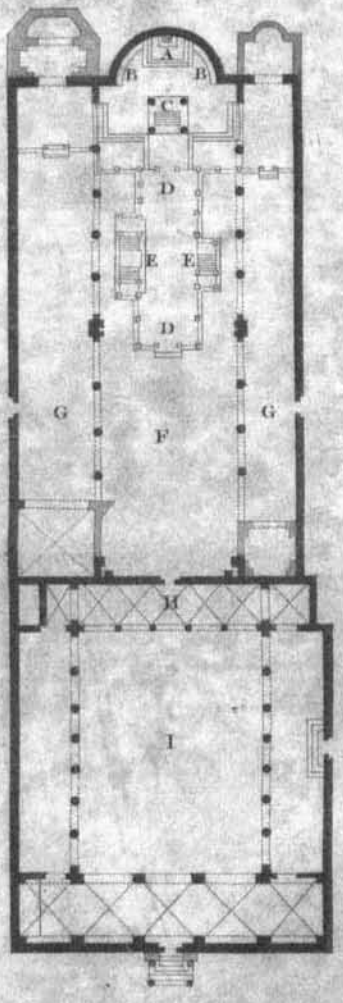
CHURCH of ST CLEMENT.

N.B. The faint lines mark the additions of later times



References.

A *Bishop's Throne*
BB *Seats of the Presbyters*
C *Altar*
DD *Choir*
EE *Ambones or Pulpits*
F *Nave*
GG *Ailes*
H *Vestibule*
I *Court*

TOUR THROUGH ITALY,

EXHIBITING A VIEW OF ITS

SCENERY, ITS ANTIQUITIES, AND ITS MONUMENTS;

PARTICULARLY AS THEY ARE OBJECTS OF

CLASSICAL

INTEREST AND ELUCIDATION:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF ITS CITIES AND TOWNS;

AND OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS ON

THE RECENT SPOLIATIONS OF THE FRENCH.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

VOL. I.

Hæc est Italia diis sacra, hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.

Plin. Nat. Hist. III. 20.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, 39, LUDGATE-STREET.

1813.

College of Fort William

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD BROWNLOW,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS MANY VIRTUES,

AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS CONSTANT KINDNESS.

AND AT THE SAME TIME,

AS A MONUMENT OF AN INSTRUCTIVE AND PLEASANT TOUR.

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

FELLOW-TRAVELLER,

AND

MOST SINCERE FRIEND,

JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

PREFACE.

THE Author presents the following pages to the Public with diffidence. He is aware that the very title of a Tour through Italy is sufficient in itself to raise expectation, which he has learned from the fate of similar compositions, is more frequently disappointed than satisfied. To avoid as much as possible this inconvenience, he thinks it necessary to state precisely the nature and object of the present work, that the reader may enter upon its perusal with some previous knowledge of its contents.

The Preliminary Discourse is intended chiefly for the information of youthful and inexperienced travellers, and points out the qualities and accomplishments requisite to enable them to derive. from an Italian Tour its full advantages. The Reader then comes to the Tour itself.

The epithet *Classical* sufficiently points out its peculiar

character, which is to trace the resemblance between Modern and Ancient Italy, and to take for guides and companions in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the writers that preceded or adorned the first. Conformably to that character, the Author may be allowed to dwell with complacency on the incidents of ancient history, to admit every poetical recollection, and to claim indulgence, if in describing objects so often alluded to by the Latin writers, he should frequently borrow their expressions;

Materiæ scripto conveniente suæ

Citations, in fact, which notwithstanding the example of Cicero, and the precept of Quintilian†, some severe critics are disposed to proscribe, may here be introduced or even lavished, without censure; they rise spontaneously from the soil we tread, and constitute one of its distinguishing beauties.

In Modern History, he may perhaps be considered as sometimes too short, but it must be remembered that Modern History is not *Classical*, and can claim admission only as an illustration. As for the forms of government established in

---

* Ovid, Trist. l. v. 1.

† Quintil. lib. 1. cap. v. Edit. Rollins.

many provinces by the present French rulers, they are generally passed over in silence and contempt, as shifting scenes or rather mere *figuranti* in the political drama, destined to occupy the attention for a time, and to disappear when the principal character shows himself upon the stage.

Of the state of painting and sculpture, though these arts reflect so much lustre on Italy, little is said; an acknowledgment which may surprize and disappoint many readers. But, on the one hand, to give a long catalogue of pictures and statues, without explanatory observations, appeared absurd; and on the other, to execute such a work in a becoming manner requires leisure, technical information, and the pen of a professed artist, perhaps of a Reynolds. The subject is therefore touched incidentally only; but as it is extensive and amusing, and affords scope to the display of skill, taste and erudition united, it will, it is to be hoped, ere long attract the attention of some writer capable of doing it justice.

As to the Style—in the first place some, perhaps many expressions, and occasionally whole sentences, may have been inadvertently repeated; a defect great without doubt, but pardonable because almost unavoidable in descriptive composition. *Who*, in truth, *can paint like Nature*, or who *vary his colouring* with all the tints of Italian scenery, lighted by Italian

skies? If Lucretius has repeated at length two of the most beautiful passages in his poem the Author may claim indulgence, if in describing the perpetual recurrence of similar objects, he has been betrayed into similar language.

In Proper Names, he has ventured frequently to use the ancient appellation if not irrecoverably lost in the modern. Thus, he sometimes introduces the *Benacus*, *Liris*, and *Athesis*, instead of the *Lago di Garda*, *Garigliano* and *Adige*, because the former names are still familiar to the learned ear and by no means unknown even to the peasantry. The same may be said of the *Arno*, the *Tiber*, and several other rivers, and may be extended to many cities and mountains. He has, as much as possible, attempted to discard the French termination in Italian names, and laments that he cannot carry consistency so far as to apply it to antiquity, and rejecting the semi-barbarous appellations with which the French have misnamed some of the most illustrious ancients, restore to Horace, and Virgil, all their Roman majesty†. But this general reformation must be left to more able and more popular writers, or rather perhaps recommended to the learned gentlemen who

---

* Lib. I. v. 925.—Lib. IV. v

† Titus Livius owes the recovery of his Roman appellation to the Bishop of Llandaff.—*Apology for the Bible.*

preside over the Universities and the great Schools, and to the Critics who direct the public taste in Reviews, and have of late exercised no small influence over custom itself.

We now come to objects of greater moment, and here the Author must, however reluctantly, obtrude himself on the attention of the Reader. Religion, Politics, and Literature, are the three great objects that employ every mind raised by education above the level of the labourer or the mechanic; upon them, every thinking man must have a decided opinion, and that opinion must occasionally influence his conduct, conversation, and writings. Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic Religion, the Author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. Yes! he must acknowledge that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet with this affectionate attachment to the ancient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy as well as his own, depend upon Sincerity and Charity, he leaves them

and himself to the disposal of the common Father of All, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, Reconciliation and Union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of Peace and Reconciliation.

We come next to Politics, a subject of a very delicate nature, where difference of opinion, like disagreement in Religion, has given occasion to many rancorous and interminable contests: and here, expressions apparently favourable to republicanism, or perhaps the general tendency of his principles to the cause of freedom, may incline some of his readers to suspect him of an excessive and unconstitutional attachment to that form of government. Without doubt, Liberty, the source of so many virtues, the mother of so many arts, the spring of public and private happiness, of the glory and the greatness of nations, is and ever will be the idol of liberal and manly minds, and that system which is most favourable to its development must necessarily obtain their approbation. But fortunately they need not have recourse to fine-spun theories for the principles, or look to past ages or distant countries for the practice of a free, and, what may justly be called, a republican government. The Constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient commonwealths,

together with the advantages of the best forms of monarchy; though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse and decay, yet like the works of Providence, it contains in itself the means of correction and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and by Tacitus pronounced, a vision fair but transient. A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity may surely content the patriot and the philosopher of modern days, and the only wish of both must be, that, in spite of courtly encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever.

In Literature, if the Author differs from those who have preceded him in the same Tour, if he censures the opinions of any other traveller or writer, he hopes he has expressed the reasons of his dissent with the tenderness and the attention due to their feelings and reputation.

On the merits of the French language and literature he differs from many, but he is open to conviction even on this subject, and only requests the Reader to weigh with impartiality the reasons which he produces against both, and the more so, as the question is of greater importance than may perhaps be imagined; for, to the wide circulation of French authors may be attributed many of the evils under which Europe now labours. This observation naturally leads to the following. If ever he indulges in harsh and acrimonious language, it is when speaking of

the French, their principles, and measures; and on this subject he acknowledges that his expressions, if they correspond with his feelings, must be strong, because his abhorrence of that government and its whole system is deep and unqualified. Neither the patriot who recollects the vindictive spirit with which the Ruler of France carries on hostilities against Great Britain, the only bulwark of Europe, and the asylum of the Independence of Nations, because he knows where Freedom makes her last stand,

Libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit ferienda loco,

Lucan VII.

nor the philosopher who considers the wide wasting war which the French government has been so long carrying on against the liberties and happiness of mankind, will probably condemn the author's feelings as intemperate, or require any apology for the harshness of his expressions. As long as religion and literature, civilization and independence are objects of estimation among men, so long must revolutionary France be beheld with horror and with detestation.

It now only remains to inform the reader, that the Tour sketched out in the following pages was undertaken in company with PHILIP ROCHE, Esq. a young gentleman of fortune, who, while he spared no expence to render it instructive, con-

tributed much to its pleasures by his gentle manners, and by his many mild and benevolent virtues; virtues which, as it was hoped, would have extended their influence through a long and prosperous life, and contributed to the happiness, not of his family only, but of an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance. But these hopes were vain, and the Author is destined to pay this unavailing tribute to the memory of his friend and companion.

The two gentlemen who, with the Author and his fellow traveller, formed the party often alluded to in the following pages, were the Honourable Mr. CUST, now Lord BROWNLOW, and ROBERT RUSHBROKE, of Rushbroke Hall, Esq. The information, the constant politeness, and good humour of the former, with the liveliness, the mirth, and the accomplishments of the latter, heightened the pleasures of the journey, and, by supplying a continual fund of incident and conversation, rendered even Italy itself more delightful. To Lord BROWNLOW, the Author must acknowledge another obligation, as he is indebted to his Lordship for several useful observations during the course of this work, and particularly for the details of the excursion to the island of *Ischia*, and the account of the solitudes of *Camaldoli* and of *Alvernia*.

The publication of these volumes has been delayed by frequent avocations, and particularly by a more extensive and

scarcely less interesting excursion to parts of *Dalmatia*, the Western Coasts of *Greece*, the *Ionian Islands*, to *Sicily*, *Malta*, &c. &c. The details of this latter Tour may, perhaps, be presented to the public if the following pages shall seem to meet its approbation.

Great Chesterford, Essex,
Sept. 14, 1812.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt
O dulces comitum valete cœtus
Longè quos simul à domo profectos
Diversè variæ viæ reportant.

Catul. XLIV.

THE degree of preparation necessary for travelling depends upon the motives which induce us to travel. He who goes from home merely to change the scene and to seek for novelty; who makes amusement his sole object, and has no other view but to fill up a few months that must otherwise remain unemployed, has no need of mental preparation for his excursion. A convenient post-chaise, a good letter of credit, and a well-furnished trunk are all that such a loiterer can

possibly wish for; for occupation he will have recourse to inns, to coffee-houses, and to theatres, with their appurtenances, which cannot fail to supply him with incidents, anecdote, and pastime in abundance. But he who believes with Cicero that it becomes a man of a liberal and active mind to visit countries ennobled by the birth and the residence of the Great; who, with the same Roman, finds himself disposed by the contemplation of such scenes to virtuous and honourable pursuits; he who, like Titus Quintius employing the first days of leisure after his glorious achievements in visiting the celebrated monuments of Greece, embraces the earliest opportunity of visiting the classic regions of Italy, such a traveller will easily comprehend the necessity of providing before-hand the information necessary to enable him to traverse the country without constant difficulty, doubt, and inquiry. And indeed, if there be a Tour in which such preparation is more peculiarly necessary than in any other, it is that which I allude to: as Italy owes more to history than even to nature; and he who visits it merely with his eyes open to its embellishments, and his mind intent on observation, though he may see much and learn much also, will yet, with all his curiosity and diligence, discover one-half only of its beauties. Even those travellers who have made some efforts to qualify themselves by previous application, will find many occasions to regret that they have not extended their researches still farther, and

that they have not, by a longer course of preparation, added to their means both of amusement and of instruction*. It may, therefore, be considered as an appropriate, if not as a necessary, introduction to an account of Italy, to point out to the reader such branches of information as are either indispensable or highly advantageous to a traveller visiting that country; after which I mean to add a few reflections and cautions, with a view either to prevent inconveniencies or to remove prejudices.

CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

I. As these pages are addressed solely to persons o a liberal education, it is almost needless to recommend the Latin Poets and Historians. Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy, ought to be the inseparable companions of all travellers; they should occupy a corner in every carriage,

---

* Vous ne sauriez croire, *says the Abbé Barthelemi to the Comte De Caylus*, combien mon voyage (en Italie) mà humilié; j'ai vu tant de choses que j'ignorois, et que j'ignore encore, qu'il m'a paru fou de se savoir gré de quelques connoissances superficielles.—*Lettre* XXI.

Yet the author of Anacharsis was one of the most learned and judicious antiquaries in France.

and be called forth in every interval of leisure to relieve the fatigue and to heighten the pleasure of the journey. Familiar acquaintance or rather bosom intimacy with the ancients is evidently the first and most essential accomplishment of a *classical* traveller. But there is a class of Poets who, though nearly allied in language, sentiments, and country, to the ancients, are yet in general little known; I mean the modern Latin poets, Vida, Sannazarius, Fracastorius, Flaminius, Politian, &c.* who laboured so successfully to restore the pure taste of antiquity.

Boileau and the French critics affected to despise these authors†,

---

Pope printed, or rather, I believe, reprinted with additions, a collection of poems from these authors in two volumes duodecimo. The Clarendon press gave the public a superb specimen of typographical elegance, in an edition of Vida, in three volumes octavo, in the years 22, 23, 24, of the last century.

† The contempt which the French critics generally shew for modern Latin poetry may, perhaps, arise from a consciousness of their own deficiency in this respect. *Vaniere*, *Rapin*, and *Santeuil*, are the only Latin poets, if I recollect well, of any consideration that France has produced, and though they are not without some merit, yet they betray in the effort with which they advance and in the very art which they display, somewhat of the latent barbarian. Even in Latin prose the French do not seem to have succeeded better. There is always an appearance of study and constraint in their style, very different from the easy,

and, for what reason it is difficult to discover, undervalued their latinity. But men of equal discernment, Atterbury, Pope, and Johnson, entertained a very different opinion of their merit, and not only read but sometimes borrowed from them. Every body is acquainted with the beautiful compliment which the British poet pays to Vida, and through him indirectly to his fellow bards, whose united rays lighted up the glories of the second Augustan age; and every reader not blinded by prejudice must admit the propriety of this poetical tribute, and acknowledge, that not Vida only but several of his contemporaries tread in the footsteps of their illustrious countrymen Virgil and Horace; not unfrequently catch a spark of their inspiration, and often speak their language with the grace and facility which distinguish native Romans. Upon the present occasion I mean to recommend, in particular, only such passages in their works as have an immediate connection with Italy, and are calculated

---

unaffected flow of Italian authors. The latter only have either preserved or recovered the *certa vox Romani generis, urbisque propria, in qua nihil offendi, nihil displicere, nihil animadverti possit, nihil sonare, aut olere peregrinum.*—(*Cicero de Or.*)

Hence Mr. Roscoe has reason to mention these poets with partiality, under the flattering but merited appellation of the rivals of Virgil and Horace.

to give an additional interest to any part of its history, scenery, or antiquities. In these passages, where the subject calls forth their energies, they glow with the fire of enthusiasm, and in numbers not unworthy the fathers of Roman verse, pure, majestic, or pathetic, celebrate the grandeur, describe the beauties, or lament the misfortunes of their country.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

II. It is evident that he who wishes to become acquainted with the manners, or to enjoy the society of the inhabitants of any country, must previously learn their language; it is not therefore my intention, at present, merely to recommend, what indeed no traveller entirely neglects, the *study of Italian*, but to enforce the necessity of commencing it at a much earlier period, and of continuing it for a much longer space of time than is now customary. He who enters Italy with an intention of applying to its language particularly, must make a longer residence there than our countrymen usually do, or he will find too many external calls upon his attention and curiosity to allow him to devote his time to cabinet studies. Information *there*, is to be gathered, not from sedentary application, but from active research and observation. One day is devoted to the contemplation of churches or ruins, the next is passed in the examination of pictures, a third is dedicated to a groupe of ancient statues, and a fourth

and a fifth are agreeably spent in the galleries or the gardens of a villa; then excursions are to be made to spots consecrated by history or by song, to Horace's Sabine farm or to Virgil's tomb, to *Tibur* or *Tusculum*, to *Fesole* or *Vallombrosa*. In these delightful and instructive occupations, days, weeks, and months glide away with imperceptible rapidity, and the few leisure hours that may chance to occur at intervals are scarcely sufficient to give the diligent traveller time to collect his remarks and to embody his recollections. Let him, therefore, who wishes to visit Italy with full satisfaction and advantage acquire, if possible, such an acquaintance with its language, previous to his journey, that nothing may be wanting to complete his command of it but practice and conversation. *He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel*, says Bacon.

ITALIAN HISTORY.

III. The next object which claims the attention of the traveller is the *History of the different Revolutions of Italy*, not only before, but during the decline and after the fall of the Roman Empire.

The republican part of Roman history is considered as purely classical, and as such is presupposed in the first

paragraph. The lives or the reigns of the first Emperors are contained in Suetonius, Tacitus, and Herodian, whose curious and amusing volumes must of course be perused with attention, while the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ* will not be neglected. The Abate *Denina's* History of the Revolutions of Italy, a work in great estimation, gives a very full and satisfactory view of the whole subject, including both ancient and modern times. To these historical works we may add, Cluverius's Italia, containing as many passages from ancient authors, geographical remarks, and disquisitions, and of course as much solid information as will satisfy the curiosity of the keenest enquirer.

MEDALS.

IV. Though I do not mean to turn young travellers into profound antiquaries, yet I would have them at least skim over all the regions of ancient learning. No spot in this extensive territory is either dreary or unproductive. Medals are intimately connected with the history and with the manners, the arts and even the taste of the ancients.

> . . . . And faithful to their charge of fame
> Through climes and ages bear each form and name.
> In one short view, subjected to our eye,
> Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.

They merit therefore considerable attention. Addison's Dialogues, written with the usual felicity of that graceful author, deserve to be recommended as a very proper introduction to this amusing branch of ancient knowledge. These dialogues have also, independently of their scientific merit, a very strong claim to the attention of the classical traveller, from the numberless extracts from the ancients, and particularly the poets, introduced with art, and frequently illustrated with elegance.

ARCHITECTURE.

V. As Italy possesses some of the most perfect monuments of antiquity now remaining, the *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*, as well as the most splendid productions of modern genius in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, it is absolutely necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the principles of these three great arts.

With regard to Architecture, Dean Aldrich's *Elements*, translated by Mr. Smyth of New College, is a very clear and concise treatise on the general principles, proportions, and terms of this art, and may be recommended as a good work of the kind for the use of beginners. The five orders, according

to *Palladio's* system, are explained in a little treatise, and illustrated in a set of neat engravings by *Cypriani.** *Scamozzi's* Lives of the principal Architects, preceded by a dissertation on the art in general, is an useful and very entertaining work.

But the man who wishes to have accurate ideas and comprehensive notions on this subject, must not content himself with these nor indeed with any modern compositions. He must have recourse to the ancients—*inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes*—and in their writings and monuments study the best models and the fairest specimens of architectural beauty. Rollin's short treatise, in his Appendix to his Ancient History, enriched with several citations and classical references, may serve as an introduction. It is not perhaps *always* accurate, because written before an exact survey of several ancient monuments had been made, or at least published, but it is perspicuous and interesting, and like all the works of that excellent author, admirably calculated to awaken curiosity in the youthful mind. Stuart's Athens, a work of surprising exactness, presents to the eye, in one vast groupe, a collection of the noblest specimens of Grecian art and of Attic taste now

---

* Roma 1801.

existing* In fact, in these matchless edifices, erected during the most flourishing period of Grecian architecture, the reader will discover the genuine proportions of the *original* Doric, the first and favourite order of the Grecian architects; an order either slightly mentioned or totally omitted by modern artists, though it is supposed, at least as employed in the Parthenon and temple of Theseus, to unite above all others, ornament with simplicity and beauty with solidity. Vitruvius, must be perused with attention, with the assistance of the Italian translation and notes, to remove such difficulties as must invariably occur without some explanation †.

Many works of greater length and more detail might be recommended, but the few alluded to are sufficient, not indeed to perfect an architect, but to form the taste of a young traveller. Besides, when the first principles are once known and the original proportions well understood, an attentive observer may improve his taste by comparing the best

* Mr. Wilkin's magnificent work, entitled, *Magna Grecia*, is, in execution, accuracy, and interest, equal to any of the kind, and cannot be too strongly recommended.

† Vitruvio del Galiani, Neapoli.

models of Greek and Roman, of ancient and modern, architecture

SCULPTURE.

VI. We come in the next place to Sculpture. Some acquaintance with anatomy is a desirable preliminary to the knowledge of this art: a gentleman therefore who wishes to form correct notions of the statues, which he must necessarily

---

* No art deserves more attention than Architecture, because no art is so often called into action, tends so much to the embellishment or contributes more to the reputation of a country. It ought, therefore, at all events to occupy some portion of time in a liberal education. Had such a method of instruction as that which is here recommended been adopted a century ago, the streets of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, would not present so many shapeless buildings, all raised at an enormous expence, as if designed for eternal monuments of the opulence and of the bad taste of the British nation. We should not see such a multitude of absurd edifices under the names of temples, ruins, &c. disgrace the scenery of England so much admired by foreigners. In short, instead of allowing architects to pursue novelty at the expence of taste, and seek for reputation by adaptations and pretended improvements of their own invention, a method which has never yet succeeded, their employers would oblige them to adhere strictly to the ancients, and by adopting their forms and proportions to adorn England with the noblest edifices of Greece and of Italy.

examine during his travels, would do well to attend a few courses previous to his departure from the University. The best method of acquiring a correct and natural taste in sculpture is, without doubt, to inspect frequently the masterpieces of the art, to compare them with each other, and to converse occasionally with the best informed artists.

PAINTING.

VII. Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, and Sir Joshua Reynold's well known discourses, together with much observation and frequent conversation with persons well versed in this enchanting art, may enable young travellers to distinguish the different schools, to observe the characteristic excellence of each great master, the peculiar beauty of every celebrated piece, and give them, if not the *eruditos oculos*, the discriminating eye of the professed artist, at least the liberal satisfaction of the judicious admirer.

MUSIC.

VIII. As Italy is acknowledged to be the first country in the world for Music, both with regard to composition and execution, something perhaps may be expected on that subject also. But, much as we may value music, yet I think that young travellers ought rather to be cautioned against its allurements

than exposed to their dangerous influence by preparatory lessons.

Music in Italy has lost its strength and its dignity; it is little calculated either to kindle patriotism or to inspire devotion; it does not call forth the energies of the mind, or even touch the strings of melancholy. It tends rather by its effeminacy to bring dangerous passions into action, and like the allegorical stream of antiquity to unman those who allow themselves to be hurried down its treacherous current. Plato would have forbidden such music, and banished its professors from his republic; at all events it neither wants nor deserves much encouragement, and we may at least be allowed to caution the youthful traveller against a taste that too often leads to low and dishonourable connections.

IX. I have now pointed out the preparatory knowledge which I think absolutely necessary to all travellers who wish to derive from their Italian Tour, their full share of information and amusement. I will next proceed, according to my plan, to point out such dispositions, as will contribute very materially to this object, by removing prejudices, and leaving the mind fully open to the impressions of experience and observation.

