenty miles round Siena is hill or mountain. The more rugged hills are planted with olive-trees. The rest are arable, intermixed with vineyards. Some of these vineyards are celebrated. Montepulciano produces "the king of wines," and Chianti yields from its canine grape a "vino scelto" which many prefer to his majesty.

Before Leopold freed agriculture from its old restrictions, the Sanese scarcely raised grain enough for its own consumption; but now it exports to a large amount. Though the produce is trebled, the price of wheat is also risen from 4 pauls a staio to 12 or 14; but this rise, being balanced by the increased circulation of specie,

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does not aggrieve those classes which are not engaged in farming.

Thus the landholders are undeservedly enriched by improvements which they do not contribute. Born and bred in the city, they seldom visit their estates, but for the *Villeggiatura* in autumn; and then, not to inspect or improve their possessions; not even to enjoy the charms of nature or the sports of the field; but to loiter round the villa just as they loiter round the town. During the year those mansions present nothing

> But empty lodgings and unfurnished halls,
> Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones.

Those villas are necessarily large to accommodate the swarm of bachelors, which must result from the system established among this nobility. In general, the uncles and brothers of the heir inherit, as their patrimony, a right to board and lodging in every house belonging to the family.

None of these possess so many villas as the Chigi. Centinale, which lies in a wide, scraggy oak-wood about ten miles from Siena, owes its rise and celebrity to the remorse of an amorous cardinal

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who, to appease the ghost of a murdered rival, transformed a gloomy plantation of cypress into a penitential Thebais, and acted there all the austerities of an Egyptian hermit. Another Cardinal of the Chigi family, afterwards Alexander VII., made this his favourite retreat, and has left marble tiaras at every corner. On the porch of the *casino* is the inscription which I have placed above.*

From Centinale we rode to Gelso, another large and still more neglected villa, where mouldy pictures and disjointed furniture were thinly scattered to make up a show. We passed through the richest vineyards, over hills clad with olive-trees, and on roads lined with wild myrtle; but we looked in vain for that thick-matted herbage, and those umbrageous masses of wood which distinguish an English landscape from all others.

Our next visit was to Colle, a town stretched on the ridge of a steep hill. Here we saw a cathedral, and churches, and convents, and black old

* I picked up at the gate of Casino, near Maddaloni, another such inscription which has still more salt in it.

Amicis,
Et, ne paucis pateat,
Etiam fictis.

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palaces, where a poor nobility live intrenched in etiquette; but not an inn could the city boast. We therefore returned to the Borgo below, where we found paper-mills, industry, and a dinner.

Farther south is the Maremma, a region which, though now worse than a desert, is supposed to have been anciently both fertile and healthy. The Maremma certainly formed part of that Etruria which was called from its harvests the *annonaria*. Old Roman cisterns may still be traced, and the ruins of Populonium are still visible in the worst part of this tract: yet both nature and man seem to have conspired against it.

Sylla threw this maritime part of Tuscany into enormous *latifundia* for his disbanded soldiers. Similar distributions continued to lessen its population during the empire. In the younger Pliny's time the climate was pestilential. The Lombards gave it a new aspect of misery. Wherever they found culture they built castles, and to each castle they allotted a "bandita" or military fief. Hence baronial wars which have left so many picturesque ruins on the hills, and such desolation round them. Whenever a baron was conquered, his vassals

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escaped to the cities, and the vacant fief was annexed to the victorious. Thus stripped of men, the lands returned into a state of nature: some were flooded by the rivers, others grew into horrible forests which inclose and concentrate the pestilence of the lakes and marshes.

In some parts, the water is brackish and lies lower than the sea; in others it oozes full of tartar from beds of travertine. At the bottom or on the sides of hills are a multitude of hot springs which form pools, called *Lagoni*. A few of these are said to produce borax: some, which are called *fumache*, exhale sulphur; others, called *bulicami*, boil with a mephitic gas. The very air above is only a pool of vapours which sometimes undulate, but seldom flow off. It draws corruption from a rank, unshorn, rotting vegetation, from reptiles and fish both living and dead.

All nature conspires to drive man away from this fatal region; but man will ever return to his bane, if it be well baited. The Casentine peasants still migrate hither in winter to feed their cattle: and here they sow corn, make charcoal, saw wood, cut hoops, and peel cork. When summer returns

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they decamp, but often too late; for many leave their corpses on the road, or bring home the Maremmian disease.

The hills, in proportion as they retire from the sea, are healthy and populous. Instead of clustering into hamlets and villages, every cottage stands alone in the midst of the farm. This dissemination formed an obstacle to Leopold's design of establishing parish schools. All children are first taught to read in Latin; none attempt the Italian till they can spell through their prayers. Those farmers who cannot read, keep their accounts with the steward by the old "tapster's arithmetic" of wooden tallies.

This country is full of little, local superstitions, and overgrown with monkish faëry. Every ruin is haunted, every spring has its saint, every district maintains its *strega*, or witch. This beldam is descended, I imagine, from the ancient Strix; for, like that obscure being, she is supposed to influence the growth of children and cattle, and thus she subsists on the credulity of her neighbours.

Some of the country towns are surrounded with

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old embattled walls. In the larger is a *Vicario*, who judges in civil and criminal cases, subject to the revision of two higher magistracies: in the smaller a *Podestà*, acting as justice of peace; an officer who appears in Juvenal invested with the same title:

> An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque esse Potestas.

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JOURNEY TO ROME.

I SET out for Rome after the first rains of September. On reaching SAN QUIRICO, I found the people there just recovering from a consternation caused by a black spectre which had lately appeared in the air. Wild screams were heard: the very cattle caught the alarm. The profane pronounced the apparition to be a monk; the monks insisted that it was the devil himself; and the curate was preparing to exorcise the parish, when at last the phantom descended in the shape of an eagle, and carried off a kid. On returning for fresh prey, he was shot by the peasants, and roasted at our inn for their supper.

Near San Quirico is the hamlet of *Lucignan d' Asso,* where a shower of stones fell in 1794, nineteen hours after the great eruption of Vesuvius. One of those stones, which Soldani, abbot of La Rosa, shewed me, weighed about three

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pounds, and contained malleable iron, a substance never produced by volcanic heat. Soldani called the attention of the scientific world to this phenomenon, and received from all hands a diversity of explanations; but these he refutes as they rise, to make room for one more surprising than them all.—In short, he forges those stones in the air itself! First he raises a whirlwind, and thus brushes up from the earth some white clay. This he suspends aloft in a little fiery vortex; mixes it up with sulphurs, bitumens, oils, minerals; vitrifies it by electricity, and then plays it off by vibration and gravitation.

Padre Ricca, the most profound yet elegant scholar in this country, gave me a solution far less sublime than Soldani's. He supposes these stones to have been ejected—not from Vesuvius, as Sir William Hamilton conjectured, but—from the very ground where they fell. For, as that neighbourhood is full of chalk, impregnated with pyrites and ferruginous matter, small masses of the composition may have escaped from some superficial explosion there, and been afterwards ignited in the electrical cloud which attended the phenomenon.

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I might add, in favour of this opinion, that two such showers had formerly fallen near the same spot. My excellent and learned friend P. Gandolfi denies the fact given: but Soldani persists in his hypothesis, and is now writing a history of stone-showers, deduced from Livy's *reports* down to his own.

We turned off to the *Baths of St. Philip*, where Dr. Vegni has employed the water upon works of art. This water being calcareous, the more it is broken the finer is its deposite. He therefore makes it fall in spray from the ceiling upon moulds placed below, where it gradually lodges a tartar which hardens into exquisite cameos and intaglios.

On crossing the volcanic mountain of RADICOFANI, I remarked on its cone the ruins of a fort which was often conspicuous in the history of Italy. In the course of events it had lost its importance, and the Tuscan government, grudging to maintain yet unwilling to dismantle it, was for a long while balancing the expense against the advantage of the place, when at last the powder magazine blew up, and decided the point.

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This frontier has been ever notorious for highwaymen. It was once the haunt of Ghino di Tacco, an outlaw celebrated by Dante and Boccace, nay, knighted by the Pope himself, for robbing in a gentleman-like manner. A few months before we passed, a soldier, while escorting a courier, was attacked here and murdered by a pious ruffian, who held a pistol in his right hand and a rosary in his left.

On entering the Papal State, we were long fatigued with the same sad colour of dry clay. At length ACQUAPENDENTE broke fresh upon us, surrounded with ancient oaks, and terraces clad in the greens of a second spring, and hanging vineyards, and cascades, and cliffs, and grottos, screened with pensile foliage. Then the LAKE OF BOLSENA expanding at SAN LORENZO displayed its islands, and castellated cliffs, and banks crowned with inviolate woods, and ruins built upon ruins, *Bolsena* mouldering on Volsinii. Such scenes lift the mind above its prosaic level. I passed through MONTEFIASCONE and VITERBO without any poetical emotions; nor could *Soracte*'s long black ridge, though sacred to Apollo, and sung by

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two of his noblest sons, raise any admiration on this line of road.

The vintage was in full glow. Men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipt on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Horace's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.

RONCIGLIONE has suffered horribly from the last war. All its elegant houses were burnt into black shells, abandoned to ruin by their impoverished owners, who, having joined the insurgents of Orvietto, were left thus to expiate the offence of both.

We reached BACCANO when it was dark, and were therefore obliged to stop at the first inn, which may probably be the inn pointed out by Ariosto, though certainly the worst that I ever

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entered. In the court were several carriages which served as a decoy; but within we found famine, filth, and a table to sleep on, a pestilential air, and horrible noises, like those of the ancient orgies which gave name to the place. The next morning we arrived at *Rome*.

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ROME.

TOPOGRAPHY.

> Hinc septem dominos videre montes
> Et totam licet æstimare Romam. MART.

THAT rage for embellishing, which is implanted in every artist, has thrown so much composition into the engraved views of Rome, has so exaggerated its ruins and architecture, or so expanded the space in which they stand, that a stranger, arriving here with the expectations raised by those prints, will be infallibly disappointed.

The Flaminian Gate, after repeated changes of both place and name, remains the great entrance of Rome, and lays open its interior to the first view by three diverging streets. The streets seem to have been made only for the rich. Their small

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reticular pavement galls the pedestrian, they afford no protection against the fury of carriages, and are lighted only by the lamps of a few Madonnas. Public *reverberes* had been once proposed: but the Roman clergy, who order all things prudently for the interest of religion, found darkness more convenient for their decorous gallantry.

Whichever road you take, your attention will be divided between magnificence and filth. The inscription "Immondezzaio" on the walls of palaces is only an invitation to befoul them. The objects which detain you longest, such as Trajan's column, the Fountain of Trevi, &c., are inaccessible from ordure. Ancient Rome contained one hundred and forty-four public necessaries, besides the *Sellæ Patroclianæ*. The modern city draws part of its infection from the want of such conveniences.

In the inhabited quarters you will find palaces and churches, columns, obelisks, and fountains; but you must cross the Capitol, or strike off among the mounts, before the Genius of Ancient Rome meets you amid its ruins.

The study of these antiquities leads you first to

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trace the figure, extent, mould, and distribution of the city. This you may begin on some eminence, as that denoted in the motto, now considered as part of the Corsini garden; or on any of the towers that command all the hills. On each hill, except the Viminal, the most difficult of all, you will find one master-object, as the Villa Medici on the Pincian, the Papal Palace on the Quirinal, the three basilicas on the Esquiline, Cælian and Vatican, &c. which will serve each as a point of general reference, and enable you to combine the perspective with the plan. You may then trace on foot the outlines of those hills, the successive boundaries of the ancient city, neglecting the division of the Augustan regions or the modern Rioni; and at last make the circuit of the inviolable walls.

This circuit will bring into view specimens of every construction from the days of Servius Tullius down to the present; for, to save expense, Aurelian took into his walls whatever he found standing in their line; and they now include some remains of the Tullian wall, the wall of the Prætorian barracks, the facing of a bank,* aqueducts, sepulchral

* The Muro Torto has been considered as part of the Domitian tomb, and in that view Venuti refers its obliquity to the side of a

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monuments, a menagery, an amphitheatre, a pyramid. Thus do they exhibit the uncemented blocks of the Etruscan style, the reticular work of the republic, the travertine preferred by the first emperors, the alternate tufo and brick employed by their successors, and that poverty of materials which marks the declining empire. The first Romans built with a prodigal solidity, which has left the *cloaca maxima* to astonish perhaps as many generations to come as those which have yet beheld it. Later architects became scientific from very parsimony. They calculated expenses, the resistance of arches, the weight of superstructures, and with mathematical frugality they proportioned their work to the mere sufficient. Since the first dreadful breach made by Totila, the walls have been often and variously repaired; sometimes by a case of brick-work filled up with shattered marbles, rubble, shard, and mortar; in some parts the

pyramid, a pyramid which completed would exceed the Egyptian immensity! The Domitian tomb did certainly stand near this spot; and from that vicinity has the Muro Torto been called also the wall of Domitia's garden. That it did face some garden seems probable both from its inclined state, and its situation on the "Collis Hortulorum." But the garden of Nero's aunt was at Fort St. Angelo; that of Antoninus's mother was at the Lateran. These two are the only Domitiæ whose gardens enter into history, and the Muro Torto is of a construction anterior to both.

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cementitious work is unfaced: here you find stone and tufo mixed in the "opus incertum:" there, tufo alone laid in the Saracenic manner: the latter repairs bear the brick *revêtement* of modern fortification.

Of the *gates,* some have been walled up for ages; others recently to save the trouble of guarding them. Eight are still open on the Latin side of the river, and four on the Tuscan. Their ancient names have been long the subject of contest. Very few are certain, and even to these few the antiquaries have superadded other names, as if on purpose to renew contentions. Thus the gate of San Lorenzo, though admitted to be the Tiburtine, has been called also the Porta inter Aggeres, the Esquilina, the Libitinensis, the Taurina, the Metia, the Randuscula, the Prænestina, the Gabiusa; and each of these epithets has borne its debate. On the other hand, they assign the same name to very different gates. Thus some would fix the Nævia between the Capena and the Tiber; others confound it with the Porta Maggiore; others contend that the Porta Maggiore was originally no gate at all. We cannot bring all the ancient ways to their respective gates; nor can we trace the

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translation of the same gate from the Tullian walls to Aurelian's, which coincide but a short way. How doubtful then must the three gates of Romulus be!

The *bridges*, on the contrary, deny us the pleasure of disputing on them. Some are broken, and those which are entire from reparation, bear modern names: yet the first names and situations of all are certain. Between these bridges you still see the city-mills anchored in the very currents, where necessity drove Belisarius to an expedient which is now general on all.

The most populous part of ancient Rome is now but a landscape. Mount Palatine, which originally contained all the Romans, and was afterwards insufficient to accommodate one tyrant, is inhabited only by a few friars. I have gone over the whole hill, and not seen six human beings on a surface which was once crowded with the assembled orders of Rome and Italy.* Raphael's villa, the Farnesian summer-house, Michael Angelo's

* Totum Palatium senatu, equitibus Romanis, civitate omni, Italia cuncta refertum. Cic.

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aviaries, are all falling into the same desolation as the imperial palace, which fringes the mount with its broken arches.

Would you push inquiry beyond these ruins, from the Palatium of Augustus back to the Palanteum of Evander, you find the mount surrounded with sacred names—the altar of Hercules—the Ruminal fig-tree—the Lupercal—the Germalus—the Velia; but would you fondly affix to each name its local habitation on the hill, contradiction and doubt will thicken as you remount.

> Hic locus est Vestæ qui Pallada servat et ignem:
> Hic Stator, hoc primum condita Roma loco est.

How often have those verses been quoted here! yet who can apply them to the ground? If you fix Vesta in the round temple on the Tiber, others will contend there for Hercules, or Portumnus, or Volupia. If you assign the three magnificent columns in the forum to Jupiter Stator, others will force them into a senate-house, or a portico, or a comitium, or a bridge. All round the Palatine, the forum, the Velabrum, and the Sacred Way is

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the favourite field of antiquarian polemics.* On this field you may fight most learnedly at an easy rate. Every inch of it has been disputed; every opinion may gain some plausibility, and whichever you adopt will find proofs ready marshalled for its defence.

In such disputes I know no authority paramount to decide. Marliano, Donati, Panvinio, Volpi, and even Kircher, though a cheat, have all largely contributed to the present stock of discovery; but not one of them can be followed as a general guide. Nardini is infected with that old-fashioned scrupu-

* On my first visit to the Campo Vaccino, I asked my valet-de-place where the lake of Curtius was supposed to have been? "Behold it!" cried he, striking with his cane an immense granite bason, called here a lago. "Was this then the middle of the forum?"—"Certainly." "Does the Cloaca Maxima run underneath?"—"Certainly." "And was this really the lago where the ancients threw the money?"—"Certainly." Thus was the lacus of some ancient fountain (probably one of those which M. Agrippa had distributed through the streets) transformed by a *Cicerone*'s wand into the Curtian lake; and thus are thousands cheated by sounds. The devotion of Curtius may itself be a fable; but it is a fable dear to every patriot, and if retraced by some object more probable than this, would be one sentiment more brought to the mind of a passenger.

Such ignorance I am far from imputing to the professed Ciceroni of Rome. Many of these are profound in its antiquities; but they are generally too full of their own little discoveries, which often exclude more important information from the stranger.

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losity which on every point must give every opinion, the received and the exploded, all jumbled together. Venuti has sifted this farrago, and ground down the learning of all his predecessors into so clean and digestible a mass, that whoever has access to it should go to his mill.* Zoega, if he completes his present topographical design, will surpass them all. Vasi, Mannazale, and that tribe of vade-mecums, may serve you the first week as mere *valets-de-place* in print, but you will soon dismiss them as insufficient. Those people parcel out Rome into day's-works, and throw every thing together, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, that lies in the same round. This plan is convenient enough for them who desire only to shew or to see Rome; but whoever would study it must arrange the objects of his study in a different order, deduced either from their kind or their age.

There are, in fact, three ancient Romes substantially distinct; the city which the Gauls destroyed, that which Nero burned, and that which he and his successors rebuilt. Such a division may

* This book, which was rather rare, has been re-published since I left Italy, by Philip Visconti, brother of the great antiquary.

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guide the student who would survey Rome only in books, or class its monuments as they stand in history. But as I confine my review to the structures which I have seen existing, I shall rather refer these to the grand revolutions which affected both the character and the purposes of Roman architecture.

WORKS OF THE REPUBLIC.

— Exuta est veterem nova Roma senectam. MART.

ARCHITECTURE was unknown in Rome until the Tarquins came down from Etruria. Hence the few works of the kings which still remain were built in the Etruscan style, with large uncemented but regular blocks. Those remains consist only in a few layers of peperine stone and a triple vault, which are found in some parts of the Tullian walls, in a prison (if indeed the Mamertine be the same as the Tullianum) and in a common sewer. Such objects, requiring only unadorned solidity, would

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be built as these are by any race that built well. Though insufficient for retracing the architectural designs of the first Romans, enough remains to shew us their public masonry, and their early ambition, which thus projected from its very infancy "an eternal city," the capital of the world.

Some of the kings, particularly the last, turned architecture to objects connected with their personal glory. The republic directed every arm and every art to one national object, conquest: hence its first great works were military ways. For a while the republicans emulated the kings in the solidity of their constructions. Appius Claudius founded his great way, built it like a mole, and paved it with drest basaltic stones. In the next century the roads of Flaccus and Albinus were only covered with gravel. Their successors, improving in economy, took advantage of hard soils, and in some parts omitted the ruderation, in others the statumen, in others both.

The pavement of those ways is generally hidden under a modern coat of gravel. Where it is uncovered, as on the road to Tivoli; at Capo di Bove, at Fondi, &c., the stones, though irregular, were

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large and even flat; but their edges being worn into hollows, they jolt a carriage unmercifully. And could Procopius really have found those stones as compactly even as one continued block of flint? could any stones resist the action of wheels for nine hundred years unshaken and unimpressed? In some places I could distinguish parts raised like a foot-pavement; but no stones so high as to serve, like the *anabathra*, for stirrups,* in mounting.

Aqueducts immediately followed: but of the few which belong to this period only parts of the Aqua Martia remain; and perhaps the grand arcades, which conveyed that water to the Esquiline, are due to the repairs of Augustus. Some have proposed the restoration of this aqueduct: " but

* Because no stirrups appear on the ancient equestrian monuments, antiquaries conclude that so simple a contrivance was unknown to the Romans. But we should consider how much of the real costume of the time was suppressed by sculptors—how generally the ancient vases, coins, lamps, relievi, nay even triumphal arches, represent chariot-horses without even yoke or traces—how seldom the saddles, or rather *ephippia*, appear on statues (the spurs and horse-shoes never)—how greatly the stirrups would detract from the freedom and grace of an equestrian figure. Besides, something like one stirrup does appear on an antique at the Vatican; the ἀναβολεὺς of Plutarch would imply a stirrup as well as a groom; and Eustathius gives both meanings to the word.

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Rome," say the Romans, "has more water than it wants."—"Give it then to the Campagna." "The Campagna has no inhabitants to drink water."—"And why has it no inhabitants, but for want of good water as well as good air?"

Why do those aqueducts cross the Campagna in courses so unnecessarily long and indirect? Several reasons have been alleged, all of which may have influenced the ancients; but their chief motive, in my opinion, was to distribute part of their water to the Campagna itself, and to diffuse it there into smaller veins. Besides this general circuit, the Romans bent their aqueducts into frequent angles, like a screen; not so much to break the force of their currents, as to give stability to the arcades.

Conquest, which was ever dearer to the Roman republic than its own liberty, spread at last to Greece, and brought home the fine arts in objects of plunder. Their captive gods, too beautiful or sublime for the rude old structures of Italy, obliged the Romans to raise for them temples in imitation of the Greek.

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Some of those temples have been fortunately preserved as churches. The catholic religion is surely a friend, but an interested friend, to the fine arts. It rejects nothing that is old or beautiful.* Had ancient Rome fallen into the power of gloomy prebsyterians, we should now look in vain for the sacred part of its ruins. Their iconoclast zeal would have confounded beauty with idolatry, for the pleasure of demolishing both. They would have levelled the temple and preached in a barn. The catholics let the temple stand, and gloried in its conversion to Christianity.

* I have found the statue of a god pared down into a Christian saint—a heathen altar converted into a church-box for the poor—a bacchanalian vase officiating as a baptismal font—a bacchanalian tripod supporting the holy-water bason—the sarcophagus of an old Roman adored as a shrine full of relics—cips, which were inscribed to the Dîs Manibus, now set in pavements hallowed by the knees of the devout—the brass columns of Jupiter Capitolinus now consecrated to the altar of the blessed sacrament—and the tomb of Agrippa now the tomb of a pope.

Nothing could protect a statue from such zealots as St. Gregory, but its conversion to christianity. That holy barbarian, though born a Roman, and though pontiff of Rome, was more brutal than its enemies. Alaric and Attila plundered, Genseric and Constans removed; but Gregory's atrocious joy was to dash in pieces. Yet this man, who persecuted the fine arts, and (if we may believe John of Salisbury) burned the imperial library of the Apollo, has lately found authors to defend him.

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Every round edifice that contains alcoves is now, perhaps too generally, pronounced to have been the *exhedra* or the *caldarium* of ancient baths. Such is the temple of Minerva Medici; and such originally was the Pantheon. The Pantheon a bath! could that glorious combination of beauty and magnificence have been raised for so sordid an office?—Yet consider it historically; detach the known additions, such as the portal, the columns, the altars; strip the immense cylinder and its niches of their present ornaments, and you will then arrive at the exact form of the *caldaria* now existing in Rome.

The cell and the portal of the Pantheon are two beauties independent of their union. "The portal shines inimitable on earth." Viewed alone, it is faultless. If the pediment, in following the pediment above, should appear too high from the present vacancy of its *tympan;* that *tympan* was originally full of the richest sculpture. If the columns are not all mathematically equal; yet inequalities, which nothing but measurement can detect, are not faults to the eye, which is sole judge. But the portal is more than faultless; it

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is *positively* the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little architecture. Its general design is best seen diagonally from the Giustiniani palace. In the obscene hole where it stands, you run more into the analysis of parts, the details of ornament, the composition of the entablature, the swell and proportions of the columns. Every moulding here becomes a model for the art: even the little still left round the bases of the ancient capitals is white with the plaster of casts.

You enter the Pantheon by doors cased in bronze, which, whether made for Agrippa, or substituted by Genseric, appear to me at least of classical date, as their form is common on the ancient rilievos: not carved like those of the temple of Remus, but studded with a variety of bullæ and turning pivots. The pilasters within the jambs and the vacancy above betray an unfitness which I should hardly expect in the original doors. A vacancy has, indeed, been remarked on some rilievos, but the temples there being rectangular required it for light. Not so the Pantheon.

Here a flood of light falling through one large orb was sufficient for the whole circle of divinities

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below, and impartially diffused on *all.* Perhaps the interior elevation is beautiful where it should be grand: its Corinthian, though exquisite, appears too low for the walls, and made the Attic here a necessary evil. Had Adrian caught the full majesty of the naked dome, and embellished its walls with one grand order that rose to the origin of the vault; so full a support would have balanced the vast *lacunaria* of that vault, which now overpower us, and the whole temple would have been then "more simply, more severely great." Vast as they appear, those deep coffers are really not disproportioned to the hemisphere, and diminishing as they ascend, they stop just at the point where they would cease to be noble or entire. What barbarians could have white-washed so grand a canopy! If their rapacity tore off its ancient covering, they might have bronzed the surface exposed, and left at least the colour of their plunder behind.

Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fire, though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotonda. It passed with

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little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the catholic church.

By giving more latitude than is due to a passage in Cicero,* some would refer all the tombs without the Capena gate to the republic, and would fix the names of the Servilii, the Horatii, the Metellii on towers, or rather the skeletons of towers left without an epitaph, or mark, or tradition; but the Cornelian tomb, which had been classed among these and was at last found within the city, should teach us a little scepticism on this ground, where none bear the names of their tenants save Cæcilia Metella's alone. This proud mausoleum was built by Crassus, of travertine stone twenty-four feet thick, to secure the bones of a single woman; while the adjoining castle had but a thin wall of soft tufo to defend all the Gaëtani from the fury of a civil war.

* Cicero led antiquaries into error by representing the Cornelian tomb as without the walls. In his time it certainly was so: but the Capena-gate, having been afterwards removed from the Aqua Crabra nearly on to the Almo, left the buried Scipios within the city.

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The general form of those tombs on the Appian way is a cylinder or a truncated cone, with a cubic base, and a convex top. This combination conveys the idea of a funeral pyre, and has some tendency to the pyramid, the figure most appropriate to a tomb, as representing the earth heaped on a grave, or the stones piled on a military barrow.

Near those tombs is a little temple also assigned to this period, under the name of the God Rediculus. So fresh are its red and yellow bricks, that the thing seems to have been ruined in its youth; so close their adhesion, that each of the puny pilasters appears one piece, and the cornice is sculptured like the finest marble. But could such profusion of ornament have existed here in Annibal's days? Whether it be a temple or a tomb, the rich chisseling lavished on so poor a design convinces me that it was fully as late as Septimius Severus.

On the next hill stands another very doubtful work called by some the temple of Honour and Virtue, which was built in this period, and extolled by Vitruvius for the scientific symmetry of its order. But here the cornice is still more deco-

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rated than its neighbours, and the space which represents the frieze is higher than the pediment; within is another enormous frieze, or rather belt of defaced stuccos, which appear very beautiful and perfect in Piranesi—those lying engravers!

"We descended to the valley of Egeria and the grotto," or rather nymphæum; but instead of the marble magnificence which offended Juvenal here, we found the vault fallen in, the walls mantled with maiden-hair, the statue which passes for the Nymph mutilated, the Muses removed from their niches, and the fountain itself a mere trough. Its water, however, was delicious, and, finding a large split reed placed over the drip, I used it as a conduit.

Sæpe sed exiguis haustibus inde bibi.

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WORKS OF THE EMPIRE.

The arts of Greece, when transplanted to Rome, found an architecture established there, which was different even in origin from their own. The two opposite systems were presently combined, and the Greek column and entablature are found co-existing with the Roman arch and vault, in every work of the empire. A combination so unnatural broke that unity of design which had prevailed here during the Etruscan period: it soon altered the native forms and proportions of the Greek orders; it amassed incompatible ornaments; and beauty disappeared under the load of riches.

Another enemy to the beautiful, and even to the sublime, was that colossal taste which arose in the empire, and gave an unnatural expansion to all the works of art. In architecture it produced Nero's golden house, and Adrian's villa; in hydraulics, it projected the Claudian emissary, and Caligula's Baian bridge; in sculpture, it has left at the Capitol such heads and feet as betray the

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emperors' contempt for the dimensions of man; in poetry it swelled out into the hyperboles of Lucan and Statius. This exaggerated spirit spread even to the games. Nero drove ten horses yoked abreast to his car, and double that number appear on an ancient stone.

Architecture, thus enslaved to the selfishness of emperors, exhausted all her powers on palaces, triumphal arches, historical columns, and tombs.

The *Imperial palace* took root in the modest mansion of Hortensius, covered the whole Palatine, and branched over other hills. From Augustus to Nero is the period of its increase: from Nero down to Valentinian III. its history is but a succession of fires, devastations, and repairs. These, however, would chiefly affect the walls and roofs; so that much of what remains being mere substructions, are probably the work of the Julian family.

In the present chaos of broken walls and arcades we can no longer retrace the general design of this palace, as it existed in any one reign. Palladio, whose imagination has rebuilt so many ruins, forbore from these. Panvinio tried in vain to retrace

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the original plan. Bianchini went too far: he spent his fortune and lost his life in excavating this ground. But were the few rooms which he discovered in a corner of one quarter of the palace, or the ill-connected ruins above, sufficient data to restore the general design, and to allot geometrically each part of the fabric to its imperial founder? Not satisfied with the grander distributions, and with the symmetry which he gives to the whole, Bianchini boldly descends into details; he fixes the guard-rooms, the oil-cellars, the wood-house, &c., and bodies forth most magnificent stairs without one ancient step or stone for authority or guide.

If we return from those restorers to the ruins themselves, we meet a nakedness of surface, which, though it may baffle our modern ideas of convenience, displays a great variety of construction. The walling is full of those blind arches, single, double, or triple, interchanged with straight ones, which bind and diversify all the ancient brickwork. In several breaches the *emplecton* discovers itself behind the small triangular bricks which face it, and which, every four feet upwards, are covered with a double course of broad ones. In the vaults

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we see the mixture of tufo, pumice, and *pozzuolana** which made them so light and durable: we can even distinguish every plank of the formæ on which that mixture was carelessly cast. In the subterranean part are still some remains of the oriental marbles, the stuccos, the gold, azure, and painting, which were lavished on dark apartments or lost in the obscurity of deep courts. If the basement and the baths were so rich, what must the imperial story have been!

The *triumphal arches* are too much interred for the eye to decide on their general proportions, or their distant effect. If the earth were removed, the columns, I apprehend, would lose all their importance between a *stylobata* and an attic so immoderately high. What business or what meaning have columns on any arch? The statues of captive kings are but a poor apology for so idle a support. Ambitious to display their hero too often, the multiplicity of relievos fritters their fronts into

* The *Pozzuolana* used by the ancients was of the black ferruginous kind, which hardens instantly. Modern builders prefer the red; but they seldom purge it so carefully of common earth. In the catacombs I took up handfuls of *pozzuolana* so very elastic that, though moist when crumbled, it never stuck to my fingers.

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compartments which lessen what they would enrich. In their spandrels are four Victories, which, in representing the ancient automatons dropping crowns on the conqueror, seem necessary to those mixt triangles so admirably filled by their wings. The platform above was well adapted to the curule statue. Here the triumphal car formed an historical record: on a modern arch it is only a metaphor.

Titus's arch is so rich that I can hardly think it elegant. The entablature, the imposts, the keystones, are all crowded with sculpture, yet meagre in profile: but it is hard to judge the general effect of a mutilated thing.

In Septimius Severus's arch the composite starts so often and so furiously out, the poverty of its entablature meets you in so many points, as to leave no repose to the eye.

Constantine's arch is larger, nobler, and even more correct in its architecture, the only object now in review: but is that architecture its own? We know that its columns, statues, and relievi, are not; and we may fairly suspect that its whole

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composition was stolen, as Constantine's reign was notorious for architectural robbery.

Gallienus's arch is a mere gateway, and that of Drusus seems part of an aqueduct, yet coarse as they are, each has its Corinthian columns, and pediments stuck upon a fraction of the fronts.

The Janus Quadrifons is rather a *compitum* than an arch, and is grand enough in its general proportions to be classed among those of Domitian; but mean details betray a worse age of the art—rows of pigmy columns divided by imposts, and enormous cubes of marbles cooped and scolloped into niches. Our Gothic architects loved little columns and little niches; but they seldom employed large stones.

The *historical columns* are true to no order of architecture. Trajan's has a Tuscan base and capital, a Doric shaft, and a pedestal with Corinthian mouldings. That of M. Aurelius repeats the same mixture; but its pedestal is restored, and though higher, both in proportions and in place, than Trajan's, does not associate so well with its shaft. These are the only regular pedestals that I

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ever remarked in Roman antiquity. The pedestal, indeed, appears but a modern invention, though probably derived from the ancient *stylobatæ*, which projected sometimes under every column. But those projections, though found in admirable works, are not themselves to be admired; still less is the insulated pedestal, which in architecture acts as a stilt to the shaft; and is beautiful, because necessary, only under monumental columns like these.

The spiral on these two columns gives the story a continuity which horizontal rings would interrupt: but its narrow boundary is hardly sufficient to prevent the confusion which such a throng of prominent figures and deep shadows must throw on the general surface of the column.

The *tombs* of Augustus, and of Adrian, appear at first view absurd, extravagant, beyond all measure of comparison with the size of a coffin, or cinerary. The lower vaults of the first form a circle large enough to serve for a modern amphitheatre: the second, though reduced to less than half its tower, has been for ages the citadel of Rome. Augustus, indeed, raised his tomb with

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that liberality which so many epitaphs announce, to receive not himself and his relations alone, but his freedmen too, and all their families. A private tomb called only for a few rows of *columbaria;* but his imperial household required circles of vaults, which are all that remains of this pile. Adrian built his mausoleum on the more selfish plan of Cecilia Metella's. Its figure, stript of ornament, was nearly the same; its walls were proportionately thick, and the interior designed for a few *sarcofagi.*

The same colossal taste gave rise to the *Coliseum.* Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning-games began at midnight.

Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had been evidently drest for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal: no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole

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ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric: the third order is but a rough-cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants: the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third, in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic.

Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightning, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring, Popes widened the breach, and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena*, the *podium* are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and re-appears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the

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original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric.

When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages, proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius,* and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres.

Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and, as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the

* Aditus complures et spatiosos oportet disponere, nec conjunctos superiores inferioribus, sed ex omnibus locis perpetuos et directos sine inversuris faciendos, ut, cum populus dimittitur de spectaculis, ne comprimatur, sed habeat omnibus locis exitus separatos sine impeditione.

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tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter, and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arenæ* to a luxurious supper.

Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself:—decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand;—half grey and half green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. "In contemplating antiquities," says Livy, "the mind itself becomes antique." It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

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The only *circus* sufficiently entire to shew what a circus was, is called Caracalla's. Though meaner in construction than Caracalla's acknowledged works, it is admired for its plan, the direction of its *spina,* and the curve employed at the "æquo carcere," to secure a fair start for the cars.

Annexed to this circus is a spacious court, which some call Cæsar's *mutatorium,* and others an appurtenance of the circle itself. Its form, however, is very unlike the figure inscribed MVTATORIVM in the ancient plan of Rome, and unfit for any purpose yet assigned to that name. With the circus itself it had no communication, as it opened only on the Appian way. I should rather, for the following reasons, suppose it a *serapeon.* Whatever constituted a serapeon is to be found here—a rectangular court—one narrow entrance—a portico within—a round temple in the middle—and, under that, a subterranean cell necessary to the Egyptian mysteries. Rufus and Victor place the temples of Serapis and Isis in this very region, and point very near to this spot.* If the

* "Apud rivulum Almonem, Serapidis, et Isidis ædem—qui interfluit Egeriam vallem, et vergit in Appiam viam." In the

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circus adjoining be really Caracalla's, it gives additional probability to this opinion, for Caracalla was a great adorer of Serapis, went on pilgrimage to his shrine, and erected temples for his worship.

To this period belong most of the *baths.*

The baths of Titus, which are confounded, I suspect, with his palace, were the first gallery of ancient painting that was restored to the world. But the subterranean saloons are now for the second time buried in the Esquiline, and most of the pictures which remain visible are injured by the water oozing down from the incumbent gardens.

Some of the ruins above ground rise up to the vaulting of their alcoves; but none shew their

Museum Capitolinum is an altar which was found near this spot and thus inscribed:

I. O. M.
Serapidi
Scipio Orfitus V. C.
Augur
Voti compos redditus.

The Jewish rites, which were banished out of the *pomœrium* at the same time with the Egyptian, perched on this very neighbourhood.

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specific relation to a bath, except the *Sette Sale*, the construction of which proves that it was neither a *nymphæum*, nor a *tepidarium*, nor any thing but a reservoir; and proves, too, how well the ancients understood hydrostatics. The stucco, like that of all reservoirs and *castella*, is mottled with fine stains, and hard enough for the turning of iron, which could only arise from the tartareous penetration of the water.

Caracalla's baths shew how magnificent a coarse ruffian may be. The very dimensions of that hall which they call the *Cella Solearis** convince me that Spartianus does not exaggerate its embellishments. Those temples, and academies, and *exhedræ* which remain were but the out-works to the thermal part. Mosaic was diffused here as a general flooring. I followed it on the steps of a broken stair-case, up to the very summit. I found the tessellation entire even where the pavement

* Why not rather the Cella Soliaris? *Solium*, whether taken for a bathing-vase or for a throne, would surely be more proper than a slipper to designate such a hall. We know that thousands of such vases made of the finest marble stood in these very baths; and we may conclude that the throne, which followed the emperors to the theatre, and gave its name to a part of it, had also a place in this imperial establishment.

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had sunk, and had left round the room a vacancy, which was filled with a skirting of flowered alabaster. Variegated marbles now succeeded to fresco-painting, which had spread, during the three Flavian reigns, from the palace to the stable. Indeed such was the rage for variegation, that plain marbles were stained or inlaid, and spots were incrusted on the spotted: hence their pavonine beds and pantherine tables.

Diocletian's baths run into the same vastness of dimension as his palace at Spalatro: but here I saw nothing so classical or grand as the *Pinacotheca,* restored by the genius of Michael Angelo. The round structures, whether *balnea* or *exhedræ,* are sufficiently entire to serve for churches and granaries. But the general plan of these baths being confounded by the contradictory plans of two convents, being crossed by roads and encumbered by vineyards, is now less obvious than that of Caracalla's ruins, which seem to have been better distributed, and stand in a fine advantageous solitude.

These baths, co-existing with others of equal extent, will appear too extravagantly large even

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for "the most high and palmy state of Rome," until we reflect on the various exercises connected with the bath, on the habits of the people, the heat of the climate, the rarity of linen, and the cheapness of bathing, which brought hither the whole population of the city.

The walls of those baths run so generally into *absides*, that some lovers of system can see nothing but baths in the temple of Venus and Rome, in the great temple of Peace, in short in every ruin where they find such alcoves. But the alcove appears fully as frequent in the ruins of the Imperial palace, and of all the ancient villas that I have seen. Vitruvius makes it a constituent part of every *basilica;* we can trace it in the plan of the Emilian. In fact, the alcove seems rather an imitation of the Prætorian tent than any thing peculiar to a bath.

To combine the scattered remains of those baths, to distribute their interior, to give light to every apartment, and find out offices for them all, would puzzle any regular surveyor; but what can daunt antiquaries? Determined to restore whatever is lost or dismembered, they bring in

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books to rebuild ruins, they fly to Vitruvius or Lucian, they rake up the mixt biographical rubbish of the Augustan histories, and from this chaos of discordant elements they evoke a creation of their own.

The *porticos,* like the baths, embraced a variety of objects, such as temples, schools, libraries; but nothing certain of this kind remains except the elegant Corinthian vestibule of Octavia's. Perhaps the fine columns in the *Piazza di Pietra* and some of those in the *Campo Vaccino* belonged also to this class. Porticos were so numerous in this period, and so generally colonnaded, that we are probably obliged to them for half the ancient columns that subsist.

The brick remains of this period, though inferior to the stone in character and effect, are far more general and more entire, for the ancient bricks imbibed the cement so intimately, that they break rather than separate. Of those works, the round bear a much greater proportion to the quadrangular now, than when both were entire. Most of the ancient edifices now subsisting as churches are round. In mixt constructions, the circular

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part of the walls has resisted time much better than the flat; and of the roofs nothing remains that is not referable to the circle. The circular form, though destructive of regularity in a private house, saves ground, prevents confusion, and cuts off useless corners in a public edifice. Beautiful in itself, it needs less decoration than flat surfaces; it is more capacious than angular forms of equal perimeter, and more commodious for any assembly, whether met for worship, or sport, or deliberation.

The remains of this period discover an increasing partiality for the *Corinthian* order. Applying it to every variety of erection, the Romans were obliged to seek a corresponding variety in its ornament and style. For variety, they enriched the capitals with the olive, the laurel, the acanthus, or the thistle, in foliage very differently disposed. For variety, they brought griffins, eagles, cornucopiæ, and other emblems into the *volutes*. In the entablatures may be found every variety of moulding: and what is the Composite*

* Vitruvius never mentions the Composite as a distinct order. He only hints at compositions which may be resolved perhaps into

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order but another variety of the Corinthian? In the Pantheon, in the Campo Vaccino, the Capitol, the Sacred Way, every where in Rome, have they left us a richer Corinthian than can be found in Greece, where that order seems to have been rare.

The *Ionic*, on the contrary, has rather degenerated here. Too meagre at the Coliseum, too clumsy for its entablature at Marcellus's Theatre, irregular, nay, unequal at the Temple of Concord, full of disproportions in that of Fortuna Virilis, (I mean the stucco entablature which it received during the empire,) no where in Rome is it comparable to the Ionic of the *Erectheon*, which, had its capital a similar *volute*, might be proposed as the canon of this beautiful order.

The *Doric* appears here in very few monuments, and so latinized that we lose the original order. In the Roman temples columns were a mere decoration, or, at most, supported the pedi-

a confusion of orders: but this, if we adhere too strictly to his rules, would embrace half the ancient architecture extant, beginning with his own denticulated Doric at the Theatre of Marcellus; *if* that theatre was really built by Vitruvius.

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ment alone. In the Grecian, they formed an integral part of the edifice; not engaged in the wall, but rather the wall itself. Hence arose a necessary difference in their proportions. At Rome the ancient Doric is about 7½ diameters. At Athens the greatest height of the column is but 6, at Pestum 4½, at Corinth only 4.

Of the order called *Tuscan* nothing is to be found in these, nor, I believe, in any ruins. The total disappearance of this order I would impute to its own rules. In Tuscan edifices, the intercolumniations were so wide, that wood became necessary to form the architrave, and a mixture of brick rendered the whole fabric more destructible. Vitruvius found the Tuscan existing only in antiquated temples. It afterwards yielded to the taste for Greek, and the chief ruins in Italy are of the orders most remote from the Tuscan proportions.

The *Attic*, which, notwithstanding its name, is an Italian order, intrudes upon the noblest monuments of Rome, as the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the triumphal arches, the temple of Pallas, &c., and was more general, I suspect, than we can

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calculate from ruins; for in every ruin the Attic would be the first part to disappear. This bastard order, or rather accessory, seems too ignoble to surmount the Corinthian. Its proportions and its place are ever at variance. Sometimes it may hide a roof, but then, unfortunately, it crowns the elevation.

The Romans now began to accumulate different orders on the same pile. We see four at the Coliseum. Each of the *Septizonia* had seven, and though these structures have disappeared, perhaps in consequence of this very accumulation, we may estimate their probable effect from the leaning tower of Pisa, and a poor effect it is. The very nature of the orders seems to forbid their association. Admit only two on the same front, and suppress, if you will, the unnecessary cornice of the first; still the upper cornice will, of necessity, be either too large for its own column, or too small for the general elevation.

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WORKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

> Ahi Constantin! di quanto mal fu madre,
> Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
> Che da te prese il primo ricco Padre! DANTE.

CONSTANTINE founded schools for architecture here; but the architects he employed on his new creation in Thrace. Ambitious that Rome should appear but the second city of his empire, he abandoned its ancient edifices to ruin, or to robbery, or to the church. The church, building for a new religion, introduced a new style of architecture, or rather a new corruption of the old; the creature of occasion, cobbling its *basilicas* out of temples and tombs.

These *basilicas* are generally regarded as copies of the old Roman *Basilica,* perhaps from bearing its name: yet the name traced historically leads to no such conclusion. A *basilica* seems at first to have been part of a palace. It is sometimes represented as a simple portico. It then included

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the buildings which were afterwards annexed. Some of those buildings, which had served as *basilicæ* for law and trade, became places of worship to the primitive Christians; and the first churches that were erected expressly for that worship, erected perhaps on the site of some ancient *basilicæ*, retained the same name. But do these churches coincide with Vitruvius's description of his own *basilica?* have they double porticos on the four sides? have they an upper gallery to represent the *pluteus?* was the *chalcidicum* open like our transepts? was it not every where else a hall? Is there any thing like a transept in the Emilian *basilica* carved out on the old plan of Rome? Is there any thing like the walls of a church, or any walls, in that plan, or on the coin, or in Vitruvius's details? And was an open Exchange, then, a fit model for the house of God?

The plan of these *basilicas* is excellent in the abstract. Most churches, Gothic or modern, are complicate in proportion as they are grand. You must go round and round them before you can collect their symmetry and composition. Here, on the contrary, the aisles are divided by single

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columns; the side-altars are not closeted off; you comprehend at one view both the design and the dimensions. This simplicity of plan leaves the mind in repose at any point of view, yet diversifies the picture at every step.

Their plan, however, is too large for the elevation, too wide for the thickness of their walls and columns, too economical in the supports. If the height of the columns, which generally formed four rows, were to determine that of the pile, the whole would be disproportionately low and dark. To obviate this fault, the entablature due to a colonnade was suppressed, arches rose above the shafts, and high walls and windows above the arches. But where columns stand so close the arch must be pitifully small; the walls piled above this slender support make the nave too lofty for the aisles; the front also suffers from this disproportion, and looks, in some *basilicas*, like an old church set upon a modern house. Wherever the plan is unfit, in building upon it you may exchange one fault for another, but a fault must remain.

St. John Lateran was built by Constantine in the precincts of his own palace, and became part

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of the rich endowment which Dante laments in the motto. But Borromini has been here, and robbed us of the *basilica*. The old architecture of the church lies concealed in the modern, its imperial columns, too weak to sustain the load of additions, are now buried in the heart of sacrilegious pillars: these pillars actually start out into niches: every niche holds a prophet: and a new band of white saints and apostles besieges the front of this unfortunate pile:

> ——Egregias Lateranorum obsidet ædes
> Tota cohors.

The adjoining Baptistery discovers more of its original form and materials. This imperial work, being the first of its kind, became the model and type of the catholic baptisteries, and prescribed its polygonal form to all. Prescription is, for good reasons, a very high authority among priests. They pretend that Constantine himself was baptized here; but what a multitude of lies has the Roman church told, and made the fine arts repeat, on that doubtful character! Built in an age when converts *went down* in crowds to be baptized, this edifice blends the temple with the bath. Hence its central and grand object is the font: hence,

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too, the font is sunk below the pavement and large enough for the total immersion of adults. Like all Constantine's works, this is but a compilation of classical spoils: a mere thief of antiquity. How august must the temple have been which resigned those two stupendous columns of porphyry, to patch the brick-wall of this ecclesiastical farrago!

St. Paul's, though founded by Constantine, is, in its present state, the work of Honorius; often repaired, but not altered, like the Lateran. The columns which support it, particularly those of the nave, are admired for their marble, their proportions, and their purpose. Here indeed they are aliens, removed, it is said, from Adrian's tomb, and forced into these aisles as a matter of convenience. Such beauty as theirs was too natural; it was not difficult or confused enough to be admired in this monkish period. But pass into the cloister, and you will find other columns, true natives of the place, tortured into every variety of ugliness; some spiral, some twisted, some doubly twisted, some spiral and twisted at once, with the hideous addition of inlay.

The chancel of this church terminates in a large

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absis or alcove, which is crowned with a mosaic of the fifth century, exhibiting a few grim old saints on an azure and gold ground. A model so glaring, so grotesque, so imperial, could not escape the ambition of succeeding church-builders. Some Greek artists propagated the taste through Tuscany and Venice, and the art itself was practised by monks; but what a stride from their bespangled works to the modern mosaics of St. Peter's!

So admirable is the effect of insulated columns and of a circular plan, that all the barbarisms of that ambiguous temple, or church, or bath, or market-place, called *Santo Stefano Rotondo*, cannot defeat it. Those ill-set and ill-assorted columns, that hideous well in the roof, that tower of Babel in the middle, that slaughter-house of saints painted round the wall; all those are disarmed and lose the power of disgusting; for the very plan alone fascinates the mind with the full perception of unity, of a whole varied but not concealed; while the two circles of the peristyles change their combinations at every step, and the shadows projected from one luminous orb play fancifully on the pavement. A third ring of columns is lost in the walls. So many concentric

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circles would render any structure too dark except an open colonnade, which, I apprehend, was the original state of the edifice: but then how immoderately unequal must the intercolumniations have been, if all the columns radiated from a common centre!

St^a. Constantia's is another round and ambiguous church, or baptistery, or temple, or mausoleum; where a circle of coupled columns produce, but in a less degree, the effect which I have just admired.

St[a]. Agnese, St[a]. Maria in Trastevere, and *San Lorenzo,* were built early in this period. They all retain their basilical forms, all are supported by multifarious columns which, though forced from more beautiful temples into the Christian service, have been thus preserved to shew us the caprices of ancient architecture; such as flutings within flutings on the shafts, Jupiters carved on the *abacus,* and lizards and frogs in the *volutes.*

Santa Croce, Santa Maria Maggiore, and others of equal antiquity, have lost their original forms in a succession of repairs, and leave us

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nothing to remark under this head, except, perhaps, some rich tessellated pavement referable to the founders.

These *basilicas* had probably been built before the points of the compass became a point of religion; for several of their chancels stand in a western direction. So superstitious are some of the Gothic churches in this particular, that where their walls deviate by necessity from the east and west line, the spine of the vault is observed to incline to that side of the chancel where the east lies.

Rome was always preserved from the Gothic taste which reigned in the north of Italy during this period. Indeed, architecture, acting by rules and measures which require no genius to observe them, would not decline so rapidly as her sister-arts in a city full of Vitruvian structures. The very ruins of Rome supplied both models and materials which kept the Romans within the pale of their ancient architecture. Some approaches to the Gothic struck me at the papal altars of St. Paul's and the Lateran; but those pyramidal, turretted and notched erections can be regarded

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only as the furniture of the church, and their columns or their arches give them a certain mixture of Latinity.

To this head we may perhaps refer the Catacombs; for though excavated during the empire as quarries of tufo; yet, when they afterwards gave retreat to the living and the dead, they assumed certain forms of habitation which retrace the state of art during this period.

The catacombs run into long, low, narrow galleries, nearly parallel, and generally ending in a lapse of earth or in stagnant water. Those galleries are intersected by others at oblique angles, and where they cross, the corner is supported by masonry. At St. Sebastian's, the largest and once the richest of them all, there are two stories of catacombs, and in each of these is a kind of master-line. The chambers or chapels are all square, with arched recesses and rectangular gaps both in the walls and flooring to receive coffins. Wherever there are columns the orders are coarse. Indeed nothing beautiful could be expected in such a place and among persecuted men. The paintings exhibit a medley of the two religions

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which were then in conflict. In the midst of scripture subjects sits Orpheus among the brutes. Wherever Christ performs a miracle he employs a wand, like Moses at the rock.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

——— Loco si vede raro
Di gran fabbrica, e bella, e ben intesa.

ARIOSTO.

MAN, though the child of imitation, imitates with reluctance: his ambition, as an artist, is to invent. In architecture, however, the grand objects of invention are anticipated; the constitutive parts and proportions are already fixed; the mind must circulate round these, and be satisfied with innovating only in combinations. The artist must recur to the models established in his art, and from them he derives notions of excellence which confine him but the more. He cannot safely depart from those models; yet he grudges every approach that he makes. His

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poverty but not his will consents. Whatever he steals he disfigures: he changes the scale, he transposes the parts, he tries to efface the mark of the original master, and inserts something of his own to conceal the theft. No other principle can account to me for the degenerate architecture of a city which contains the Pantheon, or why artists should daily borrow the details of that edifice, and never adopt the simplicity of its design.

The ancients seem to have excelled us more in architecture than in painting, or even in sculpture. They trusted to magnitude and design for the effects which we seek in ornament. It is perhaps the misfortune of modern Rome to have employed painters and sculptors too often as her architects. Michael Angelo injured some of his edifices by a passion for the awful and the singular; Bernini, by his addiction to the brilliant and the ingenious; Pietro da Cortona, by a luxuriance and prodigality of composition; Domenichino is charged with some licenses of the picturesque; Julio Romano built more chastely than these; his master Raphael built but little, and little of what he did build subsists.

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Architecture is more a science than her sister arts;* more fixt in her principles, less susceptible

* Though usually classed with Painting and Sculpture, it may be questioned whether Architecture be, like them, one of the fine arts. A fine art appears to me to imply the faculty of inventing, and embellishing, and expressing, or imitating whatever can affect the moral or intellectual powers of man. Now, as this can be done only through the medium of words, or of forms, or of both, perhaps the fine arts may, in relation to these mediums, be reduced to three —1. Poetry, including Oratory—2. Painting and Sculpture, as the joint arts of design—3. The Histrionic Art.

Poetry and Oratory, having the same powers, the same vehicle, the same object, and being separated by limits which are neither necessary nor ascertained, may be considered as branches of the same art; an art which excludes history, ethics, and every exertion of language that can neither invent nor embellish.

Painting and Sculpture, though they work with different tools and upon different materials, have ultimately the same object, and the same faculty of speaking, by the imitation of forms, both to the memory and the imagination, to the judgment and the affections. Their limits are more distinct than those of Poetry and Oratory, yet not absolute; for relievo goes far into the system of Painting, and both are often blended in the same object of imitation.

But has Architecture the same powers, or the same end? Architecture may serve as a base to Sculpture and Painting; but can it, like them, create a fiction or tell a story? can it imitate like them? is it an imitative Art at all? if it be, what are its prototypes but a cottage or a cavern? Architecture may affect the soul with admiration and even with awe. A temple or a palace may strike us as sublime; but so does a ship of war under sail; yet is ship-carpentry therefore classed among the fine arts?

The Histrionic Art, though not so elemental as the other two, differs from both, and yet combines them. From Poetry it borrows words; from the arts of design, decoration. Its own vehicle is motion and speech. Motion connects it with dancing (in the latitude which

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of increase or alteration than these, and rather the subject of rules than of fancy. Of her three cardinal virtues, stability is the object of science alone; conveniency, of good sense; and beauty, of taste: but taste is perhaps as nearly allied to reason as to sentiment, though it has no common measure with either.

I do not, indeed, admire the philosophy which has lately broken into architecture, nor the contempt which some affect for Vitruvius. I would not subvert the authority of example; nor be too severe on the ancient superstitions of the art. Their very antiquity, if it does not satisfy our reason, has a charm over the fancy; and they fill up a space, which our reverence for what is old

Lucian gives to this art;) speech, with music. But dancing and music appear only as accessories to the histrionic art, and derive all their dignity from that connexion.

Music, divested of poetry, is but a sensual art, and, as such, it should be classed with cookery and perfumery. Its direct object is to please one sense alone. It can excite sensations, but not ideas: it may effect the soul and elevate the spirits; but can it create or combine facts? can it convey one intelligible notion to the mind? can it imitate any thing in nature but sounds? can even its imitation of sounds be perfect, without breaking its own rules and ceasing to be music?

I beg pardon for this digression.

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would make it difficult for a reformer to fill up more pleasingly. A second order of columns on a lofty edifice, a pilaster on the face of an arcade, an entablature under a vault, a pediment over an altar, all these, rigorously considered, may be thought superfluous or even improper; but though we may still blame their abuse, who shall now dare to proscribe what is found here in the work of every age and of every architect?

In Rome, however, the darling fault of architecture is excess of ornament; an excess more licentious in the sacred buildings than in the profane, and in sacred buildings most licentious in the most sacred part. Every where you see ornament making great edifices look little, by subdividing their general surfaces into such a multitude of members as prevents the eye from re-combining them. Sometimes, indeed, those decorations may favour neighbouring defects; as the jewels of an ugly dowager kindly divert us from her face.*

* The love of finery, however, is often the property of the sloven. Those very artists, who labour their mouldings with pedantic precision, leave the holes of their scaffolding in the walls. This practice may plead the example of ancient brick ruins. On the Palatine and at the Baths are rows of such holes wherever the walls are lofty; but traces of a scaffold suggest only the idea of an unfinished work, or he expectation of repairs.

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The *churches* are admirable only in detail. Their materials are rich, the workmanship exquisite, the orders all Greek. Every entablature is adjusted to the axis of each column with a mathematical scrupulosity which is lost to the eye. One visionary line runs upward bisecting superstitiously every shaft, triglyph, ove, bead, dentil, mutule, modillion, lion's head that lies in its way.—But how are those orders employed? In false fronts which, rising into two stages of columns, promise two stories within—in pediments under pediments, and in segments of pediments—in cornices for ever broken by projections projecting from projections—in columns, and pilasters, and fractions of pilasters grouped round one pillar. Thus Grecian beauties are clustered by Goths: thus capitals and bases are coupled, or crushed, or confounded in each other; and shafts rise from the same level to different heights, some to the architrave, and some only to the impost. Ornaments for ever interrupt or conceal ornaments: accessories are multiplied till they absorb the principal: the universal fault is the too many and the too much.

Few churches in the city shew more than their fronts externally. Their rude sides are generally screened by contiguous buildings, and their tiled

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roof by a false pediment, which, rising to an immoderate height above the ridge, leads to certain disappointment when you enter. Every front should be true to the interior. In the ancient temple this principle was religiously observed, and the pediment resting on a colonnade, became, as genius willed it, either beautiful or grand; but so simple a polygon would neither suit nor conceal the vaults and aisles of a Roman church.

Those aisles, shelving out under the side windows, give rise to a series of connected faults. First two orders of columns become necessary in front, and make it " a splendid lie."—Then, the lower order must extend on each side beyond the upper, in order to cover the aisles. To palliate their inequality, the upper order is flanked by two huge, reversed consoles, like inverted ears, producing a mixt polygon, a vicious outline both straight and curved, more fit for joinery than for regular architecture. The Romans seem fondest of those fronts, where most columns can be stuck and most angles projected. Some, as St[a]. Maria in Portico, the Propaganda Fede, &c., are bent out and in, like brackets. Quadrangular fronts,

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like those of St. Peter's, the Lateran, &c., are fitter for a palace than for a church. How specifically truer is the old Gothic front which admits but one large window similar in form to the front itself!

The belfries are generally composed of stories formed by the ancient orders. But the belfry is an object unknown to the ancients. It is of Gothic, or rather of Moorish origin. Springing out of that spiry architecture, it tends naturally to the lofty, and therefore should not be crossed by horizontal divisions, but spun upwards in narrow, lengthening members. In fact, the belfry will never harmonize with any work that imitates a temple.

The cupolas are built entirely of brick, and generally rest on four concave pannels. An Italian cupola is in itself a fine object, and opens to Painting a new region, new principles, and effects unknown to the ancients; but its drum, being narrower than the church, is adjusted to it by segments of intersecting vaults, which are rather airy than grand.

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Some churches, as those twins in the Piazza del Popolo, those at Trajan's column, &c., seem constructed for their cupolas alone. Their fronts will admit but one order of columns, and so essential is simplicity to their plan, that they are beautiful inversely as they are rich. To the cupola-form we may refer also the Corsini, Borghese, and Perretti chapels, which some admire even for the architecture; but more, I suspect, for the sculpture and precious materials of their tombs and altars.

The *Palaces* are built rather for the spectator than for the tenant. Hence the elevation is more studied than the plan. Some are mere fronts "facciate (said a friend of mine) con mobilia e quadri dietro." Their fronts, too, are so crowded with stories, that the mansion of a prince often suggests the idea of a lodging-house. The lower range of windows is grated like a gaol: the upper are divided by wretched *mezzanines*. Where different orders are piled in front, which is fortunately rare, their natural succession is seldom observed; it may be seen even reversed. The gateway, with the balcony and its superstructure, generally forms an architectural picture at discord

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with the style of the palace, and breaks its front into unconnected parts. This is conspicuous at Monte Cavallo, Monte Citorio, &c. In private palaces, it forms the grand scene of family pride which makes strange havoc on the pediments. Sometimes the armorial bearings break even into the capitals of columns; as the eagle at the *Giustiniani*-palace, the flower-de-luce at the *Panfili*. This last edifice, though the finest of the four which belong to Prince Doria, has been erected in contradiction to the first elements of the art: its corners are pared round, and the corners of the windows, to sympathize in absurdity, are filled up with mouldings which break the rectangle, and remind us of swallows' nests.

Wherever the palace forms a court, the porticos below are composed of arches resting on single columns. This jumble of arcade and colonnade, of two architectures different even in origin, was unknown to the ancients, and crept first into the basilical churches from economy in building, and from a command of ancient columns. Its lightness will not compensate a certain look of instability, which arises from truncated arches and interrupted forms. Coupled columns, like those of

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the Borghese palace, rather extenuate than remove the defect: they lose just half their own beauty, and in widening the vacuum of an arch, they only tend to destroy the equilibrium of the mass supported.

You enter the palace in search of the Vitruvian *decorum*. A staircase of unexpected grandeur, usurping perhaps more than its proportion of the interior, tends both to expand and to ventilate the mansion. Its grandeur does not consist in those quaint, difficult, incommodious curves which only shew the wit of our stone-cutting architects, and frighten people with the appearance of unsupported weight. Here you always ascend by a few flights, straight, easy, and wide, but sometimes tremendously long, which lead to the *Sala*.

This Sala is the common hall of the palace, and if the prince has the right of canopy, here stands the throne fenced with a rail. Its ceiling opens a wide field for fresco, and, being loftier than all the apartments on the same floor, it leaves in the intermediate height a range of low rooms, which give rise to vicious *mezzanines*.

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From this great hall, when it occupies the middle of the first floor, you command the palace in different directions, and can pierce it at a glance through lengthening files of marble door-posts. In the distribution of the houses the grand object is the picturesque. Nothing is done for the comfortable, a term unknown to the Italian language, and a state unfelt in a hot country. Even in England, where it is most studied and best understood, the comfortable is rather a winter-idea and a winter-feeling.

The *Villas* are to this day the "ocelli Italiæ." Their casinos generally stand to advantage in the park. Light, gay, airy, fanciful, they seem to court that load of ornament to which all architecture must here submit. Some of their fronts are coated with ancient relievos, and their porticos composed of ancient columns. The Belvedere above is often a blot in the symmetry, an excrescence too conspicuous; a hut stuck upon a house-top, and seldom in the middle.

In the ancient villas, the buildings were low, lax, diffused over the park, and detached. In the

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modern, they are more compact, more commodious, and rise into several stories. In both, the gardens betray the same taste for the unnatural; the same symmetry of plan, architectural groves, devices cut in box, and tricks performed by the hydraulic organa. Could the ancient *Topiarii* transform wood or water into more fantastic shapes, than we find in the *Villa Panfili!*—walls of laurel, porticos of ilex, green scutcheons, and clipt coronets vegetating over half an acre, theatres of jets d'eau, geometrical terraces, built rocks, and measured cascades!

The *Fountains* of Rome display a great variety of composition, without borrowing, so incessantly as ours do, the furniture of ancient fountains. Some of them are beautiful; one or two are grand. On an object so simple as the emission of water, the danger of doing wrong will be ever in proportion to the quantity of embellishment used. On this principle the magnificent vases before St. Peter's, and the Farnese palace, are much safer from criticism than Bernini's creation in the *Piazza Navona,* which affects puzzling conceits, and looks like a fable of Esop done into stone. The sculpture of *Trevi* is another pompous con-

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fusion of fable and fact, gods and ediles, aqueducts and sea-monsters: but the rock-work is grand, proportioned to the stream of water, and a fit basement for such architecture as a *castel d'acqua* required, not for the frittered Corinthian which we find there. The design of *Termini*, (Moses striking water from the rock,) if better executed, would be more appropriate to this seat of religion, more simple and sublime than any. The basalt lions spouting water there bear some relation to Moses as an Egyptian; but those lions were made in Egypt for a nobler character, as symbols of the Sun in the sign Leo bringing on the inundation of the Nile; on modern fountains a spouting lion has neither meaning nor beauty. The *Acqua Paola* derives all its effect from the volumes of water; for its elevation is poor, and absurdly imitates the gable of a church. Had the divided streams been collected into one sheet, and committed with the glorious site to the genius of M. Angelo, what a number of faults would there be for the critics! but how sublime the result!

The *Gates* of Rome, as they announce a seat of art, not a fortress, might adopt the style of its triumphal arches. M. Angelo's part of the *Porta*

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del Popolo, owes its principal defect to the four ancient columns which were assigned for its decoration. These, being too small for the elevation sought, obliged him to raise the other members of the order beyond their due proportions; and even then he failed of the expected grandeur. But this will ever happen, where the design, instead of commanding, is made subject to the materials; as the same great artist experienced in his colossal David. On the *Porta Pia* he has heaped lintels and entablatures sufficient for three gates, and mixed the polygon, the parallelogram, the circle, the triangle with masks and festoons in the most capricious confusion. In his villa-gates he seems too fond of interweaving rustics with the most elegant orders of architecture. The columns stand there like the old *Termini,* shewing only their heads and feet, their capitals and bases; while the body lies buried in hatched, chipped or vermiculated blocks, which sometimes re-appear in the entablature, or shoot up into the pediment.

The public *Stairs* at Trinita de' Monti, the Ripetta, the Capitol, St. Peter's, &c., have a certain air of grandeur, and a compact solidity unknown in our climates, where the splitting frosts

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and penetrating thaws soon impair such constructions. Some stairs, intended for carriages, present an inclined plane paved with upright bricks, and crossed by narrow bands of marble which indicate steps. Bramante's spiral staircase at the *Belvedere,** and two of its imitations at the *Barberini* and *Cavalieri* palaces, are made for horses as well as men. The ancients have left nothing admirable in this kind. At the temples their stairs are incommodiously steep: at Caracalla's baths they are wretchedly narrow; at the Coliseum we can praise only their multiplicity. Stairs form no article in Vitruvius, and could not be very important in ancient palaces, where the master's apartments occupied the ground-floor.

These remarks will appear, I hope, fairly drawn from the general architecture of Rome. In blaming the puerile, poetical taste of the *seicento* builders, I do not advert to single extravagancies, nor the wild conceits of Borromini alone. Borromini being mad, I am surprized at nothing that he has done. I am surprized only that, after

* Perhaps Ariosto alludes to this work of his contemporary:

——————— ove si poggia
Sì facil che un somier vi può gir carco.

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having built one church, he was ever employed on a second; yet the man went on, murdering the most sumptuous edifices in Rome, until at last he murdered himself.

CHURCHES.

Cura tibi Divûm effigies et templa tueri. VIRG.

THE principal churches of Rome, however different their style of building and ornament may be, are distributed in the same manner. Their aisles are generally formed by arcades: over these are sometimes grated recesses, but never open galleries. The choir terminates in a curve, which is the grand field of decoration, blazing with leaf-gold and glories. In the middle of the cross stands the high altar. The chapels of the Holy Sacrament and of the Virgin are usually in the transepts. Those of the Saints are ranged on the sides; and each, being raised by a different family,

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has an architecture of its own at variance with the church, which thus loses its unity amid nests of polytheism.

SAINT PETER'S. How beautiful the colonnades! how finely proportioned to the church! how advantageous to its flat, forbidding front, which ought to have come forward, like the Pantheon, to meet the decoration! How grand an enclosure for the piazza! how fortunate a screen to the ignoble objects around it! But, advance or retire, you will find no point of view that combines these accessories with the general form of the church. Instead of describing its whole cycloid on the vacant air, the cupola is more than half hidden by the front; a front at variance with the body, confounding two orders in one, debased by a gaping attic, and encumbered with colossal apostles.

One immense Corinthian goes round the whole edifice in pilasters, which meeting a thousand little breaks and projections, are coupled and clustered on the way, parted by windows and niches, and overtopt by a meagre attic. Yet the general mass grows magnificently out, in spite of

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the hideous vestry which interrupts it on one side, and the palace which denies it a point of view on the other.

The right portico leads to the *Scala Regia*, an object too much exaggerated by prints, and, like its model at the Spada-palace, too evidently formed for a picture. An inclined plane is not the natural seat of a colonnade:* but what could be natural that was borrowed from Borromini? Turning round, you enfilade the lofty vestibule, vaulted with gilt stuccos, paved with various marbles, lengthening on the eye by a grand succession of doors, and niches, and statues, and fountains, till it ends in the perspective statue of Charlemagne. This is one architectural picture which no engraving can flatter.

On first entering the church, I was prepared for that disappointment which strangers generally feel; and which some regard as a merit, others as a defect. Our St. Paul's, they will tell you, ap-

* Mnesicles, when obliged to build the *Propyleon* on an inclined plane, avoided this fault. Instead of sloping, he levelled the *stylobata*, and led to them by separate flights of stairs. Yet how superior, even as a picture, is the lower aspect of the Athenian ruin to this studied perspective of Bernini's at the Vatican!

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pears fully as great. But greatness is ever relative. St. Paul's is great, because every thing around it is little. At Rome the eye is accustomed to nobler dimensions, and measures St. Peter's by a larger scale. Perhaps we may estimate the apparent diminution of the whole pile from Algardi's relievo, where the front figures are fifteen feet long, yet appear only of the natural size. How fortunate that a structure, created by so many pontiffs, and subject to so many plans, should keep its proportions inviolate even in the meanest ornament! M. Angelo left it an unfinished monument of his proud, towering, gigantic powers, and his awful genius watched over his successors, till at last a wretched plasterer came down from Como to break the sacred unity of the master-idea, and him we must execrate for the Latin cross, the aisles, the attic, and the front.

The nave is infinitely grand, and sublime without the aid of obscurity; but the eye, having only four pillars to rest on, runs along it too rapidly to comprehend its full extent. Its elevation and width forbid all comparison with the side aisles, which hardly deserve the common name of "*navate*," and seem but passages leading along the chapels.

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The cupola is glorious. Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on: —a sublime peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot. The four surrounding cupolas, though but satellites to the majesty of this, might have crowned four elegant churches. The elliptical cupolettas are mere expedients to palliate the defect of Maderno's aisles, which depend on them for a scanty light.

Perhaps the picturesque has been too much studied in the interior. The bronze canopy and wreathed columns of the high altar, though admirably proportioned, and rich beyond description, form but a stately toy which embarrasses the cross. The proud chair of St. Peter supported by the fingers of four scribbling doctors is, in every sense, a trick. The statues recumbent on the great arches are beauties which break into the architrave of the nave. The very pillars are too fine. Their gaudy and contrasted marbles

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resemble the pretty assortments of a cabinet, and are beneath the dignity of a fabric like this, where the stupendous dimensions accord only with simplicity, and seem to prohibit the beautiful. Vaults and cupolas so ponderous as these could be trusted only to massive pillars. Hence flat surfaces which demand decoration. Hence idle pilasters and columns, which never give beauty unless they give also support: yet remove every column, every pilaster that you find within this church, and nothing essential to its design will fall.

The middle vault is composed of gilt stuccos on a white ground, arranged in unequal bands, to comply with the windows of the vault. Those stuccos consist in large, oblong coffers, including each some flowered ornament, rich, noble, various, not heavy, but too prominent, I apprehend, to be durable; for the roses are generally fallen in ruins from the deeper *lacunaria*, and remain only where the relief was low. Indeed the chief of those stuccos has already fallen a victim to the vanity of an old priest. The late Pope, whose arms are carved, painted, inlaid, cast, or hammered, all over St. Peter's, had long beheld with envy the middle orb of the vault adorned with the dragon and

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eagle of Borghese; but, dreading the imitation of his own example, he durst not supplant it openly. It therefore fell down in the dark, (by accident, to be sure,) and was presently replaced by the armorial *puff* of Braschi.

The statues and relievos, being all subservient to the architecture, and proportioned to different elevations, are differently colossal; but in the colossal size it is difficult to excel, particularly where the subject is young or delicate. For three centuries have the greatest sculptors of Europe been contending here with that module, and, obliged to toil for the general perspective, have produced only architectural Saints and Apostles.

The papal tombs are richer than any line of kings can boast. Each kneeling, dressed in the pontifical habit; but this habit is frittered into too many pieces, is too jagged, and plaited, and cut, to become an old man in the grave and solemn act of benediction; an act but poorly denoted by the divergent fingers. The last tomb is the best; and surely, the Genius sighing celestially at the foot of Rezzonico is the most beautiful statue in the church. Even the lions of that tomb, (for a

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dead Pope must always have a couple of lions or of young women at his feet,) Canova's lions, are unrivalled in marble.

St. Peter's no where unfolds its dimensions so strikingly as on the roof, where cupolas form streets, which are elsewhere lost to every eye but the bird's, and the dome appears in itself one immense temple, encircled with magnificent columns. But here again comes the question; what do these columns apparently support? They mask, you will say, the buttresses of the dome, and form a part of those buttresses. If they do mask them, they also conceal their own utility; and, as part of those buttresses, they have failed in their office, for the cupola is rent.

No architecture ever surpassed, in effect, the interior of this pile when illuminated at Easter by a single cross of lamps. The immediate focus of glory—all the gradations of light and darkness—the fine or the fantastic accidents of this chiaro-scuro—the projection of fixed or moving shadows—the sombre of the deep perspectives—the multitude kneeling round the Pope, the groups in the distant aisles—what a world of pictures for men

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of art to copy or combine! What fancy was ever so dull, or so disciplined, or so worn as to resist the enthusiasm of such a scene! I freely abandoned mine to its illusions, and ranging among the tombs I sometimes mistook remote statues for the living. The St. Andrew, being near the luminous cross, developed all that awful sublime which is obscured in the day. Above the Veronica they unfolded her real handkerchief impressed, said the priest on the balcony, with the original features of Christ; but the abdicated king of Sardinia, who was then kneeling below, seemed to think his own sudarium the genuine relic of the two.

Jesus and *St. Ignatius.* All churches, even the patriarchal class, stand at an aweful distance from the majesty of St. Peter's: but if churches, like men, are to take rank from their riches, these two Jesuits come next. *Jesus* was infinitely too rich to escape the late revolution. Its silver *Loyola* went then a martyr to the furnace, and all his jewels vanished; but his altar remains the most gorgeous in Rome. Its globe and columns of lapislazzoli, its crystal and gilt bronze, its piles of pedestals and crowds of sculpture, are left to

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amaze the multitude. What was ever so magnificently frightful as the burnished rail and lamps which surround this most elaborate altar!

At St. Ignatius is a more temperate work of Le Gros, the apotheosis of *St. Lewis Gonzaga.* This large relievo is much admired for the grouping and the glory, for the incidence of light, the suspension of clouds, the flow of drapery, the *intreccio* of angels and the evanescence of cherubs. All this may be very heavenly, for I know nothing like it on earth; but what pleased me most was the young Prince himself springing out of this confusion in all the beauty of holiness.

Both these churches are horrible with the works of faith. Here you see a mob of poor allegorical wretches hurled down to hell by the lightning which issues from three letters of the alphabet: there two ugly, enigmatical devils, which pass with the vulgar for Luther and his wife, blasted by a fine young woman, named Religion: on this side, David with one bloody head: on that, Judith with another: here the massacre of the Philistines: there the murder of Sisera; and every where, death or damnation.

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S. Martino ai Monti. This church, once revered for its antiquity, aims now at the elegant. Its aisles are formed by ancient columns which have been scoured and gilt, till they ceased to be venerable. Their frieze is covered with instruments of martyrdom, some of which are grotesque enough; yet still are they intelligible, significant, appropriate to this scene of ancient persecution, and more at home than the ornaments which modern artists borrow from Roman temples. Festoons, bull's sculls, *pateræ*, *fasces*, lyres, &c. really existed in ancient usage, and therefore belonged, by right and fact, to ancient architecture; but in ours they are foreign, ideal, false, and shew but the poverty of modern life which can furnish art with nothing poetic or picturesque. The choir is scenical in its form, and raised to the usual height of a stage. Under this erection you enter a sunken church, dusky and solemn; whence you descend to another still more dark and more sacred, which communicates by subterranean passages with the baths of Trajan, or rather Trajan's continuation of Titus's baths.

S. Pietro in vincoli. Here sits the Moses of M. Angelo, frowning with the terrific eyebrows

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of Olympian Jove. Homer and Phidias, indeed, placed their God on a golden throne: but Moses is cribbed into a niche, like a Prebendary in his stall. Much wit has been levelled of late at his flowing beard, and his flaming horns. One critic compares his head to a goat's, another, his dress to a galley-slave's; but the true sublime resists all ridicule: the offended Lawgiver frowns on undepressed, and awes you with inherent authority.

S. Pietro in Montorio. St. Peter died in the cloister of this convent, and, on the spot where his cross was fixed, *Bramante* has erected a round, little, dappled, Doric church, which is much admired as a model of the ancient temple. As a model, indeed, it is beautiful enough, a beautiful epitome: but in architecture, design and proportion are not sufficient; dimension is another element of beauty. In its present dimensions the Pantheon is sublime: but reduce it to the tiny span of this templet on Montorio, and it would degenerate into the pretty.

Carthusian church. This is but a consecrated hall; for altars and crucifixes have not been able to efface the original character of the *Pinacotheca.*

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To this a circular *exhedra* or *balneum* serves as vestibule, an accessory very rare in Rome, though, perhaps, more necessary to worship, and to the sanctity of churches, than the chapels which usually besiege them. Here are no aisles to diminish, or darken, or embarrass. M. Angelo, in reforming the rude magnificence of Diocletian, has preserved the simplicity and the proportions of the original, has given a monumental importance to each of its great columns, restored their capitals, and made one noble entablature pervade the whole cross.

S. Bibiana. The Saint of this little church is perhaps the nearest approach *Bernini* ever made to the serene pathos of the antique. Nothing equivocal here, like the ecstasy of his *Theresa.* This beautiful martyr breathes chastely the celestial hope of death. Her cinctured mantle is rather a license in costume; yet this falls in fine parallel folds, free from the flutter and the eyes which generally abound in *Bernini*'s drapery. At the high altar is an alabaster sarcophagus filled with the bones of murdered saints, and in the wall a drowning-stone of *rosso d' Egitto:* so that martyrdom itself had its finery.

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Capuchine church. These mendicants found means to preserve their *St. Michael* from the late visitation. This figure of *Guido*'s is the Catholic Apollo. Like the Belvedere God, the Archangel breathes that dignified vengeance which animates without distorting; while the very devil derives importance from his august adversary, and escapes the laugh which his figure usually provokes. *Caravaggio*, in treating the same subject, has thrown a few streaks of brassy light on his fiend, and plunged the monster part of him into his own darkness; thus eluding the ridicule which he could not conquer.

Under this church is a charnel-house divided, like some of the ancient *hypogæa*, into recesses. Each recess is faced with marrow-bones and shoulder-blades of disinterred Capuchines, and adorned with lamps, festoons, rosoni, crosses, &c. formed of the same reverend materials. A few skeletons are drest in their tunics, and set in various attitudes, each in a niche built up with "reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls."

S. Maria in Araceli puts your faith to some trials. You must believe that the temple of Fere-

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trian Jove stood on the very foundations of this church, because Dionysius happens to place it on a summit of the Capitol. You must believe that the columns of the aisles supported the last temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in other words, that granite was *Pentelic* marble. You must believe that the altar, which gave name to the convent, was raised by the Christian piety of Augustus.—You must believe that a waxen figure of the infant Jesus, which a friar of the convent farms, and lets out to the sick, was dropped in the porch at midnight by an Angel who rang the bell, and flew back to heaven.

In such a multitude of churches I specify these rather by chance than for their own pre-eminence; and even in these few I omit a thousand singularities, a thousand fine pictures and statues, from mere satiety. As for the mob of churches, and their decorations, ceremonies, relics, miracles,

Non ragionam' di lor, ma guarda e passa.

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PALACES.

Omnibus hæc ad visendum patebant quotidie; domus erant non domino magis ornamento quam civitati. Cic.

Such is the general vacancy of Rome that the palaces, with all their appurtenances, cover more ground than the private habitations. As the multitude of those palaces forbids all detail, I shall only select two or three as a specimen. Those of the Princes display in front a row of painted hatchments, one of which displays the shield of Rome and the solemn *formula* of S. P. Q. R. inscribed on it, and surmounted by a coronet! others bear the arms of those foreign sovereigns who protect the palace; thus insulting the Roman government as an impotent presbytery

> Of Priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
> Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
> As welcome wrongs.

The Colonna Palace has other decorations allusive to its name—a long Doric colonnade fronting the court, and the armorial column placed

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over the gates. Within, too, is a little old, gothic, twisted column which, they absurdly pretended, was the *columna Bellica* of the Roman Republic.

This palace lately contained pictures which used to excite a great deal of rapture, real or pretended: but the finest, it seems, have been sold. I saw two beautiful Claudes, and several round-faced, mild, unimpassioned beauties in the form of *Madonnas*. Those of Guido have a faint tinge of melancholy diffused over their large eyes and little mouths. What a world of still-life do we find both in modern and in ancient art! The Madonna, like the Venus, seems multiplied only as a subject of animal beauty. Deprived of the interest which high passion or story gives to other compositions, such figures can please only by the perfection of forms. Hence they provoke the cold severity of criticism, and correct beauty must compensate the want of pathos.

The saloon called the *Galleria* is itself too brilliant a picture for the pictures which it contains. A gallery should not draw off the attention from its contents by striking architecture or glittering surfaces. This, however, is supported by polished

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columns of the richest *giallo antico*. Its storied ceiling displays the battle of Lepanto, which raised a *Colonna* to the honour of a Roman triumph. Its pavement is Parian marble laid in the form of tombstones.

This pavement was sawn out of an ancient pediment, of which there are still two stupendous blocks lying in the palace-garden, without any specific mark that could ascertain their edifice. Antiquaries, who have seldom the courage to rest ignorant, fly in such cases to Victor and Rufus, where they are sure to find some name which they can at least dispute on. As these blocks lie on the *Quirinal*, one calls them part of the *Mæsa*, another of Heliogabalus's female senate-house. Others assign them to the temple of Health, to that of *Mithra*, to the tower of Mæcenas, to the vestibule of Nero's house. Being found near Constantine's baths, and too beautiful for the sculpture of his age, they had been probably removed, like the materials of his arch, from some noble edifice; and the grandeur of their style would not disgrace the temple of Peace itself. Palladio, who kindled at every thing great in antiquity, has reared for those blocks an imaginary

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temple for Jupiter; and, looking round for something to embellish his creation, the nearest object he could find were the two equestrian groups of Monte Cavallo, which he sets on the *acroteria* of the enormous pediment, and supports the whole front by twelve Ionic columns! This at best is but a romance built on fact.

The princely house of Colonna has produced more illustrious men, and can boast nobler descent than any in Rome. Petrarch calls it the glorious Column on which Italy reposed her hope. The present constable is too exquisitely benevolent to shine, like his ancestors, in the cabinet or the field, and is often obliged to retreat from excess of sensibility. As for the other princes of Rome, most of them date from upstart Popes. Two, indeed, pretend to a higher origin, which they trace from the ancient republic. Though we smile at such pretensions, yet we fondly catch at the very shadow of a descendant from Fabius or Publicola.

The Giustiniani Palace is built on the ruins of Nero's baths, and contains an astonishing number of statues, which were found there mutilated,

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but are now all entire. The Minerva Medica came from another bath, or rather *exhedra*, which is therefore named the temple of that Goddess. But is the goddess herself rightly named? is the serpent sufficient authority for the epithet which she bears? is not the serpent a common attribute of Minerva on coins? was it not necessary to the Minerva Polias, and annexed to her statue in the *Parthenon?*—On another Minerva the *ægis* forms a tippet elegantly swelling over the breast, and a single serpent is twisted as a tier to the Gorgon, which usually serves as a clasp on the goat-skin: on a third, there is no *ægis* at all, but a chain of serpents curling into knots round the breast, like a collar of the garter.

The celebrated vestal, being very ancient and very stiff, passes for Etruscan. I found La Bertinotti here consulting the drapery of the statue, which appeared to me too massive, too perpendicularly straight, too poor in effect for the vestal of an opera. But is the figure really a vestal? Here is a common veil thrown over the shoulders and a spiral lock of hair falling on each side the neck; but where is the wreathed *mitra,* found on the medallions? where are the *tæniolæ* and *liciæ*

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attributed by the poets? The vestal Bellicia has her head wrapt in a close night-cap bound with a broad *infula;* but no hair.

Here are at least a dozen statues of Venus, nearly as many of Apollo, with Dianas, and Bacchuses, and Herculeses in proportion. The proprietor, I suppose, having a command of antique trunks which could be made up into such figures, formed an assortment of each divinity: but some appeared to me rather improperly restored. Two figures of Isis (such at least the drapery on the breast would indicate) are now converted into a Juno, and a Ceres, by the help of a modern sceptre, and a few ears of corn.

A number of female busts, probably of Nero's time, shew the extravagant height of ancient hair-dressing. Two tower-crowned Cybeles appear among those anonymous portraits, like ladies of the imperial court dressed in their *tutuli.**

* Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput. Juv.

Such head-dresses have led antiquaries to dignify some doubtful busts with the name of an Augusta.

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Caravaggio wrought some years exclusively for this palace, where he found an asylum from the gallows, and painted in a room which was blackened to harmonize with his genius and his heart. The ruffian loved the Scriptures, and rarely excelled out of them. His frugal pencil gives but few figures, nor much of those few; for his lights fall in red and partial masses without any diffusion. Whatever they fall on, indeed, starts into life; but the rest is lost in abrupt darkness: a transition hardly in nature, or true only in candlelights. Here are his Christ awaking the disciples, Thomas touching the wound, a faun squeezing grapes, and some fine old saints. This gloomy man could paint deep thoughtfulness, strong passion, intense devotion or broad laughter; but he had no pencil for smiles, or beauty, or placid dignity, or love.

Here are two figures of St. John writing the Revelation, the one by Raphael, the other by Domenichino. Raphael places the Evangelist among clouds and thunders, in the act of obeying the call "Write;" Domenichino sets him on a stone, turning in ecstasy from his books and angels, to the Voice which dictates. Both the figures beam with beauty, and grace, and soul, and inspi-

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ration; but their beauty is that of the young Apollo, and St. John, at Patmos, was near a hundred years old.*

The Massacre of the Innocents, a subject inexplicably horrible to me, forms here an admirable picture, where the horror is not, as usual, dissipated in a multitude of details. Like Aristides in painting the sack of a town, Poussin gives only one child and one mother, but a mother whose shrieks frighten away her friends. Expression is just on the extreme. Agony carried one point farther would fall into the ludicrous.

Guido's Paul and Anthony is a noble picture, but the glory above, which he refused to paint, was obtruded, it is said, by an inferior pencil. Superstition, being then the chief patron of painting, dictated her own absurdities to the masters whom she paid: and though glories broke into the art during its Gothic period, they still prevail over all its philosophy and improvement.

* There are some ideal faces established in art which no painter or sculptor can safely depart from. The styles of countenance for a Christ and a St. Peter are as fixed as those of the Jupiter and the Hercules. St. John appears most frequently in the Last Supper, and is therefore known in art, only as a handsome young man.

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The Christ before Pilate is by Honthorst. Here, left to himself and in himself, the Saviour awakes all those sacred prepossessions which must be felt for arraigned and insulated virtue. Here is no dignity of costume, no glory above him, no ring nor rays round his head, no light but a candle flaring on his benign features. Bring round him those childish heads called cherubim, and all the interest escapes: we regard the whole as a fiction of the pencil.

The Doria Palace (I mean that which the prince inhabits) contains the largest collection of pictures in Rome. Where so many are excellent it would be difficult, I suspect, to settle their degrees of comparison. Titian's Abraham, Annibal Caracci's dead Christ, Sassoferrato's Holy Family, Guido's Judith, and a few others contended for distinction in the crowd, which might be thrown into classes.

One of the first rooms is full of Rembrandt's old heads, called here philosophers, which are all marked with that strong character and cast of thought peculiar to this artist. Complete the figures, give each a subject or a scene, and these heads, which have now only the importance of

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portrait, would shine in the historical sphere; but in history Rembrandt knew that he was sometimes ridiculous.

Bassan is next in multitude. This indefatigable painter had a hand too ready for his head: hence repetitions, monotony, manner: no poetry, no choice. He degrades the sublimest scripture with peasant-forms, makes the history of a picture subordinate to the landscape, the men and angels mere accessories to the brutes, and brings no other merit than truth, or rather *naiveté*, into subjects which demand epic elevation.

Honthorst's surprizing candlelights are dispersed through the rooms to contrast with the sage and sober colouring of the Italian schools; but they draw the eye mechanically from better pictures, and are dangerous neighbours to all that surround them.

This gallery is very rich in landscape. One room is completely covered with Gaspar Poussin's works, and now that the Claudes of Prince Altieri are gone, Doria can boast the two best in Italy. I was surprized to find here so many landscapes

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by Titian, Annibal Caracci, Domenichino, and the greatest historical painters.

Some of the portraits are celebrated. The Macchiavel is by Andrea del Sarto, the Bartolo and Baldi by Raphael, the Jansenius by Titian, and Joan II. of Naples by Da Vinci. I saw but two family portraits, and those also were great men painted by great artists; Andrew Doria by Titian, and Innocent X. by Velasquez. An Italian excludes from his gallery all portraits that are not excellent as pictures, or curious from their antiquity: for there the painter is every thing; the person painted nothing. If you wish for collections of portraits, you must go to convents and college-halls, where the mitred monk and the titled scholar are the only objects admitted or remarked.

Here are St. Jeromes alone sufficient to fill a short gallery. This anatomical figure is the favourite subject of Spagnolet, Salvator Rosa, Caravaggio, and that gloomy sect. The Magdalenes also crowd on your attention. They have all something meretricious in their very penitence. for " loose hair and lifted eye" will hardly excuse

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a lascivious display of bosom. But why are those courtezans called Magdalenes? Mary Magdalene seldom appears in Scripture, and never in that character.

I saw nothing in the class of comic painting except Albert Durer's Misers and a few Teniers, to which perhaps might be added a repose in Egypt, where the Virgin and Child are lulled asleep by an Angel, who plays the fiddle and leaves poor Joseph to hold the music-book. Scripture, though a wide field, is so exhausted in painting, that an artist, who received orders for a Holy Family, was often driven from the very poverty of the thing, into the low or the imaginary. Sometimes he introduced a dog, a cat, a sack of corn, a porringer, a washing-tub; and sometimes preternatural glories.

Variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.

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THE VATICAN.

Hi, qui hospites ad ea quæ visenda sunt ducere solebant—ut ante demonstrabant quid ubique esset, ita nunc quid undique ablatum sit ostendunt. Cic.

Belvedere. Who, but a Frenchman, can enter the present museum without some regret? I should have thought the very beauty of these galleries and halls a protection to the treasures for which they were erected. Here ancient and modern art seem to contend for pre-eminence—storied pavements assembled from distant ruins, and bordered with the mosaic of the present day—columns, once the ornament of temples, arranged in rotondos which emulate those temples, and lately embellished, like them, with the statues of gods and of deified emperors.

Thinned as it is, we may still trace through this museum the sculpture of ancient Rome from its dawn to its decline, from the old Doric tomb of Scipio Barbatus in plain Alban stone, to the porphyry sarcophagi of St. Constantia and St.

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Helen, where men stand erect under horses' bellies. Between these extremes what a rich gradation of rising and falling art! but, alas! where are the glorious objects which stood on the middle height!

A natural horror of mutilation leads men to complete whatever they possess; and thus the statues of Belvedere have received so much modern work to restore the ancient, that we can hardly distinguish what is original from what is added. Either the old surface is scraped into the whiteness of the new, or the new has received the yellow ivory gloss of the old; while the cement which unites them is so imperceptibly fine, that Persius' metaphor is here realized—their juncture literally eludes the severest nail.

How boldly do those restorers make up dismembered trunks, and affix attributes! Having found at *Præneste* one female body in a stooping posture, they stuck an ancient head with half-shut eyes on the shoulders, set a pail at the feet, and then called the whole a Danaid. Another female being found drest like a General, in a double *palu-*

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damentum without any *ægis*, the most essential attribute of all, has been transformed into a Minerva Pacifica, by fixing a head unarmed on her shoulders, a bronze helmet in her right hand, and a sprig of olive in her left. Another headless trunk, having the left arm wrapt in a mantle, has been converted into a Perseus by the addition of a winged head and a harpé. Thus we lose the freedom of judging on the original trunk, and the pleasurable torment of conjecture. Whoever would know what really remains here of the ancients must examine on the spot. Engravers have published the chief objects, rather as ornaments for a cabinet or a port-folio, than as documents for study. Piranesi's fine prints give the statues entire, and, when compared here before them, they even fail in resemblance. Besides, one good engraving is sufficient for any picture; but the details of a single statue would require fifty, and perhaps the sublime of the original would escape them all.

What this museum has lost it is now too late to deplore. There still remain some excellent busts and Termini, a fine statue of Nerva sitting, and

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another of Tiberius, purchased by the present pope, who has also placed here the Perseus and the Creugas of Canova.

The statue of Perseus stands fronting the cast of the departed Apollo, and seems to challenge comparison. Alike in sentiment, in occasion, and in point of time, Apollo has just shot the arrow, Perseus has just cut off the beautiful head of Medusa.* Perhaps the hero is too delicate and smooth for a mortal warrior; he has the soft beauty of a Mercury, or an Antinous. Instead of turning in horror from the petrific head, he eyes it with indignant complacency—but it is criminal to object, for marble has seldom received a form so perfect.