All the dispositions alluded to, are included in one short

but comprehensive expression, *an unprejudiced mind.* This excellent quality is the result of time and observation, of docility and benevolence. It does not require that we should be indifferent to the prosperity of our own country or blind to its pre-eminence; but, that we should shew some indulgence to the errors, and some compassion for the sufferings of less favoured nations. Far be it from me, to wish to repress that spirit of patriotism which forms one of the noblest features of the national character, and still farther every idea of encouraging the unfeeling sect, who conceal general indifference, under the affectation of philanthropy, and sacrifice the feelings of the patriot, to the pretended benevolence of the philosopher.

But attachment to our own country, and partiality to its reputation, neither dispose nor authorize us to despise those nations, which having been once tumbled from the pinnacle of Glory, are held by a series of disastrous revolutions and irresistible circumstances in a state of dependance and of consequent degradation. On the contrary, the numberless evils and abuses which result from slavery and oppression, cannot but excite sentiments of compassion and of sympathy. Scipio, when he beheld the flames of *Carthage* ascending to the skies, exclaimed with a prophetic application to Rome then triumphant.

Εὖ μὲν γὰρ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα, καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν
Ἔσσεται ἦμαρ, ὅτ' ἂν ποτ ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρὴ

Iliad VI. 447—8.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fates,
How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!
The day when Thou, imperial Troy! must bend
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

Iliad VI.

Empire, like the sun, has hitherto rolled westward: when we contemplate the dominions of Great Britain, and its wide-extended power, we may without presumption imagine that it now hovers over Great Britain; but it is still on the wing; and whether it be destined to retrace its steps to the East, or to continue its flight to Transatlantic regions, the days of England's glory have their number, and the period of her decline will at length arrive. The inhabitants of these islands may, like the sons of Greece and Italy, lie prostrate at the feet of a victorious enemy, and claim his compassion as a tribute due to the greatness of their ancestors. Let us therefore extend our sympathy to the now enslaved offspring of our predecessors in the career of glory, of the former LORDS OF HUMAN KIND —*terræ dominantis alumni.*

In fine, let us contemplate the different forms of worship which prevail in different parts of Christendom, not with the acrimonious contempt of a narrow minded sectary, but with the compassionate indulgence of a mild and humble Christian. Let it be remembered that Englishmen are reproached by foreigners with intolerance, and that it becomes

them to keep up the national reputation of candour and of good sense, by conciliatory and forbearing conduct. I do not mean to recommend either compliance with practices which they condemn, or indifference for that form of Christianity which they have adopted; but surely every candid and consistent Protestant will admit, that Christianity is excellent in all her forms; that all Christian Establishments receive the same primitive creeds, believe the same mysteries, and admit the same moral obligations; that it becomes a benevolent and charitable mind to consider rather in what they agree, than in what they differ; especially as the former is so much, and the latter comparatively so little; that while the spirit of Christianity is like its divine author, immutable, its external form may change with the age and the climate, and, as public opinion and authority shall direct, assume or resign the pomp and circumstance of worship; that ceremonies, in themselves unmeaning, signify just as much as those who employ them attach to them, and that Catholic as well as Protestant nations may be allowed to adopt in religion as well as in civil life, such forms and rites as may seem calculated to ensure order and respect; that whether the service be read in the language and according to the simple forms of the Church of England, under the Gothic vaults of York or of Canterbury; or whether it be chanted in Greek and Latin, with all the splendour of the Roman ritual under the golden dome of the Vatican: it is always and every

where, the same voice of truth, the same gospel of salvation: in fine, that all Christians are marked on their entrance into life, with the same seal of salvation; that all hope to receive at the eucharistic table the same pledge of redemption, and that all resign their souls in death to the same merciful Father, with humble hopes of forgiveness through the same gracious Redeemer. That there should be such an universal agreement in these great and interesting articles must be a subject of consolation, and of pious acknowledgment to every benevolent mind.

But I fear that Charity itself can scarce look for a greater unanimity. An agreement in all the details and consequences drawn by arguments from first principles, is not to be expected in our present state, so chequered with light and shade, where knowledge is dealt out so unequally, and where the opinions of even good and wise men are so biassed by education, by habit, and by prejudice. But if we have not knowledge enough to coincide in speculation, we may at least have charity enough to agree in practice, by treating each other's opinions with tenderness: and, in all our differences and discussions, keeping in view that beautiful maxim inculcated by a very learned, a very zealous, and a very benevolent Father, *In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus Caritas.*

X. It is usual to take with us as guides on our journey cer-

tain works written for the purpose, or travels through the same, and Addison's travels are generally recommended, and indeed his known taste and character, together with the avowed purpose of his journey, might have justified the expectation of a finished performance. But though Addison had naturally an enlarged mind, humane feelings, and a fancy teeming with classical imagery, yet prejudice had narrowed his extensive views, religious acrimony had soured his temper, and party spirit had repressed his imagination. He gave therefore to one half of the nation, what he owed to the whole; he considered principally how he might support one party and annoy the other; and ran over great part of Europe, particularly Italy, not so much a Classic as a Whig traveller. Hence in his eye countries appeared fertile and happy, or barren and miserable, not as nature formed them, but as they were connected with France or with Austria, as their religion was Protestant or Catholic. Hence, he dwells with at least as much complacency on the little miserable details of German and Italian superstition, as on the interesting remains of Roman grandeur, and fills with the dreams of bigotry and the censures of intolerance, those pages which ought to have been devoted to the effusions of classical enthusiasm, and strewed with the flowers of ancient poesy *

Vide seven pages devoted to St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fish, in Italian and English.

Prejudice or malevolence, in ordinary writers, excites neither surprize nor regret; the ignorance or the folly of mediocrity can claim nothing more than contempt; but the errors and the defects of the wise and of the good awaken more serious emotions; and while we justly lament the weakness of human nature we are cautioned by such examples against the indulgence of passions, which could imbitter the benevolence, and pervert the good sense, of the mild, the judicious Addison. Succeeding travellers have improved on this author's defects, and loaded their pages with misrepresentation and invective; while, within the last ten years, some tourists have employed their journals as vehicles of revolutionary madness, and instead of the *laudes Italiæ* and the *fortia facta patrum* have given the public elaborate panegyrics on the French generals, and accounts of their achievements as exaggerated as their own dispatches.

To conclude this topic, an attentive traveller, after having acquired the preparatory knowledge recommended in the preceding pages, may safely rely on his own diligence, aided by the observations of the intelligent inhabitants, and by the maps and guides to be procured in every great town. Books, though necessary, are an incumbrance which never fails to increase as we advance; we ought therefore to confine ourselves to the classics, if possible, and even then we shall find our library sufficiently numerous and bulky.

XI. Maps form an indispensable part of a traveller's furniture. At setting out, two will be sufficient: one of Ancient, one of Modern Italy. Of the former *D'Anville's* is the best; of the latter, an excellent one, extremely beautiful in the execution, and upon a scale large enough for information without being burthensome, has been published at *Florence*, by *Molini*, which may probably be had in London. As the traveller advances, he must enrich his collection, and procure in its principal town, the map of each province or division. At *Milan*, he will find separate maps of the lakes and various regions of the *Milanese*. At *Mantua*, a beautiful, correct, but I believe scarce map of that city and its vicinity, should be enquired for. At *Bologna* may be had the excellent maps of the Roman territory by Father *Boscovich*. At Rome may be purchased a map of the patrimony of St. Peter, and one of Latium. These I recommend, as they give the ancient and modern names of each town and territory, and at the same time mark the ancient roads, aqueducts, and ruins. The great and beautiful map of Rome must not be neglected, though if it should be deemed too expensive and bulky, there are two others of a smaller and more convenient size. The best map of the kingdom of Naples is in four sheets, well printed, and said to be very accurate, by *Zannoni*. There are moreover, three maps of Naples and its neighbourhood, of the bay and its islands, of exquisite beauty in execution

and ornament. These of course every traveller of taste will purchase*

ROUTE.

XII. We are now to speak of the time requisite to make a full and complete Tour of Italy, as well as of the season best adapted to the commencement of such a tour. A year, I think, is the shortest space that ought to be allotted, and a year and a half or even two years might be well devoted to this useful and amusing part of our travels. The want of leisure is the only objection that can be made to this arrangement, but it is an objection seldom well grounded, as youth in general from nineteen to three or four-and-twenty, have more time than business, and seem much more frequently at a loss for occupation than for leisure. Occupation, necessary at all seasons, but particularly in youth, should be furnished, and no occupation can suit that age when the mind is restless and the body active, better than travelling. Moreover, every man of observation

---

* Maps on the same scale, and of the same beauty, of all the provinces of the Neapolitan territory, have, I believe, been since published.

who has merely made a cursory visit to Italy, will find that a first view of that country has merely qualified him to make a second visit with more advantage, and will perhaps feel the cravings of unsatisfied curiosity, the *visendi studium*, at a time when travelling may be inconsistent with the cares and the duties of life. It is more prudent, therefore, to profit of the first opportunity, and by then allotting a sufficient portion of time to the tour, gratify himself with a full and perfect view for ever. Supposing therefore that a year and a half is to be devoted to this part of the journey, I advise the traveller to pass the *Alps* early in the autumn, thus to avoid the inconvenience of travelling in winter or cold weather, an inconvenience always felt on the Continent, where ready fires, warm rooms, doors and windows that exclude the air, are seldom found. His route to the *Alps* may be as follows. He may first proceed to *Brussels*, thence to *Liege*, *Spa*, *Aix-la-Chapelle*, *Cologne*, *Bonne*, and along the banks of the *Rhine* to *Coblentz*, *Mentz*, and *Strasburg;* there cross the *Rhine* to *Manheim*, traverse the Palatinate, the territories of *Wittenberg*, *Bavaria*, and *Saltzburg*, enter the defiles of the *Tyrol* or *Rhetian Alps*, and passing through *Inspruck* and *Trent* turn to *Bassano* and to *Maestre*, whence he may send his carriage by land to *Padua*, and embark for *Venice*. From *Venice* he may go by water up the *Brenta* to *Padua*, where he may establish his head quarters,

and visit *Arcqua*, the *Monti Euganei*, and thence pass onwards to *Ferrara* and *Bologna;* then follow the *Via Emilia* to *Forli*, thence proceed to *Ravenna* and *Rimini*, make an excursion to *San Marino*, and advance forward to *Ancona*, whence he may visit *Osimo*. He will then continue his journey by *Loretto* and *Macerata* to *Tolentino;* thence over the *Apennines* to *Foligno*, *Spoleto*, and *Terni*, and so follow the direct road through *Civita Castellana* to Rome.

I suppose that a traveller passes the *Alps* in September; of course he should reach Rome by the end of November. I calculate ten or fifteen days delay on account of the autumnal rains; for it is advisable by all means to stop at some large town during that period of inundation. These autumnal rains take place sometimes in September, though they frequently fall at a later period. At all events, I would by no means advise a traveller to pass the *Apennines*, or visit any territory supposed to lie under the influence of the *malaria*, till these salubrious showers have purified the air and allayed the noxious vapours that hover over the *Pontine* marshes, the *Campagna di Roma*, and some other low tracts, during the latter weeks of summer and the beginning of autumn: the air of *Venice* itself is supposed by many persons not to be quite exempt from this inconvenience.

The traveller will devote the month of December to the first contemplation of Rome, and the consideration of its most striking beauties. He will then do well to proceed to Naples, where the months of January, February, and (if Easter be in April) of March, will be delightfully employed in visiting the numberless beauties that lie in that neighbourhood, and along the *storied* shores of *Magna Grecia*. At all events, the traveller must so time his return as to be at Rome the week before Easter, in order to be present at the ceremonies that are performed in the Sixtine Chapel, and in St. Peter's, before and during that festival.

The months of April, May, and June will not appear long when passed in a leisurely survey of the remains of ancient magnificence and the study of the great models of modern art, and when enlivened by frequent excursions to *Tibur*, *Ostia*, *Antium*, *Mount Soracte*, *Præneste*, and the *Sabine* mountains. The *Alban Mount*, with all its *tumuli* and *luci*, may be reserved for the hot months of July and August; there he may easily establish himself in some villa, whose cool retreats will afford him shade and refreshment during the oppressive heats of the season.

In the course of September, or rather when the autumnal rains have fallen, it will be time to turn towards *Florence*. The

first object which should claim the attention of the traveller in the neighbourhood of this city is *Vallombrosa*, because its elevated situation renders it difficult of access at an early period of autumn. The first opportunity therefore must be embraced, and the excursion, if the weather be favourable, continued to *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*, two other celebrated and highly romantic solitudes. The winter may be divided very agreeably between *Florence* and the other *Tuscan* cities.

In the beginning of February the traveller may pass the *Apennines* to *Modena*, *Parma*, *Placentia*, *Lodi*, *Cremona*, *Mantua*, and *Verona*, allowing four days or a week to each town and its neighbourhood. From *Verona* he will visit *Peschiera* and the *Lago di Garda (Benacus)*; thence direct his course by *Brescia* and *Bergamo* to *Milan*. From *Milan* he will make the celebrated lakes *Como* and *Maggiore* objects of attention, and thence shape his course by *Vercelli*, and *Tortona*, to *Genoa*. He will then take the road of the maritime *Alps* by *Savona* to *Nice*, after which he will turn inland to *Turin*. Mount *Cenis*, the termination of his Italian Tour, then rises before him in distant perspective.

If, while at Naples, he find it safe or practicable to penetrate into the southern provinces of *Calabria* and *Apulia*, he will not neglect the opportunity; and, with the

addition of that excursion, by following the road which I have traced out, he will have seen every town of note, and indeed every remarkable plain, hill, or mountain in Italy, and become intimately acquainted with the numberless beauties and curiosities of that most interesting country. But if he should not have so much time at his disposal, he may retrench the first part of the tour, proceed direct to *Switzerland*, pass the *Alps* by Mount *St. Gothard* or *Sempione*, and descending directly to *Domo D'Ossola* visit the lakes, and proceed from *Como* to *Milan*, *Brescia*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *Padua*, *Venice*, and returning again by *Padua* and *Vicenza* turn to *Mantua*, *Piacenza*, *Parma*, *Modena*, *Bologna*, along the *Adriatic* as above. He will moreover abridge the time devoted to Naples and Rome, pass the summer in *Tuscany*, go by sea from *Leghorn* or *Carrara* to *Genoa*, and pass thence by the *Bocchetta* direct to *Turin*. The visit to the lakes ought to be so timed as to avoid the equinoctial winds, extremely dangerous, because very sudden and very boisterous; so that it is not uncommon in these seasons to see the lakes pass, in the short space of half an hour, from a state of perfect calm to the most tremendous agitation.

XIII. The great roads in Italy are good, the posts well furnished with horses, and robberies not common; travelling is therefore, in general, safe and expeditious. The principal, and

indeed almost the only inconveniencies, arise from the equinoctial rains and the summer heats. The influence of both is felt over all Italy: that of the former is particularly inconvenient and even sometimes dangerous, especially in the northern provinces and along the eastern coast. The immense number of considerable rivers, such as the *Tanaro*, the *Tesino*, the *Bormida*, the *Adda*, &c. that pour their tributary waters into the *Po*, while with it they contribute so largely to the luxuriancy and beauty of the plains through which they glide, yet, when swelled with continued rains, like it they overflow their banks and inundate the level surface of the surrounding country. On these occasions the roads are covered with mud, the fords rendered impassable, bridges not unfrequently swept away, and communication between different towns and provinces entirely suspended. Nor do these inundations always subside as soon as might be expected from the general heat and dryness of the climate; their pernicious effects are sometimes felt for months afterwards, and I recollect to have myself observed in March 1802, in the neighbourhood of *Mantua*, or rather about ten miles lower down, between the *Mincio* and the *Po*, vast sheets of water, and whole fields immerged, the effects of an inundation some months before. Virgil, whose farm bordered upon the Mincius, seems to have had a particular apprehension of the consequences of inundations, if we may judge from the accurate details which he gives of the signs of approaching rain, and the picture which

he draws of their disastrous consequences. The traveller therefore, who may be surprized by these periodical showers, if in compliance with the advice given above, he establish himself in the first commodious inn, will not find such accidental delays either useless or unpleasant.

But to return to the principal object of this paragraph. Though the sun in Italy have, even in the cooler seasons, a sufficient degree of warmth to incommode a foreigner, yet the heat can scarcely be considered as an obstacle to travelling, except in the months of July and August; then indeed it is intense, and it is considered imprudent to expose oneself to the beams of the sun for any time; though Englishmen frequently seem insensible of the danger, and brave alike the rigours of a Russian winter and the heats of an Italian or even of an Egyptian summer. Fevers and untimely deaths are sometimes the consequences of this rashness, and more than one traveller has had reason to regret his imprudence. To avoid these dangers, persons who are obliged to travel during the hot months generally proceed by night, and repose during the sultry hours of the day. By this method, without doubt, they guard sufficiently against the inconveniences and dangers of the weather, but at the same time they sacrifice one of the principal objects, the scenery of the country; and this sacrifice in Italy can, in

my opinion, be compensated by no advantages. The best method, therefore, is to set out a full hour before sun-rise, to stop at ten, and repose till four, then travel till eight at the latest: by this arrangement of time the traveller will enjoy the prospect of the country, the freshness of the morning, and the coolness of the evening, and devote to rest those hours only which heat renders unfit for any purpose of excursion or enjoyment.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

A few words upon the inns and accommodations in Italy will be sufficient. An English traveller must, the very instant he embarks for the Continent, resign many of the comforts and conveniencies which he enjoys at home, and which he does not sufficiently prize, because he is seldom in the way of learning their value by privation. Great will be his disappointment if, on his arrival, he expects a warm room, a newspaper, and a well stored larder. These advantages are common enough at home, but they are not to be found in any inn on the Continent, not even *Dessennes* at *Calais* or the *Maison Rouge* at *Frankfort*. But the principal and most offensive defect abroad is the want of cleanliness, a defect in a greater or lesser degree com-

mon to all parts of the Continent In Italy, to which these observations are confined, the little country inns are dirty, but the greater inns, particular in *Rome*, *Naples*, *Florence*, and *Venice*, are good, and in general the linen is clean, and the beds are excellent. As for diet, in country towns, the traveller will find plenty of provisions, though seldom prepared according to his taste. But, "*il faut bien*," says Mr. De la Lande, "*racheter par quelque chose les agrémens de l'Italie.*"

This representation of Italian accommodations, which it is hoped, will be found on experience tolerably accurate, is not on the whole discouraging, and our traveller may commence his journey without the apprehension of any *very* serious or distressing inconvenience. In fact, he who can content himself with plain food and a good bed, will find abundant compensation for the absence of the supernumerary pleasures of accommodation, in the indulgence of rational curiosity, and the acquisition of elegant knowledge. The classical reader will console himself in the assurance, that accommodations in the worst Italian inns at present, are far better than what they seem to have been in Horace's time, if at least, we may be allowed to form conjectures about the state of inns in general from that of *Beneventum* in particular.

The inconvenience of which the poet complains at *Trevicus*

is at present very general at the inns both of France and Italy, where the shivering traveller finds himself, if he happens to travel in cold weather, like Horace, often ushered into a damp room, and placed before a newly lighted fire, diffusing a half smothered flame, *lacrimoso non sine fumo.*

OBJECTS OF ATTENTION

XIV. It may not be deemed superfluous to enumerate the principal objects which deserve a traveller's attention, and to point out, at the same time, the best method of satisfying his curiosity. The manners, customs, and opinions, together with the different lights which religion, government, and climate throw upon the characters of nations and individuals, without doubt, claim our first attention. To converse with the natives of the country, to frequent public assemblies and courts, and, on the other hand, to take an occasional range in the humble walks of life, is the proper method of acquiring this useful information. The introduction to the higher class in Italy is not very difficult; they meet in evening parties, either at particular houses, where such assemblies are called *conversazzioni;* or at the *casino,* a sort of fashionable club established in most towns in Italy. A good letter of introduction to any person of rank will open all such assemblies to a stranger. But the traveller, who really wishes to know the

manners of the Italian gentry, must endeavour to penetrate into the interior of society, and form acquaintance with some of the principal characters in each town, particularly if there be any among them of literary reputation. Nor would this be a difficult task, if we went to Italy better versed in its language; and if we devoted more time to the cultivation of our acquaintance there. This private society, if it be select, and I recommend no other, is, I think for very obvious reasons, far preferable to larger circles.

But, while speaking of society, I think it necessary to make an observation, the propriety of which must strike every reader, because it is founded upon the change which has taken place in the higher classes on the continent during the last ten years. The court of *Versailles* was formerly considered the most polished court in the world, and the state of society in the higher classes at Paris, as well as at Rome and Turin, was supposed to have reached a very high degree of refinement. The principal object of travelling then was to acquire, in such accomplished society, that ease and those graces which constitute the perfection of good breeding, and were seldom, it was then fancied, to be discovered in the manners of a home-bred Englishman. How far this opinion was true it is not my intention to examine, but it was very generally admitted, and in consequence no young man of rank was deemed qualified to make an

advantageous entrance into the world till, by a considerable residence in the capitals mentioned above, he had worn off somewhat of the native roughness of the Briton. But the case is very different at present. The French Revolution has been as fatal to the manners as to the morals of nations; it has corrupted the one and *brutalized* the other. It is not to society in such a state that he is to look for improvement, nor indeed is such improvement either the sole or the principal motive of travelling at present, nor is it necessary to wander over the Continent in quest of accomplishments. London, that has long been the first city in Europe for population, extent, and opulence, is now also confessedly the first in point of society, and the Capital of the polite and fashionable, as it has long been of the *commercial world*. The first class of its society, the most numerous of that description that has ever been united in any great city, comprehends all the advantages of title, of fortune, and of information. I do not hereby mean to depreciate continental society or represent it as useless, but I wish to point out to the reader the change that has taken place, and caution him against expecting from foreign society, in its present state, those superior advantages which were formerly supposed to be derived from it.

This subject naturally leads us to a question which, I believe, is generally solved rather from habit and prejudice than

reason. Are we, as Bacon says, "to sequester ourselves from the company of our countrymen" while abroad, or may we be allowed sometimes to associate with them? The answer to this question should be drawn from principles of general or rather durable utility. The object of all our travels, studies, and pursuits is, or at least ought to be, permanent advantage. We do not, doubtless, travel to France or to Italy *to see Englishmen*, but yet we travel for improvement and for amusement; and whatever society contributes to either, ought to be cultivated with an assiduity proportioned to its advantages. The traveller, therefore, ought by all means to procure an introduction to all the fashionable societies of the great towns and Capitals through which he may pass; and at the same time he may become acquainted with such English gentlemen as may chance to be in the same place. Such an acquaintance superinduces no obligation; it may be cultivated or dropt at pleasure; but the trial ought to be made; and if experience may be credited, the reader may be assured, that casual acquaintance not unfrequently ripens into settled and permanent friendship. Continental connections in general are of a very different nature; however agreeable they are contracted only for the occasion, and cannot be supposed, in general, strong enough to resist the influence of absence. Besides, why should we voluntarily reject one of the greatest advantages of travelling, an opportunity of selecting friends, and forming strong and durable attachments

for, as Ovid observes in some beautiful lines, there is not a stronger bond than that which is formed by a participation of the accidents and of the vicissitudes of a long and eventful journey

---

* Te duce, magnificas Asiæ perspeximus Urbes:
Trinacris est oculis, te duce, nota meis.
Vidimus Etnæâ cœlum splendescere flammâ;
Suppositus monte quam vomit ore gigas:
Hennæosque lacus, et olentia stagna Palici,
Quaque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis . . . .
Et quota pars hæc sunt rerum, quas vidimus ambo,
Te mihi jucundas efficiente vias!
Seu rate cæruleas picta sulcavimus undas:
Esseda nos agili sive tulere rotâ.
Sœpe brevis nobis vicibus via visa loquendi;
Pluraque, si numeres, verba fuere gradu.
Sœpe dies sermone minor fuit; inque loquendum
Tarda per œstivos defuit hora dies.
Est aliquid casus, pariter timuisse marinos;
Junctaque ad æquoreos vota tulisse Deos:
Hæc tibi si subeant (absim licet) omnibus horis
Ante tuos oculos, ut modo visus, ero.

Ovid. Ep. ex Ponto, lib. II. x. 21. seq.

SCENERY.

The general face of the country, so conspicuously beautiful all over Italy, merits from this circumstance alone peculiar attention, and when to its picturesque features we add those charms, less real but more enchanting, which Fancy sheds over its scenery, we give it an irresistible interest that awakens all the feelings of the *classic* youth. Our early studies, as Gibbon justly observes, allow us to sympathize in the feelings of a Roman, and one might almost indeed say of every school boy not insensible to the sweets of his first studies, that he becomes in *feeling and sentiments, perhaps even in language*, a Roman, and is more familiar with the heroes and the sages of antiquity than with the worthies of his own country. It is not then wonderful, that when in a riper age he visits that country and beholds those very scenes which he has imaged to himself so long before, he should feel an uncommon glow of enthusiasm, and in the moment of enchantment add some imaginary to their many real charms. Besides, the scenery of Italy is truly classical; I mean, it is such as described by poets and historians. Earthquakes, the only species of revolution that can permanently alter the great features of nature, however common they may be there, have, if we except a few places in the neighbour-

hood of Naples, and some distant parts of the coasts of *Calabria*, made in the whole but little alteration. Even wars, invasions, and the devastation of eighteen centuries have not yet eradicated those local ornaments that arise either from the tendency of the soil or from the persevering attention of the inhabitants. The Sylaris is still shaded with groves and thickets; the rose of *Pæstum*, though neglected, still blooms twice a year, *to waste its sweetness in the desert air;* while Mount *Alburnus* still glories in the ilex and in the never-fading verdure of his lofty forests.

But not to anticipate various observations that will occur, each in its proper place, one advantage, at all events, the face of nature possesses in Italy, which is, that it seldom or never disappoints the traveller, or falls short of his expectations, however high they may have been previously raised; on the contrary, if I may form any opinion of the sentiments of foreigners in general by my own and by those of my fellow travellers, the lakes, the vale of the *Clitumnus*, the fall of the *Anio*, the banks of the *Nar*, the waters of *Tibur*, the groves of *Albano*, and the plains, the hills, the coasts, the bays of *Campania Felix*, not only equal but even surpass the descriptions of the poets, and the bright pictures of youthful imagination.

RUINS.

The same observation cannot be applied to ruins, which, however interesting they may be, seldom answer expectation. In fact, when we read or hear of Roman ruins we figure to ourselves a vast scene of broken columns, shattered cornices, mutilated statues, hanging arches, and interrupted colonnades. Such a magnificent scene of desolation may indeed be seen at *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Selinus;* and such also is occasionally presented on the Seven Hills, in the majestic remains of the ancient City. But these grand objects are rare: for, if to the exceptions just mentioned, we add the temple of *Tivoli,* the amphitheatre and gates of *Verona*, and two or three triumphal arches, we shall find little more than tottering walls and vast masses of brick. In fact, ruins, till the revival of taste in the fifteenth century, were considered as quarries furnishing materials to those who chose to employ them; and unfortunately many did employ them with little or no regard to their ancient fame, their costly workmanship, or their fair proportions. When Belisarius turned the tomb of Adrian into a fortress, he paid little attention to the masterpieces of sculpture that adorned its circumference, and it is said that, on that occasion, the sleeping Faun pleaded in vain the beauty of his limbs and the grace of his attitude. Whatever obstructed the machinery was tumbled to the ground, whatever was fit for de-

fence was worked into the rampart. In short, first war, then convenience, and lastly, Taste itself directed by self-love destroyed or defaced the works of ancient art, and either left no marks of their existence behind, or reduced them to a mere shattered skeleton. The traveller, therefore, must not be sanguine in his expectations of satisfaction from the first appearance of ruins, in general, but content himself with the certainty of finding, amid numberless uninteresting masses that bear that name, some few beautiful specimens of Roman taste, as well as some awful monuments of Roman magnificence.

CHURCHES.

Modern edifices next claim our attention, and among them the principal are churches, particularly cathedrals. Many of the latter are indeed very noble piles, and either externally or internally present striking instances of architectural beauty. Even where there is no display of architecture, there is generally a richness of materials, a profusion of marble, and not unfrequently a luxuriancy of sculpture and painting that delights and surprizes the transalpine spectator. There is also in every cathedral a chapel of the Holy Sacrament, which is almost universally of exquisite workmanship and of splendid decora-

tions. Some indeed are perfect masterpieces of proportion, symmetry, and elegance.

I have hinted above, that few churches present an exterior and interior equally finished; in reality one-half of the great churches in Italy are left in a very imperfect state with regard to the outside; the fact is singular, but the reason obvious. At the restoration of the arts, a sudden enthusiasm seized all Italy; princes, bishops, noblemen, entered the lists of taste with ardour, each longed to signalize himself and immortalize his name by some superb fabric, and rival cathedrals, palaces, and villas rose on all sides. But their means were not always adequate to their grand undertakings. Some edifices were finished, some entirely neglected, and many have been continued with slow, parsimonious patience down to the present period. The nobility of *Vicenza* are said to feel even at present the consequences of their forefathers' magnificence, and the *Palladian* decorations of their city are still supposed to prey on their finances.

However, the propensity of the nation is irresistible, for though public and private property has been exhausted by the French invasion, yet the enemy were scarcely withdrawn when, with laudable spirit, exertions were instantly made in many places to repair some of the edifices which those modern Vandals had damaged, and to supply the place of some of the

masterpieces which they had carried away. Churches, on the whole, are very interesting, as there are few that do not present some object worthy the attention of the traveller. With respect to palaces, I must venture to say that, in general, they are deficient in strict architectural beauty, as few, I fear, are to be found even in Italy, where, in some point or other, the architect has not sacrificed the symmetry and proportion of the Orders to caprice and vanity. But if it be possible to overlook a defect so material, it must be acknowledged, that the marbles, statues, and paintings that generally adorn the spacious apartments, oftentimes compensate the caprice that deforms the exterior of these edifices. In fine, with regard to buildings, we may generalize and apply to Italy the observation which was originally made on Rome, that no country presents so many specimens both of good and of bad architecture.

Of museums, galleries of paintings and statues, public libraries, &c. I need only say that they exist in almost every town in Italy, and open an ample field to the exercise of observation and curiosity.

CONCLUSION.

To conclude, let me recommend the traveller, with due at-

tention to his health and fortune, to spare neither pains nor expence, to acquire every previous information, and to explore, when travelling, every recess and visit every object, without relying too much on the representations of others: as the common guides are lazy and interested, Cicerones are often ignorant, and writers as often wrong, through want of opportunity, of knowledge or of exertion, and not unfrequently from too great an attachment to their own systems.

CAUTION.

But one final observation, I wish to impress strongly on the mind of the youthful traveller, as its object is intimately connected with his present repose and with his future happiness. Moral improvement is or ought to be, the end of all our pursuits and of all our exertions. Knowledge, without it, is the amusement of an idle moment, and the great and splendid exhibitions which nature and genius present to our contemplation are merely the shifting scenery of an evening drama—delightful but momentary. Let him therefore look continually to this most important attainment, and while he endeavours every day to increase his store of knowledge, let him exert himself with still greater assiduity to add to the number of his virtues.

Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries, and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been termed) of some luxurious Capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one as he advances, the virtues of his education and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence and perhaps his health at *Naples;* when he has resigned his faith and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid, by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey. Such acquirements may furnish a pleasing pastime; they may fill the vacant intervals of an useful life; they may even set off to advantage nobler endowments and higher qualifications:* but they can never give the

credit and the confidence that accompany sound principles, nor can they bestow, or replace *the mind's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy*, at once the effect and the reward of virtue. These are the real, the permanent, I might almost add, the only blessings of life. He who possesses them can want but little more, and he who has forfeited them, whatever his fortune may be, is *poor indeed*.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

Departure from Vienna—Munich—Saltzburg—Salt Mines—Defile of the Alps—Inspruck—Ascent of the Brenner—Summit of the Alps—Descent—Brixen—Bolsano—Trent.

CHAP. II.

Trent—Council of Trent—Castello Della Pietra—Roveredo—Slavini di Marco—Ala—Chiusa—Verona—its Antiquities and History.

CHAP. III.

Vicentia—Buildings—Olympic Academy and Theatre—Style of Palladio—Church of Monte Berico—Cimbri—Sette Communi—Padua—its Antiquity, History, Literature, and University.

CHAP. IV.

The Brenta—Venice—its Magnificence, Power, Degeneracy, and Fall Return to Padua—the Environs of that City—the Fons Aponus—Colles Euganei—Arquato—Villa and Tomb of Petrarcha—Observations on his Character.

CHAP. V.

Visit to the Lago di Garda, or Benacus—the River Mincius—the Promontory of Sirmio—Desensano—Storm on the Lake—Paradisino—Banks of the Mincius—Mantua—Pietole—Excursion to the Po—Honours paid to Virgil—Virgiliano.

CHAP. VI.

Cremona—River Addua—Placentia—the Trebia—Parma—Reggio—Modena—its Library, and celebrated Librarians—Muratori—Tiraboschi.

CHAP. VII.

Bologna—its University—Academies—Imola—Faventia—Forli—Forlimpopoli—Cesena—Rubicon—St. Marino—Rimini.

CHAP. VII

Cattolica—Pesaro—Fano—the Metaurus and Monte Asdrubale—Senegaglia—Ancona, its Harbor and triumphal Arch—Loretto, and the Santa Casa—Tollentino—Ponte della Trave.

CHAP. VIII.

Passage of the Apennines—Foligno—Improvisatore—the Clitumnus, its Temple and Vale—Spoleto—Monte Somma—Terni—Falls of the Velino—Addison's Opinion refuted—the Nar—Narni—the Tiber—Otricoli—Civita Castellana—Montes Cimini—Nepi Campagna—Baccano—First View of Rome.

CHAP. IX.

Reflections—Rome—St. Peter's—the Capitol.

CHAP. X.

The Roman Forum—Coliseum—Palatine Mount—Aventine—Tomb of C. Cestius—Cœlian—Saburra—Esquiline—Baths of Titus—Minerva Medica—Palace of Mæcenas—Viminal—Quirinal—Baths of Dioclesian.

CHAP. XI.

Campus Martius—its Edifices—Mausoleum of Augustus—Pantheon—Columna Trajana—Bridges—Circus—Causes of the Destruction of ancient Edifices.

CHAP. XII.

MODERN ROME.

Its Population—Streets—Squares—Fountains—Tombs—Palaces.

CHAP. XIII.

Pontifical Palaces: the Lateran—the Quirinal—the Vatican.

CHAP. XIV.

Churches—General Observations—St. Clement's—St. Peter in Vinculis—St. Martin and St. Sylvester—St. Laurence—St. John Lateran: with St. Paul and other Patriarchal Churches.

CHAP. XV.

The Basilica Vaticana, or St. Peter's.

CHAP. XVI.

Original Form of Churches—Pontifical Service—Papal Benediction—Ceremonies in the Holy Week—Observations.

CHAP. XVII.

Villas—the Tiber—the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella—Egerian Grotto and Fountain—Church of St. Constantia—Mons Sacer.

CHAP. XVIII.

Tibur—Horace's Villa.

CHAP. XIX.

The Alban Mount and Lake—Tusculum and Cicero's Villa—Aricia, and the Grove and Temple of Diana—the Lake of Nemi, and Palace of Trajan—Antium—Forests and Plains of Laurentum—Ostia—Mouth of the Tiber.

CHAP. XX.

Journey to Naples—Valletri—Pomptine Marshes—Feronia—Terracina, Anxur—Fondi and its Lake—Mount Cæcubus—Gaieta—Cicero's Villa and Tomb—Liris—Mount Massicus—Falernus Ager—Naples.

CHAP. XXI.

Naples—its History—Public Buildings—Churches—Hospitals—State of Literature at Naples.

CHAP. XXII.

Virgil's Tomb—Grotto of Posilipo—Lago D'Agnano—Grotto del Cane—Astroni—Nisida—Pozzuolo—Cicero's Academia and Cuman Villa.

CHAP. XXIII.

Portus Julius—Lacus Lucrinus—Avernus, Observations on its original State—Bay and Castle of Baiæ—Port of Misenus—Mare Morto—Elysian Fields—Promontory and Town of Misenus—Solfatara—Liternum, Scipio's Retreat—Cumæ—Grotto of the Sybil.

CHAP. XXIV.

Bay and Castle of Procida—Evening Hymn—Beautiful View, Observations—the Island of Vivara—Ischia—its Mountains, Eruptions, Appearance, and Population—Nisida—Vesuvius.

CHAP. XXV.

Herculaneum—Papyri—Torre del Greco—Pompeii; its Theatres, Temple, Porticos, and Villa, general Appearance and Effect—Excursion to the Aqueduct, and Palace of Caserta.

CONTENTS.

A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH ITALY.

CHAP. I.

DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA—MUNICH—SALTZBURG—SALT MINES—DEFILE OF THE ALPS—INSPRUCK—ASCENT OF THE BRENNER—SUMMIT OF THE ALPS—DESCENT—BRIXEN—BOLSANO—TRENT.

SOME travellers, having set out from England during the summer of 1801, met at Vienna the following autumn; and finding that their views and tastes coincided, agreed to make the tour of Italy together. Although eager to commence their journey, and reach its confines, they were detained by the charms of the Austrian capital, which, since the manners of Paris have been barbarized by the Revolution, has become the seat of politeness, and the school of refinement. An account of the state of society, as well as a description of the city itself, would be both entertaining and instructive; but, as Italy is the grand object of these volumes, the reader will probably be as

impatient as the travellers themselves, and dispense with details, which, however amusing elsewhere, would here only retard them in their progress towards that classic region. We shall, therefore, reserve the description of this city, as well as that of Munich and the intermediate country, for our German tour, and only inform the reader, that on Thursday, January the twenty-eighth, 1802, we withdrew from the attractions of Vienna, and commenced our journey, which we continued through deep snow, with little interruption, till we reached Munich, where we arrived late at night on the following Monday. We devoted four days to the inspection of this capital, and the usual ceremonies of presentation at court; and in justice to the Elector I must add, that by his affability and condescension, he converted this formality, in general dull and tiresome, into a very pleasing interview.

On Friday the fifth of February, we set out from Munich at eleven o'clock at night. At break of day the Alps, just reddened by the beams of the morning, and mingling with the clouds, presented to our eyes a new and interesting object, and continued to attract our attention during the day, by shifting their situation with the windings of the road, and changing their tints with every shadow that flitted over them. We entered Saltzburg late in the evening.

We are now at the foot of the Alps; and considering ourselves as treading classical ground, we may be allowed to expatiate more at large on the surrounding scenery. The mountains, now rising immediately before us, were represented by the ancients, as an insuperable rampart raised by nature to separate Italy from the less favoured regions of the north, and

to protect her beauties and her treasures from the assault of barbarian invaders.* Though this natural barrier has long ceased to answer that object, because one or other of the petty powers possessing the defiles has usually been in the interests of the common enemies, yet it is well calculated for such a purpose; and may, in times more favourable to Italy, be rendered a frontier far more impenetrable than the triple range of fortresses, which guarded the northern boundaries of France, and on a late occasion saved that country from invasion and ruin. These defiles, according to the same authors, were opened with incredible labour by the early inhabitants of Italy, and may be regarded as so many avenues leading to the garden of Europe. Saltzburg, a subalpine city, is placed, as if to guard the entrance into the grand defile, which traverses the Rhetian Alps; and it may be considered, for that reason, as forming one of the outposts of Italy. The cathedral is built of fine stone, and has two towers in front. It is said to be one of the earliest specimens of Italian architecture in Germany, and is fashioned internally on the Roman model; that is, with the choir behind the altar, and a canopy over the latter, supported by four marble pillars, an exact copy, as our guide pretended, of a similar ornament in St. Peter's; yet, with all these supposed advantages, this church is neither large nor beautiful, and has little to boast of besides its solidity.

There are two palaces belonging to the Prince Bishop. In one there are several very fine rooms, in the other a spacious and most magnificent gallery. But the most striking object

* Herodian, II. 39, viii. 2.

that Saltzburg presents, is a very noble gateway cut through the solid rock, which rises perpendicularly to a considerable elevation, is crowned with tall and spreading elms, and forms a natural rampart equally strong and beautiful. Through this mass of stone a passage has been opened, three hundred feet in length, thirty in height, and twenty four in breadth. The inscription, in honour of the bishop who executed this noble work, is neat and appropriate—*Te saxa loquuntur*. This grotto opens on a little square, the principal ornament of which is an equestrian statue of St. Sigismund, in dress, attitude, and form, extremely classical.

The situation of this city is, however, its principal beauty and advantage; in a valley watered by the Salza, open only to the north, and enclosed on the other sides by hills and mountains of various forms and magnitude. Upon one of these hills, immediately contiguous to the town, stands the citadel, an edifice large and roomy, but ill supplied, ill furnished, and ill supported. The bishops of Saltzburg indeed, like all the petty princes of Germany, rely more upon the watchfulness and jealousy of the greater powers, than upon their own strength, for defence and independence. But, however neglected the citadel may be, its situation is very bold and commanding. Behind it, on the eminence, is a beautiful walk; and from an oak near this walk, expands a most romantic view, extending over fertile vales, deep dells, rocks and crags, hills and mountains. The descent from this lofty site is worked in the rock, and formed into regular flights of steps. It brought us under the wall to the gate which I have already described.

Among the mountains in the immediate neighbourhood of the

town, the Unterberg is the most conspicuous. Rough, craggy, and wooded, it seems to frown upon the city and vale below; and by its shaggy mass, and dark sullen appearance, forcibly attracts the attention. Popular tradition, which seldom fails to select appropriate scenery for its wayward tales, has converted the Unterberg into a place of confinement for certain perturbed spirits, or rather made it the haunt of a club of infernal sportsmen. Confined to the bowels of the mountain during the day, and perhaps doomed there to undergo certain unknown chastisements, these hapless spirits are said to fill the cavern with groans and shrieks, and yells so loud, as to pierce the surface of the earth, and not unfrequently to reach the ear of the lonely woodman. But at night the dungeon is opened, the imprisoned spirits are at liberty, and the woods, that overhang the steep brows of the mountain, echo with the sound of an infernal trumpet, the barking of hellish dogs, and shouts too deep and loud to proceed from mortal organs. Tradition does not say, that the sportsmen have ever condescended to shew themselves to any human being; but it is reported, that at midnight, flames of a blueish tint and various sizes have been seen traversing the forests of the Unterberg with the velocity of lightning; and these flames the people have turned into hounds and horses, huntsmen and beast, all of fire. Some conjecture, that the chief of these restless sportsmen is one of the former bishops, who, like many of his German brethren, in ages not very remote, was accustomed to pass in the chace the hours and days which he ought to have devoted to the duties of his station. Others pretend, that it was a Count, or, what was nearly the same thing in certain periods of German history, a robber, who had built a castle amid the fastnesses of the Unterberg, and used to employ his days in pursuing and arresting travellers, ravaging the fields and vallies below,

and compelling all the country round to pay him tribute. It would be difficult to decide the question, as the bishop and the Count seem both to have a fair claim to the manorial honours of the Unterberg: we shall therefore wave the discussion of this knotty point; and the more readily, as the invisible horn has now ceased to sound, the infernal pack no longer disturb the silence of the Unterberg, and the spirits of the chace have either fulfilled the days of their punishment, or are sent to sport in solitudes less liable to observation. The Unterberg, however, is not the only mountain in Germany supposed to be the haunt of infernal hunters.

The salt mines at Halleim, about four miles from Saltzburg, are deservedly celebrated. The entrance is near the summit of a mountain, and the ascent, though over a good road, long and tedious. Near the summit is a village with a handsome church. Seeing a crowd assembled round the door of a public house, we were informed, that they were celebrating a jubilee, on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of an old couple, and, at the same time, the wedding of a grandson. As soon as we were observed, we were immediately invited in, and treated with cake, wine, and beer. The dance was going on merrily, and some of our party joined in it, *con spirito*; a circumstance which seemed to give much satisfaction. The persons of the younger damsels were not uncomely, nor were their countenances without expression: but their dress was such as would have disfigured far more perfect forms, and turned beauty itself into deformity. To enliven the dance, they now and then clapped their hands, and uttered a shriek very grating to ears unaccustomed to the tones of Alpine merriment. We departed, pleased with the novelty of the scene, and still more with the hospitality of the good people.

At length we reached the summit, and entered the mines by a long subterranean gallery, which terminated in the mouth of the first descent. We there accoutred ourselves in miners' dresses, and slid down five hundred feet, in a manner perfectly safe and commodious. It is managed thus. The shaft may be about four feet broad, and about five high, worked above into the form of an arch. The line may diverge about thirty feet in the hundred from the perpendicular. The space in the middle is hollowed and worked into steps. On each side of these steps at about a foot distance, runs a pole like the side of a ladder. On these poles a miner reclines with his feet extended, so that the poles pass under his knees and under his arms. A traveller places himself behind him in the same posture, but so close, as to rest the inside of his knees on the miner's shoulders. The others follow the example, and form a line, in such a manner, that the one above always rests gently on the shoulders of the one below. Another miner generally goes in the middle, and a third closes the rear. The first miner regulates the motion, and if he finds it necessary to check or stop it entirely, he needs only to put his foot backward, and touch one of the steps behind. The miners carry torches made of the fir tree. When the line is formed, upon a signal given, the miner undermost lets the ropes loose, (for two ropes run parallel with the poles, and nearly touch them), and glides down with great rapidity. We suddenly found ourselves in an immense hall, lighted up with a prodigious number of candles. This hall was very long and broad, but extremely low, and as the cieling was flat, unsupported either by pillars or props, and apparently of very crumbling materials, it was natural to feel some apprehension of its giving way. The miners, however, tranquillized us, by assuring us that such accidents never happened, however probable they

might appear. The sides were adorned here and there with basso relievos of different bishops, rudely worked in the earth or rock. The lights, as I said above, were numerous; but instead of being reflected from a great variety of spars and shining minerals, which a traveller might naturally expect to find in a salt mine, the blaze falls sullen and dead from the walls, and serves only to shew the thickness of the surrounding gloom. From this hall we passed into a gallery, and thence descended, in the same manner as before, into a second, a third, and a fourth, of nearly the same form and dimensions. These halls are used for the following purpose: the salt is worked from the sides and cieling; then water is let in, and kept confined for some time, after which it is drained away and the salt remains deposited on the floor.

We quitted the mine with as much facility as we entered. We were placed astride a long bench; one miner moved before to guide, two others were placed behind to push this bench down a gently inclined plane. After some minutes of rapid motion, we perceived the appearance of a star, which gradually increased upon us, till we were launched once more into full day. The exit is as picturesque as the entrance is gloomy. It opens under a cliff, clad with brambles growing out of its crevices, and overhung with pines and firs, clinging to the sides, and bending from the brows of the precipice. On one side, a torrent bursting from the cragg, tumbles from steep to steep, till it engulphs itself in a deep shaded dell; and on the other, far below, stretches the town of Halleim, with its white houses and spire. On our exit, the miners presented each of us with a little box, containing specimens of salt. They were very beautiful in colour and shape, but are not easily preserved, as they crumble into dust

by the motion of the carriage, and are dissolved by the least humidity. On the whole, our visit to the mines of Halleim was a very pleasant, and not unimproving excursion.

Our stay at Saltzburg was much enlivened by the hospitality of Prince J. Schwartzenburgh, a canon of the cathedral, to whom the Princess of Schwartzenburgh had obligingly recommended us. This young nobleman entertained us with great splendour, pointed out to us the most interesting objects, introduced us to the best company at his dinners, concerts, and suppers, and rendered the place so agreeable, that we fixed the day of our departure with no small reluctance. We must ever retain a grateful recollection of his attention and kindness.

February the 10th. About nine in the morning we set off from Saltzburg. A thick fog hung over the surrounding scenery. We could only perceive that the road ran over a plain, naked in general, but occasionally ornamented with villages, whose graceful spires at intervals attracted our attention. After having crossed the plain, we reached the skirts of a vast mountain, presenting at first a black indistinct mass, which cast a dark shade on the fog that enveloped it, and then just displayed its fir-clad summit so far above the mist, that it appeared to hang in the air, and to belong to some other region.