* This Apollo is usually called the Pythian; though such divine indignation as his called for a nobler and more moral cause than the death of a filthy reptile. Two great sculptors, however, gave him victims still more contemptible than the serpent. Praxiteles represented Apollo killing a lizard; and Scopas, crushing a field-mouse.

On the ægis of Minerva, the Gorgon is generally a flat, round, gaping face; on the vases, called Etruscan, it has the tusk of a boar; but Canova's Medusa has classic authority for its soft and feminine beauty.—The Harpè, which Perseus wields, is copied from a damaged picture of Herculaneum. This weapon is not, as represented in the Monumenti Inediti, a scimitar; for the blade is straight to the point, and distinct from the broad reflex hook which rises on the back.

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The Creugas is a fine model of the Athletic. His face bears the fair, frowning defiance of a pugilist. "But then his posture!" said an Englishman to me; "one hand on his head, and the other at his back! this is no defence, this is not in our art."—"That may be true, Sir; but Creugas's agreement with his antagonist allowed no defence. This posture, open for the blow, accords with Pausanias and suited Canova. It developes the whole figure which your scientific *wards* would tend to collect, and pinch, and stiffen." This statue has a waxen gloss which dazzles the eye,* and gives such illusion to the high finishing, that you imagine the very texture of the skin in the marble.

The Library. A vast glaring hall brings you into the middle of the library, which is near a thousand feet long, and terminated on the right by the richest staircase on earth, on the left by an object still more beautiful, the *Stanza de' Papiri.* This Stanza, its design, its decorations, its mar-

* This gloss is produced by a process similar, perhaps, to the circumlitio, or καῦσις; for its effect on my eyes was like that of the Ephesian Hecate, "in cujus contemplatione admonent æditui parcere oculis, tanta marmoris radiatio est." PLIN.

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bles, the incomparable frescos of Mengs, every object, every figure in the saloon is Egyptian, except St. Peter; but St. Peter is master of the whole palace.

By the treaty of Tolentino the French obtained 500 manuscripts from this library. Some of the old charters written on papyrus remain; but Marini informed me that all the literary works anterior to the ninth century had disappeared. On the book-cases are a few painted vases, the leavings of the richest collection on earth. A cabinet of church antiquities remains untouched.

The Pauline and Sistine Chapels. I could not behold without feelings of regret, the sepulchral illuminations of passion-week blackening here the frescos of M. Angelo, particularly the crucifixion of St. Peter, and the conversion of St. Paul. How divinely terrible are his thick-bearded brawny prophets! yet these and all the vaults are subordinate to his Last Judgment.

This immense work of the resurrection is too learned for me. I revered it rather as a monument

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in the history of Painting, and the cause of a great revolution in the art, than for any pleasure that it gave me. It concludes too many pictures in one. The separating figure of Christ gives order and even symmetry to the upper region of the work; but plunging downwards, I was lost among Gods and men—angels and demons—in air, on earth, and the waters under the earth. In this dingy field, you stop only to smile at singularities, such as Peter restoring the keys with grim reluctance, Dante's devils, his Minos and his Charon diabolified.

How congenial the powers of the poet and the painter! Bold and precipitating, they dash on to their immediate object in defiance of rules and ridicule. One critic charges this mighty master with anatomical pedantry, stripping every thing to display the muscles. Another condemns the intermixture of epic and satire, of Scripture and profane fable: a third, the constant repetition of the same Tuscan figure: a fourth heaps on him all the sins of the sublime—gloom, harshness, negligence—the fierce, the austere, the extravagant —tension, violence, exaggeration. In short, had

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we any doubt of that one transcendant merit which could atone for so many faults, the very multitude of his critics would dispel it.

Raphael's Saloons. This is passing from Homer to Virgil. The mechanism of the glorious works, which are now perishing on those damp and dusky walls, discovers itself to none but the artist who would copy them; but that something beyond mechanism, that diffusion of mind and philosophy which Raphael has here thrown into his art, is obvious to any man that can think.

A battle must be a difficult subject for a painter, as it is often so to a spectator; but that of Constantine and Maxentius has one general effort, a regular confusion, and two grand objects to which the eye can always rally from the throng. The very throng itself is finely detailed into groups, and includes some affecting episodes. The same spirit, variety, and fire, reign through the Heliodorus and the miracle at the Borgo.

The Attila is another grand composition, where Raphael, as he wrought upon Papal walls, was obliged to sacrifice truth to his patron. He has

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therefore brought the fable of Peter and Paul into his glory, giving an idle exaggerated dignity to the Pope, thrown the royal Hun, though hero of the story, into the back-ground, detached him from his holy suppliant, and turned a retreat, which policy commanded, into a miracle.

His patron appears also in the miracle of the mass, a work full of inspiration and admirably adjusted to the window which divides it. The deliverance of St. Peter had to contend with another window which has rather injured it. There indeed the apostle appears three times in three different lights, and in three places not separated by frames but included in the same picture: a license this common to the ancient relievos which Raphael was so fond of studying.

The School of Athens is a composition perfectly encyclopedic. Every head is a portrait, and every portrait is finished with a fidelity which usually enslaves; yet what variety of expression here! Every science is separate, yet what a chain of groups! No principal action prevails, yet how harmonious the whole! How superior such mortals, both in interest and effect, to the genii of alle-

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gory! How pardonable the anachronism which brings such a family together! Perhaps the divine painter caught his first idea from the divine poet:

> Vidi 'l maestro di color che sanno
> Seder tra filosofica famiglia:
> Tutti lo miran, tutti honor li fanno.
> Quivi vid' io e Socrate e Platone,
> Che innanz' a gli altri più presso gli stanno, &c.

THE CAPITOL.

Capitolium quoque saxo quadrato substructum est, opus vel in hac magnificentia Urbis conspiciendum. LIV.

NONE of its ancient works remain on the Capitol except a corner of the temple called Jupiter Tonans, and some substructions behind the Senator's palace, which are probably a part of those mentioned in the motto. The modern architecture struck me as unworthy of ground once so sacred and so august. Instead of the Herculean and monumental majesty which he called forth on the

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Farnese palace, M. Angelo has raised on the Capitol two, if not three, Corinthian edifices, so open, so decorated that, abstract all their defects (two orders in one, the scale of orders reversed, ill-proportioned columns, double pediments, broken lintels, &c.) and the result will be nothing above elegance. But he built for modern Rome; he built for a mount which is sunk from its ancient form, and height, and sanctity, and domination.

The great statue of M. Aurelius, or rather of his horse, which was once the idol of Rome, is now a subject of contention. Some critics find the proportion of the animal false, and his attitude impossible. One compares his head to an owl's, another, his belly to a cow's; but the well-known apostrophé of the third will prevail in your first impressions; the spirit and fire of the general figure will seduce the most practised eye. Ancient sculptors, intent only on man, are supposed to have neglected the study of animals; and we certainly find very rude accessories affixed to some exquisite antiques. Perhaps they even affected such contrasts as strike us in the work of the Faun and his panther, the Meleager and his dogs, the Apollo and his swan. The horse, however, came so fre-

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quently into heroic subjects, that the greatest artists of antiquity must have made him their peculiar study, and we learn that they did so. But it were unfair to judge of their excellence from this bruised and unfortunate animal, or even from those of Venice and Portici; as the ancient bronze was too thin for figures of so large a volume. On some ancient relievos, where the horse was traced *con amore*, we find all the truth, and spirit, and character which moderns have given to this noble animal, the subject of their severest study.

The *Museum* has been impoverished rather than thinned by the French. The portico they left full, because it contained nothing very excellent; for the warrior called Pyrrhus is admired only for his armour. Near him is a hideous pantheon of Egyptian Gods, either original, or copied for Adrian. In these we see the artist condemned, both by his laws and his religion, to a barren sameness of manner; yet allowed a variety of monsters to work on. Whether standing or sitting, kneeling or squatting, the limbs of those figures are parallel, the flesh appears blown, the knees inarticulate, the faces, where human, are unmeaning, the drapery indistinct, the attitudes are

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motionless as their mummies; and the want of nature but poorly supplied by the high polish given to impassive materials; for nothing but basalt, touchstone, porphyry, granite, and the marbles the most improper for sculpture, was used by the Egyptians.

The Stair-case is incrusted with an old plan of Rome, or rather with its fragments, which, though of soft alabaster, formed originally a pavement, and a pavement not improper for the temple of Romulus. Bellori and Amadusi have endeavoured to make those detached pieces useful to topography, and have brought coins to connect the plan of some edifices with their elevation.

The Gallery contains a number of rejected statues, and the casts of those which were taken, as the warrior called the Dying Gladiator, the Venus, the Faun, the Apollo, the Mercury misnamed Antinous, the Philosopher called Zeno, the Muse which passed here for Juno, the Cupid and Psyche.

Among the objects still remaining are the two Furietti Centaurs whose veined hoofs indicate

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that license which the ancients sometimes affected in the sculpture of animals—the Præfica, which some have called a Sibyl; others Hecuba*—the bronze urn which bears the names of Mithridates, struck with a bodkin, and is therefore boldly assigned to the King of Pontus—the four doves, a mosaic still regarded here as the original of Sosus. If it really is that original, Pliny's admiration of the work only proves how greatly the ancients are now excelled in the art of tessellation, an art more necessary to them than to us.

The collection of Imperial busts is numerous only from several repetitions of the same subject,

* The age, the expression, the retortion of head, the very dress of this singular figure embodied my idea of the "mobbled Queen,"

> ———————— a *clout* upon that head
> Where late the diadem stood, and, for a robe,
> About her *lank* and all o'er-teemed loins
> A *blanket* in the *alarm of fear* caught up.

She could not be a Præfica; for both Terence and Plutarch represent the women, who wailed at funerals, with uncovered heads and dishevelled hair. The anatomical part of this figure is well described by Ovid, and might be studied as an exquisite model of ugliness.

> Collum nervosum, scapularum cuspis acuta,
> Saxosum pectus, laxatum pellibus uber,
> Non uber, sed tam vacuum quam molle, &c.

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and, though joined to that of the Vatican, would still leave chasms in the series. The Getas and Caracallas are here much superior to the sculpture of their fathers' arches. The taste for ideal beauty, which alone can maintain the general powers of art, had but just declined; and must, therefore, on yielding to the demands of vanity, have left a few good sculptures to work on the Imperial busts.

The collection of Hermes, which pass here for the heads of Philosophers, was, till very lately, the largest and the best in Europe. Most of those which remain were found in Adrian's villa, and are such as adorned the ancient libraries and gardens. In gardens they stood as *Termini* on pilasters to support the railing; as may still be observed on Constantine's arch in two *cancelli;* an office which accounts for the square holes so often found in their shoulders. Some, indeed, consider those holes as designed for the metal bars which supported the busts in processions: but such bars have been found only in busts of bronze, objects more portable than these.

Some of these busts are anonymous: and the

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names inscribed on others are very doubtful. Ever since Cicero's time have the manufacturers of antiques been affixing new names to old anonymous heads, or new heads to old inscribed busts. This confusion increased under the selfish vanity of the great. Caligula set his own portrait on the shoulders of every God that he could purchase, and his successors took the same freedom with his statues. So common grew the abuse, that heads have been found which were originally prepared for the expected outrage, and made to separate without fracture from the bust. Such havoc and confusion did that invidious tyrant make in the public collection of marble portraits, that the heads could never be restored to their several inscriptions.*

In the court of the opposite palace are some heads and feet of colossal statues: the bodies fell a sacrifice to artists themselves, who wanted the

* "Ita subvertit atque disjecit, ut restitui, *salvis titulis*, non valuerint." SUETON.

I should doubt the excellence of those honorary statues, from the circuitous manner in which they were ordered. Cicero hints that the senate left the business to the consuls, the consuls to the quæstor, the quæstor to the contractor, and the contractor, of course, to the artist.

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marble for small sculpture and even for building. The lion tearing a horse is an ancient group restored by M. Angelo, but not, it seems, with that truth of detail which the present artists study on such subjects.

A *Rome Triumphant* is seated here on an ancient pedestal well enough proportioned to the figure; though more probably designed for the statue of some Conqueror, as a Province, like Germany, sits desolate in front.* The two captive kings are called in the modern inscription Numidians, perhaps because the marble is black: some have even baptized them Jugurtha and Syphax. A statue surely does better with a name than without one; but these are breeched in the Parthian *anaxyrides*, their *chlamys* seems too full and their faces too fine for Africans.

The Rostral Column represents that of Duilius

* Crinibus en etiam fertur Germania passis,
Et ducis invicti sub pede mœsta sedet. OVID.
Several coins bear the image of a Province sitting downcast, like this, and leaning her head on her hand, with the legend *Germania Subacta*. The modern inscription calls this figure *Dacia*, perhaps from the scaly armour and polygonal shields which appear in the back ground; but such armour and shields are also found on Germans in ancient relievos.

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as accurately as coins can give it; and the mutilated inscription on the pedestal has also been well restored by Ciaccioni and others. Some antiquaries doubt whether even the ancient part, which forms a kind of oval, be the original inscription; yet the very place where it was found, the very antiquity of diction which Quintilian remarked in it, overcome in my mind the objections brought against it from the materials being marble, and from the accidental blending of two letters in the word *Navebuos*.

In the first room, D'Arpino has painted the history of the kings; in the second, Lauretti takes his subjects from the infant republic, subjects which, if not strictly Capitoline, are nearly related to the spot. In the other rooms, Volterrano and Perrugino have flown away from Rome to the Cimbrian wars, and Annibal's passage over the Alps. How superior in interest are the consular Fasti, the bronze geese, the thunder-struck she-wolf, from their local relation to the ground! No object in Rome appeared to me so venerable as this wolf. The Etruscan stiffness of the figure evinces a high antiquity, its scathed leg proves it

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to be the statue which was ancient at the death of Cæsar, and it still retains some streaks of the gilding which Cicero remarked on it. The ancient statues, though thinner in the bronze than the modern, received a much thicker gilding, by a process different from ours. Hence the gold-coat of Hercules, which remains here, has resisted the file of time. Every age has been barbarous enough to gild bronze statues; yet, would it be more absurd to paint marble ones?

A gallery where Pietro da Cortona takes the lead cannot be very rich. His Rape of the Sabines, his Triumph of Bacchus, his Sacrifice of Iphigenia, and battle of Arbela display that expertness of grouping which a painter, so fond of bringing multitudes on his canvass, must naturally attain. The *Conoscenti* find in these pictures a lucid richness of colouring, and a fire, a movement, which appear something like flutter to me. Guido has left here some unfinished things of infinite promise; particularly a Blessed Spirit soaring to Paradise. What pity that his passion for play should have forced him to precipitate his happiest conceptions, and placed a great man and his works under the controul of brokers!

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I had imagined that the Capitol of Rome and the seat of its corporations should belong to the people, and be open to the world; but I found it locked up, subdivided into different farms, and rented by different keepers. Entrance fees are a serious expense to the curious at Rome. You pay for admission to the Pope, to the cardinals, and to all other antiquities. Your first and your last call on a private friend cost you a testoon:

> ———————— quid te moror? Omnia Romæ
> Cum pretio. Quid das ut Cossum aliquando salutes?—
> Cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.

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VILLAS.

VILLÆ BURGHESIÆ PINCIANÆ CUSTOS HÆC EDICO. QUISQUIS ES, SI LIBER, LEGUM COMPEDES NE HIC TIMEAS. ITO QUO VOLES, PETITO QUÆ CUPIS, ABITO QUANDO VOLES. EXTERIS MAGIS HÆC PARANTUR QUAM HERO. IN AUREO SECULO, UBI CUNCTA AUREA, TEMPORUM SECURITAS FECIT. BENE MORATO HOSPITI FERREAS LEGES PRÆFIGERE HERUS VETAT. SIT HIC AMICO PRO LEGE HONESTA VOLUNTAS. VERUM SI QUIS DOLO MALO, LUBENS SCIENS, AUREAS URBANITATIS LEGES FREGERIT, CAVEAT NE SIBI TESSERAM AMICITIÆ SUBIRATUS VILLICUS ADVORSUM FRANGAT. *Inscription.*

A FEW cardinals created all the great villas of Rome. Their riches, their taste, their learning, their leisure, their frugality, all conspired in this single object. While the Eminent founder was squandering thousands on a statue, he would allot but one crown for his own dinner. He had no children, no stud, no dogs, to keep. He built indeed for his own pleasure, or for the admiration of others; but he embellished his country, he promoted the resort of rich foreigners, and he afforded them a high intellectual treat for a few pauls, which never entered into his pocket. This taste

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generally descends to his heirs, who mark their little reigns by successive additions to the stock. How seldom are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England! How many are absorbed in the table, the field, or the turf; expenses which centre and end in the rich egotist himself! What English villa is open, like the Borghese, as a common drive to the whole metropolis? and how finely is this liberality announced in the inscription which I have copied above from the pedestal of an ancient statue in that park!

The Villa Borghesi has a variety of surface formed by two hills and a dell, and a variety of embellishments—casinos, temples, grottos, aviaries, modern ruins, sculptured fountains, a crowd of statues, a lake, an aqueduct, a circus; but it wants the more beautiful variety of an English garden; for here you must walk in right lines and turn at right angles, fatigued with the monotony of eternal ilex.

The principal casino is decorated to excess. Its fronts serve as frames for the ancient relievos which coat them. The very porch contains sta-

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tues which would grace the interior of any palace. What then is within? Within are the Gladiator, the Silenus, the Hermaphrodite, the Apollo and Daphne, each supreme in its own saloon, and encircled with subordinate statues and paintings related to it. In the hall is Curtius starting from the wall, and in the magnificent *galleria* an assemblage of busts which the world cannot match. When dazzled with sculpture and *scagliuola*, the eye has rare basalts, and oriental granites, and porphyries to repose on; porphyry red as blood,* and green, and even grey.

The Gladiator is now the last of those great preceptive statues which served at Rome as canons of the art. But is the figure a Gladiator? On the left arm are straps which indicate a shield, and the head is bare. Now, all gladiators except the Retiarius wore helmets, and the Retiarius had no shield. The elastic bound of this admirable figure was not more appropriate to the amphitheatre than to the field of battle. But as the

* Porfido mi parea sì fiammeggiante
Come sangue che fuor di vena spiccia. DANTE.

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face bears nothing of the heroic or ideal style, perhaps the subject was only a Barbarian Chief, like the Dying Gladiator; for both had shields, but no helmets. Some, I understand, have lately called this figure a Hector: but should Hector ever appear in art without that helmet which gives him a kind of surname in Homer, and affords one of the finest pictures in the Iliad? Hector was for ages a common portrait in Greece, and always young: the person who resembled his portrait so much, and was trodden to death by the curiosity of a Spartan mob, was a youth; but the figure in question is a man near 40 years old.

The famous Seneca is another subject of dispute. Some think the figure an African fisher; and others a black slave. Indeed, a body of touchstone, eyes of enamel, and a cincture of yellow marble, are strange materials for a philosopher. He was placed in a bath by the restorer, and restorers may make the hands denote what they please; but the abject expression of the face, and the stiff inclination of the body, are fitter for the wash-tub than for the solemn act of libation to Jove. The head certainly resembles the busts called Seneca; but these busts are all anonymous,

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authenticated by no medal, and as questionable as the genius and virtue of Seneca himself.*

Here are two plaster-casts to represent the departed legs of the Farnese Hercules, which Prince Borghesi would never render up to the body, while a hope remained of bringing the body home to the legs. At last, when the mighty statue was removed to Naples, he sold his limbs for a star and ribband.

A plainer casino has been lately built for the ancient sculpture found at Gabii. This collection includes a superb statue of Germanicus, and some admirable busts of the Julian and Antoninian reigns, such as M. Agrippa, Tiberius, Corbulo, S. Severus, Geta. All these are entire; but most of the whole-length figures are made up, and not always consistently. In one statue the body is clad in armour, and the legs are bare; a pecu-

* I consider all busts as anonymous, on which the inscriptions are modern. See *Capitol*. No regard is due to the contorniate medallion bearing the name of Seneca; a medallion depending only on the suspected authority of Orsini, and no where else to be found. As for Seneca's virtue, set aside the charges which Suilius or Dion bring against it; and what discord remains between his philosophy and his wealth; between his epistles and his villas!

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liarity remarked in Adrian's mode of marching; but the restorer, having a fine old head of Trajan at hand, fixed it on these shoulders, and then, to justify the union, found out some vague allusions to Trajan's history in the carving of the *lorica*.

The ancient artists were certainly attentive to emblems, and attributes, and whatever could mark or identify their subject; but our antiquaries ascribe to them perhaps more learning or research than is due. Sometimes they will decide on the man from the mere shape of his helmet, from the hilt of his *parazonium*, or the adjustment of his *pallium*. If the figure is naked, they fly to the palm-trunk which supports it, to the attitude, the cut of the hair, the place, or the company in which it was found, and they are never satisfied until the thing get a name. This is a curiosity that should neither go too far, nor stop too soon; for archæology owes to it most of its errors, and all its knowledge.

Among these Gabine figures are several magistrates drest in the *toga;* but their toga is not disposed in that solemn knot called the "cinctus Gabinus;" for the Gabines had that privilege only

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in war. Here it may be traced distinctly in its replications across the left shoulder, and forms an *umbo* and a *balteus* which are far more intelligible than the learning published on these points. The sharp corners in which it terminates would indicate that the *toga* was neither square, nor round, nor any form assigned it in the *Re vestiaria;* but rather something like a lozenge, or a small segment of the circle. Its exaggerated form and unnatural sinuosity, on these statues, tends to prove that ancient drapery was full of composition.

A low marble cylinder, having the signs of the Zodiac carved round its convex trunk, and the *Dii consentes* round a hole in the top, is called an altar of the Sun. The ancient altars, however, rose to thrice the height of this: their cavity, too, was shallow like a dish; but here is a narrow, deep, circular hole, perfectly unfit for sacrifice, the fire of which would have burnt and defaced the relievos. To me it appeared rather the plinth or base of a temple-candelabrum, and for these reasons. The socket would fit exactly the stem of such a candelabrum, and fit nothing else so well—some of the Herculanean candelabra stand on plinths of this very cylindrical form—the twelve

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Gods are found in this villa on another candelabrum of the tripod shape—and the twelve signs, if really an emblem,* would be an emblem very proper for the support of a luminary.

VILLA ALBANI. Deep learning is generally the grave of taste. But the learning which is engaged in Greek and Roman antiquities, as it embraces all that is beautiful in art, rather refines and regulates our perceptions of beauty. Here is a villa of exquisite design, planned by a profound antiquary. Here Cardinal Alexander Albani, having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticos and such saloons to receive it, as an old Roman would have done:† porticos where the statues stood free on the pavement

* The Zodiac was not always an emblem. It entered into vases, coins, pavements, furniture, as a mere ornament; sometimes, indeed, as a conceit. Petronius describes the Zodiac encircling a dining tray, where an opposite dish was placed on each sign; a whim similar to Gæta's, who used to eat alphabetically.

† "Deinde porticus in D litteræ similitudinem circumactæ—ante porticum, xystus concisus in plurimas species, distinctusque buxo—Inter has, marmoreo labro aqua exundat——Cavato lapide suscipitur, gracili marmore continetur, et ita occulta temperatur, ut impleat nec redundet. ——concisura aquarum cubiculis interfluentium." Such were the objects which this villa seems to have copied from Pliny's.

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between columns proportioned to their stature; saloons which were not stocked but embellished with families of allied statues, and seemed full without a crowd. Here Winkelmann grew into an antiquary under the Cardinal's patronage and instruction, and here he projected his history of art, which brings this collection continually into view.

The innocent creation of one cardinal fell a sacrifice to atone for the politics of another. Pius VI. had engaged to purchase peace of the French; but the present Cardinal Albani persuaded him to retract, and thus brought their vengeance on all his family. The blow was indeed severe— "at tu dictis, Albane, maneres!"

The spoils of this villa became a magnificent supplement to those of the Vatican and Capitol. Two hundred and ninety-four pieces of ancient sculpture were sent hence to Paris, or lay in cases at Ripagrande ready to be shipped. Some have been fortunately ransomed; and the Prince, though reduced in means, is now courageously beginning to re-combine the wrecks of this celebrated collection. It was affecting to see the statues on

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their return to the villa. Some lay on the ground shattered by their passage to the river, others remained in their tremendous coffins, and a few were restored to their former pedestals.

In the vestibule stood several imperial statues—in the rooms a Canopus in basalt, very different in relief from the Egyptian style, and evidently a Roman imitation of the Serapis worshipped in the form of a jar—one of those unnatural figures of Nature, called the Ephesian Diana; a figure too hideous to be of Greek origin, and perhaps, like the Canopus, an ancient imitation of more remote antiquity, which would probably end in Egypt—a curious relievo of Diogenes in an amphora—Termini on shafts of oriental alabaster, where the flower of the marble projects for the sexual distinction.

All the beauties of the *galleria* are gone, except the ceiling. Why did Mengs choose for this ceiling such a subject as Mount Parnassus? When painters have the wide range of the *Pantheon;* have Auroras, Phaetons, Ganymedes, Dædalus; have ascensions, assumptions and Elijahs; have glories, apotheoses, and the winged world of alle-

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gory to set floating over our heads, and display their skill in foreshortening, why do they force into ceilings the subjects of a lower sphere? why build earth upon the clouds? This admirable work, being foreshortened only for a wall, required a vertical exposure. Besides, the purpose of painting is to please; but who could peruse all the learned details of this ceiling, without a fatigue which must pain?

VILLA LODOVISI. Here is a villa within the walls, nearly two miles in circuit. Rome is, indeed, so depopulated now, that the void incommodes no one; but when the great patricians encroached, in this manner, on the ancient city,* every acre of their parks must have crammed hundreds, like poor Codrus, into the garrets. These grounds include part of Sallust's gardens, and must also include the spot where Romulus was said to have ascended into heaven, in defiance of his own laws against such fictions.

An infinite number of antiques are scattered

* "Jam quidem hortorum nomine in ipsa urbe delicias, agros, villasque possident." PLIN. *Hist.*

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about the villa; but the principal statues are placed in one of the *casinos*. This contains two ancient groups which the *Scitisti* extol the more extravagantly, for a pretence to dispute the longer on their subjects. It is pleasant to see them poring into a marble head, and drawing character or history out of every lineament.

The Papirius and his mother, (for I prefer the popular name although that is Roman, and the Sculptor's, Greek,) the Papirius particularly affords great play to the fancy of critics. In this expressive figure they find all the ingenuousness of a sprightly boy, blended with a cunning assumed for the occasion: they see secresy concealed under open manners, and a titter lurking under affected seriousness. But the ancient artists seldom aimed at mixt passion.* They knew practically the limited powers of art; they were content to bring

* Euphranor's statue of Paris is said by Pliny to have expressed three characters at once—"Judex dearum, amator Helenæ, et tamen Achillis interfector." But Pliny is a bad authority even in the history, and no authority at all in the criticism, of the fine arts. On this point a late statuary flatly contradicts him, and declares the thing to be impossible. The Athenian Demos was certainly a group, like the Polygyneticon; for a single figure, like the Spartan Demos, could not possibly express such a contrariety of passion.

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forth one strong sentiment, and left to us the amusement of analyzing that one into fifty.

The group called Pætus and Arria aims at a higher degree of pathos. In fact, the subject seems to be such that the sculptor must be either pathetic in the extreme, or ridiculous. The ferocity of the man, however, is at variance with the character of Pætus. Winkelmann thinks him the Guard who slew both Canace and himself; but he looks still too fierce for so sentimental a cut-throat. Benedict XIV., when collecting models for his academy at Bologna, requested a copy of this admirable antique. The Prince could not refuse his sovereign, but no sooner was the cast taken than he broke the moulds. How unfortunate for the arts to fall under such jailors!

A sitting warrior is too beautiful to remain without a name, and is therefore called Mars, although he has no spear nor victory, like the sitting Mars on Constantine's arch. Mars is a name too commonly given to the statues of stout, broad-chested frowning young men, which more probably belonged to the athletic class.

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In another Casino is Guercino's great work of the Aurora, which covers the ceiling and is detailed into compartments. If compared with the Aurora of the Rospigliosi pavilion, its composition will be found less obvious and its story more learned. In allegorizing Nature, Guercino imitates the deep shades of night, the twilight grey, and the irradiations of morning with all the magic of *chiaroscuro;* but his figures are too mortal for the region where they move. The work of Guido is more poetic, and luminous, and soft, and harmonious. Cupid, Aurora, Phœbus form a climax of beauty, and the Hours seem as light as the clouds on which they dance. At such ceilings you gaze till your neck becomes stiff and your head dizzy. They detain you, like the glorious ceiling of the Caracci, the sole object left to be admired at the Farnese palace, except the palace itself.

This is the only place in Rome where a ticket of admission is required at the gates: not that Prince Piombino reserves the sacred retreat for himself; but his porters and gardeners take advantage of his absence and his order, and are only

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the more exacting from those strangers whom they admit without his leave.

> O janitores, villicique felices!
> Dominis parantur ista, serviunt vobis.

RELIEVOS.

Habent et minora sigilla, quæ, cum sint vestusta, sic apparent recentia, ut sint modo facta. VITRUV.

ROME still contains a series of relievos, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, Gothic, and modern; sufficient for tracing the rise, progress, and passage of the art through different nations, for three thousand years. Though the Muses and the Nereids are gone, the Amazons, the Endymion, the Andromeda, remain at the Capitol: the Meleager, the Acteon, the Esculapius, at the Villa-Borghese; the Dedalus, the Bellerophon, the Paris, the Archemorus, at the Spada-Palace.

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Very few of the ancient relievos are placed here to advantage. Some stand on their *sarcophagi*, like cisterns, in the corners of palace-yards: others have been sawn off to coat the *casinos* of villas. If placed in museums, they lose their importance among the statues. On the two historical columns they stand too high for minute inspection. On the frieze and *tympanum* of pediments they are generally mutilated. On the triumphal arches alone they preserve their original effect.

Titus's arch includes relievos of very different styles. The largest stand within the arcade, representing the triumph with all the freedom and grandeur of full relief. Another kind of *alto relievo*, smaller in size, yet heavier in effect, is placed very improperly in the frieze. The four victories, so light and so elegant, being in lower relief, are better preserved than the more prominent sculptures.

The medallions taken from *Trajan's arch* have lately received new youth from the restoring chisel. They finely illustrate some imperial functions, and some religious rites. But Trajan's religion is as foreign as his features to an arch which makes

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Constantine a Christian at the expense of interpolation and forgery.

Trajan's column, considered as an historical record to be read round and round a long convex surface, made perspective impossible. Every perspective has one fixt point of view; but here are ten thousand. The eye, like the relievos of the column, must describe a spiral round them, widening over the whole piazza. Hence, to be legible, the figures must be lengthened as they rise. This license is necessary here; but in architecture it may be contested against Vitruvius himself.

This column is an immense field of antiquities, where the emperor appears in a hundred different points, as sovereign, or general, or priest. His dignity he derives from himself or his duties; not from the trappings of power, for he is drest like any of his officers: not from the debasement of others, for the Romans, all save one, kissing his hand, stand bold and erect before him.* How

* The younger Pliny remarks this popular habit of Trajan; he anticipates the column, and probably suggested the very idea to the artist. "Nihil a ceteris nisi robore et præstantia differens——non tu civium amplexus ad pedes tuos deprimis——tu tamen major omnibus quidem eras, sed sine ullius diminutione major."

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unlike the modern relievos, where dress appears in all its distinctions, and prostration in all its angles! none kneel here but kings and captives: no Roman appears in a fallen state: none are wounded or slain but the foe.

No monument gives the complete and real costume of its kind so correctly as this column. Ancient sculptors, ever attached to the naked figure,* either suppressed parts of the existing dresses, or gave dresses which never existed at all. Sometimes they throw the *paludamentum* over the back of their emperors, and leave the fore-figure entirely naked. Sometimes the upper half of their honorary figures is naked, and the lower is wrapped, like Jupiter, in a *pallium*. Even where the body is cased in the *lorica*, the thighs are half bare. But on this column we can see parts of the

* Our great statues, being the work of Greek artists, are naked. "Græca res est nihil velare." Some, like the Laocoon, are naked even against keeping. The Apollo's mantle is only a support to his left arm. As the art of sculpture declined, the load of drapery increased. From Gallienus down to those crowned Goths at the Mattei-Palace every figure was overlaid with ornament. Valens and Valentinian, Theophilus and the Palæologi are in jewels all over. Jewels grew in number with the barbarisms, and, like Apelles's pupil, they made that rich which they could not make beautiful.

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suburmalia; we can see real drawers falling down to the officers' legs; and some figures have *focalia* round the neck. In relating the two wars, this column sets each nation in contrast: here the Moorish horse all naked and unharnessed; there the Sarmatians in complete mail down to the fingers and the hoofs. It exhibits without embellishment all the tactics of that age, and forms a grand commentary on Vegetius and Frontinus.

M. Aurelius's column is more defaced than the Trajan; the figures more prominent, more confused, and inferior in sculpture, in story, and instruction. The four relievos taken from M. Aurelius's arch are much nobler compositions.

S. Severus's arch betrays a precipitate decline in art; figures rising in rows, heads over heads, and all equally protuberant. Indeed the marble has been so burnt, washed, and scaled, that we cannot judge of the original execution, nor catch all the peculiarities of the Parthian cavalry. The work raised to him in the *Velabrum* is little in its design, rich only with chiselling, overcrowded with objects of sacrifice: the offering of tradesmen, made to a tradesman's taste.

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None of the relievos on *Constantine's arch* belong to his age except those in the narrow bands, and over the lateral arches, carved in the style of a village tombstone.

In those relievos every figure is historical; nothing is fabulous. The Aurora and the Hesperus on Trajan's column are but the times of action: the divinities of rivers and of roads on his medallions are but the objects of his improvement. All other relievos, and indeed all the ancient works of design, are taken from fable. Heroic fable is the subject of all the great pictures of Herculaneum, of those painted on the Greek vases, of those described or imagined by the Philostrati, and of those which Pausanias and Pliny enumerate. Every artist wrought on the elegant fictions of Greece; fictions which overspread poetry and religion, nay, encroached on the sacred page of history, and pretended to embellish that which knows no beauty but truth.*

* Hence arose the multitude of monsters which we find in ancient sculpture, such as centaurs, satyrs, hermaphrodites, sphinxes, nereids, tritons, and marine horses, &c. The only monster admitted into modern art is the angel; and, when historically proper, as in the Annunciation or the Nativity, this winged being is a subject of beauty. But

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Most of the *sepulchral* relievos are works of a bad age. Very few are elegant in their design, or bear any relation to their office. Their sculptors, or rather *lapidarii*, being confined to a narrow rectangle, crowd their figures in files, and, anxious to tell all their story, they generally multiply its hero. All the ancient *sarcophagi* scattered about Rome are but the copies of works still more ancient and more excellent, copies which those *lapidarii* kept in large assortments for sale.* The subjects most frequent here are the Calydonian Hunt, the Battle of the Amazons, the Rape of Proserpine, the Triumph of Bacchus, the Death of Protesilaus, the Feast of the Indian Bacchus,

here angels intrude so constantly into sacred pictures, that, instead of elevating, they flatten the imagination. Prescription, indeed, may be pleaded in defence of those glories; but prescription is the common refuge of absurdity. If you urge the excessive height of church-pictures, and the vast vacancy to be filled over the human figures; fill up that vacancy with natural objects, with sky, landscape, or architecture, not with beings which make the main action improbable, divert our attention from it, and divide one picture into two.

* Sometimes, as a lure, they left two heads rough hewn on the front, ready to receive the features of the man and his wife who should buy and inhabit them. In this state is one of the Disomatons preserved at the Vatican. You see a great number of striated Sarcophagi about Rome, where the two heads are enclosed within a scallop shell. These are works of the lower empire, and many were found in the catacombs.

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usually miscalled Trimalcion's Supper. More than half of the ancient sculpture existing is copy. Nothing bears the genuine name of any celebrated master. Even the originality of the Belvedere Apollo, the Laocoon, the Borghese Gladiator, the Farnese Hercules, is now called in question; and to this practice of perpetually reproducing the same great models we may partly ascribe the general excellence of Greek sculpture.

The *architectural* relievos differ much from the monumental in character and design. Instead of starting into the roundness of a statue, or confusion of groups, they serve only as accessories to the edifice which they announce or adorn. Their relief is flattened to harmonize with the naked wall, and leave to the mouldings their due effect: their size is well adjusted to the mass of building, and their forms are lengthened in proportion to their height above the eye. The figures stand generally in pairs, returning in measured spaces and balanced attitudes; yet linked by a latent undulating connexion. Such is the style of the Parthenon friezes; a style equally conspicuous in the ruins of Rome. This alternation discovers itself not only in human figures, as at the Temple of

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Pallas, but even in the griffins and *candelabra* on that of Antoninus and Faustina, in the sacrificial implements on that of Jupiter Tonans, in the symbolical *pompa* of four gods on a broken frieze at the Capitol.

An ancient relievo may be considered as an assemblage of little statues connected by a common story; as a repository of costume in dress, armour, and what players call property; as a monument which records events, explains mythology, or delineates manners; but never as a picture. It groups men, but it seldom combines groups: it errs in all the relations of space, makes the houses as low as their inhabitants, and the boats as small as the sailors, without making them appear more remote.

Modern sculptors aspire to something beyond this. They have given to relievo the system of a picture; but have they also given it the allusion of painting? they proportion mathematically the prominence of each figure, the size, the different degrees of rough and polished, to the plan in which it stands. But what is degradation of size without that of colour? What is linear perspec-

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tive without the aërial? And what are their best pictures in marble but stage-work, where the figures stand, like actors, more or less forward on the *proscenium* of a theatre, with a flat scene behind, on which houses and trees are not painted, but scratched?

The ancient relievos open an amusing field for erudition, and are admirably contrived to torment Italian scholars. These love such puzzles and petty difficulties as require no liberal philosophy to resolve them. They are excellent bibliographers. If not learned themselves, they know where learning lies. They can bring, like our Warburton, quotations from every nook of literature on the most trivial points; and, like him, they prefer the more ingenious solution to the more natural one. What pompous volumes have been spent on obscure or disputed relievos! Liceti usually gave fifty folio pages of the closest print to a lamp; and Martorelli wrote two large quartos in explanation of an old ink-stand. How solemnly do these men sit down with their apparatus of classical tools, to crack a few nut-shells which either resist their skill, or, when opened, yield nothing to repay them! When at last the

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Œdipus does enucleate one of those crusty enigmas, the man of taste must come after him, to sweep away the rubbish of his learning, cleanse his discovery of all foreign matter, and class it among things already known and allied to it.

LETTERS AND ARTS.

Rome has always adopted men of genius: but she has given birth to few. None of our remaining classics were born in the city except Lucretius, Julius Cæsar and Tibullus. The artists who embellished it were anciently Greeks. Such is still the fortune of Rome. She is the nurse of great talents produced elsewhere. They flock to her as the mistress of art and antiquity: she gives them education, and makes them her own.

Science has never flourished under its old persecutor the Church. Rome was, indeed, the first city in Europe that instituted an Academy for the improvement of natural science and for the sub-

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version of the old philosophy: but the mistake was corrected. Galilei atoned for the license granted to Duke Cesi: the penetrating Lincei fell into disgrace, while the innocent Arcadians were allowed to warble on. Even now, men of science are rather tolerated than encouraged. The government suffers them to do good; but the reward and protection come only from individuals. P. Gandolfi of the *Sapienza*, although not a Roman, has laboured much to improve the economics, agriculture and manufactures of this state; simplifying whatever was complex in the method or the machinery, and banishing the little quackeries of the old school.

The business of the nation seems to be poetry. Their common discourse is full of it: their common tone or recitative makes whatever they say appear music. Considered even as a *cantilena* it is too melodious, too soft; all vowel sounds, all pulp and flesh, without nerve, articulation, or bone. "I Romani non battono le consonanti" is a common remark. Instead of striking the consonants, they strike them out. For *prendete* they say *prenete;* for *proprio, propio;* for *pantano, panano*, &c. their dialect is, in fact, the Ionic of

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Italy. In every circle you meet versifiers or *improvvisatori*, who have a satire or a sonnet ready for every occasion, such as births, marriages, promotions, arrivals, lent-preaching, monachization, death. But fecundity does not always imply genius; for the genius of this art seems to have flown for the present from the multitudes of Rome to a select few in Lombardy.

The Roman bar maintains its superiority in learning, eloquence and urbanity. All pleadings are written, many are printed, and thus become models to others in judicial composition. In such a variety of courts there is necessarily a mixture of talents and pretensions, of honest practitioners and of *mozzorrecchi*.* No study opens a wider range than the law. It leads up to the purple, and it descends to criminal courts where the judge's salary is but ten crowns a month. How wretchedly poor must that rogue be who suffers himself to be convicted at such a tribunal!

* The Austrian ambassador, having lately occasion to litigate a trifle, desired his people to call in some pettifogger. A cut-ear presents himself, "Chi siete voi?"—"Curiale per ubbidirla."——"Curiale non mi conviene: cercava un mozzorrecchio."——"Non importa, Eccellenza; son mozzorrecchio anche io per servirla."

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The ancients have left us ten thousand monuments of their genius, but not much criticism on the arts in which they excelled. Modern Rome, on the contrary, swarms with *conoscenti*, and contains materials enough, above ground or below, to keep them for ages at work. Her great Visconti is gone, and has left none here equal to him in antiquarian depth and sagacity. The Abate Fea, a lawyer from Nice, figures at present as connoisseur to the Pope, and writes upon every subject; but his chief merit is activity. Monsieur D'Azincourt has been for a long time collecting here materials to elucidate the dark period of art, from its decline to its revival. Zoega, a Swede profound in Coptical learning, is now engaged in explaining the Egyptian monuments and hieroglyphical obelisks of Rome. Marini, prefect of the Vatican library and Archives, is distinguished by a felicity in ascertaining local antiquities, and drawing sense and service from the most obstinate inscriptions. The Cavaliere Giov. Gherardo de' Rossi might, for depth and acumen, be classed among these professional antiquaries, were he not claimed by Thalia and other Muses. Rome knows his value, and, in her late adversities, confided her treasury to Gherardo.

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All the artists of Rome yield the palm to Canova; yet here he is admired only as the sculptor of the Graces. Such a world of ideal and uncreated beauty has he evoked, so tenderly fascinating are his Cupid and Psyche, his Hebe so elegant and aërial, and such his addiction to subjects like these, that some critics would limit his powers to the beautiful alone. But will the Hercules and Lichas admit this limitation? Whatever critics may say of the anatomy, the expression of this group is sublime: and the contrast of passion and suffering is terrific. Hercules, perhaps too gigantic for his victim, holds the youth by one foot finely reverted behind his back, and looks furiously down the precipice; while the fatal tunic, glued to the skin,* shews every muscle under it swollen and starting with agony.

* The adhesion of the tunic is here true to nature and to the story: it corresponds literally with Sophocles who, in sketching the statue, debases this gluing part of it by a low, unpoetical image.

——————— Προσπτύσσετο
Πλευραῖσιν ἀρτίκολλος, ὥστε τέκτονος,
Χιτὼν ἅπαν κατ' ἄρθρον—

So fond were the ancient sculptors of this effect, that they soaked their female draperies, which moulded themselves more impudently on the naked form than any real dress could do. The Multitia, the Tarentinidian, the Coan offended rather from a transparency of tex-

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Here is an inferior class of artists who work chiefly for the traveller. Of the thousands who visit Rome few can purchase statues or pictures, yet all wish to take home some evidence of their visit, some portable remembrance of Roman art; as a mosaic snuff-box, an assortment of marbles, impressions of gems, or even a few antiques. The gems, which are sold for antique in a city so full of engravers, must be more doubtful than those which come from the Levant. Many are notorious forgeries: indeed the very multitude of those on sale excites a suspicion of their antiquity. Yet when we reflect on the passion which Italians have ever betrayed for rings,* we must allow that a large proportion of those gems may be genuine.

ture. So, at least, I should conclude from the Herculanean figures called dancing girls, and even from Horace;

——————— Cois tibi videre est
Ut nudam: ne crure malo sit, ne sit pede turpi.

Torlonia is raising a temple for this Hercules, which should stand poetically on a perpendicular cliff.

* "In omni articulo gemma disponitur."—Senec. Rings were anciently an object of state-regulation. At this day you seldom see an Italian postilion, or *vignerone* without his cameo. A beggar once in the very act of begging displayed to me a large paste-head on his finger. To single rings add all the collections and *dactyliothecæ* kept or consecrated since the first offering of Scaurus; add the stones which studded the fingers of the gods, the dresses of the great, and

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Canova, Kauffman, Benvenuti, Denys, Thorsvaldeir, all the principal artists of Rome are foreign to it. They came hither to form or to perfect their style. Here they meet congenial society. they catch inspirations from the sight of great works, they contract a dependance on such helps, and at last they can do nothing well out of Rome. Poussin ascribed it to the air: I have heard Angelica say that the water of Rome revived her powers, and gave her ideas. This amiable woman is the idol of her invidious profession, the only artist beloved by all the rest.

> Ars utinam mores animumque effingere posset;
> Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

the necks and arms of their little naked pages; add the innumerable *emblemata* which were set in cups, statues, candlesticks, sword-hilts, belts: then consider how great a proportion of the ancient gems were engraven, as the Romans sealed not only schedules and letters, but also caskets, doors, chests and casks: consider how indestructible such objects were, how easily preserved from barbarians, how greedily treasured by the church; and your doubts on the multitude of antique gems will considerably abate.

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REMARKS

ON

ANTIQUITIES, ARTS, AND LETTERS

DURING AN EXCURSION IN

ITALY,

IN

THE YEARS 1802 AND 1803.

BY JOSEPH FORSYTH, ESQ.

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ROME.

THE CAMPAGNA.

> ———— Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
> Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
> Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque Penates,
> Rus vacuum, quod non habites nisi nocte coacta
> Invitus. LUCAN.

THE desert which encircles Rome owed its ancient salubrity not to any natural advantages which it now wants, but to the population and tillage of its Latin states. During the empire the public ways were lined with houses from the city to Aricia, to Tibur, to Ocriculum, to the sea. In the interval between those lines the town and country were so interwoven, that Nero projected a third circuit of walls which should embrace half the Campagna. At this period, the bad air in-

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fected but a small part between Antium and Lanuvium, nor did it desolate these; for Antium grew magnificent under different emperors, and Lanuvium was surrounded with the villas of the great.

At length, when a dreadful succession of Lombards, Franks, and Saracens destroyed the houses, pavements, drains, crops, plantations, and cattle which had protected the Campagna from mephitism, it then returned to its own vicious propensity; for both the form of its surface and the order of its soils promote the stagnation of water. Some lakes, lodged in ancient craters, can never be discharged; but they might be deepened and circumscribed, marshes might be drained into some, and aquatic vegetation extirpated or shorn.

Here, too, in the variety of earths peculiar to volcanic ground, some subterranean pools have found a hard stratum for their bed, and a loose one for their cover. Thus retired from his reach, those invisible enemies attack man with exhalations which he cannot resist. From those he must fly, and for the present attempt more practicable conquests.