Reichenhall is a well-built little town, or rather village, remarkable for its salt works, and in a prosperous condition. We were now at the very foot of the Alps, and entered their defiles at a place called Unkin, about one mile from Reichenhall. The road first sweeps along the base of a noble eminence covered with firs; a church spire rises on the side of a hill; and on the summit of the same hill stands a castle in ruins. Proceeding onwards we come to the foot of the precipice, which

with its castle overhangs the road in tremendous majesty. We then enter a dell, a sudden turn of which presents on one side a vast mountain clad with firs; while on the other the precipice, girded with a zone of forest trees, increases in height and grandeur, and, surmounted with the old rampart walls, looks like the battlemented dwelling of a race of giants. In front, an immense mass, covered with a hundred woods, and half wrapped in fogs and clouds, obstructs the view, and forms an awful foreground to the picture. Still continuing to ascend, we wind along the dell, with a torrent murmuring by the road side, and all around mountains in various shapeless forms, increasing in height, shagginess, and horror.

The scene was here truly tremendous. The defile is very narrow, leaving space only for the road and the torrent. The mountains rise on each side so nearly perpendicular, that the vast forests growing on their sides cast a dismal shade over the road, and loaded as they were with a weight of snow, seemed ready to fall, and bury the traveller as he passed below. Now and then, a chasm broke the uniformity of this gloomy scenery, and presented an object less dark, but equally terrific—a torrent arrested in its fall by the frost, hanging from the brow of a crag in solid masses, and terminating in immense pointed icicles. The least of these icicles, if detached from the sheet above, would have crushed the whole party; and, when contemplated thus suspended over our heads, *jamjam lapsura cadentique adsimilis*, could not fail to excite some emotions of terror. Whenever the mountains receded and sloped backwards, they only enabled us to discover forests rising above each other, and swelling into new regions, till they concealed their extent and elevation in the clouds. The snow lay deep on the road, and on the approach of night began to fall again in great quantities. We moved slowly on

and when night set in, with all the darkness of the season, our situation appeared such as might have discouraged even experienced travellers. In fact, after some hours' exertion, and very little progress, our drivers were seriously alarmed, and entreated us to allow them to return with their horses, before the depth of the snow, which was every moment increasing, should render the roads impassable. They promised to come to our assistance early in the morning, with a sufficient number of persons to remove the snow, and enable us to proceed. This proposal, as may be supposed, was rejected, and the drivers were, partly by representations, and partly by threats, induced to remain. All the horses were put alternately to each carriage, whilst we proceeded on foot, and with no small difficulty at length reached the post house, where we took sledges, and continued our journey at the rate of ten miles an hour.

We reached St. John at a late hour. A neat collegiate church is the only remarkable object in this little town.

February 11th. The scenery this day did not appear so grand and awful as on the preceding; whether this part of the defile be more open, or whether our eyes were more accustomed to its gloomy magnificence I know not; but I believe the former to be the case, as the road gradually ascends, and consequently the elevation of the mountains apparently diminishes; whereas, while at the bottom of the defile, we beheld the whole mass of the Alps in full elevation above us. I need not, I suppose, caution even the untravelled reader against a mistake, into which some have fallen, that any of the passages through the Alps crosses the ridges, or even approaches the summits of these mountains. The various roads traversing the Alps are conducted through as many defiles, and were probably traced out by the paths, that

have served from time immemorial as means of communication between the fertile valleys that lie interspersed up and down the windings of this immense chain. These defiles are always watered, and were perhaps formed, by streams incessantly gliding down from the eternal snows that mantle the highest regions: these streams, increasing as they descend, work their way between the rocks, and continue for ever opening and enlarging their channels. Such is the Inn that now bordered our road, and such is the Salza still nearer the plains of Bavaria. When therefore it is asked, who first crossed the Alps, or opened such a particular passage over these mountains, the question means only, what general or what army first forced a way through this immense barrier, or made such a particular track or path practicable? Of these tracks, that which we are now pursuing seems to have been one of the most ancient and most frequented. The first people who passed it in a body were probably the Gauls; that race ever restless, wandering, and ferocious, who have so often since forced the mighty rampart, which nature raised to protect the fertile provinces of Italy from the rapacity of northern invaders. Of a tribe of this people, Livy says, * that in the consulship of Spurius Posthumius Albinus, and Quintus Marcus Philippus, that is, in the year of Rome 566, they passed the Alps by roads till then undiscovered, and entering Italy, turned towards Aquileia. Upon this occasion, contrary to their usual practice, they came in small numbers, and rather in the character of suppliants than enemies. But the most remarkable army that ever crossed these mountains was that of the Cimbri, who in less than a century after the above mentioned period, climbed the Rhetian Alps, and rushed like a torrent down the Tridentine defile. The first successes and final destruction of this horde of savages are well

* L. xxxix. 22.

known. At length Augustus, irritated by the lawless and plundering spirit of some of the Rhetian tribes, sent a Roman army into their territory under Drusus, who in a very short space of time entirely broke the spirit of the mountaineers, brought their country into perfect subjection, and opened a commodious communication through the whole range of Alps that bears their name. This expedition is celebrated by Horace, and forms the subject of one of his most spirited productions.* Ever since this event, this road has been frequented, and always considered as the best and safest passage from the Transalpine regions to Italy.

As we had set out late, darkness fell upon us before we had made any very considerable progress, and deprived us of the view of the celebrated vale of Inspruck. We travelled nearly the whole night, and entered that city about four o'clock in the morning.

Inspruck is the capital of the Tyrol, a large Alpine province of the Austrian empire, and as it was once the residence of a sovereign prince, is still the seat of government, and has frequently been visited by the emperors. It possesses some noble edifices, more remarkable however, as is usual in Germany, for magnitude than for beauty. The style of architecture, therefore, both of the palace and the churches, is, as may be expected, below criticism; and, when I mention the great hall in the palace, I point out to the traveller almost the only building that deserves his notice. To this I will add another object, that has a claim upon his attention far superior to any that can be derived from mere architectural beauty. It is a little chapel, erected upon a very melancholy and interesting occasion. It is well known that the Emperor Francis the First, husband to the

* L. iv. 4.

celebrated Maria Teresa, died suddenly at Inspruck. He was going to the Opera, and while walking through the passage from the palace to the theatre, he fell down, and instantly expired. He was conveyed to the nearest room, which happened to be that of a servant, and there laid upon a miserable bed. Attempts were made to bleed him, but to no purpose; and it is stated, that for a considerable time the body remained with the blood trickling slowly from the arm, unnoticed, and unattended by a servant of any description. The Empress, who loved him with unusual tenderness, shortly after raised an altar on the very spot where he fell, and, clearing the space around, erected over it a chapel. Both the chapel and the altar are, though plain, extremely beautiful, and a pleasing monument both of the affection and taste of the illustrious widow. This princess, then in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and the first sovereign in Europe in title and territorial possessions, continued ever after to wear mourning; and to some subsequent matrimonial overtures, is said to have replied in the animated lines of Virgil,

Ille, meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores,
Abstulit, ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro!

The inscription runs as follows, and breathes more grief than elegance.

D: O: M.
Memoriæ eternæ fati, quo
Princeps optimus
Throni decus
Populi Deliciæ
Franciscus D: G: Rom: Imp: Aug:
Germ: & Jeros Rex
M: D: Het: Loth et Bur: D.
XVIII Aug: MDCCLXV
Vitæ hic loci et nobis ereptus
Monumentum posterati positum—

I shall say nothing of the magnificent cenotaph of the Emperor Maximilian in the church of the Franciscans, with its sculptured pannels and bronze statues, nor of the humble cells of the Archduke of the same name in the convent of the Capuchins, but proceed to a much nobler object than either, the vale of Inspruck. This vale is perhaps the most extensive and most beautiful of all that lie in the Northern recesses of the Alps. It is about thirty miles in length, and, where widest, as in the neighbourhood of Inspruck, about six in breadth. It is watered by the Inn, anciently the Œnus, which glides through it, intersecting it nearly in the middle, and bestowing freshness and fertility as it winds along. The fields that border it are in high cultivation, finely adorned with every species of forest trees, enlivened with towns and villages, and occasionally graced with the ruins of a castle, frowning in shattered majesty from the summit of a precipice. Large woods line the skirts and clothe the sides of the neighbouring mountains, and, with the ragged misshapen rocks that swell above them, form a frame worthy of a picture so extensive and beautiful. In the southern extremity of this vale, stands Inspruck; and behind it rises a long ridge, forming part of the craggy pinnacles of the Brenner, one of the loftiest mountains of the Tyrolian Alps.

About five miles North of Inspruck is the town of Hall, famous for its salt works; and about four miles on the opposite side, on a bold eminence, stands embosomed in trees, the castle of Ambras. This edifice is of very ancient date, and its size, form, and furniture are well adapted to its antiquity. Its exterior is dignified with turrets, spires, and battlements; and its large halls are hung with spears, shields, and helmets, and lined with the forms of hostile knights, mounted upon their palfreys, with vizors down and spears couched, as if ready to rush forward in

battle. The smaller apartments are fitted up with less attention to Gothic propriety than to utility, and contain various natural curiosities, intermingled with gems, medals, and pictures.

Though at Inspruck we had made a considerable progress in the defile, yet we had not risen in elevation so much as might be imagined; for that city is said to be no more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. But, about three miles further, the road suddenly turns, and the traveller begins in reality to work up the steep. The road is well contrived to lessen the labour of ascent, winding gently up the mountains, and affording everywhere perfect security, though generally skirting the edge of a precipice. It presents some striking objects, such as the Abbey of Willtean, anciently Villitenum, the castle of Sonenberg, and, through a break to the west, a transient view of a most majestic mountain, rising from the midst of the surrounding glaciers, and lifting its pointed summit to the skies. Its craggy sides are sheathed in ice, and its brow is whitened with eternal snows.* Its height is supposed to be nearly equal to that of Mount Blanc, though in grandeur, the mountain of Savoy yields to that of the Tyrol; because the former heaves itself gradually from the plain, and conducts the eye, by three different stages to its summit, whilst the latter shoots up at once without support or gradation, and terminates in a point that seems to pierce the heavens.

The ascent still continued steep and without intermission to Steinach; and the cold, which hitherto had not much incommoded us, except at night, became more intense. The scenery

* This mountain bears, I believe, the very barbarous appellation of Rach Kibal

grew more dreary, gradually assuming all the bleak appearances of Alpine winter. The last mentioned place, though situated amidst the pinnacles of the Rhetian Alps, is yet not the highest point of elevation; and the traveller has still to labour up the tremendous steeps of the Brenner. As he advances, piercing blasts blowing around the bare ridges and summits that gleam with ice, stinted half-frozen firs appearing here and there along the road, cottages almost buried under a weight of snow, all announce the regions where winter reigns undisturbed; and the Alps here display all their ancient and unchangeable horrors.——"*Nives cælo prope immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora, jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi et inculti, animalia, inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu.*"*

The summit, or rather the highest region of the mountain which the road traverses, is crowned with immense crags and precipices, enclosing a sort of plain or valley: This plain was bleak and dreary when we passed through it, because buried in deep snow, and darkened by fogs and mists, and the shades of the approaching evening: yet it possesses one feature, which in summer must give it some degree of animation, beauty, and even of fertility; I mean the source of the river Atagis, which, bursting from the side of a shattered rock, tumbles in a noble cascade to the plain. We had just before passed the fountain head of the river Sill, which takes a northward course, and runs down the defile that leads to Inspruck, so that we now stood on the confines of the north, our faces being turned towards Italy, and the genial regions of the south. At the post we once more entered sledges,

* Liv. xxi.

and with great satisfaction began to descend, a vast mass of mountain hanging over us on the left, and the Atagis, now called the Adige, tumbling from steep to steep on our right. Night soon enveloped us, and we pursued our way with great rapidity down the declivity through Marck and Middlewald, and at length entered the episcopal city of Brixen, or Bressinone.

We had now passed the wildest retreats and most savage scenery of the Alps, once the impenetrable abode of fierce tribes of barbarians, and the haunt of associated robbers, who plundered with the numbers, spirit, and discipline of armies. The Roman legions were not unfrequently impeded in their progress, and more than once stripped of their baggage by these desperate mountaineers. The expedition of Drusus, before alluded to, seems to have reduced the Alpine tribes, at least the Vindelici and the Rhœti, so far to subjection, as to insure a safe and easy passage through their territories for many succeeding ages. The incursions, invasions, and consequent anarchy, that preceded and followed the dissolution of the Roman empire, naturally revived the fierceness of the mountain tribes, and renewed the disorders of earlier periods. But these disorders yielded in their turn to the increasing influence of Christianity and the authority of the clergy; two causes, which, fortunately for Europe, worked with increasing extent and energy, and successfully counteracted the prodigious efforts of ferocity, barbarism, and ignorance during the middle ages. So effective was their operation, that the Rhetians, from the most savage, became the most gentle of mountain tribes, and have for a long succession of ages continued to distinguish themselves by their innocence, simplicity and benevolence: and few travellers have, I believe, traversed the Rhetian Alps, without having witnessed

some instances of these amiable virtues. It is indeed fortunate, that religion has penetrated these fastnesses, impervious to human power, and spread her influence over solitudes where human laws are of no avail; that where precaution is impossible, and resistance useless, she spreads her invisible Ægis over the traveller, and conducts him, secure under her protection, through all the dangers of the way. In fact, while rapidly skimming the edge of a precipice, or winding cautiously along under the loose masses of an impending cliff, he trembles to think that a single touch might bury him under a crag precipitated from above, or the start of a horse, purposely alarmed, hurl him into the abyss below, and give the ruffian a safe opportunity of preying upon his plunder. When in such situations the traveller reflects upon his security, and recollects that these mountains, so savage, and so well adapted to the purposes of murderers and banditti, have not in the memory of man, been stained by human blood, he ought to do justice to the cause, and gratefully acknowledge the beneficent influence of religion.

Impressed with these reflections, he will behold with indulgence, perhaps even with interest, the crosses which frequently mark the brow of a precipice, and the little chapels hollowed out of the rock where the road is narrowest: he will consider them as so many pledges of security, and rest assured, that as long as the pious mountaineer continues to adore the* *Good*

* *Pastor bonus, Mater dolorosa;* such are the titles often inscribed over those rustic temples; sometimes a whole sentence is subjoined, as, *Pastor bonus qui animam suam dat pro ovibus suis.* Under a crucifix on the brow of a tremendous crag, I observed some lines taken from the *Dies Iræ*, a funeral hymn, which, though

Shepherd, and to beg the prayers of the *afflicted Mother*, he will never cease to befriend the traveller, nor to discharge the duties of hospitality. If French principles should unfortunately pass from the courts and cities in the plains, to the recesses of these mountains, the murderer may shortly aim his rifle, from behind the ruins of the cross, and the nightly banditti lurk, in expectation of their prey, under the roof of the forsaken chapel. But to proceed;

Bressinone, in German Brixen, presents nothing very remarkable to the attention of the traveller. Its cathedral is neither large nor beautiful; and its claim to antiquity is rather dubious, as the name of Brixentes, found in ancient authors, belongs not so much to the town, as to the inhabitants of the surrounding country. I need scarcely inform the reader, that the Brixia, alluded to by Catullus, is now Brescia, a well known and flourishing city in the plain below, between the lake Benacus and Cremona.

> Brixia Chinæa supposita specula;
> Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,
> Brixia, Veronæ mater amata meæ*.

The River Mela, described in these verses as a yellow and

---

disfigured by rhyme, was justly admired by Johnson and Lord Roscommon for its pathos and sublimity.—The lines were,

> Recordare Jesu pie
> Quod sum causa tuæ viæ—
> Quærens me sedisti lassus
> Redimisti crucem passus
> Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Catull. LXV. 32. 34.

smooth flowing stream, and represented by Virgil as meandering through cultivated valleys still retains its ancient name and character, and runs near the last mentioned town.

The descent from the little plain of Bressinone is not so steep as the road which leads to it. On a hill not far from Chiusa stands the abbey of Sabiona, the only remains of the ancient Sabina: Thus bearing its former name, with little variation. Chiusa, or Clausen, once Clusium, takes its name, as other towns of similar appellations, from its situation; as the plain, in which it stands, is terminated by a tremendous defile, whose rocky sides jut out so far and rise so high, as almost to hide the face of heaven: while the river, contracted into a torrent, or rather a continual cascade, rolls in thunder from steep to steep, hurrying shattered fragments of rock down its eddy, and filling the dell with uproar. The numberless chapels hewn out of the rock on the road, answer the double purposes of devotion and security, protecting the traveller against the sudden bursts of storm in summer, and the still more sudden and destructive masses of snow that roll from the mountains towards the termination of winter. The road which leads to this dell, runs along the edge of a most tremendous precipice, and is so near to it, that from the carriage, the eye without perceiving the parapet, looks all at once into the abyss below, and it is scarcely possible not to draw back with involuntary terror. The defile to which the road leads, seems yawning as if ready to swallow up the traveller, and, closing over him as he advances, has less the appearance of a road in the land of the living, than of a descent to the infernal regions. A heavy snow, falling as we passed, added to the natural gloom of the scene, and made it truly terrific.

We entered Bolsano late. The name of this town is converted by the Germans into the barbarous appellation of Bötzen. It is a commercial and busy place. Its situation, at the opening of several valleys, and near the confluence of three rivers, is advantageous; its neighbourhood well cultivated and romantic. It contains, however, no remarkable object. A little below Bolsano the Atagis flows into the Athesis; rivers, which from the resemblance of their names, are frequently confounded; especially as they now go under the same appellation, and are called the Adige, sometimes the Adese. The former name may be derived from either of the ancient titles; the latter can come from the Athesis only. This river takes its rise near a little town called Burg, not far from Cluras and Tiroli, anciently Tirioli, whence the territory takes its modern name, and after traversing the valley of Venosta, joins the Atagis at Bolsano.

From Bolsano the road presents nothing peculiarly interesting as Alpine scenery. Some castles, however, finely situated, project into the valleys of Sole and Anania; Monte Cerno and Monte Mendala are objects grand and beautiful. We left the village of Mezzo Tedesco, and entered that on the opposite side of the river called Mezzo Lombardo, with pleasure. Salurno interested us by its antiquity, of which its name is a memorial. Night had already closed upon us, when we entered Trent.

CHAP. II.

TRENT—COUNCIL OF TRENT—CASTELLO DELLA PIETRA—ROVEREDO—SLAVINI DI MARCO—ALA—CHIUSA—VERONA—ITS ANTIQUITIES AND HISTORY.

TRENT is the seat of an archbishop. Its ancient name was Tridentum, and the tribes and Alps in its vicinity were not unfrequently called Tridentini. It is seated in a small but beautiful valley, exposed, however, from its elevation, to intense cold in winter, and from the reflection of the surrounding mountains, to heat as intense in summer. When we passed, (February the sixteenth) the ground was still covered with snow, and the frost, notwithstanding the influence of the sun, very severe. The town is well built, and boasts some palaces. That of the prince bishop contains some very noble apartments, but it had been plundered and disfigured by the French in their late invasion. The cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable either for its beauty or magnitude. Its organ is admired, though supposed to be inferior to that of the church Santa Maria Maggiore, in the same city.

But Trent owes its fame neither to its situation nor its edifices, but to the celebrated council held within its walls about the

middle of the sixteenth century*. It was opened in the cathedral, but generally held its sessions in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where a picture still exists, representing the council sitting in full assembly. The most conspicuous figures are supposed to be portraits taken from the life. This assembly sat, with various interruptions, under three successive pontiffs, during the space of eighteen years. It was convoked by Paul the Third, and consisted of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, chiefs of religious orders, representatives of the universities, and ambassadors from the Emperor, Kings of France, Spain, Portugal, &c. republics of Venice, Genoa, cantons of Switzerland, German Electors, &c. These ambassadors were called *Oratores*, and were accompanied each by a certain number of lawyers and divines, selected by their respective sovereigns. The whole number of persons comprising the general assemblies of the council, amounted to one thousand†. The business of the council was prepared in committees, and definitively settled in the general assemblies. The bull of convocation, issued by Paul the Third, is a master-piece of its kind. The style of the acts of the council is pure and dignified, and the dissertations and observations that precede the canons, cannot be perused, even by an impartial and pious protestant, without instruction and edification. One of the great objects of the council was the restoration of peace and unity among Christians. In this respect it failed: animosity prevailed over charity: conscious of authority on one side, rage of innovation on the other, would submit to no concession. The other object of the council

* One thousand five hundred and forty-two.

† Gibbon says of the council of Constance, that the number and weight of civil and ecclesiastical members might seem to constitute the states general of Europe; a remark equally applicable to the council of Trent.

was, the reformation of the church. Here its efforts were attended, if not with total, at least with very general success, and must receive the approbation of every impartial reader. Many of its regulations have been adopted by the civil authority, even in Protestant countries; such, for instance, as those relating to matrimony; and their utility, where admitted, has been felt and acknowledged. Intrigue, without doubt, was not inactive at Trent; and where so many persons of such rank and weight, so many diplomatic agents from almost all the countries and corporate bodies in Christendom, were brought together, it must have been frequently and strongly exerted. Yet with such an obstacle in its way, the Council drew up a set of articles clear and concise, comprehending all the principal points then in debate, and fixing the faith of the Catholic with logical precision.

After having thus represented the council in a favourable light, I must now, reluctantly, I confess, turn to the charges advanced against it: the first of which is the influence supposed to have been exercised over it by the Roman court; an influence which, after all, seems to have been confined to subjects connected with the temporal interests and the interior concerns of that court, and never extended either to the deliberations or the final decrees of the Council. In the second place, many a benevolent man, many a true friend of the peace and union of the Christian body, has deplored the degree of precision, with which the articles in debate were defined, and a line drawn between the contending parties,—to separate them perhaps for ever! Real union, indeed at that time of delirious contest, was not to be hoped for; but some latitude allowed to the wanderings of the human mind, a greater scope given to interpretation, and a

respectful silence recommended to the disputants on subjects too mysterious to be explained, and too awful to be bandied about in scholastic disputation, might, perhaps, at a more favourable season, have soothed animosity, and disposed all temperate persons to terms of accommodation. Remote, however, as we now are from that æra of discord, and strangers to the passions which then influenced mankind, it might seem to border upon temerity and injustice, were we to censure the proceedings of an assembly, which combined the benevolence, the sanctity, and the moderation of the Cardinals Pole and Sadoleti, Contareni and Seripando.

February 18th. From Trent the road continues to run through a narrow valley, watered by the Adige (or Athesis), and covered with vines conducted over trellis work, or winding from tree to tree in garlands. High mountains rise on either side, and the snow, though occasionally deep, was yet sensibly diminished. After the first stage, the snow appeared only on the mountains, while in the valley we enjoyed some share of the genial influence of an Italian sun. The number of neat villages seemed to increase on both banks of the river; though in all, the ravages of war and that wanton rage for mischief which, upon all occasions, distinguishes an invading army, were but too discernible. Cottages destroyed, houses burnt or damaged, and churches disfigured, forced themselves too frequently upon the attention of the traveller, and excited emotions of pity and abhorrence. A fortress, covering the brow of a steep hill, rises, on the left, at some distance from the road, and forms too conspicuous an object to pass unnoticed. Its ancient name was, according to Cluverius, Verrucca Castellum; it is now called Castello della Pietra, from its site. It was taken and re-taken twice by the French

and Austrians during the last war, though its situation might induce a traveller to consider it impregnable.

Roveredo, anciently Roboretum, the second stage from Trent, is a neat little town in the defiles of the Alps, situated, geographically speaking, in the German territory, but in language, manners, and appearance, Italian. The entrance on the side of Trent looks well, though the main street is narrow. An inscription over the gate, relative to the marriage and passage of the Princess of Parma, pleased me much, as it affords a specimen of the good taste of this little town.

Isabellæ
Philippi Borb. Parmæ ducis
Josepho Austriæ duci nuptæ
Viennam proficiscenti
Felix sit iter
Faustusque thalamus
Roboretanis gaudentibus.