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This *malaria* (as the people here call it) is an evil more active than the Romans, and continues to increase in spite of all the science which they publish against it. Last autumn four thousand persons died victims to it in the Roman hospitals. It is a battle renewed every spring, and lost every fall. In the tracts mentioned in the motto, the *mal' aria* has been established for many ages; but now it is advancing on the suburbs, and the city of Rome, while the checks opposed to its progress are either defective or absurd.

By clearing the woods of Nettuno which the ancients wisely held sacred, Government has lately removed one defence* against the sea-vapours which now, mixing freely with those of the land, render them doubly noxious. It then offered pre-

* The mephitic air, being heavy and therefore low, may be stopped by low hills, woods, and even building. Hence ancient Rome, which lay more on the south-east side of its mounts, was naturally more unhealthy than the present city; for this, having shifted its population to the *campus martius*, is sheltered by those mounts from the winds which bring mephitism, while it lies open to the ventilation of the north. For the same reason, the difference of exposure is very abrupt in its effects. Only a narrow road separates the two villas Lodovisi and Medici; yet the former is subject to the *mal'aria*, and the other a refuge from it. At St. Calixtus, the cells next the country are unhealthy in summer, while the opposite side of the convent is safe.

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miums for taking new ground into culture, at the distance of a mile, either from the walls of Rome, or from the hills which bound the region infected; thus vainly hoping to extend the arable, and reduce the unhealthy district, by encouragements which are of no avail against the tyranny of its own *Annona*.

The present Romans seem to have lost that agricultural taste which so well promoted the warlike institutions of their ancestors. They abandon their richest grounds to the care of sluggards like themselves. Hence the Bailiff or the *vignerone* often meets the landlord's demand with a bill of expenses which exceed the rent. The landlord complains that "chi ha vigna, ha tigna:" he sells his paternal acres, and prefers the *monte di pietà*, although lately bankrupt, as a surer source of revenue.

Thus the soil falls into the hands of a few accumulating proprietors; and the enormous feuds of the Borghesi and Colonna families, of the hospital of Santo Spirito, and some religious houses are divided into few farms. The farmers, not enjoying the free sale of their own grain, raise little here

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besides grass, which costs only the trouble of cutting it. To check this practice, a fine of five *pauls* has been lately imposed on every *rubbio* of land lying untilled in certain districts; but the farmer who can afford to pay eight crowns a *rubbio* for land which he does not sow, will hardly, for so trifling a penalty, abandon his usual course, and contend with a soil where the depth of vegetable earth and the hardness of the surface often require six ploughings for a crop.

Thus the Campagna remains the same melancholy waste: divided only by ruined aqueducts; without habitation, or hedge, or tree; and all this in spite of Doctors who are daily offering new recipes to cure the air. Some prescribe the planting of olive or mulberry trees, at once to absorb the miasma and enrich the country. One Cardinal has recommended a nightly patrol of the sheep and black cattle; another has proposed to pave the Agro Romano.

The Romans allow that agriculture and draining would reduce both the extent and the virulence of the mephitic air; but then they enlarge on the sacrifice of lives which the enterprize would cost,

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on the want of wholesome water, which in some parts is dearer than wine, on the scarcity of labourers and of cattle; on the confusion which would ensue in the "grosse possidenze," on the opposition of great feudatories and great farmers. Thus difficulties are ever multiplied by men who want decision. But had they spirit for an attempt so durably beneficent, the first dangers would be the greatest, and even these might be lessened in the worst air, by attention to food and night-shelter, by retiring from the field before sunset, and not returning to it before sun-rise, by burning wood in the bed-chambers, and never sleeping on the ground. But whoever would project here a distant benefit to humanity against the present interest of great men, deserves to be sent, with the two cardinals, to the academy of *Lagoda*.

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TIVOLI.

——— Domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus. HOR.

THIS excursion taught me to appreciate the promise of sounding names. At the "Domus Albuneæ resonantis" I found nothing but a deep pool of bluish water impregnated with sulphur, and hardly accessible from stench. The wonderful floating islands dwindled into small masses of reeds which were matted in a bituminous turf, and which break off or return to the banks, precisely like those of the Vadimon lake.* The sacred groves and the temple of Faunus exist only in poetry. Agrippa's baths are interred, and Virgil's lofty Albunea, if the same as Horace's, is now a flat.

* See Pliny's long description (Ep. 8. 20) which includes every thing that I saw in the water of Albunea.

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In their time, indeed, the ground may have risen into hills, and been levelled by the effect of a petrific stream which flows from the lake. The incrustrations formed during so many ages may have dammed up the water till it flooded the environs, where its tartareous deposite, called *Testina,* is now grown into one wide plain of Travertine stone.

This deposite increases every where in proportion to the strength of the current. At Tivoli it gains annually about half an inch on the rocks exposed to the falls. On descending these to the tremendous grotto of Neptune, I saw the impression of a modern wheel which had lain on the cliff till the stone grew over it. An iron crow was lately hewn out of a Travertine block, where some ancient quarry-slave had probably left it.

On arriving at Tivoli we hired a *Cicerone* and asses for the picturesque tour of the hills. First appeared the villa of Vopiscus, which stands only on one bank of the Anio, and at the verge of the great cascade, in a situation so noisy, so rugged, so rocky, in every point so opposite to Statius's

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description, that no lapse of time, or change in the river could well reconcile them.*

Turning round the woody hill of Catilus, we passed by two convents where two great poets are said to have resided. Catullus's villa is ascertained by his own minute description of the place, by excavated marbles, and by the popular name of Truglia; but it is not so evident that Horace possessed any house at Tivoli. He might muse occasionally at Tibur, just as he studied history at Præneste; he might admire this retreat, just as he admired that of Tarentum: but the Sabine farm, where the well, and the ruined fane, and every little object around gains that importance which a poet would naturally give to his home, has nothing to represent it within twelve miles of Tivoli. Horace calls that farm his only possession, and surely we may believe the poet himself rather than a biographer whose very name is disputed.

* Ingenium quam *mite* solo! nemora alta citatis
Incubuere *vadis*————
Ipse Anien, (miranda fides!) infraque superque
Saxeus, *hic* tumidam rabiem spumosaque *ponit*
Murmura————
Littus *utrumque* domi; nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit, *alternas* servant prætoria ripas.

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The ruins of Varus's villa furnish a singular specimen of reticular work in stone. This Varus is always called the unfortunate, an epithet which implies more regret than is due to the fall of a slave attacking the sacred retreats of freemen.

We re-crossed the river at the *Ponticello,* a poor substitute for the Cælian bridge. We rode up to the celebrated range of lofty, Doric arcades, which bear the very disputable name of Mæcenas's villa. Half the charm of the Tiburtine villas consists in the names which they bear. These rustic and grand substructions, however, crown the hill so admirably, that, whatever they originally were, they now appear the master object of Tivoli, and prove how happily the ancient architects consulted the elevation of site and the point of view.

The Via Publica separates these ruins from the Villa d'Este. This villa was created by cardinal Hippolito, nephew of Ariosto's patron; and an unnatural creation it is. The palace above is empty and forlorn: the garden affects both regularity and confusion, rock-work and girandoles of water, grottos and rows of perspective temples, mathematical mazes, and a theatre of stairs.

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On the south side of the hill is a number of ancient villas, or rather sites of villas; for the imposing names of Brutus and Cassius, of Sallust, Lepidus, and the Pisos, lead only to unintelligible ruins, or to no ruins at all. None of these buildings rose above the basement story, except in the towers which flanked them,* and therefore the present remains were mere substructions; for all villas standing, like these, on a declivity, were based upon vaulted terraces, the front of which rose in proportion to the slope.

Our guide was a local Latinist. Though as ignorant of the language as any other parrot, he quoted, with good accent and good discretion, all the ancient poets that bore upon his rounds. His Latin could even go twelve miles up the country to Horace's place at Licenza: it took in Blandusia, Lucretilis, Digentia, Mandela, Vacuna, and

* "Turres in propugnaculum villæ utrinque subrectas." SEN. Their town-houses, on the contrary, ran into so many stories, that Augustus found it necessary to restrict their height to 70 feet, and Trajan to 60. In the upper part of those mansions were the freedmen of the family, or poor tenants, lodged in separate cœnacula. Modern Italians reverse this arrangement. They give up the ground floor to their servants and to the common offices: the first story is open to the public as a gallery; the second and third they reserve for themselves.

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entertained us during half our tour, till at last we detected the harmless imposture, by quoting out of his beat. Yet poor *Donato* excelled in his narrow sphere. Before he installed himself a *Cicerone,* he had been employed by landscape-painters to carry their implements round the hill. From them he had picked up the best remarks on its scenery, he stopped us at the finest points of view, he lectured, he grinned with admiration, he amused us, and was happy.

On returning to the Sibilla-Inn we found tourists like ourselves, on asses like our own, caricatured on the walls by English draughtsmen.* The Sibyl was from time immemorial in possession of the elegant round temple on the cliff; but antiquaries have now turned out the poor prophetess into a neighbouring fane, and given up her Corinthian *rotondo,* merely because it is round, to Vesta. Now Vesta is not recorded among the Tiburtine deities; nor would the niche fronting the door of this temple suit a goddess whose temples, if we believe Ovid, admitted no statues. But the Sibyl,

* Such were the subjects of Ludius's old frescos. "Varias ibi species villas adeuntium asellis." PLIN. HIST.

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we are certain, had a temple at Tivoli, and a statue which was removed thence to the Capitol. Again: the traditional name of the round temple has been always *Sibilla.* The traditional name of another round temple here has conjured up an unheard-of goddess, and a strange one she is—Cough.* The traditional names of l'Opiscone, Bassi, Pisanetti, Quintigliolo, Campolimito, Cassiano, have served to identify the villas of Vopiscus, Quintidius, Bassus, Piso, Quintilius Varus, Lepidus, and Cassius. Why then should tradition, which is called in to ascertain the other antiquities of Tivoli, lose its authority on the Sibylline, the most beautiful of them all? This singular ruin has been too often engraven to need description; yet though prints may combine it with the immediate landscape, what pencil can reach into the black gulf below?

The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The city,

* Had Cough been really deified, how has she escaped St. Augustine, Arnobius, or Tertullian, who have dragged out from their holes all the obscure, queer, filthy, and obscene gods in the ancient rubric? If a structure so full of windows could well be a temple, I should rather suppose that Tosse, the name of its divinity, has shared the fate of so many others round Tivoli, and been altered by tradition from the name or the epithet of some other deity or hero.

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the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades, in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance:—these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described: no true portrait of it exists: all views alter and embellish it: they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the foreground or distance, something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvass, will often condemn as bad Nature. In fact, the beauties of landscape are all accidental. Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it; he wants mountains where he finds only hills, he wants hills where he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements; the composition is his own.

I went down to Adrian's villa with exalted ideas of its extent, variety, and magnificence. On

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approaching it, I saw ruins overgrown with trees and bushes—mixt-reticular walls stretching along the side of a hill, in all the confusion of a demolished town—but no grandeur of elevation, no correspondence in the parts. On proceeding, however, its extent and its variety opened before me——baths, academies, porticos, a library, a *palestra*, a *hippodrome*, a menagery, a *naumachia*, an aqueduct, theatres both Greek and Latin, temples for different rites, every appurtenance suitable to an imperial seat. But its magnificence is gone: it has passed to the Vatican, it is scattered over Italy, it may be traced in France. Any where but at Tivoli may you look for the statues and *caryatides*, the columns, the oriental marbles, and the mosaics, with which the villa was once adorned, or supported, or wainscoted, or floored.

This too conspicuous beauty has been exposed even to worse enemies than time. Adrian's invidious successors neglected or unfurnished it. The Goths sacked it. The masons of the dark ages pounded its marbles into cement. Antiquarian popes and cardinals dug into its concealing continents, only to plunder it. Even the traveller's penknife attacks the stuccos, or the stripes painted

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on the vaults, and thus lays open the whole succession of *coria*.

This villa was at first so diffuse, so deficient in symmetry or connexion, and is now so ruined, so torn by excavation, that its original plan is become an object extremely difficult for a stranger to recover; and should therefore be reserved till his eye is practised in such antiquities. Our *Cicerone* rattled well enough over the ground, till our inquiries checked his eloquence. When I asked why parts of the *prætorium* or palace-walls were double, he flew off to those of the *cento camerelle*, and explained why they were so. " But where are the *nares* of these double walls?"—" No'l capisco."—" And this same piazza d'oro, what gave it that name?"—" Non si sa." " But you have not shewn us where those porticos connect with the library?"—" Caro lei, non sono capace." " And where did this chamber receive light?"— " *Monsù* mio, non saprei dire."

It is not the *crypto-porticus* alone that was built for obscurity. In this villa of Adrian's I saw some loop-holes like the *rimæ* of Scipio's time, but none that could pass for windows: yet windows were

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common in the patrician villas long before the reign of this imperial architect. Finding none in the walls, some antiquaries have supposed windows in the vaults; and certainly the round or the polygonal rooms may have been lighted by an orb like the Pantheon; but in other cases I know no mark nor mention of ancient skylights. Glass, indeed, was employed on some ceilings; but only in mosaic.* On these vaults there is no decoration but stuccos in low relief, and some arabesque paintings.

The distribution of the parts inhabited, and particularly of the baths, was such as the climate and the modes of life required. The rest of this villa discovers that foreign taste which Adrian had contracted by living so much abroad. The *Lyceum*, the *Academus*, the *Stoa*, the *Pæcile*, the *Prytaneum*, the *Tempe*, shew his predilection for Greece. The Egyptian temples and statues, and other affectations of remote antiquity, betray the

* It is a mosaic, not a skylight, that Statius describes in the "Effulgent cameræ vario fastigia vitro." Pliny also represents the same kind of glass mosaic passing from the pavement to the ceiling; but in all the remains that I have seen, this *vitrum* appears an opaque and coloured paste.

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same cast of mind as our modern imitations of the Gothic do.

From Tivoli I made an excursion to FRASCATI, to view the Tusculan villas, which are still as conspicuous and as white as of old. At present Prince Borghesi is the Lucullus of the hill; for the three largest of its palaces, Mondragone, Taverna and Belvedere, belong to that family.

Belvedere commands most glorious prospects, and is itself a fine object, from the scenic effect of its front and approaches. Behind the palace is an aquatic theatre formed by a stream which flows from Mount Algidus, dashes precipitately down a succession of terraces, and is tormented below into a variety of tricks. The whole court seems alive at the turning of a cock. Water attacks you on every side; it is squirted on your face from invisible holes, it darts up in a constellation of *jets d'eau*, it returns in misty showers, which present against the sun a beautiful Iris. Water is made to blow the trumpet of a Centaur, and the pipe of a Cyclops: water plays two organs; makes the birds warble, and the Muses tune their reeds; sets Pegasus neighing, and all Parnassus

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on music. I remark this magnificent toy as a specimen of Italian hydraulics. Its sole object is to surprize strangers, for all the pleasure that its repetitions can impart to the owners is but a faint reflection from the pleasure of others. The Borghesi, I understand, seldom visit the place.

At the villas Conti, Bracciano, Rospigliosi, &c. I saw white *casinos*, grand fountains, embroidered parterres, terraces encircled with balustrades; but such were not the objects that I sought on the Tusculan hill. Modern architecture and made ground are seldom picturesque either in the landscape, or on canvass. Painters may account for this defect from their professional dislike to right lines and right angles, of the dry, and the uniform; but I would rather consider the picturesque as a species of poetry, a subject of the imagination and memory. In landscape we love ruined temples, a Gothic castle, a moss-grown cell, more than the most elegant villa; because ancient Romans, a feudal baron, and a hermit, being remote from our own times or manners, are more poetical beings than a private gentleman or a modern prince. We know what the villa and its inhabitants are;

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one glance gives us all, and exhausts the subject. But we must fancy what a ruin has been; we trace and we lose its design, we re-build and re-people it, we call in history, we compose, we animate, we create; and man ever delights in his own creation.

Some of this delight I expected at *Grotta Ferrata;* but when I asked the monks what vestiges they had discovered of Cicero there; "We have discovered (said they) the body of Benedict IX., which had been long supposed to lie in the clutches of the devil." "But of Cicero?"—"Of Cicero we have only found an old *trapezophoron.*" Cicero, who was extravagant in the article of tables,* talks indeed of a *trapezophoron* which he wished to purchase; but whether he did so, and whether that was the very marble found here, are equally uncertain. In fact, no positive remains of his Tusculanum exist here. Not far from this convent they found Cicero's name on a headless bust; but at the convent of Rufinella, farther up

* "Marcus Tullius quingentis millibus nummum orbem citri emit."
TERTULL.

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the hill, they found his name stamped on some ancient tiles, which should ascertain the situation of a villa in preference to any moveable.

At the Rocca I was introduced to Cardinal York, and felt some emotion on seeing the last withered branch of that unfortunate family which had reigned in my country for so many ages. The cardinal appeared to me an hospitable, warm-hearted, testy old man; and discovered, even at his own table, something of that peremptory manner which, being supported by long seniority and illustrious birth, gave him, I understood, an ascendant in the sacred college over minds superior to his own.

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JOURNEY TO NAPLES.

> Appia longarum teritur regina viarum,
> Sed juvere moræ ———. STAT.

THIS journey alone might furnish volumes; but I describe nothing, and shall confine my remarks to very few objects. At ALBANO we passed those venerable cones which most people call the Tombs of the *Horatii*. Of the Horatii they cannot be, or Livy is wrong: yet the original design, so different from that of other tombs, and so much in the style of Porsenna's, as described by Pliny, would indicate a higher antiquity than others suppose, in assigning them to the recovered ashes of Pompey.

We went up the woody hill of LA RICCIA by traverses which brought Lavinium, Laurentum, and the scene of half the Æneid into view. Near

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La Riccia was the retreat where Egeria took charge of Hippolytus, not that where she met Numa: for in Numa's reign Aricia was distant and foreign from Rome. Afterwards, indeed, when Rome spread into the country, and encircled his Egerian grotto, Aricia, being then more solitary, was thought by some the scene of their mysterious meetings; and two different retreats of the same nymph were thus confounded. La Riccia is a little removed from the site of its ancestor; yet, as it traces its origin from Aricia, and Aricia from the first Siculi, it may perhaps dispute the palm of antiquity with Cortona itself.

On arriving at VELLETRI, my eye ran delighted over the rich expanse of the Pontine Marshes which then glowed under the tints of a glorious sun-set: but all the picturesque vanished next morning when I entered on this desolate tract. Pliny can hardly convince me that the present marshes contained thirty-three cities;* even admitting that the Volsci were a populous nation, and the marshes once healthy and dry. But

* A gentleman, who had been engaged in the last survey, gave me 138 Roman square miles, 36 rubii, and a fraction, as the exact measurement.

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healthy they were never; nor does any authentic record prove that, from the first attempt to drain them to the last, from Appius Claudius to Braschi, one half of them was ever habitably dry. Virgil found them "a black bog;" and Silius, filling up, as usual, the sketch of his master, describes them exactly as they now are.

Rappini, it would appear, began the operations of the late reign without carrying his levels on to the sea; and, at an enormous expense of human lives, he pursued his *Linea Pia* (which an intelligent friend of mine calls the Linea Impia) through the middle of the marshes, without sufficient depth to receive water from the lower parts. A canal cut on a firm bottom close to the crescent of the Apennines, and large enough to convey all those hill-streams which originally formed and still feed the marshes, would have left the old canals free for the discharge of those waters which are lodged in the middle. But Braschi cared little for the merit which was not to be seen. His canal, therefore, runs along his road to court the admiration of travellers for twenty miles, while *tiaras*, and scutcheons, and inscriptions, remind them continually of this modern Appius.

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This road has been ever the scene of Roman ostentation. Here the ancient patricians contended for the office of *curator viæ,* and for the honour of inscribing their names and D. S. P. over works and repairs which exhausted their fortunes. But none of those inscriptions, nor any ancient monument except Trajan's mile-stones and Theodoric's tablets, remain to dispute your attention with Braschi's.

A few square miles of meadow and some arable land have been drained on the left, where I saw herds of horses, and myriads of wild-fowl. Towards the sea the marshes present one impenetrable thicket of reeds and saplings, which screen every object except the *Circæan* promontory.

Pius VI., having kept his road mathematically straight for more than twenty miles, would not turn it, as Trajan had done, at a place which cannot be far from the Temple of Feronia, and where no solid bottom could be found. The Pope, more obstinate than the Emperor, pursued at a tenfold expense his dear right line to the end. We foolishly followed his Holiness, and were obliged to drive for half a mile through a tract of water

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which the postilions call "il pantano dell' inferno." Pius forgot that the ancient engineers were as fond as himself of a right line, nor ever circumflexed their ways, but when compelled by imperious nature.

Pius VI. has left here a grand succession of works, in his road, canal, bridges, and inns on the marshes, his palace, public offices, wharfs and granaries, at Terracina. TERRACINA pleases only as you approach it from the desert. Its cathedral is a wretched tissue of ancient and modern, Greek and Gothic, brick and marble. The recent buildings dazzle the eye by the same whiteness which Horace remarked here. Theodoric's palace on the mountain and the mole on the sea shew how greatly Anxur extended, on both sides, beyond Terracina.

A frontier between two such states as Rome and Naples must abound in crimes. At Terracina every fifth man you meet is a *sbirro*, or an assassin, or both. The Pontine Marshes were infamous for robbery in Juvenal's time, and most of the postilions who are now stationed there have retired from punishment to the horrid asylum of a

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climate where none but criminals could be forced to reside. The Italian postilions are now forbidden to wind their horn or even crack their whips, which had served too long as a call to robbers.

On entering Fondi we drove to the custom-house, where a tall *castrone* sat muffled up to his nose in a cloak, basking over a pan of charcoal—a modern edition of the scribe who amused Horace at this town. Advancing solemnly with a pen at his ear, he fell into argument with a Neapolitan advocate, one of our party, and pretended to teach him the law of Naples. Their altercation was at first civil enough, till the lawyer, ashamed of his opponent, called him a *musicotto.*—" Do you know whom you insult?" cried the man of office; " I am here the organ of government."—" And a well-toned organ thou art," said our companion, " the prettiest treble that I ever heard in a custom-house." This poor joke cost him dear; for the vindictive scribe returned to the charge, and condemned a small package which had occasioned the dispute to be carried by express to Naples at the punster's expense.

At every stage on this road you perceive a

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marked difference in the female costume, and those provincial modes never vary. The young women of MOLA have probably coiled their hair "alla lumaca" from ancient times; for this mode is common on Greek statues. I observed a group of those nymphs standing up to their knees in a fountain at washing-stones; while their idle swains were leaning over a bridge, admiring those coquetries which are natural to all women on a partial display of their forms. Such figures come often into Italian landscapes; and here the painter might bring in the Læstrygonian princess filling her pitcher; for this fountain, like Homer's Artacia, is a source emitting a full stream and flowing direct to the sea, just without the town. I saw nothing at Mola that could retrace the fatal harbour which he paints so minutely; but Homer's topography is not always real, nor is it probable that the *Læstrygones* ever left Sicily.

Some vague ruins on the shore are called the remains of Cicero's *Formianum;* which would imply some irruption of the sea since his time. Cicero talks rather too much of his villas, and too vainly of this. In one letter, he compares his Formianum to a *basilica;* in a second, he is order-

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ing away from it statues which he had never seen; in a third, he affects to condemn his own extravagance for repairing a place which he seldom could visit—but peace to the frailties of a great man! Here let us contemplate his virtues alone, his patriotic eloquence and honest dexterity, which laboured so long for the independence of Rome. If he slackened in its last struggle, here he atoned for his fatal timidity, and was caught by the cruel policy of Augustus. That skilful hypocrite, who could direct so well the villainy of others to his own ends, would suffer nothing to remain at Rome, no virtues, no genius, no energy, that he could not chain to his own chariot-wheels, and reduce into an appendage of his own glory.

The country now opens, nature breaks out into new luxuriance; wild fig-trees and myrtles overspread the ruined tombs of the Appian Way, and huge aloes shoot up in the very ditches. The plain itself is highly cultivated, yet not a house can be seen. The labourers retire before night from the exhalations of the low grounds to towns built on the skirts of the Apennines, such as Castel Onorato, which furnishes vipers for sale, or

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Trimenzo and Traietto, which stand more advantageously on a long green hill.

From that hill the Minturnian Aqueduct stretches across the plain, on to a ruined amphitheatre near the banks of the GARIGLIANO. At the ferry is a tower based on the marble tomb of a proud Roman, who appears, from the inscription,* to have been unsociable even in death, and to have endowed, like other great men, some sepulchral banquet, such as an annual or a decennial supper. Here the Liris, as it acts against soft banks, is still *biting* silently into the plain.†

We saw large herds of buffaloes grazing on the Minturnian marshes from the Garigliano on to the Massic hills. We stopped at St[a]. AGATA in hopes of drinking some real Falernian; but this degenerated wine seemed much inferior to the Formian which we had drunk at Mola. Indeed the Falernian was naturally harsh: it required

* The following is the inscription as I copied it while crossing in the boat. "Hujus monimenti jus qua maceria clusum est cum taberna et cenaculo heredes non sequetur, neque intra maceriam humari quemquam licet."

† ——— Rura quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua —— HOR.

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more age than modern Italians allow to any wine, and, though Martial calls it the Immortal, it soon lost that celebrity which it owed principally to the Augustan poets.

We then passed from rude Apennines into the luxuriant CAMPANIA, and drove too rapidly through a succession of beauties which elude description. We stopped but a short time on the parades of CAPUA and in the markets of AVERSA, the translated descendants of old Capua and Atella.

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N A P L E S.

THE CITY.

GENIO
CIVITATIS NEAPOLITANÆ. *Inscription.*

To enjoy the picture of Naples at its finest point of view, you must sail out in the morning about a mile from the mole, and catch the sun rising behind the hills. There you can distinguish at once the three delabrated craters upon which the city forms a loose amphitheatre: you see the whole elevation broken into great masses and crossed by great lines; lines formed of long palaces, hanging gardens, and regular rows of terraced roofs: you trace the outline on the sea curiously indented, the shipping clustered behind the moles, and castles or towers on the points of projection.—Such is the city taken in one broad

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view. To describe its buildings I leave to the guide-books; its environs belong to the painter.

Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible: it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex.* A diversity of trades dispute with you the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoe-makers' stools, you dash among the pots of a *maccaroni*-stall, and you escape behind a *lazzarone*'s night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle: the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque; some of their church-processions would frighten a war-horse.

The mole seems on holidays an epitome of the

* Qui vid' io gente, più che altrove troppa,
E d' una parte e d' altra con grandi urli
Percuotevans' incontro —— DANTE.

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town, and exhibits most of its humours. Here stands a methodistical friar preaching to one row of *lazzaroni:* there, Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles performed by a sacred wax-work, on which he rubs his *agnuses* and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a grain a piece. Beyond him are quacks in hussar uniform, exalting their drugs and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore** is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centres of an oval group, singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Farther on is a motley audience seated on planks, and listening to a tragi-comic *filosofo,* who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his Paladins.

This is a theatre where any stranger may study for nothing the manners of the people. At the theatre of San Carlo the mind, as well as the man,

* Professore is a title given here to every performer, every fiddler, court-tailor, truss maker, &c.; just as that of doctor was given by the ancients to fencing-masters, archers, book-binders, &c.

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seems parted off from its fellows in an elbow-chair. There all is regulation and silence: no applause, no censure, no object worthy of attention except the court and the fiddle. There the drama—but what is a drama in Naples without Punch?* or what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue, and among his own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power; he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day; he is the channel and sometimes the source of the passing

* Capponi and others consider Punch as a lineal representation of the Atellan farcers. They find a convincing resemblance between his mask and a little chicken-nosed figure in bronze, which was discovered at Rome; and from his nose they derive his name, "a pulliceno pullicinella!"

Admitting this descent, we might push the origin of Punch back to very remote antiquity. Punch is a native of Atella, and therefore an Oscan. Now, the Oscan farces were anterior to any stage. They intruded on the stage only in its barbarous state, and were dismissed on the first appearance of a regular drama. They then appeared as *Exodia* on trestles; their mummers spoke broad Volscan; whatever they spoke they grimaced, like Datus; they retailed all the scandal that passed, as poor Mallonia's wrongs; their parts were frequently interwoven with other dramas, "consertaque fabellis (says Livy) potissimum Atellanis sunt. Quod genus ludorum ab Oscis acceptum:" and in all these respects the Exodiarius corresponds with the Punch of Naples.

Yet if we return from analogy to fact, we shall find that master Punch is only a caricature of the Apulian peasant, a character invented, as some suppose, by the Captain Mattamoros, improved by Ciuccio the tailor, and performing the same part as the Fool or the Vice in our English plays and moralities.

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opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour. Such was De Fiori, the Aristophanes of his nation, immortal in buffoonery.

In general the streets are straight, but very narrow. The *Larghi* (for none can be called squares) are irregular, both in aspect and plan. Some are refreshed with fountains, others are decorated with statues or sculptured obelisks. The houses are lofty, the roofs flat; more than half the fronts consist in window, and every window is faced with an iron balcony.

The *Royal Palace,* though only a part of Fontana's design, is large enough for Naples. Its front includes the three Greek orders; but neither its style nor materials required oriental columns at the gates: the court, if not grand, is noble: the admired staircase is only vast.

Capo di Monte is so majestic a situation that it somewhat extenuates the blunder of building a lumpish palace on a hollow and quarried shell. Here are still some remains of the Parma gallery, though most of the pictures serve as mere uphol-

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stery. Indeed, the keeper himself felt shame for his stores, and condemned by a "*non guardi*" whole rooms to neglect. The *conoscenti* admire here a recumbent Venus, which has, however, too much of the statue—one musician tuning his guitar, and another composing—some saints by Guercino—some portraits by Raphael and Andrea del Sarto. Two of Parmigianino's are praised for that grace, which struck me as too peculiar, too characteristic for so vague a quality as grace.

The *Studii* is another vast and unfinished palace, where I found them arranging the Farnese and the Palatine libraries. The junction of two such collections has brought together all the earliest productions of printing, and, of course, many duplicates. But when great men study Mattaire and collect first editions, they soon find out the absurdity of leaving more than one copy of a rare book, in a public library, subject to their controul.

In the *Studii* I found the Farnese statues rather warehoused than arranged. There lay the *Urania* returned, for the second time, from Rome in a tremendous case which had been prepared for this colossal captive. The great *Hercules* stood be-

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daubed with plaster amidst the rubbish of a workshop. The muscular surface of this statue is truly Herculean, perhaps too Herculean, too tense and spasmodic for a state of repose. His placid attitude and benign inclination of head seem to invite adoration, and rather announce the divinity of some temple, than a mere object of sculpture displaying, as it is thought, the muscles of a man just respiring from toil.

The famous *Toro* is placed in a public walk near the sea, and scraped white, to expose it the more effectually to the corroding spray. Pliny describes this once-admired group as cut out of one block; but, unfortunately for his credit, Pliny says the same of the Laocoon. So pieced a thing is the Toro now, that the work of Apollonius is mixed with Bianchi's in every figure, and the principal figures are the most restored. No head is original but the herdsman's, which is thought disproportioned to the rest.

The *Francavilla palace* contains a few pictures of the first order—two wonderful dead Christs by Schidoni—a *Madonna* in Raphael's largest manner—a St. John the Baptist by Da Vinci. So fresh

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is this figure that I doubted its antiquity. So jocund is his smile and so delicate his beauty, that, were the crossed reed transformed into a *thyrsus* and the skin round his loins into a panther's, he might pass for a young Bacchus. How mere a trifle can canonize a figure which, placed in a church, would be worshipped by thousands!

Above this place stands the *Certosa* on a height which commands a bird's-eye view of the most curious city, the most singular coast, the most beautiful bay, and the most picturesque islands in Europe. This convent was thought too opulent for a few Carthusians: their estates were lately sequestered and their church deprived of its plate and jewels. The high altar is still enriched with amethyst, sardonyx, chalcedony, and other kinds of agate. Along the nave are the twelve prophets of Spagnolet, each thundering down from his own compartment; all seem variously inspired, yet all are children of the same dark, deep-featured family.

Both architecture and sculpture seem here to perpetuate that *seicento*-taste which originated in a Neapolitan. They delight in the crooked, the

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piebald, the gaudy, and push irregularity to its farthest bourn. Alfonso's arch in Castel-Nuovo, though a mixt composition of the 15th century, is purity itself, compared with those abominable heaps of sculpture called *guglias* which were raised in the last reign. Some of the modern churches are striking to the eye; but so is every monster. Within they are spotted things, mere harlequins in marble, quite ugly with decoration. Carving is tormented, and gold-leaf laid on wherever it can find room. A rage for gilding runs through the nation. It disfigures walls, furniture, carriages. Even the hackney calash must have its coat of gold, the collar-maker gilds his hames, the apothecary gilds his pills, the butcher sticks gold-leaf on his mutton.

In other respects Naples, though still behind other nations, is gradually following their advanced improvements. Of late the houses are more adapted to modern life: the apartments are cleaner and more commodious; their casements no longer consist of oiled paper or shutters, nor their hangings of greasy old silk or velvet. The streets are no longer pestilential with filth, or infested with beggars. These are now confined in the serraglio,

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and are there maintained at the expense of the shop-keepers. Thus the sound part of the community must feed the diseased; yet the sore itself is rather cicatrized than healed; for thousands of the poor conceal their wants through terror of confinement, and prefer dying, at their own freedom, at home.

To a mere student of nature, to an artist, to a man of pleasure, to any man that can be happy among people who seldom affect virtue, perhaps there is no residence in Europe so tempting as Naples and its environs.—What variety of attractions!—a climate where heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly—the most beautiful interchange of sea and land—wines, fruits, provisions, in their highest excellence—a vigorous and luxuriant nature, unparalleled in its productions and processes—all the wonders of volcanic power spent or in action—antiquities different from all antiquities on earth—a coast which was once the fairy-land of poets, and the favourite retreat of great men. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it, lived in it, died in it. This country has subdued all its

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conquerors, and continues to subvert the two great sexual virtues, guardians of every other virtue,—the courage of men and the modesty of women.

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THE PHLEGRÆAN FIELDS.

> Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ,
> Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias,
> Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ
> Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo;
> Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri. STAT.

THIS wonderful tract exhibits the various action of fire and water upon ground which has been rocked by earthquakes, slashed by lightning, blown up into more than twenty distinct volcanos, and scooped, bored, shaven, or rent by the sea. It is separated from Naples by the narrow ridge of *Posilipo*,

> ——— la beata spiaggia
> Che di Virgilio e Sannazar nasconde
> Il cener sacro.

Virgil's tomb is so called, I believe, on the single authority of Donatus. Donatus places it at the right distance from Naples, but on the wrong side of the city; and even there he omits

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the grotto of Posilipo, which not being so deep in his time as the two last excavations have left it, must have opened precisely at his tomb. Donatus too gives, for Virgil's own composition, an epitaph now rejected on the cliff as a forgery. And who is this Donatus?—an obscure grammarian, or rather his counterfeit. The structure itself resembles a ruined pigeon-house where the numerous *columbaria* would indicate a family-sepulchre: but who should repose in the tomb of Virgil, but Virgil alone? Visitors of every nation, kings and princes have scratched their names on the stucco of this apocryphal ruin, but the poet's awful name seems to have deterred them from versifying here. I met a party of foreigners full of the God, reeling down from the neighbouring vineyard, between two precipices, to make further libations to the shade of Virgil.

From Virgil's tomb we *descend* to *Sannazaro's*, where all is certain, safe and entire, except the Apollo's fiddlestick which some fastidious traveller broke off. Such ambiguities as an Apollo named David, and a Minerva named Judith, are proper figures for the tomb of an Italian Latinist who, like his brethren Vida, Cortese, Bembo, jumbles

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the sacred and the profane, Angels and Naïads, Saints and Sibyls, Prophets and Proteuses in the same poem. The epitaph, taking advantage of the ground, ranks Sannazaro next to Virgil in genius; and Pope applies the same local compliment to Vida.* But Virgil is a poet; Sannazaro and Vida are mere versifiers, whose language can be safe only while it imitates, and pleases most when it betrays imitation.

On passing the Pausilipan grotto, you cross the valley of Bagnuoli, and meet every where those "veteris vestigia flammæ" which gave the name of Phlegræan to this volcanic tract.

Lago d' Agnano. A notion prevails that the old Norman town of Anglano, which sunk in this crater, as Bassano has done since I left Italy, may still be perceived under the water; but a gamekeeper, who was daily on the lake and had just

* Martial pays a similar compliment to Silius Italicus, for buying Virgil's tomb, and exalts the ape to a level with his master. Since local compliments are thus lavished on Virgil's plagiarists, some share is due to the three Capilupi of Mantua, for their superior knack of clipping their countryman down into professed centos.

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landed from duck-shooting, assured me that it cannot.

Grotto del Cane. Though torches and gunpowder lose their inflammability here; yet phosphorus resists the carbonic acid.

Stufe di San Germano. The sulphur and alum, diffused over all the Phlegræan fields, rise here together in intense vapour, which, being confined to a low tufo building, has formed a kind of sweating hospital universal in its practice. "On those stone-benches," said our guide, "lie the mattresses of the rheumatic—into that closet the Mal Franzese retires—under this tunnel stand the consumptive—yonder recess is reserved for the bilious—to this hole the deaf apply their ears." In short, opposite diseases came here into contact. These stoves may probably have served as a natural *laconicum* to the ruined Villa which adjoins them; for the ancient patricians, being fond to excess of hot and steam-bathing, settled in the environs of Naples purposely for such a convenience as nature affords here.

Pisciarelli. Of late the water of these hot-

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wells has removed to a new basin, yet the vapour and the bubbling noise remain behind in the former one. On the cliffs above is a cottage which commands a view of the two promontories of Misenum and Minerva, the whole crater of sea,* all the islands before, and the volcanos behind. Here I drank some red wine of volcanic growth, still more delicious than the *lacrime* of Vesuvius.

Solfaterra. I went down into this crater over rocks which had been converted from the hardest lava into the whitest clay, by the evaporation of sulphur. On reaching the floor of this wonderful "Forum," the heat, the vapour issuing from various *fumarole*, the hollow reverberation of stones, and the noise of subterraneous water; all gave warning that I trod on a vault excavated by hot minerals. Nature is detected here in the act of fabricating sulphur, which she crystallizes above ground in the moist way, and exhibits in filaments, flakes, and prisms. One of the largest *fumarole* is inclosed in a small building, where the walls

* When Cicero describes to Atticus the "cratera illum delicatum" (Ep. 2. 9.) he can mean only the circuit of these two bays; for, viewed from this cottage, they suggested to me the precise idea of a basin.

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serve as a base to the minerals evaporated, which are brushed off for manufacture.

Labyrinth of Dædalus. This is a strange misnomer for an ancient reservoir; yet, though its form is regular and its purpose obvious, the people here will never give up a high-sounding name.

Colosseo. This amphitheatre is much older than that of Rome. Its outer elevation has two orders, and the basement consists in two series of vaults forming two elliptical rings, in which every vault radiates from the centre of the *arena.* Between those rings runs a dusky corridor round the ellipse, and fascinates the eye by its fine evanescent curves.

A grand succession of antiquities led us to Pozzuoli. This capacious amphitheatre, the long line of neighbouring tombs, the magnificent baths below, the mole striding on arches into the sea, the ruins of villas defaced, the undefaceable beauty of the sites, all conspired to exalt my ideas of ancient Puteoli. I enter the modern town, and meet nothing but filth, beggary, and disease.

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The *temple of Jupiter Serapis* consists in a rectangular cloister surrounded by porticos, cells and lustral chambers, inclosing a round temple in the court. I would therefore call the whole a *Serapeon,* as the temple forms but a part of the ruins. Some would assign them all to the Nymphs: but, independently of the long inscription which proves that a temple of Serapis stood somewhere here, the very plan of these structures convinces me that they were raised for Egyptian worship. It corresponds with the design of the *Iseon* at Pompeii, and with Rufinus's description of the great *Serapeon* at Alexandria. A few columns of the portico remain erect, but their modules are too various for any regular elevation.

These columns are corroded by sea-worms, up to the height of fifteen feet from the pavement; which proves that the sea was, at one period, considerably higher in the Bay of Baiæ than it is now. Cross that bay, and you will sail over ancient villas, you will discern, deep under your boat, a branch of the Domitian way; which proves that the sea, at another period, was much lower in the same bay than it is now. This submersion may be traced to Capri and the coast of Sorrento.

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Some attribute it to an earthquake, others to a partial lapse of the surface, or a slight bruise in the shell of our globe.*

Misenum. In this harbour, once the Portsmouth of the Roman Empire, I saw no other vessel than our own boat. On the promontory itself is a crowd of ruins so very indistinct as to admit any name. I therefore allowed our guide to call them the villas of Pliny, Lucullus, Marius, and whomever he pleased; but when he pointed out the Styx, and the Acheron, and the Elysian fields, I felt some poetic anger on hearing names so awful and sacred in my imagination bestowed on a pitiful ditch, a fish-pond, and a few vineyards; and that too in defiance of Virgil, who places the two rivers between Avernus and Elysium.

Piscina Mirabile. If disappointed in the poetical region, I was astonished by the stupendous pillars of this reservoir. In a monument like this both solidity and usefulness conspired to protect

* ———— multæ per mare pessum
Subsedere, suis pariter cum civibus, urbes. LUCRET.

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it from the destruction to which works of mere magnificence or beauty lay exposed. Hence a cistern now remains—the most lofty and picturesque object of a coast which is covered with patrician ruins.

Baiæ was usurped by the Great alone. They admitted no towns, no commonalty, nothing but palaces on their "golden shore." Men, who possessed half a province elsewhere, contended here for a single acre. They who wanted room on the bank built into the sea, and met there the freshness and salubrity of another element. In the course of a few minutes you sail past the highest names of antiquity. You see Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Piso, Cæsar, Tiberius, Nero, all crowding in for the most beautiful angles, and elbowing each other's villas. Yet where are those villas now? Alas! nothing but masses of built tufo which you can hardly distinguish from the tufo of the hill, naked walls, skeletons which were concealed from the ancients themselves, and covered with marbles too beautiful to remain.

Cento Camerelle. I crawled into the substructions of this palace where the reticular tufo is as-

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tonishingly perfect. Some of the cells struck me as being too well adapted for those *ergastula* which the tyranny even of the old republicans found necessary, wherever the villa was large and the slaves were numerous.

Agrippina's tomb is a long vaulted gallery lined with elegant stuccos; a form very far from sepulchral, and still farther from the idea of a "levis tumulus," as Tacitus describes her tomb to have been. This gallery seems to have been connected with a little theatre above it, and both probably belong to some villa.

I found the *mole of Baiæ* crowded with corn ships from the Levant; which recalled the idea of the old Alexandrian fleets that brought their annual tribute of grain to this very bay, and had the privilege of hoisting the *supparum* when they approached it.

Temples of Venus, of Mercury, and of Diana. These three *rotondos* have been the sport of different systems. The study of antiquities originated here with churchmen who went, full of their own profession, among ruins, and stuck the name

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of temple on every monument that would bear it. The world acquiesced in those names, and transmitted them to posterity. Archæology thus took a taint from superstition, till at last a spirit of scepticism entered into the study and introduced a new nomenclature. The prevailing name now for all round buildings being Bath, these three Rotondos are called the Baths of Nero's palace. To me they appeared rather the master-objects (for the ruins which connect them are very inferior) of some magnificent villa which would include several grand saloons, as the *Peos,* the *triclinium,* the *cœnatio,* and a variety of *exhedræ,* all susceptible of the same round form and noble dimensions as these. The temple called Venus's has too many windows for either a temple or a bath, and the flattened arches of those windows seem to deny them a classical antiquity. Some baths may be traced near the temple called Mercury's, but the *rotondo* itself is distinct and dissimilar. The third ruin, if indeed (as Mazzella asserts) the name of Diana Lucifera was inscribed on its entablature, must be the very temple of that Goddess which Propertius mentions. Some have considered these three *rotondos,* including the ruins annexed and the fields intervening, as

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forming only the baths of one general palace, which embraced the whole coast—a modern chimera too extravagant even for Nero.

Stufe di Tritoli. Here again are baths called Nero's! This subterranean fountain is so intensely hot that the long and steaming galleries which lead to it, serve for sweating baths. Horace seems to ascribe the heat to sulphur,* and Pliny to different minerals; but the vapour leaves on the wall no incrustation, no mark of sulphur or of any mineral that can account chemically for a fire which has kept this caldron boiling for more than two thousand years.

The Lake Lucrinus, having shrunk into a pool on the sudden formation of *Monte Nuovo,* is now removed from any visible remains of the *Julian Port,* where it once formed the middle basin.

Monte Barbaro. This name, and the epithet

* Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura—

If Horace confines his allusion to Baiæ proper, he must mean this fountain, which in his time evaporated through issues different from the present.

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of "inanis," which Juvenal gives it, convey a truer idea than the motto does of the present Gaurus—a volcano rugged without, and empty within.

The Lake Avernus has lost all its poetical horrors. Its clear blue sheet no longer exhales death, and is now expanded beyond its ancient margin; for the round structure, which has been misnamed the temple of so many gods, stands half in the water. The banks are now cleared of their black Tartarean woods; and their variety of tillage, their long vineyards, and their white villas, tend to efface the original crater from your ideas.

The Sibyl's Cave. Avernus was, even in remote antiquity, dreaded as a passage to the infernal shades. Hence Virgil, attentive to every local superstition, takes advantage of this, and converts a grotto, which still opens on the lake, into a mouth of hell. This grotto was certainly not Nero's work, for it does not lie in his projected line, nor bear any marks of a canal. It was a passage leading from Avernus to Baiæ, and should rather be ascribed to the gloomy Cimmerians whose *crypts* perforated this country in all direc-

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tions. Such a thoroughfare we have found at Posilipo; another, called the Grotta di Pietro Pace, went from Cumæ to the Lucrine Lake; a third may be traced near Solfatara. This tunnel at Avernus had passed originally through the hill, until some lapse of the incumbent earth stopped up the passage, and gave it that obscurity and solitude which the poets sought and improved. Yet this grotto is, in flat contradiction to him, called the Sibyl's cave; and here they even shew you the Sibyl's secret door, the Sibyl's seat of oracle, the Sibyl's baths, &c. A reasonable man will seek nowhere for a poetical being, except in the poem which produced it; but as Virgil gives locality, either fancied or traditional, to whatever he describes; if we would follow him, we must look for the cave of his Sibyl at Cumæ.

Cumæ. Here in fact we find in the castle-hill several excavations which a poet might fairly multiply "into a hundred passages, a hundred doors," and here only was the Sibyl's abode. People usually confound the two caves, or suppose a subterranean communication between them; but the direction of those caves could admit no communication, and the poem implies none.

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PORTICI.

Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat,
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favilla.

MART.

IN other words—here lies *Herculaneum*, a city now rendered back to its volcanic grave, which they had pierced rather than opened. The theatre, indeed, remains in the state of a mine: its *cunei* receive a feeble daylight from the tunnel over them, and torches lead you through dark galleries round the rest of the structure; but the lava perpetually intervenes, and you can discover its magnificence only by glimpses. You see the orchestra paved with *giall' antico*, you see parts of the walls incrusted with marble. On the Corinthian scene is some oriental alabaster which had escaped calcination, and a few painted arabesques remain in the rooms behind.

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MUSEUM. At Rome you see the Romans only in public life and in public works; but here you are admitted into their houses and families, yet admitted with a certain restraint which allows you to admire rather than to learn. Unfortunately for me, the more precious articles were then at Palermo; but the papyri and the pictures could not be removed in the late retreat.

The *Papyri* amount to 1700. Mr. Hayter follows Piagi's process, but with a greater command of assistants, and has in less than two years unrolled forty volumes.

These rolls, before they are devolved, look like sticks of charcoal. They have no vestige of *umbilicus,* or *cornua,* or any ornament. Their characters are legible only in a certain light, by a gloss and relief which distinguish the ink, or rather black paint, from the tinder. Cut, crushed, crumbled on the edge, and caked by the sap remaining in the leaf, they require in the operator a kind of medical sagacity to meet their variety of wounds; for, in gluing rashly the injured parts, he might reach the heart of a volume, while working at the outside.

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The writing is not "transversa charta," but divided into narrow columns about forty in number, which run parallel to the ends of the volume. No writing appears on their backs. The opisthographic manuscripts required, I apprehend, a double leaf so glued that the fibres crossed; but all these *papyri* are single. The outside and edges of the volumes being generally damaged, the beginning is lost, and the sense is interrupted at the end of each column; but the final title, being inmost, is always safe.*

These manuscripts are written incorrectly in squat capitals, with an admixture of ω and ε, which nearly limits their date to the empire. Mr. Hayter had then found only two Latin works. Latin would hardly predominate in the libraries of a Greek town, which disappeared at a time when Greek was not only the common language of Campania, but the language of fashion at Rome itself, and affected by all the literary patricians who settled here.

* A treatise on botany was the only work that had preserved its initial title φανιας; but this, when half unrolled, was peevishly abandoned, because Galiani had blabbed the secret of its subject.

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Most of the *Pictures* have been cut out from the walls of private houses in towns of secondary rank; they have been exposed to the heat of burning cinders, and impaired by the modern varnish used for their protection; yet against these unfortunate pictures critics bring all the rules of the art, they subject them to a second ordeal; they examine colours which had been flying off like brick-dust, as sharply as they examine the best preserved Titian; they compare these shadows of a shade with statues found in the same town, compare pannels painted by provincial artists, with bronzes which may have been cast at Rome or Athens, and thus rank the ancients as much below us in painting, as they excelled us in sculpture.

Is it not rather surprizing that rooms so mean in their dimensions should have contained works of such elegance? that friezes scarcely a foot high should embrace such a world of fancy?* Every

* These little compositions might perhaps be classed into the allegorical, the dramatic, the Dionysiac, the Anacreontic, the burlesque, &c. Some have subtilized too much on such trifles: in the *cicada* and *parrot* they see Nero driving his tutor Seneca. Such figures, however, are found in other antiques. On a gem of the

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extravagance that Vitruvius condemns in the grotesque enters here. The human and the brute forms are blended fantastically; the decorations remind us of the ancient elephants dancing on the tight rope; the landscapes are but the caperings of a sportive genius, and the architecture runs as mad as the Chinese. How unfair then the conclusions which critics have drawn from such vagaries! Because some of these landscapes infringe the rules of perspective, they boldly infer that perspective was unknown to the ancients. Because the figures stand detached, sometimes without shadows, on the brown or black ground of a frieze, they infer that the ancients knew nothing of grouping. Pray, is there no grouping in the Minotaur, the Telephus, the sitting Orestes, the Bacchus and Ariadne? The ancients, we grant, were not fond of numerous or intricate composition, they seldom admitted more persons into a picture than they did on the stage, and those figures they confessedly kept out of each other's shadows: they did not study contrasts, nor pursue

Florentine Museum a fox drives two cocks yoked to his car. In one mosaic at Paris I saw a cock driving two swans, in another a hare driving two geese. All these seem mere *capriccios* which baffle investigation and deserve none.

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the diagonal line, nor observe the pyramid, nor balance their groups, like a ballet-master. But this rose from no poverty of invention: the motive was that love of simplicity which distinguishes all their works from ours, and the result was the first merit of all composition, unity of subject and unity of interest: a merit which saves the eye from the fatigue felt in galleries and from the stupefaction occasioned by crowds.

However faulty in the drawing, the chief historical pieces are painted in a larger and freer style than had appeared in modern Europe before Michel Angelo. The diffusion of such a style through the provinces proves that painting had then undergone its last great revolution, and that pictures admired in the chief seats of art must have corresponded in excellence with the Laocoon and the Apollo. But who can now decide between the painting and the sculpture of the ancients, so well as the ancients themselves? They have left sufficient proofs of taste equal to our own, and Parrhasius divided their admiration with Phidias, Apelles with Lysippus.

This museum exceeds all others in ancient

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bronze. Bronze, though dearer, more difficult to be wrought, more tempting to be destroyed, and less beautiful than marble, forms most of the statuary. The larger statues had been originally composed of pieces connected by dove-tail joints; and these promiscuous fragments have been recompiled into new figures, so that six horses now form one. Those fragments which had escaped fusion were rent, inflated, or bruised by the burning lava. In addition to these misfortunes, they were made up unhappily; for the eye of an artist can sometimes detect two styles of art evidently different, the large and the exquisite, soldered together on the same statue. The figures most admired are the drunken faun, an idea perhaps taken from the *Periboetes*—the sleeping faun—the sitting Mercury—the *Canephora* adjusting her *peplos**—an Augustus and a Claudius, both of heroic size.

* Her peplos, being thrown over a Doric tunic, leaves half the side naked, and is so slit that, when unbuttoned at the shoulder, it would part, and the zone being unclasped, would expose her *whole* side. This circumstance, in which the Canephora's very fingers directed me, will illustrate the following passage:

> Λύει τὸν αὐτῆς πέπλον, ᾧ χρυσήλατος
> Προὔκειτο μαστῶν περονίς· ἐκ δ᾽ ἐλώπισε
> Πλευρὰν ἅπασαν, ὠλένην τ᾽ εὐώνυμον.

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Bronze was preserved here in all the various shapes of kitchen utensils, cutting instruments, armour, implements of worship, *phalli*, and articles of dress.* All the finest tables, tripods, candlesticks, lamps, vases, *pateræ*, &c., were then absent; but their forms are so convenient for modern life, that you see them every where reproduced and multiplied in fashionable furniture. While the silversmith brings these classical models into his trade, the poor antiquary tortures mythology to explain every emblem, animal, mask, or

Thus in Sophocles's time, as in ours, the zone was buckled under the bosom; but Homer's old-fashioned nymphs tied it over their hips:

——— περὶ δὲ ζώνην βάλετ' ἰξύϊ
Καλὴν, χρυσειην———

Amazons are the only female figures that I have seen bound, or rather belted in this primitive way. Some of the Amazons, on the *sarcophagus* of the Capitol, have both cinctures at once. This I also remarked on the Gabine Diana and on some pretended Venuses. I have touched on these points because Winkelmann appears to have mistaken them.

* Juvenal's "urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ," are all struck out of a bronze statue. Even in early Greece bronze was applied to the same variety of uses. All Homer's cutlery is made of ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ; his χαλκεὺς is a jack-of-all trades, and the metal itself is thus generalized by him:

——— χάλκευον δαίδαλα πολλὰ,
Πόρπας τε, γναμπτάς θ' ἕλικας, κάλυκάς τε, καὶ ὅρμους.

Similar articles belong to this Greek repository at Portici.

shell, and adorns their lids or handles: he gives meaning to the delirious dreams of the grotesque, and attempts to classify the results of chance.

Vesuvius is now an exhausted subject. Its fire and smoke, its glory and terrors, are vanished for the present. Ladies, as I read in the Hermit's Album, go down to the bottom of the crater. Naturalists, on comparing its latter eruptions, have pronounced the volcano to be now in its old age, and another Torre del Greco is rising confidently on the lava of the last.

Non adeo Vesuvinus apex et flammea diri
Montis hyems trepidas exhausit civibus urbes.

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CASERTA.

———— Capuæ pereuntis imago
Jam tum ante oculos erat———— Sil. Ital.

The situation of this palace is often condemned as flat; but is that a disadvantage? A convent, a Gothic castle, a villa, a hunting lodge may, like ordinary men, seek distinction from eminence of station; but this august pile, like a true hero, involves all its dignity in itself. It depends on no accessories, nor tricks of the picturesque: it challenges inspection near or remote: it demands an immense plain, and solitude.

The late king sought grandeur here from every dimension. The plan, which he prescribed to the architect, must have astonished the world. A common elevation, on such a length of front, would present only the idea of barracks. The

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elevation rose proportioned to the plan, and the result is a palace.

"But the elevation also is too flat," say the critics; "it wants contrast, life, movement, relief: it should start out into pavilions; it should rise into towers, and break up the immensity of front." Yet this very immensity was the effect sought; an effect more sublime than all the diversities of aspect, and all the play of *chiaroscuro*. The very flatness which they blame promotes this effect; it amplifies every dimension, it unfolds the general design, at one view, in all its symmetry and expansion. Sweep away then those unfinished lodgments which tend to screen the principal front. What need of such outworks, when one quarter of the palace is found sufficient for the whole royal family, in all its divisions of households? The eye too is hurt by those vile *mezzanini* which intrude between the principal zones of windows. If the colossal elevation called for too many stories, or for windows too large for the strict rule of beauty, the architect should have returned upon the monarch's plan, and have reduced its extent, as being too ambitious for human art, which can produce excellence only within certain limits.

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The middle arch opens upon a long, obscure portico, which pierces the whole depth of the palace, and acts like the tube of a telescope on the distant cascade. In the middle of this portico the four courts form a cross. Here of course are the great vestibule and stair-case, the central objects which re-unite all the branches of the stupendous whole. On these two objects the finest *breccia* and *brocatelli* of the Sicilies are lavished: but, at present, they glitter, like jewels on a dunghill, amidst unplastered walls, loose stones, smoky lamps, and filth. Perhaps they are too magnificent. In the natural progression of ornament, a stair-case and vestibule should lead to objects still richer than themselves; but what architecture can be made richer than these?

The chapel is worthy of the palace. Its side galleries, an accommodation rarely in Italy, are adorned with ancient columns disposed in pairs: its altar is to be faced with lapis lazzuli.

The theatre is perhaps too splendid for its own exhibitions. Its form is the usual horse-shoe, encircled with grand alabaster columns. But columns of the Greek orders are generally too grand

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for separating such pigeon-holes as playhouse boxes: their shafts incommode the cooped spectator, and their capitals obstruct his view. Would not the Gothic enter more intimately into the minute divisions of a modern theatre? The Gothic excels in little details, it loves little compartments, its long slender shafts are finely formed to part off the boxes, its flat arches to surmount them, its fan-tracery to face them, and on the grander parts, such as the stage-front, or the state-boxes, an artist might pile all the pinnacles and enrichments of an old cathedral-throne. A theatre, however, is the only structure to which I have never seen the Gothic applied.

I felt a vastness, a vacancy in the shell of this unfinished palace, and wished for more sculpture to furnish the walls. On the stair-case, indeed, are some allegorical figures which finely associate with its architecture; but the other architectural statues exist only on boards, and these are perched on the *acroters*. In the rooms I saw nothing exquisite. Bacciano's relievos I remarked merely as the work of a shepherd. The squat Farnese treading on the belly of Flanders struck me as a sacrilege committed on the temple of Peace; for

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a column found in that ruin, and sister to the great column at Rome, has been mangled down into that execrable group. Their majesties being then at Caserta prevented us from seeing the royal apartments.

From Caserta it is but half an hour's ride to the remains of ancient Capua. Some tombs on the road, though ruined and encumbered with bushes, display a variety of sepulchral forms, unknown during the Roman republic. Most of the Campanian tombs anterior to Cæsar had been demolished by his soldiers, while searching for painted vases; for Capua, though late in learning the ceramic art, was more productive than the rest of Campania.

Vases have been lately discovered here in great variety, and antiquaries find out purposes for them all; either in the form, or the size, or the painting, or their own imagination. They class them into the votive, the sacrificial, the cinerary.*

* The terms cineraria, cineres, have led antiquaries to dispute on the ancient mode of separating all the ashes of a dead man from those of his funeral pile. Some would wrap the corpse in a sheet of amianthus; others place it in a stone coffer; others set a guard to

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Some they assign to the *lararium* or to the bath: others to the prize of games, or to the *tesseræ* of

watch its decomposition;—my notion is this. While the body at the top sank gradually as the pile consumed, the flesh would melt away, or moulder into the ashes of the wood; but the bones, being free from pressure, would, even after calcination, retain both their shape and a whiteness sufficient to distinguish them from the remains of the pyre. Now I conclude that nothing but the bones was gathered, and for these reasons—

It was impossible to separate the ashes of the body from those of the wood—when pulverized in the urn, the bones themselves would become ashes, *cineres*—this term, *cineres*, owes its present acceptation to the poets: but poets apply it also to buried corpses, where it is evidently improper—the ceremony of collecting the remains of the dead was called *ossilegium*—they were collected in the laps of the relations, a receptacle much fitter for bones than for ashes: hence among other solids, some charcoal has entered by mistake into several urns—Tibullus, in a circumstantial description of the ceremony, excludes all remains except the bones:

> Pars quæ sola mei superabit corporis, ossa,
> Incinctæ nigra candida veste legant.

The phials found with those urns have been called Lacrymatories, from another misapplication of poetical language. Chifflet, I believe, was the first who invented this name, on supposing them a receptacle for tears; but most of those which I have seen were too narrow in the mouth for a mourner's eyes. Instead of tears, as is vulgarly thought, or of perfumes and ointments, as Schoeffler and later critics supposed; those phials, in my opinion, contained rather the *purgamenta* which came off from the bones when bathed in wine, milk, and balsams: for cleansings thus retaining some part of the dead, could never be thrown away nor mixed with the purified relics, and were therefore deposited separately. The residue of ashes found in some of those lacrymatories tends to confirm this opinion, nor can any other hypothesis account so well for that residue.

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judges. Yet how many vases resist all classification! how many contradict any general positions!

Antiquaries cannot yet agree on any common name for those vases, which have been successively called Etruscan, Campanian, Sicilian, Athenian. One proposes the epithet Italo-Greek: another, Greco-Italic; another, Ceramographic; another, painted Campanian, Etruscan, &c. They seem to dislike so general a denomination as *Greek;* yet this appears to me the fittest of all. Etruria and Campania were only colonies of the plastic art, but the mother-country was Greece. The term Greek would exclude only the vases strictly Etruscan, few of which were painted, very few indeed painted historically. *Tuscanica* were little clay figures, not vases. The pottery of Etruria was but black earthen-ware. Arretium wrought only for the kitchen. It was *Greece,* or Magna *Græcia,* or the *Greek* cities of Sicily that furnished the temple and the tomb.

The amphitheatre of old Capua recals to us the sublime image of Spartacus. It resembles the *Coliseum* in its form and in its fate. Both were raised on magnificent designs negligently exe-

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cuted. Both have suffered from barbarians, and from modern builders; but the solitude of the Campanian ruin has exposed it to greater dilapidation than the Roman has yet undergone. Part of its materials have emigrated to modern Capua: a part is buried in its own *arena.* The first order of columns is half interred: the second has none entire; nor can you trace any of those holes which received the masts. The awnings used in the Roman theatres were invented here for Capua; but porticos still continued necessary as a shelter from rain,

Nam ventus populo vela negare solet.

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POMPEII.

Quicquid sub terra est in apricum proferet ætas. Hor.

"How shameful," said a friend to me, "thus to abandon so easy a conquest, and how absurd to remove any antiquities from the spot! Why not cover the houses, and replace their contents? Every object, thus restored to its original place, would regain its original interest, and suggest its original purpose. Nay, here they would be safer from the volcano than at Portici."—"But would they be safer from men?"—"Then put people in the houses and secure them."—"But whom could you now assimilate to the place? and who would prefer such a medley of ancient and modern to the present monumental solitude of Pompeii?"

The Barracks. Here one step brought us into a state of existence two thousand years earlier

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than our own. I saw nothing admirable, but much that was curious:—ancient galleries and rooms—tessellated pavements and arabesque walls—ill-spelt names, and ill-shaped horses scratched on the stucco—columns repaired and modernized by the ancients themselves, who have buried their original flutings under a painted coat of plaster— But were these really barracks? Was a court connected with two theatres, a construction of brick and wood, a slight decorated Doric, a low situation close to a hill, proper for a place of arms? Some have supposed it a *gymnasium* from the boxing figures scratched on the walls, and the unmilitary size of the armour found there. But then, where were the baths, the honorary statues, and inscriptions, inseparable from gymnasia? and why should slaves be found chained in one room, and an oil-mill standing in another? Who would expect, in a gymnasium or in barracks, all the precious effects which they were carrying hence on horses? On comparing this court with those of the villa, I would rather assign it to the governor's *prætorium*, which was held a necessary constituent of every ancient town.

Theatres. One of these is called an Odeon,

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perhaps from its vicinity to the greater; but no vestige remains of that tent-like cupola which crowned the ancient Odeons: its water-courses would even indicate that a part of this was open to the rain. Had it been really an Odeon, appropriated to music, we might expect to find here some of that harmonical construction which Vitruvius admired in the provincial theatres, particularly in these Greek towns. That rage for plays, which distinguishes the present race, has always prevailed in this district. Here are two ancient theatres, at Herculaneum one, a fourth at Misenum, a fifth at Atella; besides two at Naples mentioned by Statius, others yet undiscovered, and the three great amphitheatres of Capua, Cumæ, and Puteoli.

Iseon. This was well designed for the seclusion and progressive mysteries of the Isiac rite. One narrow door gave access to the Peribolos or court, which presented to the novice some altars *sub dio*—a cistern for ablution—a small fane or ædicula—and last, the sacred temple. In the temple itself was a gradation of sanctity—a vestibule—an open altar—an adytum—secret stairs—and a sunken cell. The court is surrounded with

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a portico and painted chambers, one of which, on the authority of a single fish-bone, has been called the refectory; a place very necessary for the Egyptian rite, which became notorious for the smoke of its suppers. The other rooms may, perhaps, have served as the "Isiacæ sacraria lenæ," the scene of those gallantries for which the bald priests of Isis pandered as they begged. Such a ministry must have rendered the worship of the goddess highly popular in this voluptuous climate, though it once brought her consecrated pimps to the gallows.

Streets. The impression of wheels worn deep into the hard basalt pavement of this town evinces an extreme antiquity. So narrow is the street excavated that you cross it on three stepping stones which were placed between the foot-pavements. Indeed the streets were anciently very narrow all over Italy. To remove this inconvenience, Nero set fire to the oldest quarters of Rome, which, though difficult, were still more pervious than the original city.*

* For this reason, I presume, the lictors, though sometimes twenty-four in number, preceded the magistrate always in a single file; for

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The Houses generally form a small court, into which all the rooms open. In some I found a peristyle and the marks of a basin, but no chimneys, no windows,* no middle doors between the

the same reason no senator, except the blind Metellus, was indulged with a carriage in the city, nor even litters allowed there before Cicero's time.

* Every chamber received its light from the door. Hence the wall fronting the door was the lightest; and this appears the reason why Homer calls that wall the ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα.

There is no impropriety, I hope, in applying Homer's descriptions to Pompeii. The domestic simplicity of Homer's age subsisted in some parts of Greece down to the Persian invasion. During that period this part of Italy was colonized by Greeks. Colonies generally simplify the accommodations of their mother-country, and their long struggle for subsistence debars them from the innovations of more polished life. Hence Pompeii may have retained the modes which it derived from Greece, after Greece itself had relinquished them.

Pompeii had been long Greek before it became Roman, and bears more marks of its mother than of its mistress.—The figures painted on its buildings are all drest in the Greek *pallium*, without any appearance of the *toga*. The order of their peristyles is the Greek Doric, so different from the Doric of ancient Rome.—The terraces which covered them, and which are still common in this country, were of Greek origin: "Subdialia Græci invenere."—Above the court called barracks, was one of those temples surrounded with insulated columns, which Sophocles denominates ἀμφικίονας ναὺς; a plan peculiar to Greece, and not to be found in any Roman antiquity.—The smooth threshing floors enclosed here in the open fields correspond with Homer's ἐϋτροχάλῳ ἀλωῇ, and cattle work on those floors in the very manner which he describes.

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contiguous rooms. The chambers were too narrow for hospitable men; and probably, from the want of convenience at home, the citizens associated, as their descendants do, in the streets, temples, or porticos. Without the town the houses seem to have been larger. One, now infected with a *mofeta*, has three stories, and a room about twenty feet long, which our guide modernized into a *galleria*.

The Shops, like the present shops of this country, are open from wall to wall. A low parapet forms the window, and leaves a narrow sill for the door. One of their counters is covered with marble, in which seem holes intended for vases. On another house is a *phallus*, which has excited much remark. Some think it the sign of a brothel; others, of an amulet manufactory. But was it a sign at all? It stands in a niche which, like the ancient *thalamos*, forms part of the wall. It may, therefore, have been an object of worship, a Hermes, a Priapus, a Fascinus, or some tradesman's *bascanion*. Yet, as Isis was the favourite divinity of Pompeii, I should rather suppose that the landlord of this house was one of her free-

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masons, and the *phallus* a badge of his initiation, allusive to her Ithyphallic rite.

The *Town Gate* is little and low, like every thing here. Without the town stands the tomb of the Priestess Mammia, or rather its cubic base, near which are two semi-circular seats, some yards in diameter. The inscription on one of these denotes a place of sepulture; but for whatever they were raised, they stood here for public resort, and may be considered as *hemicyclions*, where the ancients held their *conversazioni*. The *hemicyclion* appears to have been a seat very different from the augur's chair, or that of the *Poseidippus* now so called. Cicero's admitted several persons into its curve, like the *sigma* at banquets, or these seats of Pompeii.

The *villa* is a detached tenement, affording several details of ancient economy. It consists of two courts, the larger surrounded with a covered gallery, the smaller with rooms of different forms, which our guide distinguished into the eating-parlour, the bed-chamber, the water-closet, the wardrobe, &c. The wine-cellars are placed, as Columella directs, at a distance from the bath and

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the bakehouse. They contain a row of long, narrow, earthen *diotæ* standing, exactly as they were formed, inclined against the wall.*

The *bath* of this villa was well built for diffusing heat and saving fuel. It is lined with broad tiles, forming those *æstuaria* through which the vapour of the *hypocaust* spread round the room;† while the bath-boiler, the kitchen-stove, and the oven, met in the same corner, and were heated by the same fire. A contrivance equally frugal made the same lamp light both the bath and the dress-

* This is the very position described in the Odyssey:

> Ἐν δὲ πίθοι οἴνοιο παλαιοῦ ἡδυπότοιο
> Ἕστασαν, ἄκρητον θεῖον ποτὸν ἐντὸς ἔχοντες,
> Ἑξείης ποτὶ τοῖχον ἀρηρότες—

In Pompeii I observed earthen-ware adapted to all the uses that Pliny enumerates. In these cellars are "doliis ad vina excogitatis" —at the little theatre, "ad aquas tubulis"—at the bath, "ad balineas mammatis"—and at the Iseon, "ad tecta coctilibus laterculis, frontatisque," on the corners of the little fane.

† Not only the *caldaria*, but also the winter saloons of the great were warmed in this dangerous manner, which may account for the frequency of those fires that were so destructive to ancient Rome. In houses where no *hypocaustum*, like this of Pompeii, was kept, brasiers full of charcoal were placed in the middle of the sitting-room on tripods; a mode still prevalent in this country and in modern Greece. It could be only round such tripods that the Greeks performed their Amphidromia, and the Romans their similar ceremony: "Idem ter igni circumlatus."

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ing-room, by placing it in a glazed aperture between them. This solitary pane has been called in to settle the disputed antiquity of glass windows. But can it prove the point? was its place a window or a lantern?

The French resumed with ardour the excavations which had been suspended in this wonderful mine of antiquity. The paintings which they restored to light still remain on the walls; but they suffer from every visit, for the guide must wash off something of their existence, before he can bring them fully into your view. An Ulysses, a Dædalus, and a Roman charity, are equal to any in the historical class at Portici.

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EXCURSION TO PÆSTUM.

——— Longarum hæc meta viarum. VIRG.

FROM Pompeii we rode through a rich and delightful plain, yet here we met beggars prostrated on the road, and kissing the dust for a single grain. We passed through a long street of houses called LA CAVA, where every portico was a shop. The pedlars of this place have given name to the "Farse Cavaiole," a low species of drama exhibiting the tricks of some little Autolycus. The place itself took its name from a cave which runs under the neighbouring abbey *della Trinità*, the last great foundation of the Lombards, and still the richest repository of their antiquities. We then entered a valley between two convergent Apennines, and passed through a curious succession of landscapes, or rather elements of landscapes, full of that savage picturesque, the study of which drew Salvator Rosa

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to reside here. In proportion as the valley contracted, its sides became more precipitate, and their angles more frequent, more acute, and more exact to each other.

Salerno rises from a fine curve of the shore up the base of magnificent mountains, where some picturesque hermitages are stuck on inaccessible projections. Though placed between the beauties of sea and land, of cultivated and rude nature, the city is so unhealthy that its richer inhabitants remove to Vietri during the hot months. In proof of its bad air I remarked here a multitude of apothecaries, who are said to adhere very generally to their old Saracenic pharmacy. In the streets was a bustle like trade, but not a vessel of any kind in the harbour. A few monuments of Roman, Lombard, and Norman date are preserved at the cathedral, which is a pile so antique and so modern, so repaired and rhapsodic, that it exhibits patches of every style, and is of no style itself.

We left Salerno before day-break; but in less than an hour our carriage broke down in the dark. We went to the nearest *osteria*, and knocked for

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assistance; but nobody would rise. Our impatient driver at last cut down the sign-post to repair his unfortunate calash; and then we went on securely enough until we reached the cross-roads, which no traveller should attempt so soon after rain as we did. Those roads were in some parts impassable; opposite to the Royal palace of Persano we were forced into fields of corn, and a few miles farther we stuck up to the axle in a morass.

Here we left the carriage, and with difficulty reached a lonely cottage-inn where thieves and thief-catchers often meet to negociate. Some of the latter, being fortunately there, lent us their mules and escorted us to Pæstum. On arriving at the SELE, we found more mules waiting for the ferry-boat. These when embarked, grew so furious that some of the passengers caught hold of ropes and stood ready to plunge into the river. The rage of those wicked brutes seemed contagious, as if excited by the gad-fly, which ever since Virgil's time has infested these banks.

On entering the walls of PÆSTUM I felt all the religion of the place. I trod as on sacred ground. I stood amazed at the long obscurity of its mighty

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ruins. They can be descried with a glass from Salerno, the high road of Calabria commands a distant view, the city of Capaccio looks down upon them, and a few wretches have always lived on the spot; yet they remain unnoticed by the best Neapolitan antiquaries. Pelegrino, Capaccio, and Sanfelice wrote volumes on the beaten tracks of topography, but they never travelled.

I will not disturb the dreams of Paoli, who can see nothing here but the work of Tuscans and the Tuscan order; nor would I, with other antiquaries, remount to the Sybarites, and ascribe these monuments, monuments the most simple, sage, austere, energetic, to a race the most opposite in character. Because the Pæstan Doric differs in all its proportions from that of the Parthenon, I would not therefore conclude that the Pæstan temples are older than the Athenian. The proportions of an order are but a matter of convention. They often vary in the same age, in the same country, nay in the same edifice; and surely a Phidias working in the metropolis of Grecian art, with its two best architects and the Pentelic quarry at his command, might well produce more elegance than contemporary or even later artists,

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who were confined to the ruder materials and tastes of a remote colony.

The three structures are all *peripteral:* their peristyles are entire; the columns are not five diameters in height: their intercolumniations are closer than the pycnostyle itself: their shafts, instead of swelling into tun-bellied curves, are *frusta* of acute cones and fluted in the constant style of the Greek doric. All the mouldings are angular except the *ovolo* of the capitals, which is flatter than even the *ovolo* of the Athenian columns, and the *abacus* above it is more prominent, more imposing. In opposition to the Latin Doric, the members which support are here larger than those supported; the architrave higher than the frieze, and the frieze than the cornice.* Yet these very peculiarities create an exaggeration of mass which awes every eye, and a stability which, from time unknown, has sustained in the air these ponderous entablatures. The walls are fallen, and the columns stand; the solid has failed, and the open resists.

* Here the height of the architrave is equal to its width; which, though double the established proportion, agrees with Vitruvius.

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These anomalies and others found in this Pæstan order have been considered by some as the traces of architecture originating in the cottage-timbers. But here are both mutules and triglyphs in front, where neither joist nor rafter could shew its extremity: here, instead of the astragal-hoop, there are grooves which tend to weaken rather than to bind.*

* In tracing the origin of architecture, Vitruvius was obliged to draw his analogies from old Greek temples like these: for in the ruins of Rome the idea of the cottage is generally confounded with that of the cavern, the column is intermixed with the arch, and the primitive orders are lost in a profusion of ornament. At Nismes, the modillons of the *Maison Carrée* are inverted, and the thick ends turned outwards.

Vitruvius, however, has not convinced me that the architectural orders were, in their origin, only an imitation of the primordial cottage; nor Viel de St. Maux, that they were symbols of the months, days, and planets; nor would I allegorize, with others, every column into a God. I admire the Vitruvian hypothesis as the basis of a fine system, as a criterion of beauty, as a guard against inconsistencies in the art; but those orders I would assign to a different origin, and derive them from the natural necessities of a hot climate.

In such a climate they certainly took rise, and such climates alone can preserve so much ornament for ages entire. The Corinthian can be traced in the Egyptian ruins of Koun Ombos and of Esné, which are older than the Greek story of the basket and tile. In such climates a place of assembly required nothing but shade and ventilation; in other words, nothing but a roof and just as much vertical building as could support it—hence the groves of pillars which we find in Egypt; but the angles of pillars were found to obstruct the circulation of a crowd—hence columns; and, as plinths and tores

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The *smallest* of the three has six columns in front and thirteen in length. This is not the number which Vitruvius prescribes for the Hexastylos; but this proportion obtained in Greece: it is found in the temple of Theseus and in the Suniad ruin. Vitruvius's rules were not always followed at Rome, and here his first principles are reversed. According to him, the intercolumniations should be in direct proportion to the relative thickness of the columns. Now these, in proportion to their height, are the thickest columns that I have seen, and yet their relative distance is the least. Thus their serried files crowd advantageously on the eye, enlarge our idea of the space, and give an air of grandeur to very moderate dimension.

The *middle* structure, called (I believe merely from the name of the city) the temple of Neptune, is more entire, more various, more majestic. It

would impede the passage of feet—hence baseless columns, like these of Pæstum.

And why were the most ancient monuments in the North of an opposite architecture? Why were their walls solid and plain, their interior dark and close, the chimney much larger than the doors and windows, but from a similar cause, the natural necessities of a cold climate?

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consists of two peristyles separated by a wall: the outer has fourteen columns in a file; the inner has two stories of smaller columns and only an architrave between them. Though this corresponds with Vitruvius and with the Parthenon; yet surely two stories of columns, where no frieze nor listel denotes an intermediate flooring, seem unnecessary and mean. The whole is evidently an *Hypæthros;* for the number of front columns forms no specific difference. Vitruvius, though his definition of the Hypæthros requires ten, admits also eight into the same class. In fact, the Hypæthros implies an open court. If that court was narrow, the front had six columns, as here; if wider, eight, as in the Parthenon, or ten, as Vitruvius prescribes; if still wider, the pediment would disappear, and the temple expand into an *Iseon.*

The *Third* structure is still more singular. It has nine columns in front, and a range in the middle parallel to the sides. A front where the number of columns is odd, and a plan thus bisected appear so inconsistent with the design of a temple, that few antiquaries will allow it that name. One calls it an *atrium,* another a *basilica;* but

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the trace of walls, and the narrowness of the cell convinced me that it could be neither. I exhausted conjecture, and at last returned unsatisfied to the idea of a temple; an open temple which had no front-doors to fix the distribution of columns, a temple perhaps parted between two divinities, like that of Venus and Rome.

The stone of these edifices was probably formed at Pæstum itself, by the brackish water of the Salso acting on vegetable earth, roots, and plants; for you can distinguish their petrified tubes in every column.* None of the ruins are sunk, nor does the general surface of Pæstum rise into the heaps of a demolished town.

These wonderful objects, though surveyed in the midst of rain, amply compensated our little misadventures. Taking into view their immemorial antiquity, their astonishing preservation, their grandeur or rather grandiosity, their bold columnar elevation, at once massive and open, their severe simplicity of design, that simplicity in

* Pliny remarks the same quality in the neighbouring Sele. "In flumine Silaro ultra Surrentum non virgulta modo immersa, verum et folia lapidescunt."

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which art generally begins, and to which, after a thousand revolutions of ornament, it again returns; taking, I say, all into one view, I do not hesitate to call these the most impressive monuments that I ever beheld on earth.

The city walls are built of huge polyhedric stones, which afford some idea of what has been lately thought the Cyclopean construction. Their materials, however, are a grey stone; without any mixture of the marble, granite, and lava which are held essential to that construction. We saw parts of an aqueduct, and something like a small amphitheatre, which was partly excavated from the ground, as in Greece; but, though we went in spring, we found no descendants of the celebrated roses,

——— Biferique rosaria Pæsti.

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JOURNEY TO ANCONA.

> Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
> Inferni, superique maris, collesque coercent;
> Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
> Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon. Luc.

From Rome we travelled for two posts through desolation and wild grass, and then entered on the Flaminian pavement, in a forest which has been lately thinned both of trees and robbers.

Civita Castellana stands on a peninsula faced with precipices and moated with torrents. This situation, after a long and voluminous contest, both in prose and verse, must at last be assigned to Falerium; for Veii, which had been fixed here by Mazzocchio and others, is ascertained, by an inscription discovered since I left Italy, to have stood on the Cassian way about two miles from Isola Farnese.

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On arriving at Terni we rode up to the cascade, leaving below us on the left a green valley, a river, a bridge, a villa, a castellated town, and regular lines of culture: all which, contrasting with the wild nature on the mountains, formed a little cabinet-picture concealed among the large landscapes of Umbria. At last came the roar of the Velino upon the cliffs—but this cataract, whether viewed at the tremendous chasm above it, at the verge of precipitation, or midway down at the *belvedere* in front—the evening sun painting an iris on the spray—the obscurity of the gulf below—the vista of the rich vale of Nera—all must have been so often described, that I leave them in silent admiration.

Spoleti retains some grand memorials of its Lombard Dukes. The cathedral was built of marble in their reigns, and built in that peculiar style which I have already remarked as Lombard. The tremendous aqueduct was the work of a Goth. Spoleti comes finely into a landscape, and its environs are strewed with white patrician hermitages; but the interior of the town is filthy and mean.

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We now entered on the plain of Mevania which used to supply the Roman triumphs with snow-white bulls. I saw large herds of oxen stately enough for the altar, but none so poetically white, nor any much lighter in colour than the Tuscan. Their horns, too, rose in curves of enormous length; while those of the ancient victims are generally represented in relievos as short and even stunted.

The Flaminian way brought us close to the little temple and the fountain of CLITUMNUS. From what I could learn of the fountain, its virtue of bleaching cattle is just as fabulous as the miracle which Claudian ascribes to it. The temple can hardly be that structure which the younger Pliny describes as ancient even in his time; for instead of columns bescratched with the nonsense of an *album*, here are columns coupled in the middle of the front to correspond with those on the *antes*, a thing not found in any classical antiquity; here are spiral columns, which, so far from being characters of early art, are corruptions of its decline.

COLFIORITO is a mountain so bare and so washed, that its few inhabitants have no soil to

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subsist on. What a large proportion of the Papal state seems to lie under some physical curse! These poor mountaineers, perched on the roof of Italy, though free from mephitism and the plagues of the plain, are unmercifully pelted and starved by the elements. Their brethren on the ground-floor are better sheltered and fed, but they live in a tainted atmosphere. At TOLENTINO the Apennines begin to degenerate into green cultivated hills, as the motto mentions, which form on this side a declivity as gentle as the opposite ascent was abrupt. Indeed all chains of mountains are most precipitous on the south and west.

MACERATA contains a number of *palazzi*, and therefore a swarm of provincial nobility. The peasants observe an established uniform in dress, of which orange appears the prevailing colour. So constant are the women of this class to local costume, that the female head becomes a kind of geographical index. At Macerata they adhere to the ancient mode of plaiting and coiling the hair which they transfix with long silver wires tipt at both ends with large knobs.* At RECANATI,

* "Figat acus tortas sustineatque comas." MART.
This was the acus crinalis, and its knobs usually bore a figure of

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they hang golden bells to their ear-rings, three or five to each chime, jingling like the *crotalia* of the Roman matrons. At Loretto, they adjust the handkerchief to their heads in the style of their *Madonna*. All the young men bind their hair in coloured nets, an ancient affectation of female attire, as appears from Juvenal's censure of the thing. No where could I see that gracefulness or even that simplicity so much admired in the rural costume. In this country whenever the peasant is fine, he is frightful.

LORETTO. On entering the church at five in the morning, I was surprized to find crowds so early in the *Santa Casa*, and masses at every altar. This holy house and its saint struck me as examples of that contrast which the church of Rome affects, in consecrating ugliness. The one is a mean, brick-looking hovel, incased in a shell of sculptured marble: the other, a black, smoked, wooden figure glittering in jewels and brocade. Seldom is the gift of miracles ascribed to an object of beauty. A statue must either have or affect the Gothic antique before the godly will rub their

Venus, Cupid, &c. The knobs which I remarked here were also carved or stamped.

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foreheads on its toes. When this Virgin returned from France (for she has been a traveller as well as her house) a new deposite was opened to replace the treasures which had vanished. The Pope presented two golden crowns; and a priest sits fronting the door to receive and register donations. But most of the pilgrims whom I found there appeared as poor as they were pious. They knelt round the furrow which devotion has worn on the pavement, as they approached the Virgin,

> Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
> Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
> As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
> Prayers that were up at heaven, and entered there
> Ere sun-rise.

ANCONA seems to have accommodation for any increase of commerce. The port is large, safe, well-divided, beautiful. The Lazaretto is such as the Adriatic requires; a strong, capacious pentagon rising magnificently in the sea. The ancient part of the mole is crowned by Trajan's arch, and the modern by a Pope's. But what business has a priest with triumphal arches? and what business has any arch on a mole? Arches like these suppose a triumph, a procession, a road, the entry into a city. The mole of Trajan called for a diffe-

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rent monument. Here an historical column, like his own, might have risen into a Pharos, at once to record his naval merits, to illuminate his harbour, and realize the compliment which the senate inscribed on this arch, by making "the access to Italy safer for sailors."

It would be ungallant to pass through Ancona without paying homage to the multitude of fine women whom you meet there. Wherever there is wealth or even comfort in Italy, the sex runs naturally into beauty; and where should beauty be found if not here—

Ante Domum Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon?

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JOURNEY TO VENICE.

Hoc tibi, quicquid id est, longinquis mittit ab oris
Gallia Romanæ nomine dicta togæ. MART.

FROM Ancona we travelled along the shore, fatigued by a deep clogging sand, and a calm flat sea without a vessel on its surface. SINIGAGLIA, though already too large for its inhabitants, was branching out into new streets, to meet the increasing resort of its great fair.

We crossed the celebrated Metaurus and stopped at FANO. Here is an arch composed of discordant architecture, and ascribed both to Augustus and to Constantine. But had the former any share in the work? Dion mentions but two arches erected to Augustus on the Flaminian way, and the coins couple those arches with the two bridges of Rimini and Ponte Molle, which terminated that way. On the frieze of this arch

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there is certainly an inscription to Augustus Cæsar; but on a listel below it is another inscription to a Corrector of the Flaminian way, which contradicts Tacitus and throws a doubt on the whole.

Rimini. The arch of Augustus, being a vial one, was necessarily much wider than the triumphal arches which succeeded. It now appears but a large gaping gateway, flanked by two Corinthian columns, and crowned, like those of Drusus and Gallienus, with a pitiful pediment which does not cover half the entablature: but we cannot judge of the original effect of a work, which barbarians both mutilated and built upon. His bridge here was more fortunate. Protected from men by its own utility, it had only to resist the fury of floods, which have left it far more entire than the arch. This work does honour to the age of Vitruvius, and has stood a longer and severer trial than any bridge in Europe.

On the Emilian way almost every post town is an elegant city; and the plain itself is rich and regular as a garden; but on approaching the

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rivers you meet the desolation peculiar to an Apennine stream,

> ——————— Che si confonde
> Ne' giri, che mutar sempre le piacque,
> Divora i liti, e d' infeconde arene
> Semina i prati, e le campagne amene.

Among these rivers was the RUBICON, a celebrated name now lost in uncertainty among four different streams, the Fiumesino, the Pisatello, the Borco, the Rugone. How strange that a river, which is now unknown, and was often a mere brook, should have been ever so sacred a boundary! Some suppose that to pass it unordered in arms was held absolute treason; but this opinion can plead, I believe, no better authority than the inscription found on a column between Rimini and Ravenna: a monument of which the original is lost, the readings have been disputed, and the diction itself appears apocryphal. No historian attaches any sacredness to the Rubicon; nothing forbade Cæsar to pass it except an occasional order from the senate. Mark Anthony crossed the river in the opposite direction, and also in defiance of the senate; but this trespass, like

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Cæsar's, was only a personal affair, and so far from stated treason, that a specific decree was thought necessary to declare him eventually a traitor, if he did not return.

Bologna. On arriving here your attention is drawn first to the arcades, which are light and lofty in the principal streets; but every arch stands on single columns, which I cannot think either beautiful in itself, or fit for the basement of a high, heavy house-front. I am surprized that continued porticos like these, which Nero's excellent taste had designed for his new edition of Rome, are not general in the south of Italy, a country so subject to violent heat and rain.

Bologna excelled only in painting. In no age has its architecture been pure. Dante's Garisenda (for whatever the Divine Poet once names becomes Dante's) is a coarse brick tower which, if really built with its present inclination, was but deformed for the sake of difficulty. Its neighbour the Asinelli is taller, but not much better. San Francesco is a fine old church but not the true Gothic. San Petronio is a mixture of the modern and the Lombard. The Madonna di San Luca

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is rich, is magnificent; but not so simply noble as a Greek cross crowned by a cupola might be: its *porticato* astonishes only by its length. The Cathedral, San Paolo, the Institute, the palazzo Caprara, Ranuzzi, &c. contain some Greek architecture, and some parts are good.

In sculpture I saw nothing so grand as John Boulogn's fountain in the *piazza del Gigante,* where a number of bronze figures are assembled round Neptune. The Neptune is admired for the style, anatomy, and technical details. His air and expression are surely noble, powerful, commanding, perhaps too commanding for his situation. Neptune has not the same local effect in an inland town as at Naples, where the water which spouts from every prong of his trident becomes an immediate tribute to his sea.

I remarked in several palaces a columnar perspective painted on the bottom of their courts. Such decorations I would allow only where illusion is allowed, as in theatres, gardens, pasteboard triumphs, public illuminations; but, even at the hazard of contradicting Vitruvius, I would exclude them from solid and serious architecture. In a

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palace we refer every part to the geometrical plan: but those baseless fabrics are reducible to no plan at all; they are poor because they are false: they lose, as you approach, all their own magnificence, and they degrade that of the edifice which suffers them.

This city was, at least, the second field of painting in Italy; but the late revolution has shut up or desecrated half the churches, and has robbed the rest of all their principal oil-paintings. Even their frescos yield to those of the Zampieri-palace, which proved a field of competition to the great Lombard masters. Each of the Caracci has his ceiling; Guercino chose for his the subject of Hercules and Antæus, as a trial of his magic skill in *chiaroscuro* and foreshortening: but why was Domenichino absent in a palace which bears his name? Here are Guido's two apostles, a picture considered as the finest left in Italy. I can conceive no excellence beyond the figure of Peter. Indeed, so excellent is art here, that it disappears, and gives up the work to sentiment. I might heap technical praises on this divine picture; but I could not convey my own impressions.

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The Institute is lodged in a magnificent palace, and amply supplied with objects or tools of study, in every science and art; for this establishment includes both the academy of sciences and the Clementine Academy. The first was founded by a boy but upheld by great men: the second attempted, but in vain, to replace the Lombard School of painting, or rather La *Carraccesca.* The university is the oldest in Europe, at least the first where academical degrees were invented and conferred; but, like other old establishments, it is now fallen into decrepitude. Yet with all this learning in its bosom, Bologna has suffered its dialect, that dialect which Dante admired as the purest of Italy, to degenerate into a coarse, thick, truncated jargon, full of apocope, and unintelligible to strangers.

The rest of this journey was aquatic. The lakes, the marshes, and the canals; the wood and water of the Polisinos; the humid, fat soil, the thick, ill-ventilated air; the maceration of hemp, the frequency of floods, aud their slow reflux; all these causes acting under a hot sun have infected the Ferrarese territory with mephitism and thinned its population. Water is

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the grand enemy of these tracts. By turning the Reno from its direct tendency to the Po, away through the Ferrarese, the Popes have not only desolated the plain, but also produced a confusion in private property, and public disputes between Bologna and Ferrara, which called in the mediation of Cassini's geometry. The passage of water has been so constant a source of quarrel between states and between individuals, that the word "rivus" became the root of rivality or contention of any kind.

FERRARA was built for more than 100,000 inhabitants, and now it is reduced to one-fourth of that number. Some of the streets are covered with grass and dunghills, the ditches are mantled with green corruption, the very churches, which often flourish amid desolation, are falling into decay. Yet melancholy as this city looks now, every lover of Italian poetry must view with affection the retreat of an Ariosto, a Tasso, a Guarini. Such is the ascendant of wealth over genius, that one or two princes could create an Athens in the centre of this Bœotia. The little courts of Ferrara and Urbino seemed to emulate those of Alexandria and Pergamos, contending for pre-eminence only in

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literature and elegance. Ariosto's tomb was lately removed, with his chair and standish, from the Benedictine convent to the Studii. The apotheosis, I understand, was magnificent; yet a friend to what is ancient will hardly approve this manner of translating poets.

The old Ducal palace stands, moated and flanked with towers, in the heart of the subjugated town, like a tyrant intrenched among slaves, and recals to a stranger that gloomy period described by Dante,

> Che le città d' Italia tutte piene
> Son di tiranni; e un Metel diventa
> Ogni villan che parteggiando viene.

After a long struggle for liberty, which the league of Lombardy only exposed to a new danger, the Lombard states broke out into thirty separate republics; and each, ridden and spurred on by its own little demagogue, singled out its enemy. Ferrara matched itself against Ravenna, as Piacenza against Parma, or Pavia against Milan. Though confined within narrow territories, living in the sight of each other's turrets, and separated by the domains of barons who held both

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at defiance, those ambitious apes of Athens and Lacedæmon found means to flourish in the midst of continual hostility, and filled the annals of two centuries with their impertinent battles.