In fact, as you approach Italy, you may perceive a visible improvement not only in the climate of the country, but also in the taste of its inhabitants; the churches and public buildings assume a better form; the shape and ornaments of their portals, doors and windows are more graceful, and their epitaphs and inscriptions, which, as Addison justly observes, are a certain criterion of public taste, breathe a more classical spirit. Roveredo is situated in the beautiful valley of Lagarina, has distinguished itself in the literary world, and has long possessed an academy, whose members have been neither inactive nor inglorious.

The descent (for from Steinach, or rather a few miles south of that village, three stages before Brixen, we had begun to descend) becomes more rapid between Roveredo and Ala; the river which glided gently through the valley of Trent, assumes the roughness of a torrent; the defiles become narrower; and the mountains break into rocks and precipices, which occasionally approach the road, sometimes rise perpendicular from it, and now and then hang over it in terrible majesty.* Ala is an insignificant little town, in no respect remarkable, except as forming the geographical boundary of Italy. The same appearances continue for some time, till at length the mountains gradually sink into

---

* Amid these wilds the traveller cannot fail to notice a vast tract called the Slavini di Marco, covered with fragments of rock torn from the sides of the neighbouring mountains by an earthquake, or perhaps by their own unsupported weight, and hurled down into the plains below. They spread over the whole valley, and in some places contract the road to a very narrow space. A few firs and cypresses scattered in the intervals, or sometimes rising out of the crevices of the rocks, cast a partial and melancholy shade amid the surrounding nakedness and desolation. This scene of ruin seems to have made a deep impression upon the wild imagination of Dante, as he has introduced it into the twelfth canto of the Inferno, in order to give the reader an adequate idea of one of his infernal ramparts.

Era lo loco ove a scender la riva
Venimmo, Alpestro e per quel ch' iv' er' anco,
Tal, ch' ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva.
Qual'e quella ruina che nel fianco
De qua da Trento l'Adice percosse,
O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco;
Che da cima del monte onde si mosse,
Al piano e si la roccia discoscesa,
Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse

hills; the hills diminish in height and number, and at last leave an open space beyond the river on the right. In front, however, a round hill presents itself at a little distance, which, as you approach swells in bulk, and opening, just leaves room sufficient for the road, and the river on the right, between two vast perpendicular walls of solid rock, that tower to a prodigious height, and cast a most terrific gloom over the narrow strait that divides them. As the road leads along a precipice, hanging over the river, without any parapet, several countrymen, who live at the entrance of the defile, crowd round the carriage to support it in the most dangerous parts of the ascent and descent. A fortification,* ruined by the French in the late war, formerly defended this dreadful pass, and must have rendered it impregnable. But French gold,

> Perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
> Ictu fulmineo.

In the middle of the defile a cleft in the rock on the left gives vent to a torrent that rushes down the crag, and sometimes sweeps away a part of the road in its passage. After winding through the defile for about half an hour, we turned, and suddenly found ourselves on the plains of Italy.

The fortress alluded to is called Chiusa, and said to have been originally built by the Romans; and though frequently destroyed during the wars and various invasions of Italy, yet it was as constantly repaired in more peaceable times. It must be acknowledged that Nature could not have erected a more impregnable rampart to Italy than the Alps, nor opened a more magnificent avenue than the long defile of the Tyrol.

A traveller, upon his entrance into Italy, longs impatiently to discover some remains of ancient magnificence, or some specimen of modern taste, and fortunately finds much to gratify his curiosity in Verona, the first town that receives him upon his descent from the Rhetian Alps.

Verona is beautifully situated on the Adige, partly on the declivity of a hill, which forms the last swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain, extending from these mountains to the Apennines. The hills behind are adorned with villas and gardens, where the graceful cypress and tall poplar predominate over the bushy ilex and spreading bay-tree.

The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry trees, and shaded with vines climbing from branch to branch, and spreading in garlands from tree to tree. The devastation of war had not a little disfigured this scenery, by stripping several villas, levelling many a grove, and rooting up whole rows of vines and mulberry trees. But the hand of industry had already begun to repair these ravages, and to restore to the neighbouring hills and fields their beauty and fertility. The interior of the town is worthy of its situation. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve, and forms a peninsula, within which the whole of the ancient, and the greater part of the modern city, is enclosed. The river is wide and rapid, the streets, as in almost all continental towns, are narrower than our's, but long, strait, well built, and frequently presenting in the form of the doors, and windows, and in the ornaments of their cases, fine proportions, and beautiful workmanship. But besides

these advantages which Verona enjoys in common with many other towns, it can boast of possessing one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing; I mean its amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and solidity to the Coliseum. Almost immediately upon our arrival, we hastened to this celebrated monument, and passed the greater part of the morning in climbing its seats and ranging over its spacious arena. The external circumference, forming the ornamental part, has been destroyed long ago; with the exception of one piece of wall, containing three stories of four arches, rising to the height of more than eighty feet. The pilasters and decorations of the outside were Tuscan, an order well adapted by its solidity and massiveness to such vast fabrics. Forty-five ranges of seats, rising from the arena to the top of the second story of outward arches, remain entire, with the different vomitoria, and their respective staircases and galleries of communication. The whole is formed of vast blocks of marble, and presents such a mass of compact solidity, as might have defied the influence of time, had not its powers been aided by the more active operations of barbarian destruction. The arena is not, as in Addison's time, filled up and level with the first row of seats, but a few feet lower; though still somewhat higher than it was in its original state. As it is not my intention to give an architectural account of this celebrated edifice, I shall merely inform the reader, in order to give him a general idea of its vastness, that the outward circumference is 1290 feet, the length of the arena 218, and its breadth 129: the seats are capable of containing 22,000 spectators. At either end is a great gate, and over each a modern balustrade with an inscription, informing the traveller, that two exhibitions of a very different nature took place in the amphitheatre some years ago.

The one was a bull-baiting, exhibited in honour of the Emperor Joseph, then at Verona, by the governor and people; the seats were crowded, as may be imagined, on this occasion; and a Roman Emperor was once more hailed in a Roman amphitheatre with the titles of Cesar and Augustus, by spectators who pretend and almost deserve to be Romans. The other exhibition, though of a very different nature, was perhaps equally interesting: the late Pope in his German excursion passed through Verona, and was requested by the magistrates to give the people an opportunity of testifying in public their veneration for his sacred person. He accordingly appeared in the amphitheatre, selected on account of its capacity as the properest place, and when the shouts of acclaim had subsided, poured forth his benediction on the prostrate multitude collected from all the neighbouring provinces to receive it. The classical spectator would have amused himself with the singular contrast, which this ceremony must have presented, to the shows and pomps exhibited in the same place in ancient times. A multitude in both cases equally numerous, but then assembled for purposes of cruel and bloody amusements, now collected by motives of piety and brotherhood: then all noise, agitation, and uproar; now all silence and tranquil expectation: then all eyes fixed on the arena, or perhaps on the Emperor; an arena crowded with human victims; an Emperor, Gallienus for instance, frowning on his trembling slaves; now all looks rivetted on the venerable person of a Christian Pontiff, who, with eyes and hands uplifted to heaven, implored for the prostrate crowd peace and happiness.

The French applied the amphitheatre to a very different purpose. Shortly after their entrance into Verona, they erected a wooden theatre near one of the grand portals above mentioned,

and caused several farces and pantomimes to be acted in it for the amusement of the army. The sheds and scaffolding that composed this miserable edifice were standing in the year 1802, and looked as if intended by the builder for a satire upon the taste of the *Great Nation*, that could disfigure so noble an arena. The Veronese beheld this characteristic absurdity with indignation; and compared the French, not without reason, to the Huns and Lombards. In reality, the inhabitants of Verona have always distinguished themselves by an unusual attachment to their ancient monuments, and have endeavoured, as well as the misery of the times, and the general impoverishment of Italy would allow them, to preserve and repair their public buildings. From an early period in the thirteenth century (1228), we find that there were sums appropriated to the reparation of the amphitheatre; and that afterwards public orders were issued for its preservation and ornament, and respectable citizens appointed to enforce them. This latter custom continued till the French invasion, and two persons, entitled *Presidenti alla arena*, were intrusted with its inspection and guardianship. Such zeal and attention, to which the world owes the preservation of one of the noblest monuments of antiquity, are highly creditable to the taste and public spirit of the Veronese, and afford an honourable proof that they not only boast of Roman extraction, but retain some features of the Roman character.

But the amphitheatre is not the only monument of antiquity that distinguishes Verona. In the middle of a street, called the Corso, stands a gate inscribed with the name of Gallienus, on account of his having rebuilt the city walls. It consists of two gateways, according to the ancient custom, one for those who

enter, the other for those who go out: each gateway is ornamented with Corinthian half pillars, supporting a light pediment; above are two stories, with six small arched windows each. The whole is of marble, and does not seem to have suffered any detriment from time or violence. The gate, though not without beauty in its size, proportions, and materials, yet, by its supernumerary ornaments proves, that at its erection, the taste for pure simple architecture was on the decline. The remains of another gate, of a similar though purer form, may be seen in the Via Leoni, where it stands as a front to an insignificant house; and within that house, a few feet behind the first gate in the upper story, there exist some beautiful remnants of the Doric ornaments of the inner front of the gate: remnants much admired by modern architects, and said to present one of the best specimens of that order to be found in Italy. This double gate is supposed to have been the entrance into the Forum Judiciale, and ought to be cleared, if possible, of the miserable pile that encumbers it, and buries its beauty. From the first-mentioned gate, which formed the principal entrance into the town, as appears from some remains of the wall or rampart, which ran on each side of it, and was repaired by Gallienus, we may conclude that Verona was anciently of no great extent, as it was confined to the space that lies between this wall and the river. This observation, apparently improbable, considering that Verona was an ancient Roman colony, the native country or the residence of many illustrious persons mentioned by historians and celebrated by poets, is founded on the authority of Silius and Servius; if indeed the descriptions of the former can, like Homer's, be considered as geographical authority*. However, it may be presumed,

* Athesis Veronæ circumflua. Sil. VIII. Athesis Venetiæ fluvius est Veronam civitatem ambians. Servius in Virg. VIII.

that the suburbs of the town extended into the neighbouring plain; a conjecture favoured by the situation of the amphitheatre, which, though standing at some distance from the ancient gate, was probably erected in or near some populous quarter. At all events, the modern Verona is of much greater magnitude, and spreading into the plain to a considerable distance beyond the old wall on the one side, and on the other covering the opposite banks of the river, encloses the ancient town as its centre, and occupies a spacious area of about five miles in circumference. Many parts of it, particularly the square called Piazza della Bra, near the amphitheatre, are airy and splendid. Some of its palaces, and several of its churches, merit particular attention: among the latter, the beautiful chapel of St. Bernardino, in the church of the Franciscan Friars, and St. Zeno*, with its painted cloister and vast vase of porphyry, may perhaps claim the precedency.

Among public edifices, the Gran-Guardia and the Museo Lapidario are the most conspicuous: the portico of the latter is Ionic: its court, surrounded with a gallery of light Doric, contains a vast collection of antiquities† of various kinds, such as altars, tombs, sepulchral vases, inscriptions, &c. formed and arranged principally by the celebrated Maffei, a nobleman whose

* This church suffered considerably from the brutality of the French soldiery, some of whom amused themselves, as might have done the Huns of Attila, or the Goths of Radagaisus, in breaking porphyry pillars and vases, ransacking tombs, and disfiguring paintings.

† The French visited this collection, and carried off some of the most valuable articles.

learning and taste (two qualities not always united) reflect great honour on Italy, and particularly on Verona, the place of his birth and his usual residence.

The garden of the Giusti family is still shewn to travellers, though it has little to recommend it to attention except its former celebrity, and some wild walks winding along the side of a declivity remarkable as being the last steep in the immense descent from the Alps to the plain. From the highest terrace of this garden there is a beautiful and extensive prospect of the town; the hills and the Alps on one side, and on the other of plains, spreading wide, and losing their fading tints in the southern horizon. This is in reality one of the best spots for viewing Verona, and as such may be considered worthy of the attention of travellers, together with the hills that rise behind the town, particularly that on which formerly stood the Castello di San Pietro, now in ruins.

Few towns have contributed more largely to the reputation of Roman literature, or have been more fertile in the production of genius, taste, and knowledge, than Verona. Catullus and Macer, supposed to be introduced by Virgil into his Eclogues under the pastoral name of Mopsus; Cornelius Nepos and Pomponius Secundus; Vitruvius, and Pliny the Elder, form a constellation of luminaries of the first magnitude, and shed a distinguishing lustre on the place of their birth and early education. A succession of writers followed; and though feeble tapers in comparison of their predecessors, yet cast a transient gleam as they passed on; and not only preserved the light of science from being utterly extinguished during the middle centuries, but contributed to revive its glories at a later and more fortunate period. In this

revival, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, Verona had some share: Guarini, a Veronese, returning from Constantinople, restored the study of Greek some time before the arrival of Chrysoloras, and the other learned Constantinopolitan fugitives. He was succeeded by a long line of eminent men, among whom we may distinguish Domitius Calderini, who, with Laurentius Valla and Politian, received the honourable appellation of Triumvirs of Literature; Scaliger and Panvinius; and in fine Fracastorius the poet, the naturalist and astronomer. In modern times, Verona still preserves her reputation in taste and science; and the names of Bianchini and Scipio Maffei may be considered as proofs of her present, and pledges of her future literary glory. The history of Verona is various and interesting. Situated as it is at the foot of the Alps, and at the southern opening of the grand defile forming the most ancient and regular communication through Rhetia, between Italy and Germany, it is exposed to the first fury of the northern invaders, and has always been the first object of their attacks. It resisted with various success; sometimes it was treated with lenity, and sometimes with cruelty. Like the other Italian towns, it submitted sooner or later to the prevailing power, and bore successively the yoke of the Heruli, the Goths, the Greeks, the Lombards, and the Italian and German emperors. During this long period of invasion, anarchy, and devastation, Verona seems to have enjoyed a better fate, or, to speak more correctly, to have suffered less than most other Italian cities. Many of the sovereigns, who reigned during this interval from Theodoric to Frederic the Second, either allured by the beauty, or struck by the importance of its situation, made Verona their occasional residence; and frequently paid much attention to its accommodation, strength, and ornament. In the

twelfth century, Verona, together with many other Italian cities, shook off the yoke of foreign barbarians; erected itself into an independent republic; and, as conquest frequently attends liberty, became the capital of a very considerable territory. In this state of freedom and consequence Verona remained till the commencement of the fifteenth century; when, seduced by the influence, allured by the glory, or awed by the greatness of Venice, she submitted to the genius of her powerful neighbour. However, this voluntary dependance was rather a state of tranquillity, than of servitude or degradation. The Venetians respected the laws and customs of the Veronese, and consulted the beauty and prosperity of their city; so that the change might be considered as the union of bordering territories, not the subjection of a separate state; and the sway of the Venetians was regarded rather as the superiority of countrymen, than the usurpation of foreigners. At length, during the revolutionary war, the French invaded Italy; and, after a long and bloody contest, remaining masters of the Venetian territory, employed it to purchase peace, and made over the greatest part to the emperor. Upon this occasion the territory of Verona was divided, and the city itself torn asunder; the Adige, was declared to be the boundary of the two states, the territory and part of the town was consigned to the Austrians, while the greater part was annexed to the new-created Italian republic. This dismemberment (if the expression may be allowed) is considered by the Veronese as the greatest disaster their town has ever suffered; and the French are detested as the most cruel of the many barbarous tribes that have invaded their devoted country. They look upon themselves as victims of a partition-treaty between two rival powers, agreeing only in one point—the sub-

jugation and oppression of Italy; both these powers they hate as transalpines and barbarians; (for the latter term is applied by the modern, as well as the ancient Italians, to all foreign or hostile nations), but the French most, as aggressors, who have added treachery and insult to invasion and plunder. The Italian republic they regard as the handmaid and creature of France, with a pompous name, designed only to dupe the populace, and palliate the odium of tyrannical measures and oppressive taxation. They consider its duration as uncertain as the existence, and its administration as irregular as the caprice of its founder; like the French republic, it is in their eyes a phantom, which appeared yesterday, and may vanish to-morrow: doubtful therefore of its permanency, but convinced that while it exists it will be a mere instrument of oppression in the hands of an enemy, they behold its operations with distrust, and hear its name with contempt and indignation. Hence the inactivity and solitude that pervade the streets of the Italian, or rather French, that is the greater part of the town, and announce the apprehension and despair of its inhabitants, their attachment to their old, and hatred to their new government. The Austrians they do not and cannot love: they are barbarians and invaders; and though the emperor be a just and even benevolent sovereign, yet his right over them is that of the sword only; and though he may be *tyrannorum mitissimus*, yet in the eyes of every Italian patriot, still he is, as well as Buonaparte, a tyrant and an usurper: since however, they are doomed to be slaves, of the two they prefer the former. The Austrian government is mild and equitable; it proceeds on fixed principles, and moves on in the straight and beaten track; it is, and so is the French republic, liable to the reverses of war; but it is exempt, and so

is not the French republic, from internal change and unexpected revolution. Hence they submit with something like resignation, to the imperial sway; and hence some life and activity, some share of confidence, and some appearance of business, enliven the Austrian quarter of Verona. It is indeed highly probable, that if the present precarious state of things lasts for any time, the ancient city will be almost deserted, and all the population of Verona pass to the Austrian territory. Not to speak therefore of the money raised, of the pictures, statues, and antiquities carried off by the French, Verona has suffered more, in a political sense, in the last convulsive war, than perhaps any city, Venice excepted, that lay within its range of devastation. Not content with dividing and enslaving it for the present, the French seem determined to prevent it from ever again becoming a place of importance; and have accordingly levelled its fortifications, and destroyed the walls of its castle, formerly a fortress of some strength from its ramparts and commanding position. The top and sides of the hill are now covered with its ruins; and the emperor is, I believe, obliged by an article in the treaty, not to rebuild them at any future period. Such was the state of Verona in the year 1802.

Our last visit, as our first, was to the amphitheatre: we passed some hours, as before, in a very delightful manner, sometimes reclining on the middle seats, and admiring the capaciousness, the magnitude, and the durability of the vast edifice; at other times seated on the upper range, contemplating the noble prospect expanded before us, the town under our eyes, verdant plains spreading on one side, and on the other the Alps rising in craggy majesty, and bearing on their ridges the united snows of four

thousand winters; while an Hesperian sun shone in full brightness over our heads, and southern gales breathed all the warmth and all the fragrance of spring around us. Prospects so grand and beautiful, must excite very pleasing emotions at all times, and such vernal breezes may well be supposed to "*inspire delight and joy able to drive all sadness.*" But the pleasure which we felt on the occasion, was not a little enhanced by the contrast between our present and late situation. We had just descended from the mountains of the Tirol, where our view had long been confined to a deep and narrow defile: our eye now ranged at liberty over an immense extent of scenery, rich, magnificent, and sublime. We had just escaped from the rigour of winter: and were now basking in the beams of a summer sun. We still stood on the very verge of frost, and beheld whole regions of snow rising full before us; but vernal warmth, vegetation, and verdure, enveloped us on all sides. In such circumstances, when for the first time the traveller beholds the beauties of an Italian prospect expanded before him, and feels the genial influence of an Italian sun around him, he may be allowed to indulge a momentary enthusiasm, and hail Italy in the language of Virgil.*

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus
Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis. . . . . .
Hic gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere; tenent oleæ armentaque læta. . . . . .
Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas . . . .
Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros. . . . . .
Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virum! *Georg.* II.

In the whole, we visited few places with more satisfaction, and left few with more regret, than Verona; whether as the first Italian city on our road, it happened, by its appearance and monuments very novel to a transalpine traveller, particularly to engage our attention, or whether it really possesses many means of exciting interest, I know not; but as we departed, we felt ourselves inclined to address it in the words of one of its poets.

" Verona, qui te viderit,
" Et non amarit protinus,
" Amore perditissimo,
" Is, credo, se ipsum non amat,
" Caretque amandi sensibus,
" Et odit omnes gratias."*

COTTA.

If a traveller has any time to spare, (and he who wishes to travel with benefit to himself, ought always to have some days at his disposal) he may spend it with advantage at Verona, as his head-quarters, and take an opportunity of visiting Monte Bolca, about eighteen, and Valle Ronca, about fifteen miles distant; where the lovers of the picturesque will find some beautiful scenery, and the mineralogist some remarkable specimens of various stones, earths, petrifactions, incrustations, basaltic pillars, &c. Among similar curiosities, we may rank the Ponte Veia, a natural arch of considerable sweep and boldness.

The best guide is the Compendio della Verona, in four very thin, or two ordinary small octavo volumes, with prints. It is an abridgment of a larger work, entitled " Verona Illustrata," by the celebrated Maffei.

The wines of Verona were formerly famous, as appears from Virgil's apostrophe.

"et quo te carmine dicam
"Rhætica? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis."

But their reputation at present is very low, as, indeed, is that of almost all the wines produced on the northern side of the Apennines.

CHAP. III.

VICENTIA—BUILDINGS—OLYMPIC ACADEMY AND THEATRE—STYLE OF PALLADIO—CHURCH OF MONTE BEXICO—CIMBRI—SETTE COMMUNI—PADUA—ITS ANTIQUITY, HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND UNIVERSITY.

THE distance from Verona to Vicentia is three posts and a half; the road runs over a plain, highly cultivated, and beautifully shaded with vines and mulberries. When I say a plain, I do not mean that the face of the country is a dead insipid flat, but only that it is not hilly. However, near Monte Bello, bold hills rise on either side, and present in their windings, or on their summits, villages, towns, and castles.

Vincentia (Vicetia) Vicenza is a town as ancient as Verona, large and populous; its circumference is of three miles, and the number of its inhabitants is said to amount to 30,000. It has passed through the same revolutions as its neighbour Verona, but seems to have suffered more from their consequences. In fact, it was burnt by the Emperor Frederic the Second, while at war with the Pope, on account of its attachment to the latter,

and cannot consequently be supposed to exhibit any remnants of its Roman glory.

But the want of ancient monuments is supplied in a great degree by numberless master-pieces of modern genius. Palladio was a native of this city, and seems to have employed with complacency all the power of his art in the embellishment of his country. Hence the taste and magnificence that reign in most of the public buildings, and in many of the private houses. Among the former we may distinguish the Town House, called very significantly Pallazzo della ragione, that is, the Palace of Public Reason, or opinion, where justice is administered, and the business of the city transacted—the Palazzo del Capitanio, or residence of the Podestà, or principal magistrate, so called from potestas,* a title sometimes given by the Romans to persons charged with the highest functions in provincial towns—the gate of the Campus Martius, a triumphal arch, solid and well proportioned—and, above all, the celebrated Olympic Theatre, erected at the expense of a well-known academy bearing that pompous title. This edifice is raised upon the plan of ancient theatres, and bears a great resemblance to those of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The permanent and immoveable scenery, the ranges of seats rising above each other, the situation of the orchestra in the podium, and the colonnade that crowns the upper range, are all faithful representations of antiquity. The scene consists of a magnificent gate, supported by a double row of pillars, with niches and statues: it has one large and two

* An Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas.—Juv. x. 100

smaller entrances opening into as many principal streets, decorated with temples, palaces and public edifices of various descriptions formed of solid materials, and disposed according to the rules of perspective, so as to assume somewhat more than the mere theatrical appearance of reality. The sides are a continuation of the same plan, and have also each one entrance, giving into its respective street; thus there are five entrances, through which the actors pass and repass to and from the stage. The orchestra occupies the centre, or that part which we call the pit, thence rise the seats, forming the side of an ellipsis, and above them the gallery, composed of a range of Corinthian pillars, with their full entablature surmounted by a balustrade and adorned with statues of marble. An air of simplicity, lightness and beauty reigns over the whole edifice, and delights the ordinary observer, while in the opinion of connoisseurs it entitles the *Teatro Olimpico* to the appellation of the master-piece of Palladio. But honorable as it is to the taste and talents of its architect, it reflects equal, perhaps greater, lustre on the Society, at whose expense, and for whose purposes it was erected. The Olympic Academy was instituted at Vicenza so early as the year 1555, by a set of gentlemen, for the encouragement and propagation of polite literature. Public exhibitions were among the means employed by the Society to attain that object; and several attempts were made to accommodate various buildings, to their purpose; but finding none perfectly suitable to their design, they at length came to the public spirited resolution of erecting a theatre; and that its form might correspond with its destination, no less than with the classic spirit of the actors that were to tread its stage, they commissioned Palladio to raise it on the ancient model. The inscription over the stage points out its object.

Virtuti ac Genio, Olympicorum Academia
Theatrum hoc a Fundamentis erexit
Anno 1584. Palladio Architecto.

The spirit of ancient genius seemed to revive, and the spectator might have imagined himself at Athens, when the members of the Society acted the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, with all possible attention to the dresses and manners of the age and country, surrounded with the scenery and amidst the statues of the gods and heroes, of antiquity. Such an institution was highly honorable to Italy in general, and to Vicenza in particular, at a period when the Transalpine nations were just emerging from ignorance, and opening their eyes to the rising brightness of taste and science. The Olympic Academy still exists, and is composed now, as it was formerly, of the most respectable citizens, and of many learned foreigners; though I am sorry to add, that the Theatre has long lamented the absence of the tragic muse, having been devoted for many years, solely to the assemblies of the Academy, or perhaps resounded with the occasional merriment of a ball or a masquerade. Moreover, since the French invasion, the theatre seems to have suffered from the negligence or the poverty of the proprietors, owing partly to the heavy contributions laid on the town, and partly to that listlessness and depression of spirits which generally accompany national disasters. But when this storm shall have blown over, the national genius will probably revive and return with redoubled ardor to its favourite pursuits.

There are said to be about twenty palaces, which were erected by Palladio, some of which are of unusual magnificence, and contribute in the whole to give Vicenza an appearance of splendor and beauty not common even in Italy. In materials and magni-

tude they are inferior perhaps to the palaces of Genoa, but in style of architecture and external beauty far superior. Palladio in fact had a particular talent in applying the orders and ornaments of architecture to the decorations of private edifices. Unlike the ancients, who seem to have contented themselves with employing its grandeur in temples, porticos, and public buildings, he introduced it into common life, and communicated its elegant forms to private edifices and ordinary dwellings. I do not mean to assert that the houses and villas of the ancients were entirely devoid of architectural ornaments. Horace speaks of the columns that decorated the palaces of the rich Romans of his time.

Nempe, inter varias nutritur Sylva Columnas. *Epist. lib.* I. 10.

Non trabes Hymettiæ
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
Africâ.
Tu secanda marmora, &c. *Hor.* II. 18.

Pillars had been introduced long before, as Crassus, the orator, was humorously styled Venus Palatina, on account of six pillars of Hymettian marble, which ornamented his house on the Palatine Mount. We learn also, from the same author, that Mamurra, a Roman knight, who had acquired great riches in the service of Julius Cæsar, entirely incrusted his house on Mount Celius with marble, and adorned it with columns of the richest species of the same materials. Cicero speaks of a Greek architect whom he employed, and complains of his ignorance or inattention in raising his pillars as he had placed them, neither perpendicular nor opposite to each other. *Aliquando*, says Cicero, *perpendiculo et lineâ discet uti.*†

* Plin. xxxvi. cap. 3. † Ad Quint: Fratrem. III. v.

This surely is a strange compliment to a Greek artist. The pillars here alluded to seem to have supported the portico of his villa at Arpinum. Suetonius also, to give his reader an idea of the moderation of Augustus, observes, that the pillars of his house on the Palatine Mount were of Alban stone, not marble. But I am inclined to believe that such ornaments were confined to the most celebrated palaces, or perhaps employed only in the interior courts and surrounding porticos: if they had been common on the exterior we should have discovered some traces of them in the ruins of different villas, or at least in the fronts of the houses of Pompeii; and yet, though I cannot assert that there are none, I do not recollect to have observed in the streets of the latter city the slightest vestige of architectural ornaments on private edifices. To these external decorations of architecture, the cities of Italy, and indeed most modern towns of any consideration, owe a great part of their beauty; and may glory, not perhaps without reason, in surpassing the towns of antiquity in general appearance. I feel some regret in being obliged to acknowledge, that the metropolis of the British empire, though the first city in Europe, and I suppose in the world, for neatness, convenience and cleanliness, is yet inferior in architectural embellishment to most capitals. This defect, without doubt, is owing in a great degree, to the nature of the materials of which it is formed, as brick is ill calculated to receive the graceful forms of an Ionic volute, or a Corinthian acanthus, while the dampness of the climate seems to preclude the possibility of applying stucco to the external parts with permanent advantage. But some blame may justly be attributed to architects, who either know not, or neglect the rules of proportion and the models of antiquity; and in edifices, where no expense has been spared, often display splendid instances of tasteless contrivance and grotesque ingenuity. But, it is to be

hoped, that the industry and taste of the British nation will, ere long, triumph over this double obstacle, inspire artists with genius, teach even brick to emulate marble, and give to the seat of government and capital of so mighty an empire a becoming share of beauty and magnificence. Augustus found Rome of brick, and in his last moments boasted that he left it of marble. May not London hope at length to see its Augustus?

As Palladio was a native of Vicenza, it may be proper to say something of that celebrated architect, while we are employed in admiring the many superb structures, with which he ornamented his country. Of all modern architects, Palladio seems to have had the best taste, the most correct ideas, and the greatest influence over his contemporaries and posterity. Some may have had more boldness and genius, others more favourable opportunities of displaying their talents; and such, in both respects, was the felicity of the two grand architects of St. Peter's, Bramante and Michael Angelo: but Palladio has the exclusive glory of having first collected, from the writings and monuments of the ancients, a canon of symmetry and proportion, and reduced architecture, under all its forms, to a regular and complete system. I am aware that many parts of that system have been severely criticized; that his pedestals, for instance, are by many considered as heavy, his half pillars as little, and his decorations as luxuriant: yet it must be remembered, that these real or merely nominal defects are authorized by the practice of the ancients; and that it is not fair to blame, in a modern edifice, that which is admired in the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, or in the Triumphal Arch of Trajan. But supposing this criticism well founded, every candid spectator will admit, that there are in all the edifices, erected under the direction, or on the imme-

diate plans of Palladio, a simplicity and beauty, a symmetry and majesty, that abundantly compensate petty defects, and fulfil all the ends of architecture, by producing greatness of manner and unity of design. I know not whether my opinion, in this respect, may agree with that of professed artists; but of all the grand fabrics, which I have had an opportunity of contemplating after St. Peter's and the Pantheon, the two master-pieces, one of ancient, the other of modern architecture, I own I was most delighted with the abbey church of St. George at Venice, and that of St. Justina at Padua. Addison represents the latter as the most luminous and disencumbered building that he had ever seen; though, for my part, I should be inclined to give the preference to the former, which he passes over in silence: but be the superiority where it may, both these superb edifices display the characteristic features of Palladian architecture to the highest advantage, and in a manner not often witnessed, even in Italy, blend simplicity with ornament, extent with proportion, and combination with unity. St. Justina was, if I be not mistaken, erected on the plan of Palladio, though after his death; some defects consequently occur in the execution, which ought not to be attributed to that illustrious architect, particularly as these defects are lost in the admirable symmetry and proportion of the whole; perfections owing exclusively to the genius that conceived and arranged the original model. On the whole, Palladio may be considered as the Vitruvius of modern architecture; and it has been very properly recommended to persons who wish to make a proficiency in that art, to pass some time at Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, in order to study the many monuments of Palladian skill that abound in these cities.

The splendor of Vicenza is not confined to its walls, but ex-

tends to the country for some distance round, where private or public munificence has erected several villas and magnificent edifices. Among the former, we may rank the villa of the Marchesi, called the Rotunda, an exquisite fabric of Palladio, and among the latter the triumphal arch, the staircase, and portico that lead to the church on Monte Berico. The arch is said by some to be the work of Palladio, in imitation of that of Trajan at Ancona; and is like it, light and airy. The staircase is remarkable for its vast height, consisting of near two hundred steps, with thirty-five resting places, all of stone, reaching from the town to the summit of the hill. The portico is a noble gallery, leading in the same manner from the town to the church, and intended to shade and shelter the persons who visit the sanctuary, in which it terminates; and as its length is more than a mile, its materials stone, and its form not inelegant, it strikes the spectator as a very magnificent instance of public taste. The church is seen to most advantage at a distance; as, on a nearer approach, it appears overloaded with ornaments. It is of fine stone, of the Corinthian order, in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome in the centre; but wants in all its decorations, both internal and external, the proportions and simplicity of Palladio. The view from the windows of the convent annexed to the church, is extensive and beautiful.

It may be here the proper place to mention a political phenomenon, of a very extraordinary nature, which, few travellers have, I believe, noticed. The Cimbri and Teutones, two tribes from the northern Chersonesus, invaded Italy, as it is well known, in the year of Rome 640, and were defeated, and almost extirpated by Marius, in the neighbourhood of Verona. The few who escaped from the vengeance of the

conquerors took refuge in the neighbouring mountains, and as they remained unmolested, formed a little colony, which either from its poverty, its insignificance, or its retired position, has escaped the notice, or perhaps excited the contempt of the various parties, that have disputed the possession of Italy for nearly two thousand years. They form altogether seven parishes, and are therefore called the *Sette commune*; they retain the tradition of their origin, and though surrounded by Italians still preserve their Teutonic language. The late King of Denmark visited this singular colony, discoursed with them in Danish, and found their idiom perfectly intelligible. Though we felt no inclination to visit them, (for a classic traveller cannot be supposed to be very partial to barbarian establishments in Italy, however ancient their date,) yet, we were struck with the circumstance, and beheld their distant villages nested in the Alps, as they were pointed out to us from Vicenza, with some interest. The reader will hear with more satisfaction that a Roman colony still remains on the borders of Transylvania, and that it retains the Latin language nearly unmixed, and glories in its illustrious origin. Hence, when any of its members enlists in the imperial service, and according to custom is asked his country and origin, his answer is always, "Romanus sum."*

---

* In mezzo alla colta Europa, says *Lanzi*, vivon tuttora popolazioni di linguaggi non estesi; nelle montagne di Vicenza vive il Celtico di Barbari chi vi si annidarano ai tempi di Mario; nella Valakia il Latino di presidi che vi mise Trajano; in qualche parte di Elvezia il Romans di Franzesi antichi. *Saggio di lingua Etrusca Epilogo*, &c. Vol. i. parte seconda.

(There are several works for the information of travellers with regard to the curiosities of this town, among others I recommend "*Descrizzione della Architetture*," 2 vols. with prints.)

The hills, called the *Colles Berici*, in the neighbourhood of Vicenza, present some natural grottos, of great extent, and of surprizing variety. Monsieur de la Lande speaks of a little temple of the form of the Pantheon, which he represents as a master-piece of the kind; if it be such, I regret that we had not an opportunity of visiting it, though not above twenty miles from Vicenza. Bassano, seven leagues to the north, merits a visit without doubt, if the traveller has time at his disposal.

From Vicenza to Padua is eighteen miles. About three miles from the former is a bridge over a stream, a branch of the Meduacus, now Bacchiglione, erected by Palladio, which will not fail to attract the attention of the curious traveller.

Late in the evening we entered *Urbem Patavi Sedesque Teucrorum*, and reflected with some exultation that we stood, as it were, on the confines of Greek and Latin literature, in a city that derives its origin from a catastrophe celebrated in itself or its consequences, by the two greatest poets of antiquity. Few cities can boast of an origin so ancient and so honorable, and not many can pretend to have enjoyed for so long a period so much glory and prosperity as Padua. We learn from Tacitus that it was accustomed to celebrate the antiquity of its origin and the name of its founder in annual games, said to have been instituted by that hero. Livy informs us, that a Naumachia, exhibited annually on one of the rivers that water the town, perpetuated the memory of a signal victory obtained by the Paduans long before* their union with Rome, over a Lacedæmonian fleet,

* See Tacit: Annal. lib. xvi. c. 21. Liv. book x. c. 2.

commanded by Cleonymus. They are also said to have not unfrequently assisted the Romans, and contributed in no small degree to their victories, particularly over the Gauls, the common enemy of both states, while an immense population furnished them with the means of giving effect to their measures, by sending powerful armies into the field. Padua afterwards submitted to the genius of Rome, but submitted with dignity, and was accordingly treated not as a conquered but an allied republic. She was admitted at an early period to all the privileges and honors of the great capital, and shared, it seems, not only the franchises but even the riches of Rome, as she could count at one period five hundred Roman knights among her citizens, and drew by her manufactures, from the emporium of the world, no small share of the tribute of the provinces. After having shared the glory of Rome, Padua partook of her disasters; was, like her, assaulted and plundered by Alaric and Attila; like her, half unpeopled by the flight of her dismayed inhabitants, and obliged to bend under the yoke of a succession of barbarian invaders. After the expulsion of the Goths, Rome recovered her independence; not so Padua, which was subject successively to the Lombards, the Franks, and the Germans. During this long period of disastrous vicissitude, Padua sometimes enjoyed the favor and sometimes felt the fury of its wayward tyrants. At length it shook off the yoke, and with its sister states, Verona, Vicenza, Ferrara and Mantua, experienced the advantages and disadvantages of republicanism, occasionally blessed with the full enjoyment of freedom, and occasionally, with all its forms, smarting under the rod of a powerful usurper.* At

---

In the fourteenth century Padua owned the sway of the Carrara family; Pandolfo di Carrara was the friend of Petrarcha. This family and their rivals in

length, in the fifteenth century, Padua united itself to the Venetian territory, and under the influence of its own laws acknowledged the supreme authority of that republic. The consideration that Venice was founded by citizens of Padua, who flying from the ravaging armies of Alaric and Attila took refuge in the solitary isles of the Adriatic, might perhaps have lightened the yoke of submission, or facilitated the arrangements of union.

As fire and sword, aided by earthquakes and pestilence, have been employed more than once during so many ages of convulsion, in the destruction of this city, we are not to expect many monuments of the Roman colony, within its walls, or to wonder so much at its decline as at its existence. However it is still a great, and in many respects a beautiful city, as its circumference is near seven miles, its population about forty thousand persons, and, notwithstanding the general narrowness of its streets, many of its buildings, both public and private, are truly magnificent.

The abbey of St. Giustina deserves particular attention. Its church, planned by Palladio, and built by Andrea Riccio, its library, hall or refectory, and cloister are all in the highest style of architecture.* The piazza before it, called Prato della Valle,

---

power and place, the Scaligeri were among the many patrons and supporters of literature that graced Italy in that and the succeeding century.

* Dimensions of the Church of St. Giustina.

The length	500	feet.
Breadth	140	
The transept	350	
Height	120	
The central dome (there are several)	265	

The pavement is laid out in compartments of white and red marble, its various

is perhaps one of the largest and noblest in Europe. The cathedral, though not remarkable for its architecture, still deserves to be ranked among buildings of eminence, and contains several objects worthy of notice. The church, denominated *Il Santo*, a title given by way of eminence to St. Antony of Padua, though the most frequented, is not by any means the most beautiful; it is of Gothic architecture, great magnitude, and was, before the late French invasion, enriched with a valuable treasury. That treasury, consisting of church plate, gold and silver candlesticks to a vast amount, was seized and carried off by the French; but the most remarkable object still remains—the tomb of the Saint, adorned with fine marbles and most exquisite sculpture. In Addison's days, ointments, it seems, distilled from the body, celestial perfumes breathed around the shrine, and a thousand devout catholics were seen pressing their lips against the cold marble, while votive tablets, hung over and disfigured the altar. When we visited the Santo, the source of ointment had long been dried, the perfumes were evaporated, the crouds of votaries had disappeared, and nothing remained to certify the veracity of our illustrious traveller but a few petty pictures, hung on one side of the monument. But the excellency of the sculpture makes amends for the wretchedness of the painting, and small must the taste of that man be, who derives no satisfaction from the examination of the marble pannels that line the chapel. Each pannel represents some miraculous event of

altars with their decorations of beautiful marble. The whole is kept in a style of neatness and repair that gives it the appearance of a church just finished. The outside was never completed.

length, in the fifteenth century, Padua united itself to the Venetian territory, and under the influence of its own laws acknowledged the supreme authority of that republic. The consideration that Venice was founded by citizens of Padua, who flying from the ravaging armies of Alaric and Attila took refuge in the solitary isles of the Adriatic, might perhaps have lightened the yoke of submission, or facilitated the arrangements of union.

As fire and sword, aided by earthquakes and pestilence, have been employed more than once during so many ages of convulsion, in the destruction of this city, we are not to expect many monuments of the Roman colony, within its walls, or to wonder so much at its decline as at its existence. However it is still a great, and in many respects a beautiful city, as its circumference is near seven miles, its population about forty thousand persons, and, notwithstanding the general narrowness of its streets, many of its buildings, both public and private, are truly magnificent.

The abbey of St. Giustina deserves particular attention. Its church, planned by Palladio, and built by Andrea Riccio; its library, hall or refectory, and cloister are all in the highest style of architecture.* The piazza before it, called Prato della Valle,

---

power and place, the Scaligeri were among the many patrons and supporters of literature that graced Italy in that and the succeeding century.

* Dimensions of the Church of St. Giustina.

The length	500 feet.
Breadth	140
The transept	350
Height	120
The central dome (there are several)	265

The pavement is laid out in compartments of white and red marble, its various

is perhaps one of the largest and noblest in Europe. The cathedral, though not remarkable for its architecture, still deserves to be ranked among buildings of eminence, and contains several objects worthy of notice. The church, denominated *Il Santo*, a title given by way of eminence to St. Antony of Padua, though the most frequented, is not by any means the most beautiful; it is of Gothic architecture, great magnitude, and was, before the late French invasion, enriched with a valuable treasury. That treasury, consisting of church plate, gold and silver candlesticks to a vast amount, was seized and carried off by the French; but the most remarkable object still remains—the tomb of the Saint, adorned with fine marbles and most exquisite sculpture. In Addison's days, ointments, it seems, distilled from the body, celestial perfumes breathed around the shrine, and a thousand devout catholics were seen pressing their lips against the cold marble, while votive tablets, hung over and disfigured the altar. When we visited the Santo, the source of ointment had long been dried, the perfumes were evaporated, the crouds of votaries had disappeared, and nothing remained to certify the veracity of our illustrious traveller but a few petty pictures, hung on one side of the monument. But the excellency of the sculpture makes amends for the wretchedness of the painting, and small must the taste of that man be, who derives no satisfaction from the examination of the marble pannels that line the chapel. Each pannel represents some miraculous event of

altars with their decorations of beautiful marble. The whole is kept in a style of neatness and repair that gives it the appearance of a church just finished. The outside was never completed.

the Saint's life; and however strange or chimerical the subject may be, yet the skill of the artist finds means of making it interesting. The rich materials and ornaments of the altar and shrine, the bronze candelabra and lamps, will not escape the attentive observer. On the whole, though the style of architecture is bad, yet this church, from its size and furniture, deserves consideration.

Il Salone, or the town-hall, remarkable for its vast magnitude,* contains a monument in honor of Livy, with an ancient bust. This author, as is well known, was a native of Padua, and is supposed to have retained in his style some of the provincial peculiarities of his country,† perceptible indeed only to the refined critics of the Augustan era. The Italian towns in general, are not apt to forget such of their natives as have distinguished themselves in ancient or modern story, and Padua, amongst others, is not wanting in the honors which she pays to the memory of her illustrious citizen. The inscription under the bust of the historian is not remarkable for its beauty. The last line expresses at least the generosity of the Paduans, who, if their means were adequate to their classic zeal, would have converted the marble statue into one of gold.

Hoc totus stares aureus ipse loco!

They shew a house which they pretend to have belonged to him,

* It is three hundred and twelve feet in length, one hundred and eight in breadth, and one hundred and eight in height, and consequently the largest hall in Europe.

† Pollio, says Quintilian, reprehendit in Livio pativinitatem. L. i.

and, whether it was built upon the spot which traditionary report represented as the site of the historian's dwelling, or whether it was erected on the ruin of some ancient edifice that bore a name resembling his; or whether, in short, some inscription, favorable to such an opinion, may have been found in or near it, I could not discover; but every object connected in the most distant manner with so eminent an author, inspires interest and claims some attention. I need not observe, that the pretended tomb of Antenor, though it recals to mind the antiquity of the city, and at the same time some very beautiful verses,* is a monument of some prince of the middle ages, discovered in 1274.

Padua was famous in ancient times for its woollen manufactures, celebrated in prose by Strabo and in verse by Martial. It still retains much of its reputation in this respect, and its wool, and woollen articles, are considered as the best in Italy. But the principal glory of Padua arises from its literary pursuits, and an ancient and well directed propensity to liberal science. The prince of Roman history—perhaps, if we consider the extent of his plan, and the masterly manner in which he has executed it, we may add, the first of historians—was not only born, but, as

* Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum et fontem superare Timavi;
Unde per ora novem magno cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia: nunc placida compostus pace quiescit.
Æneis i.

we may fairly conjecture from the local peculiarities of language, which adhered to him during life, was educated at Padua. Silius Italicus, among the various chieftains whom he introduces, represents Pedianus, the leader of the Euganeans and Paduans, (the *Apono gaudens populus*) as equally excelling in the arts of war and peace, and dear alike to Mars and to the Muses. As the verses are composed in the best style of Silius and likely to please the reader, I insert them.

> Polydamenteus juvenis Pedianus in armis
> Bella agitabat atrox, Trojanaque semina et ortus,
> Atque Antenorea sese de stirpe ferebat.
> Haud levior generis fama, sacroque Timavo
> Gloria et Euganeis dilectum nomen in oris.
> Huic pater Eridanus, Venetæque ex ordine gentes,
> Atque Apono gaudens populus, seu bella cieret,
> Seu Musas placidus, doctæque silentia vitæ
> Mallet et Aonio plectro musæque labores
> Non ullum dixere parem; nec notior alter
> Gradivo juvenis, nec Phœbo notior alter. xii. 215.

The love of knowledge, the partiality to learned ease here alluded to, was probably attributed to the Chief, because in some degree characteristic of the people—so much at least we should infer from a similar passage in Homer or Virgil. During the various revolutions that followed the fall and dismemberment of the Roman empire, Padua, in the intervals of repose that followed each successive shock, endeavoured to repair the shattered temple of the Muses, and revive the sacred fire of knowledge. Some success always attended these laudable exertions, and a beam of science occasionally broke through the gloom of war and barbarism. At length, the university was founded about the end of the eleventh century, and its foundation was to Padua

the commencement of an era of glory and prosperity. Its fame soon spread over Europe, and attracted to its schools prodigious numbers of students from all, even the most remote countries; while the reputation of its professors was so great, and their place so honorable, that even nobles, at a time when nobles were considered as beings of a more elevated nature, were ambitious to be enrolled in their number. Eighteen thousand students are said to have crowded the schools during ages; and amidst the multitude were seen, not Italians and Dalmatians, Greek and Latin Christians only, but even Turks, Persians and Arabians, are said to have travelled from their distant countries to improve their knowledge of medicine and botany, by the lectures of the learned Paduans. The catalogue of the students of this university is rich in numbers and illustrious names. Petrarcha, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus applied here, each to his favorite art, and in classics, astronomy and navigation, collected the materials that were to form their future fame and fortune. But universities, like empires, have their eras of prosperity and their periods of decline; science, as commerce, often abandons its favorite seat; and those very arts of medicine and anatomy which flourished for so many centuries in Salerno and Padua, have long since migrated to the North, and seem to have fixed their temporary residence at Gottingen and Edinburgh. Of eighteen thousand students six hundred only remain, a number which, thinly scattered over the benches, is barely sufficient to shew the deserted state of the once crowded schools of Padua. This diminution of numbers is not to be attributed either to the ignorance or the negligence of the professors; to the defects of the system of instruction, or to the want of means of improvement. The lecturers are men of zeal and abilities; the plan of studies is the result of long and successful experience; and

libraries, collections, and cabinets of every kind are numerous and magnificent. Moreover, encouragement is not wanting, as the places of professors are both lucrative and honorable, and the directors, till the late disastrous revolution, were three Venetian senators. The decrease of numbers, therefore, at Padua, and in other ancient universities, is to be attributed to the establishment of similar institutions in other countries, and the general multiplication of the means of knowledge over the Christian world. Knowledge is now fortunately placed within the reach of almost every village—the most abstruse science may be learned in the most remote corners—colleges and seminaries have been planted and flourish even in the polar circles; and youth in almost every country, may enjoy that, which an eloquent ancient considers as one of the greatest blessings of early life—*home education.**

The architecture of the schools or university is admired and, I believe, said to be of Palladio—the observatory, the botanical garden in particular, the cabinet of natural philosophy, containing a peculiarly curious collection of fossils, the hall of midwifry, and indeed most of the dependencies of the University, are grand in their kind, well furnished and well supported. An agricultural lecture is, I believe, peculiar to Padua, and consequently very honorable to it; especially as so large a space as fifteen acres is allotted to the professor for experiments. It is singular that no such lecture exists in any British university, when we consider the bent of the national character to a rural life, and the

* Ubi enim aut jucundius morarentur quam in patriâ? aut pudicius continerentur quam sub oculis parentum? aut minore sumptu quam domi? iv. Ep. xiii.

great encouragement and countenance given by the higher classes, and indeed by the nation at large, to every species of agricultural improvement.