We embarked on the Po at PONTE DI LAGO SCURO, and sailed down to FORNACI, whence different canals brought us successively into the Adige, the Brenta, and the Adriatic. Along this tract are little conical huts, thatched with reeds, where the Guardia di Po are stationed to watch both the floods and the farmers. The farmers will sometimes steal across in the dark to sluice off the threatening inundation on their opposite neighbours; and the Po itself has been ever noted for this reciprocation of mischief.

> Succubuit si qua tellus, cumulumque furentem
> Undarum non passa ruit; tum flumine toto
> Transit, et ignotos aperit sibi gurgite campos.
> Illos terra fugit dominos: his rura colonis
> Accedunt, donante Pado.

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VENICE.

Questi palazzi e queste logge, or colte
D' ostri, di marmi, e di figure elette,
Fur poche e basse case insieme accolte,
Deserti lidi, e povere isolette. DELLA CASA.

I FOUND Venice just what I had imagined it to be from books and prints. A singular thing may be fully delineated. It is the sublime or the beautiful, it is the scenery of Naples or the Belvedere Apollo that baffles description.

Strangers, accustomed to expatiate on terra firma, soon feel the moated imprisonment of a town, where their walks are incessantly crossed by a canal, and their thread of talk or thinking is cut at the steep steps of a bridge. I admit its aquatic advantages, and the cheap convenience of its gondolas; yet with eight theatres and a proportionate quantity of private amusement, with

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large libraries and well-stocked markets, with every thing that study or pleasure could desire, Venice is the last residence that I should choose in Italy.

St. Mark's is much altered since the late events. I saw none of those singularities, those official costumes, that mummery, that masking which used to enliven this scene. Men of all ranks associate very promiscuously under the arcades, free from the old republican distinctions, and rattling on every subject except their own transformations. For six days in the week St. Mark's place is a military parade; on Saturday it is converted into a rag fair, and covered with "cushions, leaden spoons, irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would bury with those that wore them."

St. Mark's Church is a very singular pile. Though most of its materials came from Greece, their combination is neither Greek nor Gothic, nor basilical, nor Saracenic; but a fortuitous jumble of all. A front divided by a gallery, and a roof hooded with mosquish cupolas give it a strange unchristian look. No where have I seen so many columns crowded into so small a space.

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Near three hundred are stuck on the pillars of the front, and three hundred more on the balustrade above. A like profusion prevails in the interior, which is dark, heavy, barbarous, nay poor, in spite of all the porphyry and oriental marbles, and glaring mosaics that would enrich the walls, the vaults and pavements. In fact such a variety of colours would impair the effect of the purest architecture.

The *Procuratie Nuove* is a rich line of building fronted with all the Greek orders; but the Corinthian is too evidently an after-thought, an intruder forced upon the original design at the expense of a frieze. This front might dispense with the pigmy columns which are niched in the lower windows, and with the statues which recline on their pediments. Tired of so much embellishment, the eye wants to see something of the wall. The opposite building is lighter, lower, less noble indeed, and too open; a mere lantern. These piles are two dissimilar to have met in contact; but the church which parts them is a vile object, and interrupts the communication of the arcades.

In the adjoining *Piazzetta* the contrast is still

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more striking. The library and mint stand opposed to the Ducal palace; the beautiful to the imposing, the regular to the odd. Happily for Sansovino, the *library* was too short to admit a third story, and the two orders which compose it are as rich as beauty would allow them to be. The *mint* has two fronts perfectly unlike; where it joins the library it accords with it too; but to the sea it presents bossages and rusticity up to the summit.

The *Ducal Palace* is built in a style which may be arabesque, if you will, but it reverses the principles of all other architecture; for here the solid rests on the open, a wall of enormous mass rests on a slender fret-work of shafts, arches, and intersected circles. The very corners are cut to admit a thin spiral column, a barbarism which I saw imitated in several old palaces. A front thus bisected into thick and thin, such contrast of flat and fretted, can please only in perspective. It is not enough that the structure be really durable, it should also appear so.

Venice may be proud of her *churches;* of those, at least, which Palladio has built. His *Redentore*

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is admirable in plan and elevation. The interior elevation is perhaps perfect in its proportions, simple, grand, harmonious. One unbroken entablature, surmounting one unvaried Corinthian, reigns round the church. Its cornice, indeed, is one of the improprieties which are established in the interior of all churches, and the angles flattened at the cross we must inpute to the cupola.

San Giorgio, where the last conclave was held, is not so pure in design, yet worthy of Palladio. Both without and within are two different orders rising from the same pavement to different heights. The inner entablature starts out over each capital. The transepts seem too long for the nave, and the cupola too small. On the walls is a fine assemblage of marbles. The chief cloister, though supported by coupled columns, is nobly elevated: the windows grand: their pediments, as usual in Palladio's works, are alternately angular and curved.

San Francesco della Vigna is another church of Palladio's, but much inferior to these. Its front, like San Giorgio's, has two wings, each covered with half a pediment. The pediment in the middle is entire, and contains an eagle cooped in

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a circle. But why did not the sacred bird fill the whole *tympanum* with his expanded wings? So generally did the Greeks assimilate the one figure to the other, that they bestowed the same name on both.

Giosuati. The portal of this church emulates the Pantheon; but the reverend brandy merchants who raised it, impaired its simplicity by two rows of equal statues. I was better pleased with the gradation within, where the statues form one range, relievos another, and imitations of relief reign round the vault.

The *Jesuit* church, like most of that order, blends richness of materials with poverty of design. Over the high altar is an enormous block of white marble hewn into a *ciborium*, and set on twisted columns of *verde antico*—apparent weight resting on apparent weakness! the more precious materials supporting the less! The mosaic-carpet looks well at this altar; but a similar inlay covers the church columns where nothing should appear pieced.

Santa Maria della Salute is much admired. It

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is magnificent, to be sure, and lofty and rich; but it runs into too many angles and projections, too may "coignes of vantage," both without and within. It spires into a pyramid from the very basement up to the cupolas; but those cupolas screen each other, and are shored up with vile inverted consoles.

St. Moisè, the *Scalzi*, *St^{a}. Maria Zobenigo*, &c. are most cruelly dissected and tortured with decoration. All the belfries are built on the model of St. Mark's: each of their fronts is flanked with two broad pilasters running, like Gothic buttresses, up to the parapet.

The *Palaces* stand on grand Etruscan substructions, which, from the necessity of the element, must be simple and uniform. Above the water-floor they are as various as their architects. Some display the light elegance of Sansovino, others the exuberant ornament of Longhena, and a few the correct beauty of Palladio. They in general affect too many orders in front: each order has, absurdly enough, its full entablature: the lower cornices are as prominent as the upper, and appear in profile so many separate roofs. In fact the

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Grecian orders, being foreign to the manners and wants of a city built upon water, will never enter into its accommodations but at the expense of half their beauty and all their consistency.

Most palaces have two gates, some three, in the middle of their fronts. On each side are two ranges of equal windows in the basement alone. Over the gates is a stately and decorated superstructure of balconies, arcades, and gigantic windows, contrived for Venetian pageantry; and set in studied opposition to the general style of the front, which this wide, vertical breach divides into two. The windows are generally arched. In modern palaces their arch is circular, in some of the ancient it forms arabesque curves of contrary flexion which finely contrast with the flat mass of wall. In a Cornaro and a Grimani palace, both on the grand canal, I remarked the Gothic church window, and that not in its most elegant intersections. The chimnies figure on those palaces, more conspicuously than so sordid an object should do, in imitation of obelisks, bells, and candelabra reversed.

Many of those palaces are still rich in paintings.

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The Ducal palace has lately lost a few; but the greater allegorical pictures remain. Those of Paul Veronese are celebrated as compositions of the highest poetry. The subjects are surely poetical; but the works themselves are full of such heads and such gestures as are common at Venice, of such satins and velvets as were peculiarly studied in that portrait and pageant-painting school. Tintoret's Paradise is a multitudinous confusion of hurried figures, which none but that furious "fulmine di pennello" could assemble. Palma's Last Judgment is another immense composition, but more intelligibly detailed. These artists seem fond of introducing their friends into such pictures. In one part of this work you see Palma's mistress in heaven, in another the fickle lover sends her to hell. The paintings of the great council-chamber form a continued epic on the triumph which the republic claimed over Frederic Barbarossa. In one picture the suppliant Pope is discovered by the Doge, in another the Venetians defeat the imperial galleys, in a third young Otho their prisoner bears to his father the demands of the conqueror, in a fourth the emperor is prostrate at St. Mark's. Most of this is, perhaps, a romance; but a romance more pardonable in a Venetian

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painting, than in grave histories which are said to admit it on no good authority.

In other palaces I saw some admired pictures, but none that left any impression on me. This prolific school, with all its colouring and fidelity to nature, seems deplorably vacant of interest, mind, drama, and historical truth. The only Venetian artist that could ever impress my soul or awake its affections is Canova. His first attempt at history remains here in one of the *Pisani* palaces. The subject is Dædalus fixing wings on his son, a Dædalus so full of the father and the workman, that Canova has seldom surpassed the expression at Rome. Genius is like the spiral, more rapid in its progress, than when it draws near the unattainable centre of perfection. Reynolds looking back at his guinea-portraits, and Bernini at his busts of Cardinal Scipio Borghese, were mortified to find those not so inferior as they expected to their latter works.—In a *Mangilli* palace, Canova's Psyche stands alone, and intent on her butterfly she discovers no want; yet at Rome he has twined the enamoured god so exquisitely round her, as to appear essential to his lovely partner. How few are so happy in eking

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their works! how seldom can you add to a finished thing!

A *Grimani* palace contains the only statue of Marcus Agrippa existing in the world. How strange that the heads of this most magnificent patron of ancient art should be rare! Even this has been questioned as a portrait of Agrippa; but the face struck me as sufficiently like the three busts, and stamped with that honest frown which Pliny remarks in the original. The size of this statue is between the heroic and colossal; and nothing appears on the naked figure but a sword suspended from the shoulder by a *balteus* of twisted cords. In the same palace is an admirable bust of Caracalla, a figure more common than the other imperial tyrants; perhaps because the very pretensions of his successors obliged them to spare his effigy.

Most of those palaces were then deserted—their masters had retired from a city which they could govern no longer, to their estates on the continent; and there reducing their establishments, left the tradesmen in town to deplore the void. But what void could a stranger, unacquainted, as I was, with

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the former luxuries of Venice, discover in the pleasures and crowds that circulate all night round St. Mark's? In such a society no concern should be more important than the theatre: yet the great Venetians seem to frequent theatres only for fashion or gallantry. To accommodate these children of midnight, the curtain never rises till ten o'clock; but a woman of quality must not appear so early, except at the first representation of an opera or a ballet. Then, indeed, she must be present at the very overture, and shew her book of the performance, which a law of high life forbids them afterwards to open. Such are fine ladies in every country. At once free and punctilious, they affect a careless irregularity wherever there is no positive rule of fashion to bind them, while they are silently exact to the little ridiculous superstitions of the ton.

Venice has long been the great book-shop of the south: she still prints for Italy in general and for modern Greece, and exports largely to Germany and the north. The Venetians are also daily publishing pamphlets which can only circulate at home, being satires levelled at domestic absurdities and written in the vernacular dialect.

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This dialect is spoken by all ranks of Venetians, whose smart and hasty inflections of voice struck my ear as resembling the Welsh tone.

My stay at Venice was short. We make the tour of Italy, as we make the circuit of a gallery. We set out determined to let nothing escape us unexamined, and thus we waste our attention, while it is fresh, on the first objects, which are not generally the best. On advancing we are dazzled with excellence, and fatigued with admiration. We can take, however, but a certain dose of this pleasure at a time, and at length when the eye is saturated with picture, we begin to long for the conclusion, and we run through the last rooms with a rapid glance. Such a feeling as this will account for the hurried manner in which I passed through the few final towns of my journey, and this feeling was enforced by the dread of an impending war, the love of home and the impatience of my companion.

Whoever goes abroad merely for observation should avoid his own countrymen. If you travel in a party, your curiosity must adopt their paces: you must sometimes post through towns rich in

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art or antiquity, and stop where the only attraction is good cheer. While you linger with fond delay among the select beauties of a gallery, your friends are advancing into other rooms, and the keeper complains when you separate; you thus lose the freedom of inspection, your ears ring with impatience, and often with absurdity. If you travel with one who is more ignorant of the language than yourself, you must stand interpreter in all his bickerings with the natives; and will seldom content him, for a man is usually harsher, when his spleen is to pass through the mouth of another, than when he speaks for himself.

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JOURNEY TO TURIN.

We embarked at the Rialto in a decked barge which collected a number of passengers from the gondolas. On starting from the quay, we were importuned by a charity box which rattled in vain for the poor souls in purgatory, and drew nothing from us but smiles. A lottery-bag circulated next, and with more success; the prizes being cakes, fowls, and rosolio. We passed

> ——————— with imagined speed
> Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
> Which trades to Venice.

We skimmed so rapidly past the proud villas of the Brenta, that we could only admire what Dante admired, the grand embankments which the Paduans raised there "per difender lor ville e lor castelli."

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PADUA has contracted, from its long, low porticos, and its gloomy churches, a grave old vacancy of aspect. I saw nothing curious at the cathedral except a miraculous *Madonna*, painted by Giotto in the style of the Greek image-makers, and sparingly shewn to us under a gauze veil.

The Santo is a mere heap of architecture. Cupolas rise on its roof, not in the subordination of a pyramid, but in the crowded confusion of a mosque. The demon of ornament has played strange tricks within. St. Anthony's own chapel is another *Santa Casa*, rough all over with marble *relievi*, and always crowded with the devout; for Anthony, though a foreigner, is more popular at Padua than its native saints. I have seldom seen tombs so immoderately fine as here, or so rich in pentameter praise. Bembo's monument is singular for simplicity: perhaps his epitaph is too simple for such a Ciceronian.

St. Justina's Ionic aisles stand in that middle sphere between the elegant and the sublime which I would call the noble. This church, like a true Benedictine, is rich in the spiritual and the temporal, in sculpture and painting, in the bones of

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three thousand sants, and the disputed bodies of two apostles. Paul Veronese's martyrdom of St. Justina still remains here. Periodi's dead Christ is a grand composition in statuary, without one particle of the sublime. This magnificent pile remains unfinished for a very sufficient reason, not the want of money but the possession of it. Some pious simpleton, as they represented to me, ambitious to figure on so grand an edifice, left a large sum which the monks were to enjoy until they completed the front.

At the hospital is a tablet of Canova's in honour of a citizen, which obliged him to introduce the tower-crowned colony. Padua is therefore designated by an ancient medal slung from her arm, and a small episodic relievo of Antenor marking out his future creation, and the Genius of the place with uplifted hands thanking the Gods for his arrival. Thus does Canova draw beauty even from expedients, and throw mind into every trifle.

In the Bo, you see the genius of Palladio (for at least the design was his) confined to limits which admit only elegance; and what portico is more truly elegant than that of the court, what

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colonnade more happily adjusted to the space given, what decoration more in harmony with its subject? I mean Palladio's own decorations: for the barbarous crust of scutcheons on the walls, is an insult offered by collegians to his shade.

This "Antenorea Atene" can no longer boast a tumultuous throng of students; but it can boast professors highly eminent in science. The machine of education goes on finishing scholars, and is well supplied with chairs, libraries, museums, and all the implements of learning. The botanical garden is rich and beautiful. The observatory is stocked with English instruments; even the timepiece is Grant's. Yet five centuries ago, when England had no such machinery to boast besides Wallingford's, Padua drew the admiration of Europe to Dondi's great astronomical clock, a work which gave name and nobility to its maker and all his descendants.

The Paduans, from a certain patriotic vanity, have been the dupes of some gross impostures; as the Gothic tomb of their Antenor, and the monkish coffin of their Livy. A similar propensity has led the present Marquis Dondi-Orologio

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to maintain, like a true Paduan, that Livy's Patavinity was a defect, not of style, but of loyalty to Cæsar.

The plain of Padua and the Euganean hills, though lying in the most beaten tread of invasion, and often the theatre of wars, have always returned to their ancient fertility, and to the same modes of culture as Martial found on them.* Half the scene was interminable like the sea, and, though covered with corn, it appeared in the distance to be one wood. How beautiful are vines when married as here, and trained round the field from tree to tree in double and intersecting festoons! How greatly they exceed, as a picture, the common vineyard, which looks at a distance like a field of turnips!

VICENZA is full of Palladio. His palaces here, even those which remain unfinished, display a taste chastened by the study of ancient art. Their beauty originates in the design, and is never superinduced by ornament. Their elevations en-

* ——— Euganeas Helicaonis oras
Pictaque pampineis videris arva jugis.

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chant you, not by the length and altitude, nor by the materials and sculpture, but by the consummate felicity of their proportions, by the harmonious distribution of solid and void, by that happy something between flat and prominent, which charms both in front and profile; by that *maëstria* which calls in columns, not to encumber but to support, and reproduces ancient beauty in combinations unknown to the ancients themselves.

Even when obliged to contend with the coarsest Gothic at *La Ragione,* how skilfully has Palladio screened the external barbarisms of that reversed hulk, by a Greek elevation as pure as the original would admit! His Vicentine villas have been often imitated in England, and are models more adapted to resist both our climate and our reasoning taste than the airy extravagant structures of the south.

In the *Teatro Olimpico,* we see the genius of this great practical antiquary restoring what, in his time, was lost to the world, the interior of an ancient theatre. On such a theatre alone are the Greek orders truly at home. But why is this matchless model intrusted to wood and stucco? I

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would have it imperishable: I would convert all the columns of the *precinction*, all the decorations of the scene, into the finest marble. The wooden streets of Scammozzi should be swept away, and the whole cased in a shell which, similar in plan to the interior, should promise all the beauty within.

VERONA. The amphitheatre here is entire only within, and that from the modern restoration. Its original elevation is demolished; the present is but the inner wall of the porticos, which is faced with bossages, and bears no ornament, no inscription, no peculiarity that can lead us to its author or its date. The bull's-head is a symbol common to amphitheatres: I have seen it at Nismes, and, I think, at Arles also. On entering this *Arena*, I felt all the grandeur, and fitness, and show, and capacity of the elliptical form, where the *cunei* are divided vertically by cardines, and the upper range separated from the lower by one narrow ambulatory.

The arch of Gavi bears nothing of Vitruvius but his family name, and something like his scroll on the frieze. Gallienus's arch is but a double gate,

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raised in the little, demi-gothic style of enrichment. The tombs of the Scaliger princes are models of the most elegant Gothic, light, open, spiry, full of statues caged in their fretted niches; yet, slender as they seem, these tombs have stood entire for five hundred years in a public street, the frequent theatre of sedition,

> Which made Verona's ancient citizens
> Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
> To wield old partisans in hands as old.

Sanmicheli has rivalled Palladio in some palaces of Verona. He has caught the true character of a fortified gate, and given to the *Porta Stupa* an air of gloomy strength and severity. The Pellegrini chapel, his master-piece, approaches the opposite extreme. Would Palladio have suffered such a profusion of sculpture and wreathed columns? In their days the genius of architecture had deserted Rome and retired to Lombardy, which, from Vignola downwards, produced the succession of masters.

MANTUA. An evident depopulation, a general stillness, sallow faces, and some grass-grown

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streets gave to this ancient city a sad resemblance to Ferrara. The promenade of the Mincio has been just converted into classical ground, and a column erected by General Miollis to Virgil "on the green field" where the poet himself had designed a temple.

The cathedral was then under repair. Giulio Romano, aspiring to build in the same great style as he painted, raised this edifice on six rows of insulated columns; but the grandeur of the design is defeated by the extreme diminution of the aisles. On escaping from the discipline of Raphael's school, where he had done nothing original, and finding no superior excellence to check him at Mantua, Giulio dashed here into all the irregularities of genius, and ran after the Tuscan graces, the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic. In the palace of the T he assembled all those graces on the Fall of the Giants; he left on the very architecture a congenial stamp. On returning from this palace across the lake, the state of the water, the length of the narrow wooden bridge, the crowds skipping over it from their Sunday sports, all recalled to me the humorous effusion

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of Catullus which was addressed, I do believe, to this very spot.*

Cremona was never a seat of art; the admired Perruginos are gone, and no object remains to divert you from the dull, vacant regularity of its streets, except the great Porrazzo. The tremendous height of this tower brought Fundolo's dying words to my mind. When exhorted at the block to confess and repent, "I repent of nothing," said the tyrant of Cremona, "but this—that when I had the Emperor and the Pope together at the top of my great tower, I did not hurl them both over the parapet."

Lodi is not the only mart of Parmesan cheese. I saw large warehouses in the surrounding villages where it is sold wholesale. The meadows are brought frequently under corn, to correct a coarse sour rankness which the grass would contract from constant irrigation. This rich and immeasurable plain still improves in beauty as you ap-

* O Colonia, quæ cupis ponte ludere ligneo,
Et salire paratum habes, sed vereris inepta
Crura ponticuli asculis stantis, irredivivus
Ne supinus eat, cavaque in palude recumbat!

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proach Milan. A great number of derivations from the Lambro and Adda cross the road, and a canal borders it for many miles, presenting at one view a long file of equidistant bridges. Perhaps the water is too abundant and too slow, is made to act too much on the soil, and on too viscid a soil for the salubrity of the country.

MILAN. I saw but very few of the palaces, and no gallery that could detain a spectator who, being rather in haste, was impatient of any thing beneath excellence. More incomes seem to be spent here on the table and equipage than on works of art. No *corso* in Italy is now so brilliant as the terrace which overlooks the Lazaretto.

The *cathedral* of Milan has been wonderfully contrived to bury millions of money in ornaments which are never to be seen. Whole quarries of marble have been manufactured here into statues, relievos, niches, and notches; and high sculpture has been squandered on objects which vanish individually in the mass. Were two or three thousand of those statues removed, the rest would regain their due importance, and the fabric itself become

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more intelligible. Those figures stand in rows which cross and confound the vertical direction of the architecture: for here the eye naturally runs up the channelled pillars, the lofty windows and long mullions, the lateral spires, the tall thin buttresses, and never can keep in the horizontal line of the Greek entablature. Their rage for sculpture has encircled the very tops of the pillars with statues, which tend to conceal the groinings, just where they spring so finely into the vault, which interrupt the immeasurable plumb-line, and which lessen the apparent height and the exility admired in a Gothic pillar.

No construction of the kind is so bold, so various, so singular, as the roof and the cupola. The cut and insertion of every block prove that the art of vaulting ascribed to De Lorme, was known before him at Milan, in all its varieties. The design is extravagant, yet consistently extravagant. It was left for the reformers to front a Gothic church with quadrangular doors and windows.

The furniture of the choir conceals that very part of the church, which includes most picture

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and movement; I mean the circling end of the aisles and the chapels behind. Pull down the stalls, galleries, and barricades; pull down the canopies, the lamps, and red hats, sweep away the balustrade of St. Charles's tomb, and let the high altar alone stand in the sacred cross. Insulate this altar between four Gothic pillars springing aloft into four Gothic arches, and crowned by a pyramid of Gothic fret-work. Then would the architecture and the decoration be *one;* then the whole would unfold an incalculable variety of forms. While the aisles turned beautifully round the choir, the eluding flight of their curve would promise more than is concealed, and bring into architecture an effect which enchants us in painting.* In the pile itself there resides a solemnity which collects the soul and inspires devotion. How awful its distant obscurities! how expanding the vacuum of its high-imbowed roof! how reverend the shadowings of its painted light! how affecting the family groups kneeling at wide intervals in the vacant nave! what a picture this for Peter Neefs and his associates!

* Ambire enim se extremitas ipsa et sic desinere ut promittat alia post se, ostendatque etiam quæ occultet! PLIN. *Hist.*

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San Vittore is an old *basilica* magnificently rebuilt. Its high altar, and those of St. Alexander and the Madonna di San Celso are rich in *pietre dure.* This last church boasts some admirable statues: its front, indeed, is injured by them.

San Lorenzo has found men, as ridiculous as itself, to admire a mixt and intricate octagon, with arches over arches, a Doric with gridirons in the metopes, an attic with an entablature not its own. Near this church stands a majestic colonnade: the remains, it would appear, of Maximian's baths, and the latest remains that I have seen of the ancient Corinthian.

Sant' Ambrogio is renowned in the annals of Lombardy as the seat of coronations and of civil conflicts. Its brazen serpent being of antiquity unknown, has given birth to volumes of controversy.* The sculptures of this *basilica* are

* The Milanese historians maintain that this was the very serpent of Moses; not its emblem, as Muratori thinks: but their sole authority is a bishop, who travelled in the blackest age of legend, and as the prelate contradicts Scripture itself, we may fairly question whether he really brought the thing from Constantinople. We know that the Lombards, after they had embraced Christianity in Italy, still

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ancient and rude, like the pile itself. The apostles carved round the marble pulpit are all matter-of-fact men, each intent on his own dish, and up to the knuckles in his own mess. How different the decorums of modern art in treating a Last Supper! and how dangerous those very decorums to the artist!

Dominican Convent. Here is the great supper itself! Though incorporated with a wall, this superb picture has passed through a chapter of accidents. Da Vinci, the dupe of his own inventions, contrived for this work a new kind of ground or *imprimatura*, containing oils which were foreign to fresco. In half a century half the picture was effaced. Of all the heads remaining, only three, it is thought, are original, and the colouring even of these is due to the pencil of restorers. When faded, it fell into neglect, and became the sport of

adhered to some of their German superstitions, particularly to the worship of serpents. Duke Romoaldo was a catholic when he adored the golden viper, which his wife broke and converted into a chalice cover. Now may not this brazen serpent have originally been one of the Lombard idols which, either to gain or to gratify proselytes, was admitted by priests into this church, where it grew through oblivion into a catholic relic, and then passed for the gift of a Greek emperor?

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various barbarians. It was once whitewashed by the monks themselves. It was shot at wantonly by the Sclavonians who were lately quartered here: it was blistered, they say, by the corrosive fumes of the cavalry-horses which were stabled in the refectory. At last it was rescued from perdition, and has lately acquired immortality from Morghen's unparalleled engraving. But Morghen found this picture so altered by restorers, that he was reduced to seek the original in its copies, two of which were painted in Da Vinci's time upon more fortunate walls. Like Euphranor in painting the twelve divinities, Leonardo began with the apostles, and exhausting his powers on them, he preserved no pre-eminence for the Master.—Having lavished his last touch of excellence on the celestial beauty of John, he left in despair the head of Christ unfinished. Why had he not recourse, like his copyist, to that portrait which, they pretend, was sent by Christ himself as a present to king Abgarus? The Judas is generally supposed to be a likeness of the Prior; but the painter, it seems, did not execute his threat.

On leaving Milan I crossed several of those *navigli* or canals which serve, not only for carriage and irrigation, but also for manure, by deposing a

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mud called here *fiore di terra;* a solution perhaps similar to that which Lucan ascribes to the great river of this country.* In passing the blue Ticinus on a pontoon I was surprized that Silius Italicus, an author whom I had found through all Italy most accurate in topography, should give the epithet of *vadoso* to so deep a river.

We then approached the rice-grounds, which were once diffused over all Piedmont, until their noxious effects made it necessary to confine them within a safe distance from highways and habitations. We passed a succession of fortified towns: for so gradual were the encroachments of the House of Savoy on the great artichoke, that Novarra, Vercelli, Santia, Chivaso, became each in turn the frontier of its pieced dominions.

I arrived at Turin on the 25th of May, 1803. The next day I was arrested as a British subject, and I am now passing the TENTH YEAR OF MY CAPTIVITY.

VALENCIENNES,
1 June, 1812.

* Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus————

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LEGHORN.

Hìc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore fœnus,
Et concussa fides, et multis utile bellum. LUCAN.

THE Eastern riviera being then infested by the Great Devil and his banditti, I embarked, 18th of January, 1802, in an English brig, for Leghorn, in company with a German, who had been strutting at Genoa in the borrowed plumes of an Englishman. Had the coxcomb seen through the surfaces of things, he would not have renounced his own nation; for though the Italians may gull English travellers with affected preference, the Germans stand first in their real esteem, and certainly the Germans whom I met in Italy were of all foreigners the most accomplished for travel, and the most intent on its instruction.

Leghorn is interesting only to commercial men. I found the English merchants here exulting in

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the late peace, and the Americans deploring that event; nor can I tell which of these emotions pleased me most.

A sea-port is rarely the seat of virtue. Here theft is publicly regulated at the custom-house, and acts as a duty on entry. The quantity of goods stolen bears an understood proportion to the quantity landed, nor do the merchants complain till it exceeds that rate. Play is prohibited on purpose to be taxed. While the police lay card-playing under severe restrictions, a Jew pays to that branch of government 800 crowns a month for the monopoly of the gaming-houses, and lets out at a rack-rent this violation of the law to other farmers of iniquity. Usury is not, like theft, checked by any regulation. A Pisan of my acquaintance, having occasion to borrow here 1000 sequins, agreed to the usual rate of 4 per cent. a month; the money-lender counted down the whole sum, and then demanded back 480 sequins for the first year's interest. In vain did the borrower remonstrate against pleaded custom. He took the 520 sequins, and two years after he paid 1480 for the whole.

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At the Rooms I saw Prince Pignatelli Belmonte, the Neapolitan renegade, and there I learnt the story of his wife.

This beautiful woman had been long the sport of persecution. Her very birth was involved in mystery. Her infancy she passed in the house of a German countess then residing at Naples; but what relation she bore to this capricious woman, who was for ever either beating or caressing her, remains a secret to all. In the same house, and in a quality equally doubtful, was a young man whom I saw at Rome, where he subsisted by his pencil. The poor child, finding this inmate in higher favour than herself with the lady, applied to him for protection from her cruelty, and, at his request, she was sent to a convent for her education.

At this convent Belmonte first saw her, and was captivated. Though insensible to a man so destitute of merit, she admitted his addresses as the means of escape from persecution: and now, when the secret of her birth was required, the countess and the painter acknowledged her for their child.

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They were married at Naples; but their union was soon interrupted by the events which expelled Belmonte from his country. The young princess, perfectly unconcerned for such a husband's fate, withdrew to Rome, where she found an asylum in the Borghese family, and there she resided during the late revolution. In the confusion of truth and falsehood which then prevailed, the Romans circulated the report of Belmonte's death. This the princess greedily believed, went instantly into weeds, and could hardly act all the decencies of a widow; for her affections were then engaged by the superior merit of a young nobleman who could now address her as a lover. They exchanged vows, and for the first time in her life this amiable woman expected to be happy. But her dream of felicity was short; no sooner did they prepare for their nuptials than Belmonte re-appeared. It was an apparition fatal to both. The princess survived it but a few days. Her lover, less fortunate than she, fell into a melancholy madness, and now wanders about, holding visionary converse with his dead mistress.

On *Monte Nero* is a most magnificent church, raised by the piety of sailors to an old picture of

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the Virgin, which had flown from Judea through the air, and perched on this hill for their especial protection. To this miraculous daub they ascribe all their escapes; and as proofs of its saving power, they have covered the walls with cable-ends and crutches, the barrels of guns which had innocently burst, the chains of delivered slaves, and a thousand *ex-voto* pictures bordering on caricature. No Italian ship sails past the hill without saluting our Lady of Monte Nero. A thousand sterns in the Mediterranean bear her name and effigy. Under her invocation I had embarked in two different feluccas; but, finding me out to be a heretic, she would never let me finish my voyage.*

* In some points the present mariners of Italy resemble their ancestors. Both are attached to their favourite shrines.

"Servati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant." VIRG.

Every vessel has its saint, who generally gives his name to it, and is always adored as its protector:

"Est mihi, sitque precor, flavæ tutela Minervæ
"Navis, et a picta casside nomen habet." OVID.

Here the saint is Minerva; but both the name and the parasemon of the ship is the Helmet.

When disappointed by their tutelar saint, the present Italians heap curses and sometimes even blows on his image:

"———— Injustos rabidis pulsare querelis
Cœlicolas solamen erat." STAT.

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They believe the Corpo Santo, which shines in the Mediterranean when a storm subsides, to be an apparition of Saints Nicholas and Peter.—These are evidently the successors of Castor and Pollux, whom the ancients worshipped in the same electric meteor, mistaken by them for stars.

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MANNERS OF FLORENCE.

Poi Firenze rinuova genti e modi. DANTE.

SUCH is the influence of power over national taste, that the French have produced a very general change in the exterior manners of the Tuscans, though they remain the object of their secret abhorrence. This change appears in a thousand trifles which are important only in the aggregate, and the tendency of all is to break down the barriers of that dignity, true or false, which once distinguished the politer part of this people.

Leopold himself, who was no friend to pomp, had begun the work of innovation. He had dispensed with the bag and sword at his court; but this late revolution has admitted boots into the evening circles. From the streets it has banished those gawdy herds of running footmen which degraded humanity. The present lovers of the

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level have laughed into disuse the Eccellentissimos, and Illustrissimos, and Padrone Colendissimos, which were lavished in the direction of every letter. They have even attacked the ceremonious *lei;* and, on the slightest intimacy, they drop into the familiar *tu.* They have now reduced into a slight bow the compliment of *viva,* so troublesome to sneezers. They have cropped the hair of the powdered fop, have hedged his cheeks with the whiskers of a sapeur, and stuck a sigar into his mouth. They have restored

> Alle sfacciate donne Fiorentine
> L'andar mostrando colle poppe il petto.

The shock has been felt in literature, and has deluged the language with French and revolutionary terms.* Indeed the Florentines had already begun to relax from that jealousy which excluded all other idioms from mixing with their own dear "favella." Pignotti and other fashionable authors have adopted many terms that are not academic, while Cesarotti bent all his powers to

* Dal tuo gentile innovator sedotti,
La sonora dolcissima favella
D'Arno adornando di color' non suoi,
Parlan stranieri nel natio linguaggio. BONDI.

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pull down the Cruscan boulter, which Ottonelli, or rather perhaps Tassoni, had attempted to overturn soon after its first erection.

Such innovations have been condemned as sacrilege by the old purists; for those gentlemen of the *Conciossiacosachè* consider style as the sole merit of a man or a book, and the Florentine as the sole idiom in which style can possess any merit; yet take up the "Prose Fiorentine" and read, if you have patience sufficient, their Salviati, Davanzati, Varchi, Cavalcanti, Ammanati, Giacomini; then say, if in any language, ancient or modern, you have encountered a style more verbose, more affected, more sonorously inane, than what those fathers and authorities of the dialect have made classical and Cruscan.

These changes, and many others, may be ultimately ascribed to the French. Here, indeed, every change is imputed to their influence; every event in a private family is referred to their invasion, as having happened "avanti i Francesi," or "nel tempo de' Francesi," or "dopo i Francesi."

Though the modes of society have lately

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changed, the general character of the Florentines remains the same. In tracing some lines of that character, I must, in gratitude, begin with their civility; which springs, I do believe, from a sincere desire of obliging, though it is often loaded with such protestations as would mislead plain men into disappointment. But they are more than civil, they are naturally humane; this I should infer, not from the readiness of their tears alone, but from appearances far less doubtful. Their private charities, their alacrity at the call of the Misericordia bell, their willing attendance on the sick, the very multitude of their beggars, though it indicate vice in the government, evinces the general humanity of the people; a virtue peculiar to the oldest institutions of this country.

A society of twenty gentlemen, called the *Buonuomini di San Martino*, has been, for four hundred years, collecting and distributing alms among the poor who are ashamed to beg. The rank of those philanthropists and their objects of relief induce the rich to contribute, and sometimes to bequeath very considerable supplies. All bequests are turned directly into cash, nothing is funded, nothing belongs to the Society, except

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the oratory where they meet. The receipts of every year are distributed within the year, to hundreds who are starving under a genteel appearance: decayed gentlemen whose rank deters others from offering relief; ladies who live in garrets, and, ashamed of their poverty, steal down to mass before day-light; industrious women whom the failure of the silk manufacture has left without any resource;—such are the objects whom these Buonuomini go weekly privately to visit and relieve. They were a kind of benevolent spies upon the domestic miseries of Florence, and used to search for the retreats of suffering delicacy. I am sorry to learn that their zeal is lately relaxed; instead of courting the unfortunate, they now wait at their oratory for application, and thus effectually exclude many victims of sensibility.

The *Misericordia* is an institution diffused over Tuscany. At Florence it consists in 400 men, chosen promiscuously from every rank, and classed into Fratelli, Giornanti, and Stracciafogli. These philanthropists volunteer their services to the sick, the hurt, and the dead. On the toll of a bell, they repair to their chapel, where they conceal themselves in long black vestments, which mask

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the whole head, and then set out with a covered litter to convey the patients to the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. There you will find the first noblemen in Florence with their aprons and ladles, following the soup, which is wheeled along the wards, and dealing it out to the sick as a check on the administration of the hospital. In the same lugubrious garb they convey, in the evening, the corpses of the day to St. Catharine's church, where all the dead are collected for the midnight cart, and sent to the common burying-ground at Trespiano.* This benevolent society has never paused for the last 500 years, nor desisted from its fatal duties during several plagues. Leopold was a member, and occasionally assisted in bearing on his shoulders,

Con sollecito amor gli egri e feriti.

The virtues, however, of the Florentines are all of the timid, passive, Christian kind. Though ready to relieve and to toil for a friend, they will not face danger, nor the displeasure of the great,

* Constantine's litter-men, or perhaps the Decani of Rome, may have suggested the idea of the Misericordia; but they served only for the dead, and they were paid by the state. The carman of Florence represents the ancient Vespillo.

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to defend him. Their sturdiness of spirit is vanished with the republic. Prone to revolution in that lusty period of independence and hardihood, they have exchanged the more turbulent virtues for meekness, long-suffering, obedience, and every quality that can adorn a slave.

Florence, ever since Cosimo III. brought devotion into vogue here, has been one of the godliest cities in Europe, and is, perhaps, the only capital that displays more religion than the provincial towns. At Pisa I saw no great signs of faith, and so sensible was the present Pope of the Pisans' indifference on that point, that he sent iron crosses to be fixed on their houses, and offered one year and forty days remission of sin for every kiss that should be given them; yet not a passenger could be bribed by this liberal indulgence. At Florence, on the contrary, some favourite altars are worn smooth by the lips of the devout. On every house are crosses painted to protect it, as the snakes of old,* from dirt and the devil. It was here that I first saw soldiers disciplined into prayer by the beat of drum. Here the church, which was kept

* ——— Veto quisquam faxit oletum.
Pinge duos angues: Pueri, sacer est locus; extra
Meiete. PERSIUS.

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in check by Leopold, and threatened with dissolution by the French, begins to rear her inquisitorial head, and to demand from Spanish piety all the outworks that she has lost. The confessionals of Florence, though indulgent enough to vice, will never remit the three extreme points of religion, abstinence twice a-week, mass every Sunday, and communion at Easter. "Che tu possa qui cader morto!" cried a pious wife in a rage to her husband, "intendo per altro prima confessato e communicato."

A people so superstitious must naturally be fond of miracles; and the clergy, to support the credit of the miracles on which all Christians build their faith, think it still expedient to bring fresh ones into view, and keep up a running stock in the church.

The tide of devotion lately set strong towards a bake-house, where an old Madonna had restored sight to a blind beggar; but as the *via del ciliegio* and the neighbouring streets were obstructed with kneeling multitudes, the archbishop has now removed the picture to the Duomo, and has thus drawn the godly to his own shop.

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Another miracle has brought the *Conservatorio di Ripoli* into vogue. Mademoiselle Salicetti, daughter of the French commissary, was lately praying before an image of the Announcing Angel, when, in the heat of devotion, she saw it open its half-shut eyes, and move them benignantly.* *Miracolo!* cried the child. Her school-fellows spread the alarm. The whole convent flocked to the angel, and the best believers were favoured with a renewal of the miracle. Their confessor saw it, the archbishop saw it, the king of Sardinia saw it, the nun who conducted us through the house saw it distinctly. I will answer for her

* This miracle had been often performed by church images, and may be traced, like many others, to ancient mythology. Strabo mentions a statue of Minerva Ilias which did precisely the same thing. The withered elm in the Piazza del Duomo, which was instantly restored to vegetation by St. Zenobio's body resting on its trunk, is but an imitation of the withered oak at Capreæ, which burst into leaf the moment that Augustus set foot on that island. This elm puzzles me more than any of their miracles. The event happened at a time when Florence was more populous than at present, and the most enlightened city in Europe—it happened in the most public place in the whole town—on an object familiar to every inhabitant—and in the presence of many thousands, who were then attending the solemn removal of the saint from San Lorenzo to the cathedral. The event is recorded by contemporary historians, and is inscribed on a marble column now standing where the tree stood—a column erected in the face of those very persons who saw the miracle performed, and who certainly, if the inscription were false, would not have suffered so impudent a forgery to insult them.

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sincerity, and that of the slipper-kissing king; the other gentlemen must answer for themselves. The image, which is an alto-rilievo, fairly painted and varnished, I will acquit of all deception. The deception lay only in the fancy of secluded women, whose thoughts run perpetually on miracles, who went resolved to see a miracle, and would not be disappointed.* In our country, enthusiasm is a more thinking malady: it laughs at intelligible visions like these, and breaks its own head on the metaphysics of religion.

After this miracle came a ghost from purgatory, and haunted the wood of Villamagna near Florence, to tell the secrets of its prison-house, and beg a requiem of eight pater-nosters a-day. It

* In defence of these ladies I shall mention an illusion of optics or of fancy in a gentleman who is much freer from prejudice than they. About three years ago the Cavaliere Nerli of Siena, after reading till a late hour, rang for his valet, and prepared for bed. The servant undressed him and retired, leaving his master to extinguish the light. When Nerli turned round for that purpose, he saw the lamp in the hand of a smiling old man, who bowed most politely, and vanished in a moment. Precisely on the same night of the next year, the Cavaliere was no sooner in bed than the same old man re-appeared, drew his curtains, smiled in his face, made his bow, and vanished as before. Nerli, being a man of known veracity, drew more attention to his ghost than ghost seers usually command.

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appeared and spoke only to a little shepherdess; but people of all ranks, priests and physicians, flocked from the city, suggested to her questions, and received with reverential awe the answers which she reported from the spirit. A crucifix was raised in the haunted spot. Myriads of seraphim (" un nugolo di bambini," said the child) fluttered round it, and the multitude fell down in devotion,

Cantando miserere a verso a verso.

These parlies lasted during the hottest months of 1800. Paoletti, a writer celebrated in agriculture, records the whole transaction as rector of Villamagna. The archbishop examined the shepherdess, gave his sanction to her tale, and sent her round to the convents to satisfy the pious curiosity of the nuns. I must not, however, omit that the master of this little visionary had a large stock of wine, which the excessive heat was then spoiling. Providentially for its sale, the ghost continued its visits till all was drunk up by the thirsty multitude. It then thanked them for the holy charity of their prayers, and announced its departure to paradise. Indeed the scandalous chronicle men-

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tioned a few barrels which were also turning sour in the rector's own cellar.*

Though glutted with pageantry and pantomime by a church so active as this, such a rage have the Florentines for spectacle, that in a city containing only 84,000 inhabitants there are six theatres, and all these overflow in carnival. After a suspension of some years the carnival has again revived that variety of amusements peculiar to a town which has been long the seat of ingenious idleness.

The last ball in carnival is called *Romper la Pentola*, or the breaking of the pipkin, which is still literally observed in some families. The object of this play is to break a pipkin suspended from the ceiling of the room, and filled with confectionary and fruits. Each of the company in his turn is blindfolded, and after he has been sufficiently hustled and badgered by the rest, he

* There are two motives for hurrying the consumption of Tuscan wines. From a defect of fermentation, the common wines do not keep beyond eighteen months; and they run rapidly to waste through the porous wood of the small flattened barrels which contain them.

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is then left free to cross the room and brandish a stick at the pipkin.* If he break it, an animating scramble ensues between the sexes; but sometimes, instead of sweetmeats, the poor wight finds a pitcher of water prepared for the blow, and is soaked in the contents.

Here are other amusements intended for the mind. *La Sibilla* was an exercise introduced into the academy of Apatisti, and now is merely a play for boys. One represents the Sibyl, and being seated in solemn state, waits for the question which another proposes with affected reverence. To this question he gives an oracular response as remote from the subject as he can possibly devise, and thus calls up the ingenuity of his play-mates to reconcile the cross-purposes; a distortion of thought in which Italians excel.

The *Perché* appears a more rational mode of trifling, and, when properly conducted, may tend to sharpen the sagacity of young minds. Every person engaged writes on a separate paper a

* This is the subject of a group in the Boboli garden; but the artist Cappezzuoli was obliged to alter the arrangement of the play.

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perché or question, which will be pointed or silly as the quærist himself happens to be. Each of these questions goes round the circle, receives written solutions from all; and they grow into a general subscription of wit or nonsense. At last, the president collects all the motley leaves, and reading them aloud to receive the comments of the company, comes successively across the self-love of every subscriber.

S. D. S. or, *Si desidera sapere* is an attempt not only to solve the *perché*, but even to divine it. Having formed in your mind a question, you give only the initials of the words which compose it, and some are so ready at the sport, that on seeing those letters they hazard an immediate answer, which, of course, will be direct or vague, according as they catch, or only guess at your meaning. A young nobleman here astonishes many by his prompt solutions which are given in verse.

The Florentines have been ever remarked for their curiosity. This formerly led them to mobs, bloodshed, and insurrection; and now it degenerates into the silly gape of a village. I have seen a dead dog, while dragged to the river, collect a

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funeral convoy of fifty persons. If you look up at any monument of art, the neighbours will often leave their work, to join in the gaze and enjoy your admiration.

A stranger entering Florence on a holyday would greatly overrate the wealth of its inhabitants. All ranks live in a state of ambitious poverty, of splendour abroad and penury at home; or, as the French termed them on their disappointment— "habit de velours et ventre de son."

A Florentine of the frugal class will suffer no luxury in his possession to remain idle. When he does not use it himself, he contrives to let his carriage for the day; if he cannot attend the theatre, he lets his box for the evening; and would let his wife for the night, but Signora secures that perquisite for herself.*

* Not always, if we may believe a poet now living in the first fashion.

> Il nostro disonor compra il Britanno;
> Mentre dorme il marito consapevole:
> Sorge ei dal letto, a questi insulti avvezzo,
> E turpi amori inonorato mendica;
> Della vergogna sua *divide il prezzo*,
> E con baci comprati i torti vendica. FANTONI.

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They carry the same economy in parade to their establishment of servants, whom they affect to call the *famiglia,* as the Romans did their slaves. Indeed the old contention for numbers, the "quæstio quot pascit servos," still prevails among rich Italians. Here the footmen, if numerous, are generally selected among mechanics; and, when their appearance is not required in livery, they are kept working for the family as upholsterers, tailors, and shoe-makers; for so easily satisfied is the love of cleanliness, that one man's broom is sufficient for a whole palace. Men servants are preferred by all ranks to women. Even in families where the daughters are young, a man is often the sole domestic. The maid servants are generally shut up, the mistress allows no female to stroll but herself. The wet-nurse, indeed, attends her abroad, as an object of parade, drest in flaming silks and bound with a mystic sash, which denotes the sex of the child, according as it falls on the right side or the left. In every great house there are two confidential servants; the widow, who is employed in all commissions of delicacy, and consulted on every point where propriety is doubtful; and the secretary, who is the more necessary here, as few noblemen are capable of writing a letter.