Besides the university, there are in Padua, for the propagation of taste and literature, several academies, some of which were opened so early as in the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time the love of knowledge and classical distinction seems to have been the predominant passion of the Italians, who were then like the ancient Greeks—

Præter laudem nullius avari.

Otners have been established in the last century, particularly the Academy of Sciences, founded by the senate of Venice. Most of these institutions are supported with spirit, not only by the clergy, but moreover by the gentry of Padua, who seem to take an honorable pride in the literary reputation of their city.

The following beautiful lines of Naugerius, a poet of *Leo's golden days*, contain a fine, though concise encomium, on Padua, and may be considered as an abridgment of its history, even to the present period, when war has again ravaged its vicinity, and disfigured its edifices.

Urbs, quam vetusto vetus ab Ilio
Post fata Troum tristia, post graves
Tot patriæ exhaustos iniquo
Tempore, tot pelago labores,
Ducente demum Pallade, qua rapax
Cultos per agros Medoacus fluit,
Diis fretus Antenor secundis
Condidit, Euganeis in oris.

Tu nuper & flos, & decus urbium,
Quascumque tellus Itala continet:
Magnas tot artes, tot virorum
Ingenia, & studia una alebas.
Te, septicornis Danubii accola,
Te fulva potant flumina qui Tagi,
Longeque semoti Britanni
Cultum animi ad capiendum adibant.
At nunc, acerbi heu sæva necessitas
Fati, severas ut pateris vices:
Ut te ipse vastatam vel hosti
Conspicio miserandam iniquo.
Quid culta tot pomaria conquerar?
Tot pulchra flammis hausta suburbia?
Quid glande deturbata ahena
Mœnia?

CHAP. IV.

THE BRENTA—VENICE—ITS MAGNIFICENCE, POWER, DEGENERACY, AND FALL—RETURN TO PADUA—THE ENVIRONS OF THAT CITY—THE FONS APONUS—COLLES EUGANEI—ARQUATO—VILLA AND TOMB OF PETRARCH—OBSERVATIONS ON HIS CHARACTER.

WE deferred the consideration of the neighbourhood of Padua, till our return from Venice, whither we hastened in order to enjoy the few remaining days of the expiring carnival. We accordingly embarked on the Brenta about ten o'clock in the morning, February the twenty-first, in a convenient barge drawn by horses, and glided rather slowly down the river. The country through which it flows is a dead flat, but highly cultivated, well wooded, and extremely populous. The banks are lined with villages, or rather little towns, and decorated with several handsome palaces and gardens. Among these, that of Giovanelle at Noventa, two miles from Padua; that of Pisani, at Stra; of Trona, at Dolo; that of Bembo, at Mira, and about ten miles farther, that of Foscari, of the architecture of Palladio, merit particular attention. These celebrated banks have,

without doubt, a rich, a lively, and sometimes a magnificent appearance, but their splendor and beauty have been much exaggerated or are much faded, and an Englishman accustomed to the Thames, and the villas that grace its banks at Richmond and Twickenham, will discover little to excite his admiration as he descends the canal of the Brenta. About five o'clock we arrived at Fusina, on the shore of the Lagune,* opposite Venice. This city instantly fixed all our attention. It was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and rising from the waters with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned with its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, seated on the very bosom of the ocean. We embarked, and gliding over the Lagune, whose surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, was as smooth as the most polished glass, touched at the island of St. Georgio, half way, that is two miles from the main land on one side, and from Venice on the other, and then entering the city, rowed up the grand canal, and passed under the Rialto; admiring as we advanced, the various architecture and vast edifices that line its sides.

---

* The Lagune are the shallows that border the whole coast, and extend round Venice; their depth, between the city and the main land, is from three to six feet in general. These shallows are occasioned by the vast quantities of sand carried down by the many rivers that descend from the Alps and fall into the Adriatic, all along its western shores. Ravenna, which lies much lower down, anciently stood like Venice in the midst of waters; it is now surrounded with sand, as Venice will probably be ere long, if it should continue subject to the Austrian government. The republic expended considerable sums in cleansing the canals that intersect and surround the city, removing obstacles and keeping up the depth of waters, so necessary for the security of the capital. The interest of a foreign sovereign is to lay it open to attack.

Venice cannot boast of a very ancient origin, nor has it any direct connection with Roman story and classical recollections; yet I doubt much, whether any town in Italy, not even excepting Rome itself, contains so much genuine Roman blood; as none has, certainly, so long preserved the true spirit of the ancient Romans. Founded by the inhabitants of Aquileia, Padua and other Roman colonies bordering on the Adriatic, joined probably by several from the interior provinces, it escaped the all-wasting sword of Alaric and Attila; first eluded, then defied the power of succeeding invaders, and never saw a barbarian army within its walls till the fatal epoch of 1797. Its foundation dates from the year 421; the succession of Doges or Dukes from the year 697. Its name is derived from the Veneti, a people that inhabited all the neighbouring coasts, and appropriated as it has been, from a very early period to it, is a sufficient monument of the origin and numbers of its founders, and first inhabitants. Its government was at first popular; as the power and riches of the State increased, the influence of the nobles augmented; at intervals, the Doges acquired and abused the sovereignty; till at length, after six centuries of struggles, the aristocratic party prevailed, limited the power of the Doge, excluded the people, and confined to their own body all the authority and exercise of government.

As Venice may justly be considered a Roman colony, so it bore for many centuries a striking resemblance to the great parent Republic. The same spirit of liberty, the same patriot passion, the same firmness, and the same wisdom that characterized and ennobled the ancient Romans, seemed to revive in the Venetians, and pervade every member of their rising

state. That profound respect for religion also, which formed so distinguished a feature in the character of the former,* was equally conspicuous in the latter, but more permanent and effectual, because directed to a better object, and regulated by superior information. The same success in a just proportion accompanied the same virtues; and we behold Venice, from *dirt and sea-weed*, rise into magnificence and fame, extend its sway over the neighbouring coasts, wrest towns, islands, and whole provinces from mighty potentates, carry its arms into Asia and Africa, and struggle, often successfully, with the collected force of vast empires. As its greatness rested on solid foundations, so was it permanent; and Venice may boast of a duration seldom allowed to human associations, whether kingdoms or commonwealths, thirteen complete centuries of fame, prosperity and independence. It is not wonderful therefore that this republic should have been honored with the appellation of another Rome, considered as the bulwark and pride of Italy, and celebrated by orators and poets as the second fated seat of independence and empire.

Una Italum regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ,
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel reges cives facis; O decus! O lux
Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus;
Per quam barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe micat!

Act. Syn. Sannaz. lib. iii. *Eleg.* 1, 95.

The appearance of Venice is not unworthy of its glorious

* Et si conferre volumus nostra cum externis, cœteris rebus aut pares aut etiam inferiores reperiemur; Religione, id est, cultu Deorum, multo superiores.—*De Nat. Deor.* ii. 3.

destinies. Its churches, palaces, and public buildings of every description, and sometimes even its private edifices, have in their size, materials and decorations, a certain air of magnificence, truly Roman. The style of architecture is not always either pure or pleasing, but conformable to the taste that prevailed in the different ages when each edifice was erected. Hence, the attentive observer may discover the history of architecture in the streets of Venice, and trace its gradation from the solid masses and round arches, the only remains of the ancient grand style in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, through the fanciful forms and grotesque embellishments of the middle ages, to its revival and re-establishment in these latter times.

The church of St. Mark, with its accompaniments, its tower, its square, its library, and its palace, from its celebrity alone deserves the traveller's first visit. The tower has neither grace in its form, nor beauty in its materials. Its only merit is its height, which, though not extraordinary in itself, yet from the flatness of the surrounding scenery, gives the spectator a very clear and advantageous view of the city and its port and shipping, with the neighbouring coasts, and all their windings. The famous Piazza de S. Marco, surrounded with arcades, is more remarkable for its being the well known scene of Venetian mirth, conversation and intrigue, than for its size or symmetry. It is inferior, in both respects, to many squares in many great cities; yet as one side is the work of Palladio, and the whole of fine marble, its appearance is grand and striking. The church of St. Mark, the great patron of the city and republic, occupies one end of this square, and terminates it with a sort of gloomy barbaric magnificence. In fact, the five domes that swell from

its roof, and the paltry decorations that cover and encumber its porticos, give it externally the appearance of an eastern pagoda, while formed within on the plan of the Greek churches; and like them, adorned with clumsy mosaics, it is dark, heavy, and sepulchral. This church is extremely ancient, it was begun in the year 829, and after a fire, rebuilt in the year 976. It was ornamented with mosaics and marble in 1071. The form of this ancient fabric, evidently of eastern origin, may perhaps throw some light on the rise of the style called gothic. Its architects, it is related, were ordered by the Republic to spare no expence, and to erect an edifice superior in size and splendor to any then existing. They took Santa Sophia for their model, and seem to have imitated its form, its domes, and its bad taste. But if riches can compensate the want of taste, and the absence of beauty, the church of St. Mark possesses a sufficient share to supply the deficiency, as it is ornamented with the spoils of Constantinople, and displays a profusion of the finest marbles, of alabasters, onyx, emerald, and all the splendid jewellery of the East. The celebrated bronze horses stood on the portico facing the piazza. These horses are supposed to be the work of Lysippus; they ornamented successively different triumphal arches at Rome, were transported by Constantine to his new city, and conveyed thence by the Venetians, when they took and plundered it in the year 1206. They were erected on marble pedestals above the portico of St. Mark, where they stood nearly six hundred years, a trophy of the power of the republic, till they were removed to Paris in the year 1797, and placed on stone pedestals behind the palace of the Thuilleries, where they remain a monument of French treachery and injustice.

As it is not my intention to give a minute description of

the ornaments or riches of the church of St. Mark, I shall only observe, that they merit much attention; and that to discover the value of the internal decorations, a very minute inspection is often rendered necessary by the gloominess of the place.

The reader may perhaps wish to know how and when St. Mark, whose life and evangelical writings seem to have no connection with the Venetian history, acquired such consideration in the city of Venice, as to become its patron Saint, and give his name to the most splendid and celebrated of its churches. The following account may possibly satisfy his curiosity. In the year eight hundred and twenty-nine, two Venetian merchants of the names of Bono and Rustico, then at Alexandria, contrived, either by bribery or stratagem, to purloin the body of St. Mark, at that time in the possession of the Mussulmen, and convey it to Venice. On its arrival it was transported to the Ducal palace, and deposited by the then Doge in his own chapel. St. Mark was shortly after declared the patron and protector of the republic; and the lion which, in the mystic vision of Ezekiel, is supposed to represent this evangelist, was emblazoned on its standards, and elevated on its towers. The church of St. Mark was erected immediately after this event, and the saint has ever since retained his honors. But the reader will learn with surprise, that notwithstanding these honors, the body of the evangelist was in a very short space of time either lost, or privately sold, by a tribune of the name of Carozo, who usurped the dukedom: and to support himself against the legitimate Doge, is supposed to have plundered the treasury, and alienated some of the most valuable articles. Since that period, the existence of the body of St. Mark has never been

publicly ascertained, though the Venetians firmly maintain that it is still in their possession. The place, however, where the sacred deposit lies, is acknowledged to be an *undivulged secret*, or perhaps, in less cautious language, to be utterly unknown.

The Piazetta, opening from St. Mark's to the sea in front, and lined on one side with the ducal palace, on the other with the public library, with its two superb pillars of granite standing insulated in the centre, is a scene at once grand, airy, and from the concourse of people that frequent it, animated. Close to St. Mark's stands the ducal palace, the seat of the Venetian government, where the senate and the different councils of state, assembled each in their respective halls. This antique fabric is in the Gothic or rather Saracenic style, of vast extent, great solidity, and venerable appearance. Some of its apartments are spacious and lofty, and some of its halls of a magnitude truly noble. They are all adorned with paintings by the first masters of the Venetian school; and Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto, have exerted all their powers, and displayed all the charms of their art to adorn the senate-house, and perpetuate the glories of the republic. The subjects of the pictures are taken either from the Scripture or the history of Venice; so that the nobles, when assembled, had always before their eyes incentives to virtue and examples of patriotism. Tablets with inscriptions were suspended over the tribunals of the magistrates, pointing out either their duties in particular, or those of the nobility in general. The style is often diffusive, but the sentiments are always just. The following, which is inserted in a picture over the Doge's seat, in one of the council chambers, may serve as a specimen.

"Qui patriæ pericula suo periculo expellunt, hi sapientes putandi sunt, cum et eum quem debent honorem reipub. reddunt, et pro multis perire malunt quam cum multis. Etenim, vehementer est iniquum vitam, quam à naturâ acceptam propter patriam conservaverimus, naturæ, cum cogat, reddere, patriæ, cum roget, non dare. Sapientes igitur æstimandi sunt, qui nullum pro salute patriæ periculum vitant. Hoc vinculum est hujus dignitatis quâ fruimur in repub. hoc fundamentum libertatis. Hic fons equitatis; mens et animus et consilium et sententia civitatis posita est in legibus. Ut corpora nostra sine mente, sic civitas sine lege. Legum ministri magistratus. Legum interpretes judices. Legum deniq. idcircò omnes servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus."

It would have been happy for the state, if the nobles had been animated by these principles previous to the French invasion.

The courts and staircases are decorated with antique statues; marble and bronze shine on every side, and the whole edifice corresponds in every respect with the dignity of its destination.

The celebrated Rialto is a single but very bold arch, thrown over the Gran-Canale; and though striking from its elevation, span and solidity, yet sinks almost into insignificance when compared with the beautiful bridge Della Trinita, at Florence, or with the superb, and far more extensive structures of Blackfriars' and Westminster.

The arsenal, occupying an entire island, and thus fortified, not only by its ramparts, but by the surrounding sea, is spacious, commodious, and even magnificent. Before the gate stands a vast pillar on either side, and two immense lions of granite, which formerly adorned the Piræus of Athens. They are attended by two others of a smaller size, all, as the inscription informs us, "*Triumphali manu e Piræo direpta.*" The staircase in the principal building is of white marble. The halls,

large, lofty, and commodious; one of the principal is decorated with a beautiful statue by Canova, representing Fame crowning the late Admiral Emo, the Pompey of Venice, the last of her heroes. In short, nothing is wanting to make this celebrated arsenal perhaps the first in Europe; excepting that for which all arsenals are built, *stores* and *shipping;* and these the French in their late invasion, either plundered or destroyed. So far their rapacity, howsoever odious, had an object and pretext; but it is difficult to conceive any motive, excepting an innate propensity to mischief, which could have prompted them to disfigure the buildings and statues, to break the marble stairs, by rolling cannon balls down them, and to dismantle the Bucentaur, the famous state galley of the republic. Highwaymen have been known to spare or restore a seal, a ring, a trinket, to indulge the whim or the feelings of the owner; and robbers and housebreakers refrain from damaging furniture which they cannot carry away; in the same manner the French might have respected the above-mentioned monument of a gallant man, and not disfigured it, to force a paltry gold pencil from the hand of a figure of Fame: they might have spared a gaudy state pageant, whose antique magnificence had for ages delighted the eyes, and soothed the pride of the Venetian commonalty. Yet such is the peculiar cast of this people, whose armies at Venice, in every town in Italy, and indeed in almost every country they have over-run, have uniformly added insult to rapacity; and wounded the feelings, while they plundered the property, of the miserable inhabitants.

But no public edifice does so much credit to the state, as the noble rampart erected on the Lido di Palestrina, to protect the city and port against the swell and storms of the Adriatic.

This vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian stone, resembling marble, runs along the shore for the space of nineteen miles, connects various little islands and towns with each other, and if completed, would excel in utility, solidity, extent, and perhaps beauty, the Piræus, the mole of Antium and Ancona, and all other similar works of either Greeks or Romans.

Of the churches in Venice, it may be observed in general, that, as some of them have been built by Palladio, and many raised on models designed by him, they are of a better style in architecture; and also, on account of the riches and religious temper of the Republic, adorned with more magnificence than those of any other town in Italy, if we except the matchless splendors of Rome. I need not add, that the talents of the first Venetian artists have been exerted, to adorn them with sculptures and paintings. Of these churches that De Salute, that De Redemptore, two votive temples, erected by the Republic on the cessation of two dreadful pestilences, and that of St. Georgio Maggiore, are very noble; the latter in particular, an exquisite work of Palladio, with some few defects, but numberless beauties. The church of the Dominican friars, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, is gothic; and remarkable for a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, lined with marble, divided into pannels, containing each a piece of gospel history, represented in beautiful basso relievo. But the peculiar and characteristic ornaments of this church are the statues, erected by the republic to many of its worthies, and the superb mausoleums of several heroes and doges. The materials are always the finest marbles, and the ornaments frequently of the best taste. The descriptions as pompous as the tombs themselves, carry us back to the heroic ages of the republic; and in lofty and classical language, relate

the glorious achievements of the doges and warriors of ancient times. The appellations of Creticus, Africanus, Asiaticus, grace the tombs of the most honorable chieftains, and seem to revive and emulate the triumphs and the titles of consular Rome. The conclusion of one of these epitaphs deserves to be recorded; it is the last admonition which the dying hero addresses to his countrymen. "*Vos justitiam et concordiam, quo sempiternum hoc sit imperium, conservate.*"

Next to the churches we may rank the Scuole, or the chapels and halls of certain confraternities, such as that of St. Roch, St. Mark, and that of the Mercatanti; all of noble proportions and rich furniture, and all adorned with paintings relative to their respective denominations, by the best masters.

But why enlarge on the beauty, the magnificence, the glories of Venice? or why describe its palaces, its churches, its monuments? That Liberty which raised these pompous edifices in a swampy marsh, and opened such scenes of grandeur in the middle of a pool, is now no more! That bold independence which filled a few lonely islands, the abode of sea-mews and cormorants, with population and commerce, is bowed into slavery; and the republic of Venice, with all its bright series of triumphs, is now an empty name. The city, with its walls and towers, and streets, still remains, but the spirit that animated the mass is fled. *Jacet ingens littore truncus.*

It is unnecessary, therefore, at present, to enlarge upon the former government of Venice; suffice it to say, that it is now a petty province of the Austrian empire, and that of all its former territories, the Seven Islands only, once considered as

a very insignificant part of the Venetian dominions, enjoy a nominal and precarious independence. The unjust and cruel deed of destroying a republic, weak and inoffensive, yet respectable from its former fame, belongs to Bonaparte; but the causes that led to it must be sought for in the bosom of the republic itself. Had the same virtues which fostered the infant commonwealth still flourished; had the courage which urged it so often to unequal contest with the then mighty power of the Ottomans, continued to inspire its sons; had the spirit and the wisdom that directed its councils during the famous league of Cambray, influenced its decisions in 1797, it might still have stood, and in defiance of the treachery, and the power of France, have preserved, if not all its territories, at least its honor and independence. But those virtues, that spirit, that wisdom, were now no more; they blazed out for the last time in the war of the Morea,* and even the last spark died away with the gallant Emo. Luxury had corrupted every mind, and unbraced every sinew. Pleasure had long been the only object of pursuit; the idol to whom the indolent Venetians sacrificed their time, their fortune, their talents. To attend the doge on days of ceremony, and act their part in public pageantry; or perhaps, point out in the senate the best mode of complimenting some powerful court, or of keeping or patching up an inglorious peace with the piratical powers of Africa, was the only business of the nobility. To accompany their chosen ladies, to while away the night at their casinos, and slumber away the day in their palaces, was their usual, their favourite employment. Hence Venice, for so many ages the seat of independence, of commerce, of wisdom, and of enterprise, gradually sunk from her eminence, and at length became

---

A. D. 1718.

the foul abode of effeminacy, wantonness, and debauchery. Her arsenal, where so many storms once fermented, and whence so many thunderbolts had been levelled at the aspiring head of the Turk, resigning its warlike furniture, became a scene of banquetting; and instead of resounding to the stroke of the anvil, reechoed to the dance and the concert.* In short, this once proud and potent republic, like some of the degenerate Emperors of Rome, seemed to prefer the glories of the theatre to those of the field, and willingly rested its modern claim to consideration, on the pre-eminent exhibitions of its well-known carnival.†

From a people so degraded, so lost to bold and manly sentiments, no generous exertions, no daring enterprize is to be expected in the hour of danger. It is their policy to temporize, to weigh chances, to flatter the great contending powers, and their fate must be to sink under the weight of the victorious. Such

---

* Several noble halls in the arsenal had been for a long time appropriated to the entertainment of royal guests, and strangers of very great distinction.

† "In fatti, un certo Egoismo sempre fatale alle repubbliche, un reflessibile raffredamento di quel zelo patrio che tanto distinse gli aristocratici dei passati secoli, una falsa clemenza nei tribunali, onde rimanevano i delitti senza il castigo delle Leggi prescritto, una certa facilità di propalare i secreti del Senato, sorpassata con indolenza dagl' inquisitori dello stato, una non curanza delle cose sacre e religiose, un immoderato spirito di passatempi, una scandalosa impudenza nelle donne, un libertinaggio posato per cosi dire in trionfo negli nomini erano fra gli altri disordini che dominavano in una parte di Patrizi, e di Cittadini d'ogni condizione si in Venezia, che nello Stato. Ne fanno fede gl' interni sconvolgimenti degli anni 1762 e 1780, e la Loggia de Liberi Muratori scoperta nel 1785, in che alcuni rispettabili soggetti avevano ingresso: Queste furono le cagioni estrinseche, che disponevano l'edificio ad un imminente pericolo di crollare."—Such is the acknowledgment of a Venetian author. *Raccolta, vol.* i. *p.* 16.

was the destiny of Venice. After having first insulted, and then courted the French republic, it at length, with all the means of defence in its hands, resigned itself to treacherous friendship; and sent a thousand boats, to transport the armies of France from the main land over the Lagune, into the very heart of the city. The English commodore in the Adriatic, protested against such madness, and offered to defend the city with his own ships —in vain! The people, who are always the last to lose a sense of national honor, expressed their readiness to stand forth and defend their country—in vain! The nobles trembled for their Italian estates; and in the empty hope of saving their income, betrayed their country, and submitted to plunder, slavery, and indelible disgrace. Not one arm was raised, not one sword was drawn, and Venice fell, self-betrayed, and therefore unpitied. Her enemies punished her pusillanimity, by pillaging her public and her private treasures, defacing her edifices, stripping her arsenal, carrying away her trophies, and then handing her over as a contemptible prize, to a foreign despot. A tremendous lesson to rich and effeminate nations to rouse them to exertion, and to prove, if such proof were wanting, that independence must be preserved, as it can only be obtained, by the sword; that money may purchase arms, but not freedom: that submission, ever excites contempt; and that determined, heroic resistance, even should it fail, challenges and obtains consideration and honor.

Non tamen ignavæ
Percipient gentes quam sit non ardua virtus
Servitium fugisse manu . . . .
Ignorantque datos, ne quisquam serviat, enses. LUCAN.