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How degenerate the patricians of the present day from their accomplished ancestors! for more than three ages did the Tuscan nobility surpass all Europe in literature and science, as poets, as physicians, as professors. They were the exclusive historians of their own country, and very generally employed as the ambassadors of foreign courts. Dante, Petrarch, Cimabue, Michelangelo, Galilei, Macchiavel, the six greatest Tuscans that perhaps ever existed, were all noble. After this the class of goldsmiths produced the most celebrated names.

An Englishman, arriving here fresh from the delicacies and decorum which he left at home, will be apt to stare on his first introduction to the ladies. In England, the reserves of education, and perhaps a certain cleanliness of thinking tend to throw an elegant drapery over the female mind; but here it appears in all the nakedness of honest nature. Indeed the female-character is, in every country, half the work of the men, and where gentlemen require no delicacy in the sex, ladies of course affect none.

The fair Florentines still persist in habits which

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have been long banished from English society; you will see very elegant women take snuff, spit on the floor, blow their resounding noses in snotted handkerchiefs, clap gentlemen on the thigh, keep conversation continually fluttering on the brink of obscenity, and often pass the line. Such are the manners that instantly succeed to the pruderies of a convent education; marriage developes the whole woman at once, and makes immediate amends for the imprisonment of the girl. A black gown goes every where.*

Here the beauty of the sex seems more connected with sentiment than in our colder climate. You meet beauty blended with intelligence, with benignity, with pride, with languishing, with defiance, with devotion; but seldom with modesty. The fine spiry form of sharp-edged sensibility, or the voluptuous swell of fuller constitutions, the humid gloss of the large Greek eye, or the milder radiance of the celestial blue;—all are variously rakish in their expression.

* In the month of May, all the ladies of fashion are invited by Perpignani, to a fête at the Cascine of Pisa, where they stand unblushing in the circle, where the camels perform their vernal rites.

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Cecisbeism, though perhaps as general, is not so formally legalized here as at Naples, where the right of keeping a gallant is often secured by the marriage-contract; yet here no lady can appear in fashionable company or before God, without such an attendant. She leaves her husband and children at home, while her professed adulterer conducts her to church, as if purposely to boast before heaven the violation of its own laws. This connexion is generally ludicrous, where it is not wicked. The cecisbeo seems vain of the servilities which his mistress studies to impose on him. I once saw a lady bid her Signor Cavaliere stir up her fire, "Attizzate il mio fuoco." At the word of command he put his hand under her petticoat, removed the chafing dish, stirred the coals with a small silver shovel which he kept in his pocket, replaced the pan, and readjusted her dress.

Let no man tell me that Italian manners should not be tried by English laws. Virtue is of no country. Infidelity is every where vice; nor will its frequency excuse individuals, for individuals have made it universal. Yet female virtue has certainly fewer defences here than in England;

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and as virtue is ever proportionate to resistance, an Italian beauty with an Italian temperament, remaining faithful to an Italian husband, in the midst of Italian manners, is more virtuous than an English wife can possibly be.

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LEOPOLD.

——— ordinem
Rectum evaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit, amovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes. Horace.

The Tuscan history may be reduced to three periods,—the republic, the reigns of the Medici, and Leopold's alone. Of these three, perhaps the last fills the most important space in the eye of the nation, for his father and his son were blanks on each side of him. The reign of Leopold was philosophy working for the people; not the complicate philosophy of economists and constitution-makers, but rather good-sense acting with good intentions in dispelling prejudices, correcting abuses, and in improving the moral and physical condition of men.

Before the rights of men agitated Europe, Leopold had come to a government full of dis-

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tinctions and exclusions. He immediately opened all the offices of state to all ranks, he brought all men under the same law and tribunals, he suppressed unnecessary courts, he simplified the course of justice, he instituted for Tuscany a penal code of small volume, a code which abolished torture, mutilation of body, the pain of death and the sequestration of land, yet from steady enforcement rendered crimes rare and murder unknown.

He made commerce free in all its relations, in the free introduction, passage, circulation and sale of goods, of grain, wine and oil, free from the checks which markets, corporations and public brokers had formerly laid on weighing and measuring. The lands he freed from their ancient restrictions to particular corn and oil mills. He abolished all monopolies and coazioni of hay and straw. He transferred the load of taxation from grain and raw commodities to the materials of luxury. He suppressed the farming of bread, candles, fish, &c. He opened the rivers, freed the chase from restraint, the customs he removed to the frontiers; he threw several vexatious taxes into one; he fixed the sum which was wanted by the state, and left the people to raise it in their

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own way; yet such were his economy and order, that while he resigned many sources of revenue, he discharged the public debt of the nation, and reduced the annual rate of interest to 3 per cent.

His establishments in the fine arts, though less splendid than those of the Medici, were perhaps more directly useful; not galleries, but schools of painting. The Medici revived and protected literature. Leopold created for science the first cabinet in Europe. The Medici were fond of raising statues to themselves; Leopold refused one which was offered by his grateful people. The Medici turned all the treasures of their little state into such a mausoleum for their ambitious dust as beggars every monarch's in Europe, a mausoleum lined with the rarest marble and incrusted with precious stones; Leopold designed for his family the same common grave that receives the meanest of his subjects. Those upstarts, risen from the counting-house to the throne, arrogated all the attributes of majesty; Leopold, the son, the brother, and the heir of emperors, freed his subjects from the debasement of kneeling.*

* An inscription on the citadel of Siena, which Leopold dis-

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Though born to a military government and surrounded from his infancy with troops, Leopold soon felt the vice and folly of soldiers in a little state. On arriving here, he reduced the army, laid up the navy, and exempted its knights from their impotent caravans. The soldiers and the noble life-guards he replaced by citizens, and these he embodied into four companies, not for his own protection, but for the police of the country. Thus Leopold really did what princes encircled with guards only pretend to do,—he trusted his all to the affection of his people.

He was the friend of religion rather than of the church. He banished the inquisition from Tuscany; reduced the multitude of idle festivals; thinned the population of the convents, by checking that temerity and that violence which used to stock them with youth; he suppressed those which

mantled and turned into a public walk, contrasts him finely with the usurper Cosimo.

Arcem
A Cosmo Mediceo
Ad imperii securitatem fundatam
Petrus Leopoldus Aust.
Spectata Senensium fide
Ad delicias vertit.

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had lost their monks; he subjected the church-lands to the general taxation, and kept the clergy on good behaviour by a wholesome degree of alarm. Indeed the parochial clergy, whom Leopold respected as useful men, had some reason to complain; for, by commuting their tythes, he eventually wronged them; as the rate fixed, though fair and ample at the time, fell afterwards in value, from that depreciation of money which followed his own improvements.

All Leopold's reforms were gradual, connected, and led to each other. Nothing was demolished at once, nor did any nuisance cease until better resources were opened to the persons who had lived by it. By keeping in his own hands the power of reforming, he saved it from mischief. A free nation will receive no benefits but in its own way, and here some despotism was necessary to overcome abuses which had enriched the most powerful. Our British constitution could never effect all the benevolent purposes of Leopold. In the purest house of Commons there would be country gentlemen enough to maintain the game-laws which he annulled. Expel those sportsmen, and merchants or farmers would succeed, who

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flourish by such monopolies as Leopold suppressed. In removing these evils I will not say that the motives of this prince were invariably pure. The rougher passions of our nature are ever the more vigilant; and, perhaps, a certain dislike of the privileged orders who had teased him, may have given a stimulus to reform, when his benevolence relaxed.

He often travelled, not for pleasure or display, but to know his people and their wants. He heard every person;* he saw every thing; he registered every notice. The information thus obtained he reduced into a system, which protected him from imposition, and from dependence on his ministers. Thus his knowledge of details surprized thousands who addressed him on their own concerns, and silenced many petitioners. Perhaps this activity was too meddling, too jealous, too

* Concealed in his old pastrano, he once fell into conversation with a poor woman near Pisa, and drew her insensibly on to talk of himself. "Il gran Duca (said she) è buonissimo di cuore, ma qualche volta fa berlicche berlocche."—"Che, diavolo, vuòle dire berlicche berlocche?"——"Ora dice di sì, ora di no." The Prince, as I heard the story, was so well pleased with this censure of himself, that he gave the woman one crown for her berlicche and another for her berlocche.

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constantly at work, for a prince; perhaps he governed his states too much, and trusted the interests of his people too little to themselves; perhaps he left too often the mainspring of the political machine, to watch the action of the minutest wheels.*

Leopold was certainly the best prince of his time. Frederic sank into a conqueror before him, or, at best, a philosopher who could act the tyrant. Whatever the Prussians obtained from Frederic passed for favours: Leopold opened to his Tuscans their rights. The one was ambitious to multiply his subjects; the other to make his happy. Frederic's soul and resources lay in his army; Leopold had the courage to disband his. Frederic, as a warrior, took commanding ground, and situation gave importance to his words, as it does to a robber's on the scaffold; Leopold, by mixing familiarly with citizens, soon lost the gloss and glitter of a monarch, but he created that

* Leopold was taught to make keys by Father Pozzi, a Servite, who was at once a monk, a blacksmith, and a fencing master; and the dread of those keys, which gave him secret access into every office, kept all his placemen on the alert.

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nobler and more durable affection which follows talent and power when beneficently employed.

In short, Leopold was a patriot on the throne. Of all practicable governments this is surely the most convenient; yet depending on the duration of one man's virtues and powers, it leaves us still to desire another form of polity, not so simple, perhaps, nor so cheaply administered, but more safe for the governed, more able to perpetuate itself, and more indifferent to the character of them who conduct it.

For want of that perpetuating power, which can reside only in the people, half of Leopold's improvements ceased with his reign. His successors have abolished, by their "veneratissimo motuproprio," some of those republican forms which the Augustan policy of Cosimo I. retained to amuse a nation which he had robbed of its independence. The senate remains only to figure in processions; for the authority, which it lately caught from the suspension of all other authorities, was accidental and short. The "Community of Florence," instituted by Leopold for the police of the city, having something popular in its consti-

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tution, was the organ lately employed by the French for revolution and robbery.

Leopold's penal code, called the "criminal reform," is still in force; but it wants his preventing vigilance. Capital punishment is now restored, yet crimes have increased since his reign from 50 to 120 trials a month.* His civil code was left

* One inexplicable gang of ruffians had long been felt, but could not be followed, on the road between Florence and Bologna. Travellers daily disappeared, and could never be traced by their spoils. Two Pisans of my acquaintance,* passing through Pietra Mala, put up at a solitary inn on the Apennines, and asked for beds. The landlady told them that she must send two miles off to borrow sheets of the curate. A desolate house and a wretched supper, set in opposition with diamond rings on the coarse fingers of their hostess, alarmed her guests, who had heard of the invisible murders committed on this road. They communicated their suspicion to the Vetturino, and having concerted their plan, they desired him, in the landlady's hearing, to call them up at five in the morning, and retired to bed. There they kept a fearful watch until all were asleep; when stealing from their beds, they set off before midnight, and thus escaped alive from those dreadful confines.

Not long afterward, a member of the gang being taken, made a discovery of the rest. All the banditti were surprized while feasting at the parsonage, and their horrible mystery was at length revealed. It was the law of their society to murder all the passengers they stopped, to kill and bury the horses, burn the carriages and baggage, reserving only the money, jewels, and watches. Biondi, the curate, was their captain; the mistress of the inn was their accomplice, and, in the manner just mentioned, she sent him notice of every traveller that lodged at her house.

* Mr. Dodsworth and Signora Patriarchi.

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unfinished, and the courts are still perplexed between the "Gius commune," or Roman law, and the "Gius municipale," which is a chaos of jarring systems formed by the contentious republics of Tuscany.

Agriculture is still left free to produce; but it suffers now from the burdens laid on its productions. For every bullock that enters Florence a duty of 10 crowns is paid, and for every hog 10 lire, nor can these be killed without a permit from the excise.

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SIENA.

THE PEOPLE.

——— Hor fu giammai
Gente si vana come la Sanese? DANTE.

THE Senese seem vain of their descent from a Roman colony, as figures of the she-wolf attest in every corner of the city. We know but little of those colonists, except the wanton rebellion which Tacitus records. Their descendants were lost in obscurity till the eleventh century, yet early in the twelfth they betrayed an hereditary love of revolution, and shook off the yoke of the too celebrated Matilda.

When the Humbled were expelled from Lombardy, Siena offered an asylum to those factious

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and degraded monks, who resembled her own nobility both in character and in fate. To these exiles she owed the first establishment of her woollen manufacture, which soon paved the way for the silk.

Too dignified to be useful, the nobility of Siena left those arts to the people. The people became industrious, rich, refractory. Impatient of taking the law from others, they insisted on sharing in the legislature, and prevailed even beyond their wishes; for their former lords, seeing the senate debased by weavers and wool-combers, abandoned their public functions, and sulkily retired to their castles in the country.

The plebeians, flushed with their new robes and authorities, impertinently intruded into the quarrels of the empire. Their vanity, however, was fatal to their peace. Proud of supporting a townsman on the papal throne, they let Alexander III. embroil them with the Ghibellines, and were crushed in the public conflict. Frederic Barbarossa punished their presumption by divesting them of all their franchises, which, on their abject submission, he afterwards sold back in retail.

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The nobility either remained insignificant and idle on their estates, or they embarked in the crusades. Some, indeed, desperately revolted to the Florentines, excited them to war against their own country, and were finally defeated at Montaperti. Victory inspired the citizens of Siena with an arrogance and tone which imposed on the starving nobles. This neglected class, feeling all the impotence of denuded rank, came humbly back to the city, where most of them renounced the names and arms of their family. The few who retained them were confined, like Jews in the Ghetto, to a certain street which is still called Casato or surname. The rest styled themselves Peter the draper, or Paul the hosier, or Ansano the mercer; and built, by their trades, those palaces which their paltry feuds could scarcely furnish.

On rising into merchants, some of those patricians branched off into foreign countries. The Buonsignori established in France "the bank of the great table," which flourished for a century and was then pillaged by Philip the Fair. The Chigi opened a bank of equal celebrity at Rome, where the vain Agostino made as stupid a sacrifice to his sovereign as that of Gresham. Not satis-

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fied with the magnificence usual on such occasions, when he invited Leo X. to a banquet at the Farnesina, he served the whole papal court with a succession of silver plate, and ordered the removes, as they went from table, to be tossed into the river.* By what contagion is it that merchants, so prudent while at home, lose their senses when they approach sovereigns?

The artisans of Siena caught the court-disease. Whoever could buy an estate, bought also nobility, and changed their party. A government thus fluctuating between two orders, fell into a new series of revolutions. Its executive power was invested first in three consuls, next in a commission of fifteen, then in the nine, then in the thirteen, then in the twelve, all variously composed of patricians and plebeians. Such changes exposed the state to a succession of tyrants, to

* The Senese had been long notorious for such profusion. The present motto is taken from a passage which alludes to a set of young prodigals in Siena, called "La Brigata Godereccia." These were men who could club a purse of 200,000 ducats, and spend it in a few months. Their pheasants were roasted with burning cloves, and their horses were shod with silver, to ape, I presume, the nuptial extravagance of the great Marquis of Tuscany. The scene of their debauchery is now a chapel.

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Nicolo captain of the people, to the Duke of Milan, to Petrucci, to the Spaniards, and, after one bloody struggle, to the Medici.

From that time Siena dates her decay. From 85,000 inhabitants, the population is declined to 15,000; and of 39 gates, which were then necessary to a city so singular in its outline, only eight are now open. Those plebeians are extinct who fought for the independence of their country, who extended its limits, and introduced the arts, made it a state of Italy, and a school of painting. That commerce, which once excited the jealousy of Florence, now exports nothing that bears the name of Siena, except its hats. Cavalieri have succeeded to merchants, and the republic is no more. Ever since Cosimo I. fixed a citadel on her enslaved back, Siena has sunk into one flat sabbath of most dutiful rest, from which nothing could rouse her but earthquakes and the French. She then raised her sluggish head, not to act, but to suffer.

Passive and indifferent to every party, this people lately let the French, the Neapolitans, and

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the Cisalpines enter and drive each other out of their city. They even opened their gates to the Aretine mob, whose ringleader insulted them with the royal solecism, "Noi, Cosimo Stefanini, entro nelle vostre mura." They tamely looked on, and allowed those vagabonds, who sometimes plundered and sometimes begged in the streets, to murder with hammers, and burn in the grand piazza, fourteen Jews, their rivals in pedlarship.*

The shock is now past, and Siena is as dull as before. A gregarious nobility, no longer its masters, nor indeed their own, shed their natural torpor and insipidity over a city which they are too poor to invigorate. They want industry, if not talent, for those studies which distinguished their ancestors. Siena, though never eminent for

* On the return of the French, Siena narrowly escaped destruction. General Miollis arrived with his army about noon at the Florentine gate, which the Neapolitans had just barricaded to cover their retreat through the city. Hearing the great bell of the palace toll Ave Maria, he called to his artillery—"Abattez les murs, voilà le tocsin qui sonne."——"Pardonnez-moi," said an officer, pulling out his watch, "c'est midi." This fortunate explanation saved the town.

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men of genius, used formerly to swarm with patrician authors, particularly in the law. The single family of Socinus produced seven: the Piccoluomini three or four, all much esteemed at home.

The lower order is a far more lively and active race. Vain, flighty, fanciful, they want the judgment and penetration of their Florentine neighbours; who, nationally severe, call a nail without a head, "chiodo Sanese." The accomplished Signora Rinieri told me, that her father, while governor of Siena, was once stopped in his carriage by a crowd at Florence, where the mob, recognizing him, called out "Lasciate passare il Governatore de' matti." A native of Siena is presently known at Florence; for his very walk, being formed to a hilly town, detects him on the plain.

Most of the middling class, and even some of the nobility, are polished, intelligent, and naturally courteous. They never trespass on good-breeding but when tempted by the demon of curiosity, who has here a great ascendancy. So numerous are the conversazioni, that none can be

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full. Each goddess remains at home, waiting for the homage of her votaries in her own temple. There she jealously insists on their attendance every evening, and is implacable when they desert to a rival power. Those gentlemen, who are not enlisted in any conversazione, repair to the rooms or to the Casino.

The rooms are the most splendid in Tuscany; and on gala occasions, such as the Assumption, they appear one gallery of beauties. The Casino had been originally a church, was then erected into a commercial tribunal, and is now transformed into a launge for the nobility. Hence marble saints on the walls, Mercury and wool-sacks on the porch, and all the implements of gambling within.

In all societies, except the Casino, the two cetos mix pretty freely together. Marriage and cecisbeism are the only points on which the barrier that parts them is still sacred and erect. A woman of quality may intrigue with her own footman or confessor; but her husband and her cecisbeo must be noble. Yet to these last she

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allots but the drudgery of her caprices, while the "ganso fino" or the "patito" sips the delight.*

These ladies, who have certainly more than their proportion of charms, seem to inherit from their lively grand-mothers, a peculiar roguishness of look, which struck me here in Meccarino's old pictures. The Senese, however, will tell you that their beauty is declined since the year 1739, when the Spanish troops quartered in this city impaired the race. That contamination could be only partial

* There is one lady here rather singular on this point, a lady who was once a common beggar, and still retains the nickname La Toppona. Her elevation she owes to a rich old citizen of seventy, who meeting her in tatters on the road, was struck by her resemblance to a favourite Madonna, and married her, no doubt from devotion to the blessed Virgin. On his death, her beauty and fortune attracted a crowd of adorers, less spiritual than he was; but, gratefully attached to old age, she preferred a gentleman of 75 for her husband, and a nobleman of 80 for her cecisbeo. Her conduct had been always *singularly* correct till the French entered Siena, when, in the general surrender of any chastity that remained, poor Toppona could saint it no longer.

In the Senese, I saw high passions with generosity, and high spirit with frankness. Their manners were still free, their language full of cant, their religion at variance with their oaths,† their streets and their children ridiculous with pious names.

† The style of swearing is highly poetical: Trono di Dio! Il fulmine de Dio ti schiacci! and resembles that of their Lombard. "Se vi perdono," cries a young lady to her lover in the Donne Curiose, "prego il ciel che mi fulmini, che m'incenerisca."

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and temporary; but the general incontinency of the present day is thinning the first ranks of society. Within the last twenty years, twenty noble families are extinct. Others hang only by a single thread, and that a rotten one. All younger brothers are condemned to celibacy by custom as sacred as a vow. The union of two persons equal in birth and fortune was lately opposed by their parents on the sole pretence that they loved each other too fondly, and that an affection so ardent as theirs would make them ridiculous, if constant, or miserable if not. Thus marriage is become a rare event among the Senese nobility, who once celebrated eighty matches within the same month.

Every country adopts a different system of decorum. An Italian can see no remarkable decency in the chamber pots, the dozens, and the devils, which Englishmen introduce after dinner as apparatus for getting drunk; nor can an Englishman discover any thing very dignified in a woman of the first quality, raffling her clothes or trinkets, and sending her Cavaliere Servante, to hawk her sixpenny tickets round the public theatre. Yet even in this noble class some gentlemen may be found. Such characters as Pier Antonio Gori,

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Il Commendatore Berlinghieri, and the amiable Pompeio Spannochi would rescue any order from contempt.

The fair Senese either set modesty at defiance, or they carry their scruples to excess. The married ladies will descant with rapture on objects that would strike their cloistered friends with horror. At the Bianchi palace is a marble god, who presented his naked posteriors towards a neighbouring convent, and so scandalized the poor nuns, that they lately petitioned the archbishop to protect their distressed delicacy. His Eminence advised them never to look that way. But no; the mere possibility of peeping made the statue a stumbling-block to their chaste ideas, and their clamours continued till the figure was veiled.

> ———————— velari pictura jubetur
> Quæcunque alterius sexus imitata figuram.

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ROME.

EASTER.

PONTIFICI MAXIMO
CONSERVATORI CÆREMONIRAUM
PUBLICARUM. *Inscription.*

NOTHING tires me so soon as pomp, except the description of it. I never could read, and certainly I will never write a description of the Easter ceremonies at St. Peter's, ceremonies which, varying every five minutes, form the business of a week. I will not, indeed, join with travellers in laughing at things so important to millions. I have seen, I have even felt their effects. Some passages of the rite are supremely grand, some sounds would reach the soul of an infidel. How awful the pause in Friday's passion at the words "Consummatum est!" how pathetic the

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close of the miserere's! But the whole is too long: variety is tormented into littleness, and sometimes into trick.

Thursday is full of movement and drama: it includes the solemn translation of the host to the sepulchre, the public benediction, the washing of feet, and the serving at table. These last functions placed the pope in a curious point of view between pomp and humility. While prelates knelt down before his holiness to present the water, his holiness stooped before the poor beadsmen to kiss their bare legs. How proud the condescension which apes divinity!

So well does the church understand the power of contrast, that this principle seems to regulate all the operations of the season. Contrast is studied in these functions of Thursday, in the scenic changes of Saturday, in the abrupt transition from the debaucheries encouraged in carnival to the mortification of Lent;* and again in the

* It is absurd enough that spring should be the only season shut against lovers both by the ancient and by the modern religion of Rome. The former rarely allowed marriage in March, and forbade it utterly during May, the month to which the finest children are generally referred. Having occasionally amused myself with tracing

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reaction of the human mind ever elastic towards pleasure, from the restraints which are multiplied in passion-week to the instant revelry of Easter.

On Easter Sunday came forth all the papal vestments, which had been lately redeemed from pawnbrokers at Leghorn. They are so richly trimmed as to destroy the venerable. Cardinal

the ancient customs of Italy subsisting in the modern, and being now on the church, I shall offer precedents for a few particulars there.

At Easter, the Pope is attended with two immense flabelli or fans composed of the gaudiest feathers:

Et modo pavonis cauda flabella superbi. PROP.

Church doors are hung sometimes with flowers, and sometimes with black and white woollen webs crossing in alternate festoons:

Præterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum
Velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum. VIR.

Some church statues have an assortment of dresses which are regularly changed.—Similar wardrobes were kept anciently for the gods at the Capitol or the imperial palace. "Diis peplos et indumenta pretiosa; quibus usus velaminis nullus est, his aurum et argentum consecrant." LACTANTIUS.

Church pictures are often disfigured by gold or silver crowns nailed over the saints' heads. This barbarism corresponds with the μηνισκοι of the ancients. "Et jam tunc corona deorum honos erat." PLINY *Hist.*

Some altars are hung round with gold or silver eyes, legs, fingers, hands, feet, &c.—Similar exvotos in bronze are preserved among the Roman antiquities of museums.

Other altars are surrounded with pictures exhibiting the donor's escape from disease:

——————— Nam posse mederi
Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis. TIB.

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Antonio Doria acted as valet de chambre to the Pope, and appeared but a novice in adjusting the hallowed pallium. The whole court was diversified by rich or antique costumes. The senators' robes of yellow silk—but I have renounced description. Mass is over, let us finish the show.

Behold fifty thousand persons not crowded, but spread on the slopes of the magnificent piazza! how finely the colonnades embrace all the pageantry of this solemn moment! The holy father approaches the balcony—the multitude kneels down—the troops gape for the apostolical blessing—the blessing is given—the cannons roar—the wheels rattle, and the blessed disperse. "Dio mio!" cried a pope when the work was done, "quanto è facile di coglionare la gente!"

Pius VII. did not pull down the Holy Ghost on his people with that elegant expansion of arms, which his strutting predecessor affected; but the modest composure of his manner pleased us perhaps as well. In Chiaramonte you see little of lord Peter. Gentle, pious and unaffected, he retains all the simplicity of his former convent. Indeed the monastic habits, by excluding all others, keep hold

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of their man to the last.* "Lasciatemi," said he to an attendant who had intruded upon his privacy, "sono sempre monaco. Posso fare tutto il mio bisogno, anchè vuotare il mio orinale." He is blamed as a monarch for being too fond of study, too remiss with his ministers, and too passive under foreign dictation.

To this vicious facility the people may impute part of those miseries which no festivals can conceal. Their interests are invariably sacrificed to that class of menwho surround the pontiff. Taxation overlooks the cardinal's carriage, and falls on the morsel of the indigent.† Thus unfair in its principle, it becomes practically worse in the fangs of the farmers-general. Government having lately brought the moneta rossa and the fina to a par, has added nothing to the value of the poor man's

* Ganganelli himself, though born for the world, could not entirely shake off the friar. He had learnt in a frugal convent to hoard any occasional dainties, and this habit followed him to the throne. Having accepted a Cheshire cheese from an Englishman, his Holiness relished the present so well, that he locked it up in a private cupboard, and kept the key in his own pocket.

† Every rubia of corn, weighing 480 pounds, is subject to a duty of 20 pauls at the mill. The flour, thus already taxed, is subject to an entry of 6 pauls at the gates of Rome, and the carriage of the corn for the bolletta may be estimated at a loss of 3 pauls more.

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coin; but from them who possessed silver it has taken just one third of their efficient property. Such oppression, by lessening both the price of labour and the demand for it, has driven even the industrious into the streets; while the miseries which remain at home are unknown, or found out too late.

One wretched couple were lately driven to desperation through absolute want. Their last crust of bread they gave to their children, then put them to bed, locked their door, and some days after, their bodies were found in the Tiber. In the mean time the poor infants at home became clamorous on the return of hunger, and alarmed the neighbours with their cries. The neighbours applied to a priest, under whose sanction they broke open the door and rescued the little wretches from the worst of deaths. The priest seized the occasion: he undertook the protection of these orphans, and went about begging for their future support, and painting their story in all its horrors, wherever he knew there was wealth or humanity; but having at last collected a large subscription, our reverend philanthropist ran off with the bag.

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CHARACTER.

Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico. HORACE.

THE national character is the most ruined thing in Rome. The very name of Roman becomes a burden on the people who now bear it, by suggesting comparisons which are perhaps unfair. Men in the mass are what governments make them, and who can now calculate the powers of the present race if differently directed? they inherit at least one characteristic of their republican ancestors, that local pride which Rome has always excited in its natives.*

The character of the common people is usually locked up, yet subject to strange escapes. They can make long sacrifices to a distant pleasure. Thousands starve during the whole month of September, to provide for one extravagant feast in

* "Vile esse," says an historian of the worst times, "quicquid extra pomœrium nascitur æstimant." AMMIAN. MARCELLIN.

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October, at Monte Testoccio. Though timidly cautious in common transactions, they are desperate at play. This passion, pervading every rank, finds all the lotteries of Italy open at Rome. Many call religion into the aid of gambling: they resort to San Giovanni Decollato, a church devoted to condemned criminals, and try to catch in prayer, certain divine intimations of the lucky ticket. Their resentments can lie brooding for years before they start out. In their quarrels I never saw any approach to fair fighting. Boys fly to stones, and men to the clasp knife; but the bloodiest ruffian abstains from fire-arms. To shoot your enemy is held atrocious; to plunge a stiletto into his back, a proof of spirit.

The Trasteverini, though sudden and quick in quarrel with strangers, live quietly among themselves, or contrive to wrangle without bloodshed. This race has been extolled as the true descendants of the ancient Romans and even as brave. Their courage, however, is better known in the streets than in the field. Insurrections and mobs seem to be its only element. Aware of this tumultuary, assassinating spirit, the late pope sent his preachers about to disarm the people before the French ar-

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rived here; and Fenaglia, who was then a simple monk, mounted a bench in the Piazza Navona, and soon covered it with the stilettos which his overpowering eloquence forced from the mob.

In ascending to the other ranks, I can hardly consider that urbanity which prevails here as any great merit at Rome. The weak composition of the Roman court, its dependance on so many states, the resort of great and accomplished strangers, the subsistence which the people derive from their expenditure, make courtesy an obligation on all. In no part of Italy are the conversazioni more elegant, more various, or more free from aristocratical stiffness. Whether general gaiety, or literature, or the arts, gaming, or music, or politics, or buffoonery be your object, in one house or other you may be gratified every evening. Whatever be your pretensions, here they will be fully allowed. Rome is a market well stocked with the "commodity of good names." Praise you may command even to a surfeit, provided you repay it; for they flatter only on the same fair terms as the people louse each other in the street—scratch for scratch.

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With all this civility their humour is naturally caustic; but they lampoon as they stab, only in the dark. The danger attending open attacks forces them to confine their satire within epigram; and thus pasquinade is but the offspring of hypocrisy, the only resource of wits who are obliged to be grave on so many absurdities in religion, and respectful to so many upstarts in purple.

The Roman ladies are more indebted to nature than to man. Their general style of beauty is large like the Juno; and their forms, though luxuriant, are so perfect in proportion, that a critic is driven to their feet before he can find a defect. Animation of feature, dignity of gesture, a language all music, quickness of remark, a fine tinge of religion, every female attraction is theirs, except perhaps the best. But alas! can modesty be expected in a state where celibacy sits enthroned, and fills every post of authority or instruction? must not the interest, the animal wants of the governors discourage fidelity in the sex? must not a government of priests, from necessity, form a nation of libertines?

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Women thus born for seduction, excel in all the syren-accomplishments, music, dancing, and sometimes poetry; but they have lost those severer graces and that literate character which once astonished Europe. The time is past when Italian ladies wore the doctoral cap, filled the faculty-chairs, preached, dissected, spoke Latin, wrote Greek, and plunged into the depths of science. The time is past when the first women in Italy seemed to live for the historian. What a constellation of female excellence in the single family of Gonzaga! Isabella, Cecilia, Lucretia, Eleonora, Julia, Louisa, all great as princesses, yet amiable as women!

No class in the papal state can be more important than the clergy. These, in general, are learned, at least literary men; pretty correct in exteriors and guarded in their debauchery. From the length and rigour of their education, most of them smell of the college or the convent. Yet sometimes you meet an abatino di città, a modern Ruccellai, who may fairly be set in opposition to our own clerical bucks.

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When dazzled with the splendour of the Roman clergy, through all their gradation of colour, grey, black, purple, scarlet, up to the sovereign white; when we have admired their palaces, their liveries, their carriages wheeled out in rows to be admired; let us then reverse the medal, and view the exhaustion which this gross plethory of clerical wealth leaves below it. Let us survey all the forms of misery, the sickness, the sores, the deformity, the hunger, which infest the streets, where every beggar is distinguished by his own attitude, tone and variety of the pathetic, while all together present a strange climax of wretchedness.

In the morning comes a Marchesa to your lodgings, recounts the fortunes of her noble house, its rank, its loyalty, its disasters, its fall, and then relieves "your most illustrious Excellency" from embarrassment by begging one or two pauls. An old abate steals on your evening walk, and twitching you with affected secresy, whispers that he is starving. On the dirty pavement you see Poveri Vergognosi kneeling silently in masks. In the coffee-houses stand a more unfortunate class, who watch the waiter's motions to dart on your change.

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In the courts of palaces you meet wretches gnawing the raw roots gleaned from the dunghill, and at night you will sometimes find at your gate-way a poor boy sleeping close to his dog for mutual warmth. Such is the metropolis of Christ's church visible on earth!

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NAPLES.

SOCIETY.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici? HORACE.

THE Baciamano, or birth-day, calls to court all the orders of the state, from the prince down to the capo-lazzarone, and assembles in the presence a strange masquerade of civil, monkish and military dresses. The senators' costume coupled the long robe with gothic sword-belts and enormous rapiers. Their very postilion was an hybrid figure, the upper half covered with a judge's wig, the lower cased up in boots and buckskin.

Baciamano, properly so called, is a ceremony which admits abridgment. I have seen the princes,

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on approaching the king, just touch the royal coat, kiss their own hands,* and then with their fingers' ends distribute the emanations of majesty to their neighbours, in the same easy manner as gentlemen at church impart holy water to the ladies.

There seemed to be a contention between the nobility and their footmen, who should carry the greater load of gold lace. No where are the liveries more magnificent; but here they generally last the life of the master. They come forth only on grand occasions, and many must return, along with Signora's court-jewels, to the pawn-broker who lets them out to their owners, for the day, at an exorbitant rate.

Ferdinand's person, if assisted by more artificial manners, would grace any throne. There is no tyranny in his nature, but much in his government. Indeed all government tends naturally to tyranny, and good nature in its chief often promotes this tendency. This debonair and good-humoured prince is not sufficiently robust to stop

* This fashion dates from the decline of the Roman empire, and was called "adorare purpuram." Here it descends from the prince to the beggar: you may be thus adored for a single grano.

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others in the abuse of his own power. His courage, like his cruelty, is but the spark of a moment, and both are sparks struck by another. When the poor Austrian's head was brought on a pike, either to deceive or to frighten him, Ferdinand went to a balcony of the palace, poured his indignation on the exasperated mob and threatened them with imposing energy—and afterwards slunk off to Sicily in the dark.

He does not want the administrative talent; for whatever has the honour to come under his own eye is in excellent order. His monopolies of butcher's meat and of thunny fish were but too well conducted for the Sicilians. His dog-kennels, his studs, and his farms are models in their kinds. He is a consummate judge of black cattle, and displays true genius for the dairy. The heir-apparent is an adept in the same arts, and seems to dispute with his royal father the praise which Montesquieu bestows on Charlemagne for his attention to the basse-cour.

But who takes care of the nation?—the nation is consigned to a foreigner, a man detached from the nation, who is at once a financier, a state-

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banker,* a general and an admiral. From this personage, who has risen above the throne, it is said, from a barber's shop, we descend to the nobility.

Nobility is no where so pure as in a barbarous state. When a nation becomes polished, its nobles either corrupt their blood with plebeian mixture, as in England; or they disappear altogether, as in France. Now Naples, in spite of all her fiddlers, is still in a state of barbarian twilight, which resisted the late vivid flash of philosophy; and the nobility of Naples remains incorrupt. Though often cut by adultery with footmen, and sometimes reduced to beg in the streets, still is it pure both in heraldry and opinion; for nothing here degrades it but misalliance, commerce, or a hemp-rope.

The Neapolitan noblemen have seldom been fairly reported. In England, where rank is more circumscribed, nobility generally commands fortune or pride enough to protect it from common contempt. At Naples it is diffused so widely and

* A recent law declaring all payments null if they do not pass through the state banks, virtually forces the whole floating capital of Naples back into the hands of those old bankrupts.

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multiplies so fast, that you find titles at every corner, Prencipi or de' Prencipi, without a virtue or a ducat. Hence strangers, who find no access to noblemen of retired merit, must form on those of the coffee-houses their opinion of the whole order, and level it with the lowest lazzaroni, till the two extremes of society meet in ignorance and vice.

In fact, these children of the sun are too ardent to settle in mediocrity. Some noblemen rose lately into statesmen and orators in the short-lived republic; some fell gloriously; others have enriched literature or extended the bounds of science; a few speak with a purity foreign to this court; and not a few are models of urbanity. If you pass, however, from these into the mob of gentlemen, you will find men who glory in an exemption from mental improvement, and affect "all the honourable points of ignorance." In a promiscuous company, the most noted sharper or the lowest buffoon shall, three to one, be a nobleman.

In the economy of the noblest houses there is something farcical. In general their footmen, having only six ducats a month to subsist on,

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must, from sheer hunger, be thieves.* A certain prince, who is probably not singular, allots to his own dinner one ducat a day. For this sum his people are bound to serve up a stated number of dishes, but then he is obliged to watch while eating; for, if he once turn round, half the service disappears. Yet such jugglers as these find their match in his Highness, for, whenever he means to smuggle the remains of his meal, he sends them all out on different errands at the same moment, and then crams his pockets for supper. Yet when this man gives an entertainment, it is magnificence itself. On those rare occasions he acts like a prince, and his people behave like gentlemen—for

* I knew a Neapolitan Marchesa, who was so unfortunate in her servants that, after having tired out all her friends on earth, she at last applied to the Virgin of the Seven Sorrows, and implored the saint to send her a good, honest fellow. On her return from church, she found a new candidate waiting for her livery. This, she thought, was surely the Virgin's own man: "Pray, friend, (said she,) what wages do you expect?"—"Eight ducats."—"I never give more than six."—"Then, madam, you never had honest men. If I engage for six, I must either starve or steal to the value of two more; but give me eight, and your Excellency will find my faithfulness worth the money." She agreed to his terms, and for a few weeks the fellow's conduct did honour to the Blessed Being who had recommended him. At last his mistress, deeming it impious to doubt the honesty of a man who was patronized by the first saint in heaven, sent him out to pay a tradesman's account; but the sum being considerable, the servant of the Seven Sorrows never came back.

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the day. He keeps a chaplain in his palace; but the poor priest must pay him for his lodging there. He keeps a numerous household; but his officers must play with him for their wages. In short, his whole establishment is a compound of splendour and meanness—a palace of marble thatched with straw.

In this upper class, the ladies, if not superior in person, seem far more graceful than the men, and excel in all the arts of the sex. Those of the middle rank go abroad in black silk mantles which are fastened behind round the waist, pass over the head, and end in a deep, black veil; the very demureness of this costume is but a refinement in coquetry.

> I bruni veli, il vedovil trapunto,
> L'inanellata chioma, e ad uno ad uno
> Saperne i vezzi, i dolci sguardi, il riso,
> Lo star in se raccolta, il bel tacere.

All the fascinating arts described in these lines are practised to gain, not barren admiration, but men. That secret devotion of the heart, that exclusion of mankind, that pure, incorporeal tenderness which enter into the composition of love in our climates, all pass for mere fables in a society

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like this, where every object is referred to direct pleasure, and where quantity of pleasure becomes a matter of calculation. Here gallantry enjoys all the privileges that a rake can desire. Even neighbourhood conveys rights of this kind. I have seen ladies gesticulating love, up and down the streets, to the gentlemen residing within a certain distance from their windows; and new settlers, if handsome, are soon admitted to the benefit.

If Naples be "a paradise inhabited by devils," I am sure it is by merry devils. Even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy—a delicious climate, high spirits, a facility of satisfying every appetite, a conscience which gives no pain, a convenient ignorance of their duty, and a church which ensures heaven to every ruffian that has faith. Here tatters are not misery, for the climate requires little covering; filth is not misery to them who are born to it; and a few fingerings of maccaroni can wind up the rattling machine for the day.

They are, perhaps, the only people on earth that do not pretend to virtue. On their own

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stage they suffer the Neapolitan of the drama to be always a rogue. If detected in theft, a lazzarone will ask you, with impudent surprize, how you could possibly expect a poor man to be an angel. Yet what are these wretches? Why, men whose persons might stand as models to a sculptor; whose gestures strike you with the commanding energy of a savage; whose language, gaping and broad as it is, when kindled by passion, bursts into oriental metaphor; whose ideas are cooped indeed, within a narrow circle—but a circle in which they are invincible. If you attack them there you are beaten. Their exertion of soul, their humour, their fancy, their quickness of argument, their address at flattery, their rapidity of utterance, their pantomime and grimace, none can resist but a lazzarone himself.

These gifts of nature are left to luxuriate unrepressed by education, by any notions of honesty, or habits of labour. Hence their ingenuity is wasted in crooked little views. Intent on the piddling game of cheating only for their own day, they let the great chance lately go by, and left a few immortal patriots to stake their all for posterity, and to lose it.

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In that dreadful trial of men's natures, the lazzaroni betrayed a pure love of blood which they now disavow, and call in the Calabrians to divide the infamy. They reeled ferociously from party to party, from saint to saint, and were steady to nothing but mischief and the church. Those cannibals, feasting at their fires on human carnage,* would kneel down and beat their breasts in the fervour of devotion, whenever the sacring bell went past to the sick; and some of Ruffo's cutthroats would never mount their horses without crossing themselves and muttering a prayer.

* Modesty must draw a veil over those lovely young women who, to gratify two passions at once, were led naked to mutilation and death. Another outrage, too horrible for modern language, I shall leave Juvenal to describe *literally*.

———— Ut multis mortuus unus
Sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
Victrix turba.

A gentleman, whom I knew at Naples, had unguardedly entered a street where a circle of such cannibals stood revelling round a fire. He wished to retreat; but he was afraid of appearing afraid. He, therefore, advanced towards the crowd, who instantly seized and threatened him with the fate of a rebel. In vain did he protest his loyalty to the king and cardinal. "You must prove it," said they; "here, take this broiled slice of a jacobin's haunch and eat it before us." He shuddered at the idea and hesitated for a moment, till one of the monsters forced it into his mouth, and thus created a perpetual loathing of all animal food.

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On a people so fiery and prompt, I would employ every terror human and divine against murder; yet no where is that crime more encouraged by impunity. A mattress-maker called lately at the house where I lodged, with a rueful face and a "Malora! malora!"—"What is the matter?" said my landlord.—"My son, my poor Gennaro, has had the misfortune to fall out with a neighbour, and is now in sanctuary."—"What! has he murdered him?"—"Alas! we could not help it." —"Wretch! were you an accessory too?"— "Nay, I only held the rascal's hands while my poor boy dispatched him."—"And you call this a misfortune?"—"It was the will of God: what would you have?"—"I would have you both hanged. Pray, how have you escaped the gallows?"—"Alas! it has cost me two thousand hard earned ducats to accommodate this foolish affair."—"And so the relations of the dead have compounded."—"No, hang them! the cruel monsters insisted on bringing us both to justice. You must know, one of the fellow's 'compari' is a turner, who teaches the Prince Royal his trade.*

* How opinions change with times! When the Romans sought for some trade that should completely debase poor Philip, the surviving son of King Perseus, they made a turner of him.

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This vile informer denounced me to his pupil, his pupil to the King, and the King ordered immediate search to be made for me; but the police paid more respect to my ducats than to his Majesty's commands. We have now pacified all concerned, except a brother of the deceased, a malicious wretch who will listen to no terms."—"He does perfectly right."—"Not if he consult his own safety. My Gennaro, I can assure you, is a lad of spirit."—"Miscreant! would you murder the brother too?"—"If it be the will of God, it must be done. I am sure we wish to live peaceably with our fellow citizens; but if they are unreasonable, if they *will* keep honest people away from their families and callings, they must even take the consequences, and submit to God's holy will." My landlord, on repeating this dialogue to me, added that the mattress-maker is much respected in Naples, as an upright, religious, warm-hearted man, who would cheerfully divide his last ducat with his friend.

> A così riposato, a così bello
> Viver di cittadini, a così fida
> Cittadinanza, a così dolce ostello
> Maria mi diede.

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TURIN.

SUB JOVE TAURUS, AB HOC EUROPA VEHENDA QUIESCAT,
EN DOCILES HUMEROS ET CORNUA PROMPTIOR OFFERT:
CULTORES SUPERUM HUC ADEANT, ABEANTQUE PROFANI.

Inscrip.

TURIN commands the sublimest prospects—here a crescent of magnificent Alps—there the snow-capt cone of Monte-Viso—in the middle the king of floods opening his way through a rich plain which widens before him—beyond him the collina studded with white villas and crowned by the lofty dome of Superga.

The royal seats round Turin have lost their original character.—The pretty Vigna della Regina is deserted; the high-roofed Valentino is converted into a veterinary school; the more princely Stapinigi is assigned to the purposes of

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natural history, and the vast Venerie is visited only as the field of Bruley's agricultural experiments.

Turin is admired for the regularity of its plan, the cleanness of its streets, the symmetry of its squares, the splendour of its hotels, and the general elegance of its houses. Though the *Royal Palace* is not built in the rules of beauty, it is grand enough for a monarch. The *Palace of the Dukes of Savoy*, standing alone in the middle of the principal square, required four fronts equal in dignity; but three are hideous in themselves and derive comparative ugliness from the beauty of the fourth. This last front, composed of one Corinthian peristyle raised on a plain basement, is the noblest elevation in Turin, where it holds the post of honour. The *Palace Carignano* has a curvilinear front, mezzanini above mezzanini, orders that are of no order, and fantastic ornaments rather threatened than produced on the unplastered bricks. The stair-case is a difficult trick of Guarini's, who wasted his architectural wit in many attempts to frighten the world by the appearance of weight unsupported.

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Guarini and Guivarra have profaned the churches of Turin with the same puerile conceits, and ostentation of stone-cutting science. Their *Carmine, Carmelitane, Consola,* &c. evince wonderful talents for the crooked, the singular and the gaudy. The *Santo Sudario,* a chapel common to the cathedral and the palace, is entirely composed of a slate-coloured marble. Such materials were in themselves solemn and monumental; but, falling into the freekish hands of Guarini, they have been frittered into a cupola full of triangular windows, which form the wildest lace-work that ever disgraced architecture.

Turin has suffered as a seat of trade. The English, who knew best the superior value of Piedmontese silk, are obliged to lessen their demand: the Germans do not require thrown silk of so high a quality: and the French are satisfied with their own. The silk manufactory, which formerly employed 1400 looms in the city alone, can hardly find work for 500, and the Albergo della Virtù, which supplied them with weavers, has not recovered from its late suppression. To rouse Turin from this stagnation, they are opening new councils of commerce, and chambers of

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commerce, which agitate the tradesman, but which do not recal his customers. The calm, silent industry of the old firm is now replaced by an ambitious, impatient, precipitating activity. A desire for instant and simultaneous improvement has lately projected two new canals for the Doria and the Sesia. They propose to extend the rice-grounds: leaving deserts behind, they aspire at new conquests of soil, and begin to calculate on the very bed of the Po. By giving a straighter direction to its course, which is now double the distance of its extremities, they expect to gain myriads of rich acres, to increase the rapidity of the flood, clear the stoppage of its mouths, and prevent the inundations which annually attack its turnings.

In science, Galvanism and Brown's system prevail among the faculty, who are divided in most states of Italy into Maggiori and Volgari.

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GENOA.—The women of all ranks go abroad in the mezero, a kind of shawl which they dispose over the head and shoulders, precisely as the Scotch women used to wear their plaids; and this, being universal, becomes as convenient a cloak for gallantry as the cucullus was of yore. The Italian republics, whether from a principle of equality, or from grave and frugal habits, very early adopted an uniformity in dress and colours; an uniformity sometimes subservient to vice, as the gondola to intrigue, and the long mantle to assassination.

Here is a manufacture of stilettos allowed by a government which punishes the persons that wear them. During my short stay at Genoa, in the beginning of 1802, three murders were committed in the streets. An assassin might be hired for 50 lire; and, if taken, might be defended by hackney swearers at 12 lire each. In fact, the tribunals seemed then to trifle with justice. I saw two goldsmiths sentenced only to one year's banishment from the city, for a crime which in England incurs death, a crime which even here brought the eloquent Bonfadio, the public annalist of

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Genoa, to the block, and turned the admiration of the state into outrage; for his headless trunk was burnt with execration, and his ashes scattered to the winds.

Poets.—Monti is another poetical priest still worse than Casti. This sanguinary drudge of revolution delights to mangle the murdered. His hymn on the death of Lewis XVI. was composed long after the wrath of Frenchmen had been blunted by consummation; yet it is pointed with all the acrimony of fresh rancour. His dedications to Pius VI. "kiss the most holy feet of the most blessed father;" but, when removed from Rome, he refulminates at "the tyrant of the Vatican," a poetical anathema written in blood. Monti had been secretary and pimp to the Pope's niece. Hence when his Galiotto Manfredi first appeared at the theatre, some child of Pasquin wrote on the doors that memorable verse of Dante,

> Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.*

Monti's turbulence had exposed him to the hatred

* Galeotto, who catered like Monti for the amours of his mistress Ginevra, passes among the Italians as an appellative for ruffiano or pimp.—Pignotti was unusually happy in a compliment which he paid at Bologna :—" Signor! gran cosé in picciol tempo hai fatte!" &c.

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of both parties at Rome, where he owed his safety to the charms of his wife. Some of the Romans would have preferred the drugged cake to lull this poetical Cerberus; but the good-natured Cisalpines presented the golden twig; they appointed him Tragediografo to the republic, and bound him by a pension of 8000 lires to write patriotic plays.

I am sorry to praise what a miscreant can do; but, in justice even to the bad, his Caius Gracchus and his Aristodemus should be ranked, below Alfieri's indeed, but above all other Italian tragedies. His elegies teem with sentiments that should flow from a better heart. His "Death of Basseville" made him a public man. His succeeding works breathe the fire of faction; they are eruptions suited only to the volcanic period of the revolution, mines which he sprung after the fort had been taken. How beautifully does he describe his own patriotism!

> L'amor di libertà, bello se stanza
> Ha in cor gentile; e se in cor basso e lordo,
> Non virtù ma furore e sceleranza.

University.—Of the present professors the most

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eminent were lately suspended for their partiality to the French. The students were all enthusiastic, armed and eloquent in the cause of revolution. There was something in its doctrines, its pretensions, and its promises, that stung their generosity, their love of change, of danger, of glory, and all the poetical part of the human soul. They were not attached by long acquaintance to old institutions, nor did they calculate the certain expense of crimes and of misery that was to purchase an uncertain good. Some were swindled out of their innocence; they betrayed friendship for the promise of liberty, and they are still as they had been. Such, however, were the only true proselytes that democracy could convert in Italy. I believe that no man ever became a patriot after his fortieth year, but from ambition or disappointment, or debt, or a morbid hatred of the old system, rather than a love of the new.

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CERTOSA.—Alto recinto ai solitari figli
Del rigido Brunon secreta stanza,
Per sculti marmi, e per dipinte tele,
Per ampio giro, e per molt' oro famosa! BONDI.

This convent stands about six miles from Pisa, on the side of a hill, and approaches as nearly to symmetry of plan as the aggrandizing spirits of monks would allow. It bears the air of a royal palace, and is divided into a variety of courts. In the first are the laboratory, the apothecary's office, and the oil mills, all admirable for that elegance of order which reigns through the whole establishment, down to its most sordid details. Before I saw half its extent I was astonished to have seen so much, astonished at the varieties of magnificence wasted on eighteen monks. Each monk has a chapel large enough for the whole community, a cell consisting of several rooms, a loggiata, and a garden. Their common promenade is a long terraced roof which commands a prospect of Pisa, Leghorn, the islands of Capraia, Gorgona, Corsica, and thus gratifies the Fathers with the idea, rather than the sight of their estates, which are scattered over all.

Before Leopold came so often with demands

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on their treasury, these sons of Bruno had been accustomed to entertain strangers with royal hospitality. They once received the whole court of Tuscany, lodged it magnificently for one night, and sent it back full of admiration: but Leopold, differently impressed by their display of wealth, laid his reverend hosts under immediate contribution. This unprincely act might become a Henry VII. or Louis II. or Frederic II.; but Leopold had a soul.

We were invited to dine, and saw crowds waiting at the gate for their dole. Yet in all the pride of this hospitality, the poor Carthusians themselves submit to the hardest privations, confinement in a cloister, perpetual abstinence from flesh, frequent fasting, solitary meals, sackcloth, a bed of straw without sheets, flagellation, midnight choirs, exclusion from the sight of woman, and from common discourse.

Seta.—On passing from the Certosa by the Baths of Pisa, the first object that strikes you, on the road to Lucca, is the Villa Seta, an object

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magnificent in itself, and remarkable for the singularities of its noble owner.

The affectation of singularity is a pitiful little passion, and needs the art of talent or of rank to command the stare which it covets. Now the Cavaliere Seta, being hereditary Prior of the Knights of St. Stephen, and the rich representative of a family as ancient as the Pisan republic, has sufficient means to play the fool conspicuously. His advantages of birth and fortune enable him to shew his contempt for both. His gallery is the largest in Pisa; yet, though he cares little for his pictures, and less for their presumptive heir, no offer can bribe him to thin the collection, where nothing struck me so much as its filth. His eccentric pride will stoop to associate with none but his own peasantry, whom he often entertains with studied luxury at this superb villa. In his town-palace he built a theatre, but left it unused, and went to exhibit on a different stage. He assumed the character of a mountebank, and appeared on trestles in most of the Roman towns. He afterwards opened a coffee-house at the baths of Pisa, for the pleasure of acting as a waiter to those whom he would not condescend to herd

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with elsewhere. At present, he farms the post-house at Fornacette, for the privilege of parading the streets in the dress of a groom; and, when he drives his own cattle, he is more importunate for drink-money, than his fellow-postilions.

Such characters are peculiar to the higher order of Italians. The Marquis Bicchi is another noble post-boy, as common as his own hacks on the Siena road. Here I would impute the low propensities of noblemen to the gallantry of their mothers. Commodus convinced the whole world that he was the son of a gladiator, and Italy is still full of Faustinæ.

Lucca.—I was not long enough among the Lucchese to enter much into their character. Dante swept all the men into his hell at one fell swoop, with the broom of a true Florentine. Their wives, perhaps, are more correct than their neighbours; for the "Santa Zitta" swarms with prostitutes, a profession which is hardly necessary at Pisa. I was introduced to three ladies of a very different class at St. Catherine's convent. While

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I stood with their brother admiring an altar-piece in the chapel, several nuns flocked behind the grate, and wishfully asked us whether that surpassed the great allegorical picture at San Romano's convent. Those poor women had renounced all personal and family prides, and were alive only to that of their community.

Gallery.—All the treasures of the Tribuna, the Venus, the dancing faun, the wrestlers, the grinder; all the Raphaels, Titians, Correggios, lay then at Palermo, in the custody of the director Puccini. The Florentines murmured at the detention of objects so dear to them. Ferdinand claimed them in right of his family; Lewis, in right of his crown; and the King of Naples detained them till the stronger claim should prevail. Thus was this precious deposite disputed by two princes, in the hands of a third, and at the disposal of a fourth power, though it rightfully belonged to none of them; for Leopold, as if presaging some contention of the kind, had solemnly declared the gallery to be the property of the nation.

Theatre.—I saw Zanerini in a translation of Diderot's Père de Famille extort applause from a

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foreigner. "Quale franchezza! quei piccoli dettagli! è la natura stessa!"—"Predica un po troppo," (said an Italian who sat next him)—"Non è vero; non o mai visto Italiano da paragonare con costui. I Francesi soli possono superarlo."—"Eccome! superare la natura stessa!"—"Zitti!" cried the andience and stopped the dialogue.

Doccia.—An Englishman must leave his own country before he can be sensible how incomparably it excels all Europe in general manufacture. Other countries may produce, for exhibition, a few bales of cloth or a few cases of cutlery superior to any cloth or cutlery made in England; but those should be considered rather as chefs-d'œuvre than as articles of trade, and as the fruits of a contention which often ruins the tradesman. Here I saw no such ambition, nor any pretensions to the exquisite.

Arezzo.—In 1799 the Aretines set the French at defiance, and cut down the tree of liberty before it was firm in the ground. Armed with some muskets, two swivels, and a few wooden cannon

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bound with iron hoops, they began what the other Tuscans, in defence of their own pusillanimity, called insurrection. They assumed the imperial cockade, they expelled, imprisoned, or killed the patriots, and repulsed the Poles on their march to Florence. They chose the Virgin for their generalissima, raised her an army of 26,000 men, scoured the country, pulled down bridges, and intercepted provisions. When Macdonald had left Florence, they summoned the city to surrender, terrified the senate into capitulation, and entered in triumph, headed by a lady, la Signora Mari.

Convinced that the terror of their arms alone had expelled the French army from Tuscany, they had the temerity to oppose its return. Four hundred Aretines, secure under the standard of the Blessed Virgin, marched to Prato Antico, and gave battle to 7000 victorious troops. They fired and fled. Mounier pursued them to Arezzo, and entered the town; but he was satisfied with the plunder of some houses and the death of about 40 ringleaders in the war.

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CORTONA.—A seminary has been established here by the Vagnotti in a spacious palace; but unfortunately the institution has fallen into the hands of parish priests. All teaching that is not clerical should be kept sacred from the clergy; for, when united with theirs, the more important duty will invariably give way to the more easy one.

ROME. *Vatican.*—Such a receptacle for sculpture would naturally excite a craving to fill it. Pius VI. surely deserved well of the arts. He bought, he begged, he dug up, he removed antiquities: he even employed some of Verres's expedients to form a gallery; but he never demolished. He fleeced his subjects to enrich a rapacious nephew; but not a stone nor a statue of antiquity would he grant him, either to build his new palace or to furnish it.

Villas.—Their fervor, as if inspired by the genius of the place, assumed here a fine antiquarian tone. On detecting one of the four caryatides to be modern, they left her on the ground where she

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lay in fragments.—Some of the Muses in this work of Mengs's are portraits of the most celebrated beauties of the day; but all are now sunk into oblivion, except the fair Lepri, who is indebted to the late pope for a celebrity which has survived her charms. This lady had been ten years married to the Marquis Lepri without being a mother; yet, immediately on his death, she declared herself pregnant for the first time, and, nine months after, she bore a daughter. The marquis's brother, being thus disappointed by her suspected gallantry, ceded, in a rage, all his claims of inheritance to Pius VI. and entered into the prelacy. Pius sued for the property before his own tribunal; telling the friends who dissuaded him from such baseness, that "a million of crowns was not a thing to spit on." As the judges of the Ruota vote always in secret, the majority were brave enough to decide against their sovereign; but the vindictive pontiff found means to discover their names, and banished them from his presence. He persisted in his iniquity, and, appealing to a second decision, obtained too large a portion of his demand. I am glad, however, to learn that this plunder, no longer in holy hands, is now reclaimed from Braschi.

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Letters and Arts.—"This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease." A gleaner of opinions, a parasite in literature, Fea lives upon other men's ideas. Whatever you communicate—"Pho!" cries he, "I knew that an age ago," and runs home with it directly to his common-place. His colleague in the Chigi library has enabled him to edit Winkelman with the spirit of an enemy. He is now connoisseur to the pope, the oracle of all new comers, the living encyclopedia of Rome;—Abate Fea the antiquary, Abate Fea the lawyer, Abate Fea the economist, the naturalist, the journalist, the Arcadian, the translator; in short, the grub of literature risen into a butterfly that flutters in every walk, and pesters you into attention. En is a bee which has produced honey and can sting. Esteemed only for his antiquarian depth and sagacity, he was dreaded during the late revolution for his vindictive spirit, and will be ever abhorred for that ingratitude which sought the blood of his generous patron, the pope. He is now encrusted with the care of statues: in the Bracciano cabinet he betrayed too fine a passion for antique.

"Quemadmodum ipse appellat, studium; ut amici ejus, morbum et insaniam; ut alii, latro-

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cinium." Cicero's distinctions hit hundreds here. One antique onyx, which I saw in a private cabinet, had been stolen successively from two different collections, and came back by theft to the rightful owner.

FRASCATI.—The villa Bracciano has been lately sold, with a whole duchy and its titles, (for here rank follows the feud,) to a shopman, the son of a valet. This fellow's transformation into a duke is not one of St. Peter's usual miracles, but the fruits of a pawn-broking, usurious bank.

The cardinal (York)'s brother was a man of a higher order, quick of perception, amiable, free from all the Stuart prejudices, accomplished and brave. Rash as a knight-errant, he went back a second time to a country whence his former escape had been miraculous, and where his head was still a high-priced object.—England was just respiring from the late rebellion, when, in 1748, on the faith of a single gentleman, he set out for London in a hideous disguise, under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into

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a room full of conspirators whom he had never seen. "Here," said his conductor, "is the person you want," and left him locked up in this mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. "Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please," said Charles; "my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise, that, if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home."

For a few days the young adventurer was flattered with the glorious prospect, until difficulties arose on the part of the French ambassador, whose court had cooled in the Stuart cause. Charles remained on the rack of suspense for a week in London, where different persons recognized him in the streets; but (such was ever his only good-fortune) none betrayed him. He then returned to Paris to encounter cruel indignities, and was there arrested and expelled the kingdom.

France had settled on James III. a pension of 24,000 crowns, which, on his death, she reduced

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to 18,000; alleging that Charles was not, like him, encumbered with the title of majesty nor with children. Charles would not accept less than his father had, and received nothing. Application was then made to Spain. Spain promised him an allowance equal to whatever he should receive from France; and therefore gave nothing. Thus eluded by kings, he was reduced to live on the bounty of churchmen. Succeeding popes, as if proud of a royal pensioner, settled on him a fixt income, and assigned him palaces at Rome and Albano; while unknown friends in Britain remitted to his banker occasional sums, in defiance of the law which inflicted the pain of treason on such generosity.

A dependence so ignoble, and such a train of disappointment working on the mind of a man who was surrounded by a drunken household of Britons, betrayed him into a course of ebriety which degraded Charles still more. He afterwards returned, indeed, to the sober habits of an Italian; but he returned all in ruins, and the ruins left by intemperance are never venerable. Neither old age, nor royal birth, nor misfortune itself, could

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protect him from the impertinence of some travellers, who, catching him in this fallen state, unfairly described the prince when he had ceased to be a man. Sunk into the weakness of an old woman, he would then retire from every new vexation, to consult Nostradamus, and, always interpreting those prophecies in favour of his own hopes, he continued till his death confident of reigning one day in Britain. He often practised the royal quackery of touching for the evil, and once, I have been assured, on a prince of ——

His conduct to his daughter was strange, was unnatural. On this amiable child he resented the sudden desertion of her mother, Miss Walkinshaw. His wife afterwards left him at Florence, as abruptly as his mistress had done. Cut to the soul by this cruel infidelity, he implored the late king of Sweden, who was then on his travels, to engage the countess by any concessions to return; but Gustavus, when at Rome, was too highly captivated by the lady to fulfil that commission. Charles, then bending under anticipated old age, was at last persuaded to recal his daughter from the convent where she resided in France. He received

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her back with tears of contrition. His fondness was excessive, like his aversion; he created her Duchess of Albany, and thus offended his brother.

TERRACINA.—Braschi's works here challenge admiration, till we reflect that the port of Terracina and half the marshes are alienated from the public to his nephew; that, in attempting to drain these, he also drained the strong box of Fort St. Angelo, plundered the treasury of Loretto, and robbed his subjects of 30 millions of piastres by his bankrupt schedules.

NAPLES.—The Sedili are falling to ruin, and are no longer the seats of assembly, nor even fit to serve as halting places to the old processions. The nobility of Sedili and of Piazza maintain some of their old distinctions; yet what are those deputati, capitani di strada, eletti, consultori, procuratori, sindachi, but mere names, and robe-bearers, who are suffered to amuse themselves and the people with the shadow of ancient authorites, of which

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government has assumed the substance? All those separate powers it has collected into one and left no oppressor in Naples.

Caserta.—If their presence excludes the stranger it should at least protect him; yet in the very corridores of the palace we were pestered with beggars, and in the courts below a ruffian ran past us with a drawn poniard, in pursuit of a man who had insulted him, and when disappointed of his blow, he walked back deliberately towards a sentinel who looked on.

Civita Castellana.—Here an Austrian general was lately betrayed by his own obstinate piety. An alarm of a sortie was given while he happened to be praying at church; he went instantly out, but seeing no enemy, he damned the sentinel who had disturbed him, and then returned to his devotions, where he persisted till the French surrounded the church, and made him prisoner.

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Faenza.—I passed through Cesenna, the three Forums, and Faenza too rapidly for remark. But what can be now remarked expect their losses? A canon of Faenza after a year's absence from his stall, returned as a guide to two French commissaries whom he assisted in selecting the treasures of the cathedral. Against such treachery no concealment could protect any cherished object, and by such means did the conquerors themselves give to each community a minute inventory of the effects to be produced.—Italian artists, if they work for their country, should paint only in fresco, until Italian soldiers learn to defend whatever an invader can carry off.

Venice.—I found the arsenal scrupulously guarded and difficult of access, though no longer, as in Dante's days,

> ——— Ne l' Arzena de' Venitiani
> Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece,
> A ripalmar li legni lor non sani.

With her marine, Venice has lost her commercial ascendant in the Adriatic, and lost that hope,

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which alone could repair all other losses. Several trades, even the goldsmiths, have declined since the late revolution. At Murano I saw but few furnaces in action.—That revolution has cut off several subjects from the pen of a traveller, has dissolved the mechanism of the late government, and deterred him from inquiring into the new. The Austrians seem to have shut up the mouths of the people, as well as those of the lions, and will necessarily train the Venetians to their own political discipline.

Our company in the barge was motley in the extreme—clergy of all colours, some of whom went to prayers and others to cards; noble Venetians and Venetians plebeian enough. The women of all ranks were easy and gay, with the exception of one lady whom the rest stared at as a monster in the species; for, on the slightest freedom, her delicacy bristled up all the defences of a decorous old maid.

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VICENZA.—From Vicenza we proceeded on plain ground through a defile in the Euganean hills; but the Gua having flooded the high road, we were obliged to pass at a distance the famous wine of Montebello. At Torre de' Confini we found a group of people listening to one who was drest in republican green. This bold politician would descend to nothing lower than revolutions. Secure in the ignorance of his auditory, he was declaiming on a late insurrection in China, the flight of the emperor, his adventures and death.—"Bagatelle!" cried a dry humoured vetturino.—"Nay, if you do not believe me, go to Verona, for the conspiracy has spread all over the city."—"Spread from China to Verona?" "Yes, I left it this very morning."—"Which of the two?"—"I say, I left Verona this morning all in flames—twenty thousand in the plot—two hundred and seventy arrested—the houses of the conspirators burnt down, and their lists unfortunately destroyed."

> Poi si partì, e parve di coloro
> Che corrono a Verona il drappo verde
> Per la campagna—

We at last arrive at Verona, we inquire into the conspiracy, and find the 20,000 insurgents reduced

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to a dozen of coiners, who had infested the city with false money, and set fire to the rooms where their tools were concealed.

MILAN.—The people are returning from the late shock to those kind, convivial habits which saved them from the hatred even of their Italian neighbours. They desire no further changes that may affect their tranquillity, they look back with horror to that short period when patriotism ran mad, and trod under foot all the decencies, all the charities of life, when wives contended with their husbands in blasphemy and bloodshed, when a daughter, mounting the tribune, offered her primizie to any man that should bring her the Pope's head, and her father, an instructor of youth, embraced her transported at the philosophical proposal.

PHLEGRÆAN-FIELDS.—Italians, though declined from their former purity, have still the vantage ground of Englishmen in Latin composition. They laugh severely at our present Latinity, as a beg-

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garly patch-work clipt out of heterogeneous classics, and sewed together with solecisms of our own.

PADUA.—Not long since, a Venetian Senator, being deputed as a visitor to this University, asked the astronomer if the observatory wanted any instrument. "It wants nothing," replied Chiminelli, "except a good horizon."—"Horizon!" said the most potent signor, "why then we must send to London for one."

PAVIA.—This is the present metropolis of Italian science. Though scientific men are in general less irritable than the race of poets, yet the very genius of the place and the aguish air of Pavia seem to have infected its philosophers with a feverous spleen. Spallanzani dispatched poor Scopoli by his scurrility; and fell, in his turn, a victim to the spite of Fontana, who, satisfied with bringing him to the grave, bespattered him with posthumous praise. Fontana himself died lately in the very

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odour of ill-nature, and has left his character to be embalmed by his enemies. Volta was described to me as a "gran spacciatore delle cose sue, e non sue," a name buoyed up for a while by the French chemists, who are too full of their own merits to dwell long on those of others. Scarpa's fame is more solidly established, and supports the fame of Pavia.

Pisa.—Scotto is the richest man in Tuscany. Born at Naples a lazzarone, he first appeared at Leghorn in a wine-cellar as pot boy. A Neapolitan gave him a large sum to convey; but this he risked on an adventure of his own, and thus laid the foundation of his future fortune. He contracted with Spain for 100,000 muskets, and gained a ducat on each. He could now afford to be honest and restored the deposite. He has lately withdrawn his money from the ignoble gain of trade to usance of 4 per cent. per month; he buys up every acre, has one of the Riccardi estates, and lives here in one of the three Palazzi, which he has called artists from Rome to embellish.—His tenements are kept in bright repair, thus employing the poor and shewing the rich how neatness ex-

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cels their dirty magnificence. Scotto stands here alone: he does not rise abreast with his fortune, but looks as if he still wore the apron.

St. Ann and St. Joseph's convents are now united as a conservatory for young ladies. A very young man and I were conducted by a nun, even into the bed-chambers, where one of the boarders lay sick in bed. The nun who conducted us was an old lady of the Manzi family. On asking my name (the Casato is never mentioned) she congratulated me that no Joseph was ever yet known to be damned. St. Joseph being the patron of her old convent and her own peculiar, tutelary saint, in compliment to *me*, she opened a little sanctuary and shewed us an ancient crucifix which had belonged for ages to her family, and had wrought many miracles. She was at the trouble of lighting six candles, and on every St. Joseph's day went to the expense of thirty masses and a music to it. "Pray, are your convents rich in England?"—"We have none."—"Ah! che brutto governo!"

Italian historians, from Petrarch downwards, can count volume for volume with any nation. Some are respected but not read. Guicciardini, Davila,

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Bentivoglio, Bembo, Giannone, Paruta, Pallavicini, drop into books of reference and rest on the shelf, while Muratori and Maffei, Macchiavel and F. Paul, are admired and read: Denina read, not admired. Every little state in Italy had its historian: yet Rome, strictly speaking, has none.

Florence.—Advent and Lent the two seasons of preaching: Monks chiefly employed: much unction: Some habits advantageous to action. Preacher enters the pulpit followed by another clergyman who remains concealed in it, and hands the handkerchief. He bows all round to the audience; repeats a short mental prayer standing; then turning towards the altar, kneels and says an Ave Mary aloud. He rises, gives his text in Latin, which is always very short, a motto rather than a source of deduction. He then begins his first period, stops in the midst of it, takes off his square cap and bows to the bishop or congregation, puts it on and begins the period anew. At the mention of Christ, his blood, or the Virgin, he and all the clergy present, take off their caps. A large wooden crucifix is stuck in the side of the pulpit, to receive an occasional apostrophe. He walks, stands, sits,

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at freedom. The sermon lasts an hour and is divided into three parts, of which the middle is much the longest. Between the different parts all the people cough, hawk, spit, and blow their noses. He begins the third part with an appeal to the charity of his hearers, deduced from the subject, upon which two acolytes go round to collect alms. He then announces the subject of his next, and concludes. Such is the form: as to the substance of an Italian sermon, I may say of every preacher but one, "quoniam quid dicerit intelligi noluit, omittamus."

Lo Spedale degli Innocenti is the only charity here free from debt, though it admits not only bastards, but legitimate children, who may be afterwards acknowledged by their parents, and still remain here. It has 15 fattorie and several houses in Florence. The sottoposti more than 2000, of whom 300 here, and the rest in dependent hospitals, in the country at nurse, at work with farmers, &c. 50 lattenti in house; 50 under 2 years old, sitting in chairs, in a row, before their nurses, four to each. I found the poor creatures silent, yet anxiously looking towards the door, for their dinner, which was just coming in: they were well fed

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and clean. Each wet-nurse had three sucklings, but a generous allowance of food. Instead of the hollow wheel, here is only an iron grate for receiving the foundlings which cannot pass through, if more than a month old. When they are placed within the grate, which is always at night, the bearer rings the bell and departs. Instead of Cosimo's bust, I would place over the grate the following passage of Juvenal—

> ———— Stat Fortuna improba noctu
> Arridens nudis infantibus: hos fovet omnes
> Involvitque sinu.

Santissima Nunziata is the chief resort of the godly. The rural fraternities bring hither every Sunday from Dominica in albis till Trinity, a barrel of oil each (15 gallons) on an ass tricked out with ribbands, which enters the church followed by the donors, who seem of the same family, are drest in canvass tunics, and measure their steps by psalmody. F. Angelico (of the noble family Cardi) told me that the church and house consumed yearly 60 barrels of oil: their income is 18,000 crowns, out of which about 100 persons live. These Servites possess some fine frescos. In one cloister is the *Madonna del Sacco* of Andrea del Sarto, so called

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from the sack of flour on which Joseph reposes, and which was all that Andrea received for this, his chef-d'œuvre. Having taken sanctuary here in consequence of a murder, (like Domenichino at Grotta Ferrata,) the fathers kept him fully employed, chiefly on the story of their founder. His Dead Christ painted on a stair leading to the Seminary here, was so highly valued by the Intendenti, that they attempted to cut it out and transport it to the Academy. Sarto, though a great colourist, had no poetry in his head, nor pathos in his heart. A painter joined us in the refectory, while I stood admiring Santi da Tito's feast at the chief of the synagogue's; he found nothing excellent but the innesto of six angels in the glory; I, who do not like glories, was more struck by the heavenly benignity which beamed in the Christ. In the corridors and hall are a multitude of portraits; but I did not see among those monks the most celebrated of their order, Paolo Sarpi. It is not true, as some assert, that F. Paul would never sit for his portrait; but he was neither pope, cardinal, bishop, general, nor prior, and to none else do those humble friars allow house-room.

I went with some ladies to see a nun at *St.*

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Domenico's convent. The grated parlour being full of visitors, we went to a hall where the nun was sitting in conversation with her sister Signora Orsi. Here was no grate. We sat in the hall, the nun in a corridor; the door between both was wide open, yet the sill of that door, only an inch high, was a sacred partition which none could pass without leave obtained from the archbishop and abbess. The conversation falling on some convent where clean linen was thought a sinful luxury and the sheets were never changed, our cloistered friend said, "no pigs entered paradise, for St. Peter excluded St. Anthony's favourite hog even at the gate of heaven." When her sister, who had been brought up at court, talked freely of the monastic life, "Ah!" said the nun, "God Almighty must make a very large door for paradise, before thou canst enter." Her idea of heaven appeared to me Mahometan. A lady in our party was attended by a Baron Testa of Pisa, to whom she was affianced. The nun, knowing that this lady's guardian disapproved the match and wished her to take the veil, told her at parting, in a most solemn tone, "I know your engagement to the baron, but you will die before it is accomplished." Thus do such enthusiasts hazard prophecies.

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Some are fulfilled, are recorded in the annals of the convent and trumpeted abroad, while the hundreds that fail are forgotten as words of course. Every prophecy accomplished passes as a miracle; three miracles, well attested, are sufficient to beatify, and nine of the first class, to canonize. Hence the multitude of venerabili, beati, and santi in the Italian rubric.

Santa Maddalena de' Pazzi. While admiring the high altar, I heard the nuns, unseen, begin their vespers, which they chanted divinely; the distance, the seclusion, the quality of those noble ladies, made it more interesting. In the midst of rich architecture, twelve large jasper columns, rilievi, in bronze, paintings of Luca Giordano, and a church hung with embroidered satin for the approaching festival of the saint,—I had no eyes till the music ceased. " Te lucis ante, si divotamente," &c. *Purg.* ix.—The Pazzi family, which produced this saint, could also boast some eminent sinners; for the assassins of the two Medici were relations of this holy lady. Her festival and St. Zenobio's, another Florentine saint, fell on the 25th of May. St. Zenobio lies now in the nave of the Duomo, where, on that day, a temporary altar was raised

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over his tomb, on which his mitre and skull cased in a silver head were exposed. Some sickly children were brought to kiss them; after every kiss the skull was wiped with a nosegay by the acolyte. On July 9th, 1802, St. Zenobio's relics were again exposed for three days, to obtain rain after a long drought. Towards the close of the triduo the queen went, and had hardly returned home when a heavy shower of rain came on and lasted for some days. The clergy were flushed with triumph and all former failures forgotten.

Certosa, about two miles from Florence, resembles a gothic fortress and rivals the Pisan in riches, situation, and extent. It was founded, in 1341, by Acciaioli, "for God's greater glory" and his own. A French regiment was lately quartered here without dislodging a single monk. Pius VI. on his flight from Rome, retired here and has left several memorials of his stay behind. The prior, to whom my friend Giuseppe Baldi introduced me, ordered the sanctuary to be opened, and displayed his connoisseurship on the pictures. Benvenuti and another young artist have lately painted here two fine St. John Baptists.

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Good Friday.—The archbishop entered the duomo in the middle of the service, his shoes were taken off, and he went barefoot to prostrate himself and kiss a recumbent crucifix. In the most solemn parts of the performance, my emotions were disturbed by a young priest who tittered ostentatiously while chanting the Passion, part of which was highly pathetic. A good actor never laughs out of time; I would have hissed him from his stage, if I durst. The service went on; and so did this impertinent fool. It was a string at variance with the rest of the instrument and destroyed the effect of the whole piece. At night the company of Gesu Pellegrino formed a lugubrious pageant. All the streets in the line of procession were illuminated, and the houses hung with festoons of black and white cloth. Cavalcades of Jews and Romans, priests and gentlemen, horse and foot. Every portable object connected with the crucifixion—the cross, scourging post, rods, crown of thorns, spear, spunge, tankard, purple robe, dice, hammers, nails, pincers, each had its bearer. Then came the Dead Christ recumbent under a canopy of black velvet and gold; last the Virgin, following him, erect in deep mourning, with a white handkerchief in her hand.

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The Saviour passed unheeded by; but the "Santissima Vergine—ah Poverina!" drew tears from many. Passing by the Palazzo Vecchio where the court appeared at a balcony in black, she courtsied to their majesties, who graciously returned the salute.—Saturday I went to the duomo: altar and throne were hung with black, which were presently transformed into cloth of gold. The Archbishop enters with jewelled mitre and crosier. Gloria in excelsis is sung. The organ, till then silent, strikes up. The pigeon sets fire to the car. All the bells in Florence, which had their clappers tied up for two days lest the devil should get among them and disturb the holy pause,* rang out at once. The public clocks were again allowed to strike; the soldiers, whose arms had been all that time reversed, shouldered them.

About twenty young ladies, Spose monache,

* The devil owes them a spite:—

> E a chi si fanno tanti preghi e tanti
> Su le campane? Perchè sonin bene,
> E la fune, e il battaglio non si schianti?
> Si fanno solo per guastar con esse
> Le traverse che il Diavol ci facesse.
>
> RICCIARDETTO.

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who had left the convent for a few months, and had come back to the world to take an eternal leave of it, were brought to the Duomo, drest in a profusion of jewels, enormous nosegays and emblematical bows of blue ribband; in this costume they are led to a final sacrifice, when half an hour disrobes them of their finery, restores their jewels to their friends, clips off their hair, and gives up the finest forms to the shapeless concealment of a woollen habit, the equalizing tomb of elegance and deformity. Several of those novices were much under 30, the age prescribed by Leopold. The church, sensible of the doubts now spreading through her flock, slips in among the distrusts of a divided society, and exerts all the power which a most catholic government gives her over its functionaries, to drive back vagrants to her holy fold. During Lent, the priests go round to every house to register all that would and all that would not communicate at Easter. Formerly the unprepared kept at a reverend distance—“ Sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras!”—An edict, published during my stay at Florence, making the Tuscan church dependant on the pope, seemed to clear the ground for re-erecting the Inquisition. “ And is not the Holy Office

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(said I once to a priest) a defence more necessary now than ever to your religion?"—"Give yourself no concern (said he) about our religion; it produced yours and will outlive it. Its simplicity alone will make it immortal. It excludes doubt and requires nothing but faith; while your religion, by admitting investigation into it, has the principle of its death working in its bosom."—"But your church?"—"That is a very different thing. All churches were created by politics, are suffered to exist by politics, and will be abolished by politics. It lately lay with one young man whether there should be a church or no in France and Italy. His political calculations determined that there should; but religion and deism remain just as before."

SIENA.—Santa Anna Rinieri has the first conversazione here for talents and accomplishments; her cavaliere, the Commendatore Berlinghieri, is the first poet here. She educates her own children and shewed me a journal divided into columns, entitled, Dottrina Christiana, lettura Italiana, lettura Francese: scritto: abbaco: lavoro: ballo:

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condotta: and opposite each day of the month, an epithet appreciates and records the merit of each pupil in each column. The children bring her at night pen, ink and the journal, with alacrity or hesitation according to their deserts. The journal spares her the necessity of correction or reproof.

Moncenni the banker's daughter was married here by proxy to a rich young man whom she had never seen, who is imbecile in mind and body, goes sometimes on all fours, and strangles dogs and cats, and is physically unable to consummate the rite. But that the bride is indifferent about; she told my friend Brown on the eve of the marriage that she must first go to Florence to meet her husband; but next day she should enter on all the rights of an Italian wife, and be glad to receive his addresses. The Arciprete Luti, president of the university, boasted before me in Sg[a]. Catterina Spannocchi's box of the immoral tie which he had formed in the morning. The bride's mother acted like a procuress to her daughter. I saw her encourage her dalliance with Brown, but complained that English lovers were but birds of passage.

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The *Accademia Italiana*, established here about five years ago, was nearly strangled in its cradle. Its first journals, though they exclude politics, being published while the French were here, the printer took the name of citizen on the title-page, and his shop was threatened with flames by the Aretines. They resumed their publication last January. Its president is a Count Vargas, an Anglo-Portugueze, whose lodgings I occupied here. He is now at Naples, and the seal of the academy, which is diffused over Italy, is supposed to follow him. Vargas is too general to be deep, he speaks all languages and none well. He has an interest at all courts, and a correspondence with literati all over Europe, which alone qualify him for the presidence. A mystery hangs over his birth and fortunes; he has neither estate nor friends, except a company in the Neapolitan service. He shewed me a military laboratory and museum which he is forming at Castel Nuovo. Alfieri was chosen one of the forty ordinary members of this academy, but refused the honour in a cynical letter which the secretary Sacchetti read to me. "I have made a vow (said he) to Apollo, never to belong to any literary society on earth,

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as my peevish temper unfits me either for sending admonitions to others, or for receiving any."

College Tolomei was founded for young noblemen, who pay 50*l.* per annum, for board, education, clothes and every thing. Each student assumes an epithet, motto, and device figured over the corridors, halls, ball-rooms. Those epithets, Il Grave, L'Insipido, often imply a quality which the device and motto shew in an opposite light. This college is taught by Scolopians, monks devoted to education, and who being, as such, the rivals of the Jesuits, were suppressed by them in the time of their founder. Many went to Poland and flourish near their enemies, who are now reimbodying in Russia. P. Ricca has lately formed a museum here of Italian minerals, &c.

A Signore Spannocchi excelled here in difficiles nugæ. He could write all the passages in St. John's Gospel which concludes the mass, in a space equal to the nail of a little finger.

Signore Camillo Sergardi told me that Adimollo designed one of the rooms of his palace in a day; another day he came to work, fell into a moody

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silence, and lay prone on the floor for some hours, nor did he rise till he had secured in his mind the whole composition of the Rape of the Sabines, grouped round a concave ceiling, and exhibiting the same passion in a wonderful variety of expressions.

Rome.—Plays are allowed, except in Lent. The Prima buffa at Teatro della Valle was Da Via, widow of a Neapolitan prince whom she had maintained by her profession. When past 50, she called herself 42: "Yes," said a Roman, "42 in moneta fina, or 63 in rossa." On her husband's death she resumed her first name.

Prince San Marino told me that he was obliged to speak broken Italian and affect the Englishman, to get admission into the papal chapel of Monte Cavallo, on Palm Sunday, where foreigners had the best seats.

Prince Altieri, when a lad, was imprisoned in Fort St. Angelo, for a habit of following well-drest women to spirt oil on them, inveigling them

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to sit down on filth, &c. Having married a German princess, he is now reformed, and drives about his wife in defiance of fashion, and would never leave her in the late revolution.

Lord Bristol, being always on the wing, gave each town in turn an occasion to stare at this lusus fortunæ, whose ambition was to be stared at. His conversation ran generally in support of atheism; yet when others attacked revelation he would for the moment defend that religion which doubled his income. " Nil æquale homini fuit illi—nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi." With artists he was either close or lavish, never correctly just. Benvenuti told me that he bought his Judith when half finished, and ordered it off in that state to a garret in Naples. He would sometimes talk divinely on art, and then relapse into affected absurdity. His conversation was obscenity itself, no modest woman could talk with him, or go up his staircase at Rome, where the frescos were most indecent; neither he nor his son the first Lord Harvey, could create any esteem here with all their liberality. The latter was detested at Florence.

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Tivoli. A gentleman here talked to me of mushrooms higher in flavour but more dangerous than ours: "one of those boleti (said he) called Death-heads was brought to me at Subiaco. Struck at its enormous size, I went with the peasant who had found it, to the spot where it grew. We easily distinguished its unnatural stalk, dug up the earth and found underneath a nest of vipers." Pliny mentions among the sources whence mushrooms imbibe poison, "si serpentis caverna juxta fuerit." Dioscorides does the same.

FRASCATI. I was introduced to Cardinal York by an Irish gentleman residing at Rome. When my name and country were announced, he said he had heard of Second sight in Scotland, but never of Foresight, and this poor joke drew a laugh from all that understood English, which his Holiness talks pretty well for a foreigner. When my friend told him that my grandfather fell in the Stuart cause, the recollection of that cause drew a tear into his eye, an emotion to which he is very subject. He says little, and in that little there is nothing. His face is handsome, smooth, ruddy,

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without a wrinkle, except on the forehead. He stoops much and walks with difficulty; for one leg is sore and a source of health to him; but the other has still the first shape of his great uncle Clarles II.'s. His dress was an alternation of red and black: a scarlet coif; a black coat lined with scarlet silk; a black silk mantle; a scarlet waistcoat; black velvet breeches; scarlet stockings; black shoes, scarlet heels; a purple coat laced with gold, and a plain episcopal gold cross on his breast. On our arrival at Frascati, he ordered a chariot and four, and his master of the horse, a polite young man, to conduct us through the different villas. On our return to the Rocca, we found a numerous company convened for dinner, a Neapolitan duke, several Roman noblemen, a bishop and a few prelates. I owed to my poor grandfather a distinction not due to me. I sat next to his Royal Highness at table, and of the little that was said, the greater part was addressed to me. I could perceive at dinner a residue of royal state. There was a space between him and us sufficient for another cover. After a pause in the conversation, none began till he spoke. He had a salt-cellar to himself; but it was stoneware, and the rest silver; he had his own soup;

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but it was served in a porringer, and ours in a tureen. There was a distinction even in his coffee-cup and saucer; but they were of a much inferior china to ours. After dinner a little dog came on the table to play a few tricks, when the cardinal, turning to me, said very significantly, "This is a King Charles's dog." On his carriages he has the regal crown under the cardinal's hat: but he never assumed, like his brother, the title of Majesty. Prince Augustus of England, when living near Frascati, was often at the Rocca, where they Royal Highnessed each other incessantly. The Cardinal Duke visits none but the pope and the king of Sardinia. He has two official palaces at Rome; but he often puts up at a convent of capuchin-nuns which is under his protection. This community includes some princesses, yet subsists by begging.—Madame Cicciaponi, at Siena, shewed me the correspondence between her brother-in-law, Sir John Hippesley Cox, Cardinal Borgia, Lord Minto, and Cardinal York, in behalf of his Royal Highness, during his late retreat from Frascati. Borgia, a man of science and literature, applies to Sir John with a delicate urgency for assistance from our court, and paints the distress of the old prince in affecting colours. Our ministers an-

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nounce the king's grant of £4000 a year in a very handsome manner; but York, while he acknowledges in bad English the obligation conferred on him, studiously avoids any mention of his majesty. Sir John's letters to the cardinal contrast with Lord Minto's. The former are all soul, the latter all formality; but Sir John wrote as a friend, and his Lordship only as an agent.

Naples. A friend pointed out to me at the Tuillerie, one Sunday morning, so many wild sprigs of the nobility, that he proposed to prune and even to replant the old tree. He would no longer allow it half the soil of the kingdom to flourish on and exhaust. He would reduce both the number of noblemen and their aggregate property. No man should bear more than one title, and every title should represent a real inalienable feud of a value regulated to the rank. Whatever land a noble might possess above that value should be free and disposable. This principle would prevent such accumulations of property as the Monteleone, the Mondragone, &c.; it would lessen the number of feudatories, and multiply that of proprietors.

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"Then (cried the exultant lawgiver) those titled vagabonds who are now concerting in these alleys fresh plots for their subsistence, would be reduced to plain dons; but those dons would have homes and acres of their own. A new interest would call them off from this over-crowded city, and attach them to their own cantons by rural magistracies and functions, by rural improvements and sports, by every office, every charity that domesticates gentlemen. Conjugal habits would banish cecisbeism, and the noble convents would soon want tenants. Yes, (cried he, rising to supposed majesty,) I would encourage the natural fecundity of my fair subjects, and bestow my royal favour on none but married men. No bachelor should govern a province, nor bear an embassy, nor command a regiment, nor wear a ribband. The very surface of my kingdom should feel the change. This capital would be thinned of its worst inmates. The population of the country, not clustered, as at present, in town, would be equally spread over the fields in detached farm-houses, and fifty neat seats would rise for one palace. I would then resign my unjust prerogative; nor longer be fourth of kin to every vacant estate. As baronies dropt, their lands, then free and divisible, should descend even to the

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remotest heir." He was going on, building his castle very liberally on the rights and property of others, when some friends broke in upon the scaffolding.

A Neapolitan seeing two Englishmen about to go into a shop, followed them in, and standing behind them made signs to the shop-keeper that he had brought him two pigeons to pluck. He followed the gentlemen out, as if belonging to their party, and soon after he returned to the shop for his share of the booty, which the merchant paid him as due.

Acton's rise is not more astonishing than his keeping his ground. He first appeared in Tuscany as a barber. At the age of 60 he married a girl of 14, his brother's daughter, or perhaps his own; for he was her mother's professed cecisbeo long before and after her birth. This child brought Sir John a child during my stay in Naples. An express went instantly to Caserta. The queen drove into town in the morning with rich presents to the lying-in lady. In the afternoon came the king and made the new-born babe a colonel.

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Monteleone estates, largest in Italy, narrowly escaped confiscation. The late Duke died just after sentence of death had been passed on his eldest son, and Acton instantly seized his feuds as forfeited by high treason. The younger son protested against this, claiming as immediate heir to the old Duke; for his brother, being condemned, had been civilly dead before his father died, and was therefore incapable of forfeiting that which he could not inherit. His claims being rejected, he applied to Ferdinand for redress, and obtained the restitution of every acre. The elder brother was pardoned at the pope's intercession, and is now expatriated.

Cesenna, the birth-place of the late and present pope, pleased me by an air of cheerful tranquillity. I saw no curve in its form that could explain the epithet which it bears in the Theodosian map, nor any remains of the castle defended by the heroine Cia.

Forli. Sigonius considers the towns called Forum as coeval with the ways which passed

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through them, and as built by the founders of those ways; but the names of these three Forums, (Forum Cornelii, Livii, Pompilii,) all on the Emilian way, indicate three different founders and not one of them Lepidus. Sigonius considers every forum as a conventus or assize-town; but the proximity of these three, particularly of Forli and Forlinpopoli, contradicts that opinion. I believe that most of them were simply market-towns. Some might have petty magistrates but none were seats of provincial government. Frejus is the only Forum where I have seen any marks of ancient grandeur.

VENICE, with all her austerity, was as immoderate when she praised as when she punished her magistrates. The monumental hyperboles of the Dominican church excite laughter rather than respect for the dead, and run the farthest I have yet remarked from the modesty of the ancient epitaph. At St. Peter's (patriarchal church) Mauroceni's epitaph is "Majestas, &c.—Hic ille at non ille unus, lingua et calamo diserte multiplex, mente

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et manu impigre omne genus moderandi provinciis termagnus, imperandi armis ter major, maturandis consiliis ter quaterque maximus, &c.—Fato irascere, Viator, sero te adventasse, et abi." A Roman widow never went beyond a "benemerenti conjugi," or a "dulcissimo," sometimes affectedly written ΔΟΥΛΚΙCΙΜῳ.

Verona is called the birth-place of Vitruvius and one of its arches is considered as his work; but Vitruvius was more probably born at Formiæ, and on the arch of Gavi I remarked something like the arabesque which his book condemns.—On each bridge were the barriers of the two states painted in their respective colours, about six yards asunder, and at each barrier an opposite sentinel, who did not interrupt our passage.

Milan. A young Genevese, named Du Pau, used here to cut portraits without looking at his work. He could make his dog bite a slice of

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cheese into a correct profile of Voltaire. They were destroying the earth, and preparing an amphitheatre for Olympic games in the forum.

General Italy measures 22,500 geometrical square miles; its population 17 or 18 millions. Roman and Neapolitan states form one-third of the surface, yet might admit two or three times their present population. Women sooner and longer nubile than in the north, an advantage which they exercise to the full. The average length of life lower than in France or, perhaps, Great Britain. Italian artists dwell chiefly on Scripture, the lives of saints, or the loves of the Gods, and neglect "celebrare domestica facta." They seldom recur to their own poets for fiction, and left Dante's Ugolino to two foreigners, Reynolds and Berger.

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