The population of Venice, previous to the late revolution, amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand souls; it is supposed, since that event, to have decreased considerably, and

will probably, if the present order of things should unfortunately last, continue to diminish, till, deserted like Sienna and Pisa, this city shall become a superb solitude, whose lonely grandeur will remind the traveller, that Venice was once great, and independent.

The state of society in Venice seems to be upon a more enlarged scale than formerly; the casinos indeed continue still to be the places of resort, of card-parties and suppers; but various houses are open to strangers; and balls and concerts, and club dinners given frequently; to all which introduction is not difficult. The carnival was distinguished by plays in the day, and masked balls at night; the illumination of the theatre on such nights is very beautiful. One species of theatrical amusement at this season is singular. It is a regular farce, carried on at all hours; so that the idle part of the community may, if they please, pass all the twenty-four hours in the play-house, fall asleep, and awake, go out and come in, and still find the play going on with its usual spirit. In such pieces, the actors seem to be obliged to have recourse to their own ingenuity for the dialogue, which, however, seldom flags for want of materials; such is their natural talent for repartee and buffoonery.

A person accustomed to the rides, the walks, the activity of ordinary towns, soon grows tired of the confinement of Venice, and of the dull, indolent, see-saw motion of Gondolas. He longs to expatiate in fields, and range at large through the streets, without the encumbrance of a boat and a retinue of Gondolieri. We therefore left Venice on the sixth of March, without much regret, and embarking at the inn door, proceeded towards Fusina. As we rowed over the Lagune, we prevailed

upon our gondolieri to sing, according to an ancient custom, mentioned, I think, by Addison, some stanzas of Tasso; but however beautiful the poetry might be, we thought the tune and execution no ways superior to that of a common ballad in the streets of London. This classical mode of singing verses alternately, the remains of the ancient pastoral,* so long preserved in Italy, has been much on the decline in Venice since the French invasion, which has damped the ardor of the people, and almost extinguished their natural mirth and vivacity. From Fusina we ascended the Brenta in the same manner as we had descended it, and arrived late at Padua.

The next morning, after a second visit to the most remarkable edifices, such as St. Justina, the Santo, the Cathedral, the Salone, we turned our thoughts to the neighbouring country, and considered what objects it presented to our curiosity. The warm fountains and baths of Aponus, now called Apono, lie about four miles from Padua. They were frequented by the ancient Romans under the Emperors, and have been celebrated by Claudian, and the Gothic king Theodoric, in long and elaborate descriptions in verse and prose.† These writers attribute to them many strange and wonderful effects; however, making all due allowances for poetical exaggeration, the waters are in many cases of great advantage.

---

* Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camenæ. *Virgil.*

† The principal effects are described in the following verses. Claudian addresses himself to the fountain:

Felices, proprium qui te meruere coloni,
Fas quibus est Aponon juris habere sui;

About seven miles southward of Padua, rises the ridge of hills called the Colli Euganei, still retaining the name of one of the earliest tribes that peopled the Paduan territory. These mountains, for so they might justly be termed, if the enormous swell of the neighbouring Alps did not in appearance diminish their elevation, were formerly, it seems, inhabited by a race of soothsayers, who vied with the Tuscans in the art of looking into futurity. One of these seers, according to Lucan, beheld the battle of Pharsalia while seated on his native hill, and described to his astonished auditors, all the vicissitudes of that bloody contest*, on the very morning on which it took place.

Aulus Gellius relates the same story, but attributes it to a priest of the name of Cornelius, a citizen of Padua, without mentioning, as he frequently does, the author from whom he derived the tale. But, whether it was a Paduan priest or an Euganean soothsayer who was gifted with this extraordinary power of vision, it proves at least that claims to the faculty

---

Non illis terrena lues, corrupta nec Austri
Flamina nec sævo Sirius igne nocet . . . .
Quod si forte malus membris exuberat humor
Languida vel nimio viscera felle virent;
Non venas reserant, nec vulnere vulnera sanant,
Pocula nec tristi gramine mista bibunt:
Amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
Pacaturque, ægro luxuriante, dolor. *Eidyl. Apon.*

Euganeo, si vera fides memorantibus, Augur
Colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit,
Atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timavi,
Venit summa dies, geritur, res maxima, dixit,
Impia concurrunt Pompeii et Cæsaris arma. *Luc.* vii. 192.

(The poet's geography is not very accurate.)

termed second sight, are not confined to modern times, or to the northern regions of Great Britain.

In one of the recesses of these mountains stands the village of Arquato, distinguished by the residence of Petrarcha, during the latter years of his life, and by his death, which took place in the year 1374. He was buried in the church-yard of the same village, and a monument was erected in his honor. This monument, and his villa, have been preserved by the people with religious care, and continue even now to attract a number of literary visitants of all countries, who, as they pass through Padua, fail not to pay their respects to the manes of Petrarcha. The road to Arquato, as far as Monte Selice, runs along a canal, over a very flat and a very fertile country, bearing a strong resemblance to some of the finest parts of the Netherlands. Villas and large villages lie thick around, and the scene on every side gives the traveller an idea of plenty and population. To relieve the flatness of the country immediately around, the Colli Euganei rise in various forms in the front, and Monte Selice (or Silicis), in particular, strikes the eye by its lofty conical form. About eight miles from Padua, on the banks of the canal, stands the castle of the Obizzi, an ancient and illustrious family of Padua. This edifice is pretty much in the style of the old castles of romance. Lofty rooms, long galleries, winding staircases, and dark passages, fit it admirably for the purposes of a novelist, and render it equally proper for the abode of a great baron, the receptacle of a band of robbers, the scene of nightly murders, or the solitary walk of ghosts and spectres. But the

---

Aul. Gell. lib. xv. 18.

predominant taste of the country has fitted it up in a style well calculated to dispel these gloomy, transalpine illusions, and cure the spectator's mind of its Gothic terrors. The apartments are adorned with paintings, some of which are in *fresco*, on the walls, representing the glories and achievements of the Obizzian heroes in days of old, and others on canvas, being originals or copies of great masters. The galleries, and one in particular of very considerable length, are filled with Roman antiquities, altars, vases, armour, inscriptions, pillars, &c. On the whole, the castle is very curious, and ought to be made the object of a particular visit, as an incidental hour is not sufficient for an examination in detail of the various curiosities it contains.

A little beyond the village of Cataio, we turned off from the high road, and quitting our carriage on account of the swampiness of the country, walked or rowed along through lines of willows, or over tracts of marshy land, for two or three miles, till we began to ascend the mountain. Arquato is prettily situated on the northern side of a high hill, with a valley below it, winding through the Euganean ridge. It is not a very large, but a neat village. Petrarcha's villa is at the extremity farthest from Padua. It consists of two floors. The first is used for farming purposes, as it is annexed to a farmer's house. The second story contains five rooms, three of which are large, and two closets; the middle room seems to have been used as a reception room or hall; that on the right is a kitchen; that on the left has two closets, one of which might have been a study, the other a bed-chamber. Its fire-place is high, and its *postes fuligine nigri*. To the chief window is a balcony; the view thence towards the opening of the valley on the side, and in the front, towards two lofty conical hills, one of which is topped with

a convent, is calm and pleasing. The only decoration of the apartments is a deep border of grotesque painting, running as a cornice under the ceiling; an old smoaky picture over the fire-place in the kitchen, said by the good people to be an original by *Michael Angelo*, and a table and chair, all apparently, the picture not excepted, as old as the house itself. On the table is a large book, an Album, containing the names, and sometimes the sentiments, of various visitants. The following verses are inscribed in the first page; they are addressed to the traveller.

Tu che devoto al sagro albergo arrivi
Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale
Di chi un di vi depose il corpo frale,
La Patria, il nome, il sensi tuoi qui scrive.

The walls are covered with names, compliments, and verses. Behind the house is a garden, with a small lodge for the gardener, and the ruins of a tower covered with ivy. A narrow walk leads through it, and continues along the side of the hill, under the shade of olive trees; a solitary laurel* still lingers beside the path, and recals to mind, at once, both the poet and the lover. The hill ascends steep from the garden, and winding round, closes the vale and the prospect. Its broken sides are well cultivated, interspersed with olives and cottages. It was already evening when we arrived. After having examined the house, we walked for some time in the garden; a thousand violets perfumed the air; the nightingale was occasionally heard, as if making its first essay; and, excepting his evening song, "most musical, most melancholy," all was still and silent around. The place and the scenery seemed so well described

* It is necessary to remark here, once for all, that the Italian laurel is the *bay-tree*, the laurus of the ancients.

in the following beautiful lines, that it was impossible not to recollect and apply them, though probably intended by the poet for another region.

Quì non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino,
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino
Onde se scende poetando e poggia,
Levan di terra al ciel nostro intelletto.
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente all' ombra
Tutte le notti si lamenta e piagne. *Son.* x.

The garden is entirely neglected, but the house is kept in good repair, a circumstance which cannot but reflect much honor on the spirit of the proprietor and inhabitants of the village, when it is considered that more than four hundred years have now elapsed since the death of Petrarcha, and that many a destructive war has raged in the country, and many a wasting army passed over it since that event. His body lies interred in the church-yard of the village in a large stone sarcophagus, raised on four low pillars, and surmounted with a bust. As we stood and contemplated the tomb by the pale light of the moon, we indulged the caprice of the moment, and twining a branch of laurel into the form of a crown, placed it on the head of the bust, and hailed the manes of the Tuscan poet in the words of his admirer.

Deh pioggia, o vento rio non faccia scorno
All' ossa pie; sol porti grati odori
L'aura che'l ciel suol far puro e sereno.
Lascin le ninfe ogni lor antro ameno
E raccolte in corona al sasso intorno,
Liete ti cantin lodi e spargan fiori! *Aless. Piccolomini.*

Several of the inhabitants who had gathered round us, during this singular ceremony, seemed not a little pleased with the

whim, and cheered us with repeated viva's as we passed through the village, and descended the hill. Though overturned by the blunder of the drivers, and for some time suspended over the canal with imminent danger of being precipitated into it, yet as the night was bright and warm, and all the party in high spirits, the excursion was extremely pleasant.

Few names seem to have been so fondly cherished by contemporaries, or treated with so much partiality by posterity, as that of Petrarcha. This distinction he owes not so much to his talents, or even to his virtues, as to the many amiable and engaging qualities which accompanied them, and set them off to the greatest advantage. As an orator, an historian, and a poet, he had even in his own time many rivals, perhaps in Boccaccio an equal, and in Dante, undoubtedly a superior. But in pleasing manners, generous feelings, warm attachment, and all the graceful, all the attractive accomplishments of life, he seems to have surpassed every public character of his time, and to have engaged universal and unqualified admiration. Gibbon asserts that the literary reputation of Petrarcha must rest entirely on his Latin works, and insinuates that his sonnets are trifles; that his passion was, in his own opinion, and in that of his contemporaries, criminal; and that Laura, the mother of ten children, could have possessed few of the charms ascribed to her by the poet. Though I have no particular inclination to enter the lists as champion of the lady's charms, yet I may venture to observe, that a matron who died at the age of forty or forty-two, may possibly have been very beautiful at the age of nineteen or twenty, when the poet first beheld her; that female beauty sometimes survives forty, however fatal that age may be to it in general; that it is less liable to fade when it consists more in

expression than in color and freshness; and, in fine, that though Laura, if we may believe her lover, possessed both species of beauty, yet she excelled in the former.

> Le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente
> E'l lampeggiar dell angelico riso . . . . II *Parte. Sonn.* 24.
>
> Le perle in ch' [amor] frange ed affrena
> Dolci parole—— I *Parte. Sonn.* 184.

Are perishable charms without doubt, and liable to very rapid decay. But,

> Leggiadria singolare e pellegrina;
> E'l cantar che nell anima si sente:
> L' andar celeste, e'l vago spirto ardente:
> Begli occhi che i cor fanno smalti:
> Col dir pien d' intelletti, dolci ed alti:
> E'l bel tacere, e quei santi costumi! I *Parte. Sonn.* 178.

These are charms which emanate directly from the mind, and seem almost to enjoy some portion of its pure and imperishable nature. Laura, therefore, may still be allowed to retain her honors, and continue to rank among the celebrated beauties of ancient times, *oltra le belle bella.**

As to the poet's passion, it was undoubtedly misplaced, excessive, and highly reprehensible; but his contemporaries do not seem to have considered it in that light, especially as it never broke out in any guilty deed, or even indecorous expression. The author of his life, Beccadelli, a man of unblemished morals and reputation, and an archbishop, de-

---

* Vol. ii. Son. xxi.

clares that Petrarcha's attachment was innocent in itself, and beneficial in its consequences, as it called forth the powers of the poet's genius, and contributed in a high degree to the perfection of his language, and the honor of his country. Petrarcha himself condemns, and applauds, his own passion, alternately; representing it sometimes as having preserved him from the indulgence of low grovelling appetites, and urged him to the pursuit of honorable fame*; and at other times lamenting it as a guilty weakness, to which he sacrificed his time, and devoted talents destined for nobler objects.† But, notwithstanding the severity of this self-censure, he continued either to compose or correct the strains that love inspired, not only for several years after the death of its object, but even to the near approach of his own: a circumstance which, considering the religious turn of his mind, particularly in his latter days, proves that he attached no criminality to the passion itself, since he could indulge himself so freely in its recollection.

As to the sonnets of Petrarcha, in the eyes of a moralist they are trifles, and so are the elegies of Propertius and Tibullus, and all the numerous poems, both ancient and modern, that treat the same airy and unsubstantial subject; but trinkets may derive value from their materials and workmanship, and even love songs may acquire both importance and interest from their language and sentiments. Genius communicates its own dignity to every subject that it chooses to handle; it can give weight to insignificance, and make even an amorous ditty the vehicle of awful truths and useful lessons. This observation is more applicable perhaps to Petrarcha than to any other poet. Equal, I had almost

* Parte II. Canz. VII. † Son. LXXXVI.

said superior, in felicity of expression, and harmony of language, to his Roman predecessors, he rises far above them in delicacy of thought, and dignity of sentiment. He borrows no embellishments from the fictions of mythology, and indulges himself in no pastoral tales, no far-fetched allusions. The spirit of religion, which strongly influenced his mind, in all the vicissitudes of life, not unfrequently gives his passion something of the solemnity of devotion, and inspires the holy strains that chant

Quanto piu vale
Sempiterna bellezza che mortale.

This peculiar turn of thought, that pervades the poems of Petrarcha, and raises them so much above all other similar compositions, is noticed by his biographer as a distinction highly honourable to the Tuscan muse, *le quali, ha mostro, come altamente e santamente possono cantar d'amore.* It is not wonderful therefore, that the poet himself should have rested, in a great measure, his hopes of fame on his Italian poems, and persisted in correcting and repolishing them with so much assiduity; or that posterity should have confirmed the author's judgment, and continued ever since to set a high value on these short, but highly labored productions. While his Latin poems, histories, and moral dissertations, slumber undisturbed on the shelf, his Rimè will sometimes amuse the leisure of the youthful reader, and now and then, perhaps, attract the attention of the philosopher, who will often find in them, intermingled with the frivolous graces of the subject, sublime sentiments, expressed in language the most harmonious.

CHAP. V.

VISIT TO THE LAGO DI GARDA, OR BENACUS—THE RIVER MINCIUS—THE PROMONTORY OF SIRMIO—DESENSANO—STORM ON THE LAKE—PARADISINO—BANKS OF THE MINCIUS—MANTUA—PIETOLE—EXCURSION TO THE PO—HONOURS PAID TO VIRGIL—VIRGILIANO.

NEXT day we took leave of Padua, returned through Vicentia to Verona, and having passed the following day there, on the ensuing morning, (March 13), we set out for the Lago di Garda (the Benacus), celebrated by Virgil as one of the noblest ornaments of Italy. Its principal promontory, Sirmio, has been commemorated by Catullus, as his favorite residence. We reached Peschiera, a fortress on the southern extremity of the lake, at about half past two. The distance is about eighteen miles, over an excellent road, generally descending, and always passing through corn fields, striped with vines, with some swells at a distance crowned with villages, and churches, and seats; while the Alps formed a vast line to the north. Traces of hostility, as I before observed, are indeed too visible in the neighbourhood of Verona, where several severe skirmishes, and one decisive battle, took place during the late war. The vine-

yards and mulberry trees, of course, were torn up or cut down by the armies as they passed along. However, I observed with satisfaction, that the peasants were busily employed in replanting them. At Peschiera, the lake terminates in the river Mincio, which flows through the town, broad, deep, and clear as crystal, though almost as rapid as a mountain torrent. The traveller, when he beholds this river, the name of which is so familiar and so pleasing to a classic ear, will recal to mind the passages in which Virgil describes its banks and appearances. We contemplated it for some time from the bridge, and then went out of the town, and embarking without the gate, glided over the surface of the lake, so smooth and clear, that we could distinguish the bottom at the depth of twenty or five-and-twenty feet. The weather, though only the thirteenth of March, was as warm, and the sun as bright, as on a summer's day in England; though some clouds hung on the summits of the mountains, and a certain haziness dimmed their sides. The borders of the lake towards the south, though rather flat, yet rise sufficiently to display to advantage the towns, villages, and seats, with the olives, cornfields, and vineyards that adorn them; and when lighted up by a bright sunshine, present a very exhilarating prospect. The shores, as they advance northward, assume a bolder aspect, and exhibit all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Rocky promontories, precipices, lofty hills, and towering mountains, in all their grotesque, broken, and shapeless appearances, rise in succession one above another; while the declining sun, playing upon the snow that capped their summits, tinged them with various hues, and at length spread over them a thin veil of purple.

The peninsula of Sirmione, and the bolder promontory of

Minerbo, the former about seven, the latter about fourteen miles distant, appeared to great advantage from Peschiera, and grew upon the sight as we advanced. Sirmione appears as an island; so low and so narrow is the bank that unites it to the main land. Its entrance is defended, and indeed totally covered by an old castle, with its battlements and high antique tower in the centre, in the form of a Gothic fortification. The promontory spreads behind the town, and rises into a hill entirely covered with olives; this hill may be said to have two summits, as there is a gentle descent between them. On the nearest is a church and hermitage, plundered by the French, and now uninhabited and neglected. On the farthest, in the midst of an olive grove, stand the walls of an old building, said to be a Roman bath, and near it is a vault called the grotto of Catullus. The extremity of this promontory is covered with arched ways, towers, and subterranean passages, supposed by the inhabitants to be Roman, but bearing, in fact, a strong resemblance to Gothic ruins. At all events, Catullus undoubtedly inhabited this spot, and preferred it, at a certain period, to every other region. He has expressed his attachment to it in some beautiful lines.

> Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
> Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
> Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus:
> Quam te libenter, quamque lætus inviso. *Catull.* 32.

He could not, in fact, have chosen a more delightful retreat. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, apparently secluded from the world, yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might have enjoyed alternately the pleasures of retirement and society; and daily, without the sacrifice of all his

connections, which Horace seemed inclined to make, in a moment of despondency, beheld the grandeur and agitation of the ocean, without its terrors and immensity. Besides, the soil is fertile and its surface varied; sometimes shelving in a gentle declivity, at other times breaking in craggy magnificence, and thus furnishing every requisite for delightful walks and luxurious baths; while the views vary at every step, presenting rich coasts or barren mountains, sometimes confined to the cultivated scenes of the neighbouring shore, and at other times bewildered and lost in the windings of the lake, and the recesses of the Alps. In short, more convenience and more beauty are seldom united; and such a peninsula is, as Catullus enthusiastically observes, scarcely to be matched in all the wide range of the world of waters. We left Sirmione after sunset; and, lighted by the moon, glided smoothly over the lake to Desensano, four miles distant, where, about eight, we stepped from the boat into a very good inn.

So far the lake appeared very different from the description which Virgil has given in one expressive line, as his masterly manner is, of its stormy character. Before we retired to rest, about midnight, from our windows, we observed the lake calm and unruffled. About three in the morning I was roused from sleep by the door and windows bursting open at once, and the wind roaring round the room. I started up, and looking out, observed by the light of the moon, the lake in the most dreadful agitation, and the waves, dashing against the walls of the inn, and resembling the swellings of the ocean, more than the petty agitation of inland waters. Shortly after, the landlord

* Lib. i. Ep. xi.

entered my room with a lantern, closed the outward shutters, expressed some apprehensions, but at the same time assured me, that their houses were built to resist such sudden tempests as occasionally blew from the Alps, and that I might repose with confidence under a roof, which had resisted full many a storm as terrible as that which occasioned our present alarm. Next morning, the lake, so tranquil and serene the evening before, presented a surface covered with foam, and swelling into mountain billows, that burst in breakers every instant at the very door of the inn, and covered the whole house with spray. Virgil's description now seemed nature itself, and, taken from the very scene actually under our eyes, it was impossible not to exclaim,

Teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino. *Geor.* ii. 160.

After breakfast (March 14, Sunday), I walked up the road to Brescia, and from a high hill viewed the lake, its coasts, peninsulas and promontories. The peninsula of Sirmione forms the most striking object, as running between Peschiera and Desensano; it divides the first and widest part of the lake into two nearly equal spaces, and on account of the lowness and narrowness of the passage to it, appears like a beautiful and well wooded island. The next striking feature of the lake is the bold promontory of Minerbo, or rather of San Pietro, and the Isola dei Venti. Behind this promontory and island, lies the river of Salo, supposed to be one of the most picturesque parts of the lake. Nearly opposite to San Pietro, stands the town of Garda, (founded in the middle ages), which now gives its name to the lake, while anciently, the lake gave its name to the sur-

rounding territory, called Ager Benacensis,* whose inhabitants assembled for public purposes at Tusculanum. This town still exists under its ancient appellation, near Salo. The remaining part of the lake is concealed among the mountains, and placed beyond the observation of one who stands in the neighbourhood of Desensano. The waters of the lake are of the finest sea green; its depth is unequal; in the narrow parts, from ten to forty, in the wider, from one hundred to three hundred feet. The Benacus is fed by several Alpine streams, and particularly the Sarca, a river that still bears its Roman name: its only outlet is the Mincius. Hence this stream is supplied with a perpetual flow of waters, and never rises or falls more than a few inches, while other rivers are oftentimes almost dried up in warm seasons, and swelled in wet months into an inundation.

On the fifteenth we left Desensano, and passing through Rigoltela, alighted at the turn towards the peninsula, and visited Sirmione once more. We ranged, as before, over the whole promontory, and examined its coasts, its productions, and its ruins more minutely. The eastern and western sides are formed principally of steep, craggy rocks, that sometimes rise into a wall, and at other times descend in regular gradations to the

* Many geographers suppose, and pretend to ground their suppositions upon ancient monuments, that the name of Benacus belonged not to a town, but to the lake itself only, and that the surrounding country was called *Ager Benacensis*, and the inhabitants, Benacenses. The lake is now known among the people of the country, as much by the appellation of Lago de Benaco, as that of Lago di Garda.

the water. The northern extremity is a grassy declivity. A vast mass of solid rock seems to form the basis of the promontory. It borders it on all sides, and shelving by degrees, extends to a considerable distance visible, though under water, and losing itself almost imperceptibly in the deep. The views on all sides, excepting the south, are such an intermixture of level and mountainous, cultivated and barren, as cannot fail to interest even by its contrast; while from the northern point you discover the utmost borders of the lake, though their distance, which is about thirty-five miles, and the dark shade of the superincumbent mountains, involve them in dimness and obscurity. The produce of the hill consists principally of olive trees, plants evergreen indeed, but neither lofty nor luxuriant in foliage, nor of consequence well calculated to answer the purposes of ornament, shade, or shelter. They are, however, productive, and the inhabitants are so sensible of their value, that they contrive to plant them on the sides, and even in the clefts of the rocks, and sometimes raise walls to prop them when in a situation too perpendicular, or of a form too spreading and extensive for the trunk. This instance of exertion, and indeed many others, which I may introduce occasionally hereafter, together with the highly cultivated appearance of the country, have effectually removed some of our prejudices, and convinced us, notwithstanding the partial and hasty representations of certain travellers, that the Italians are a very laborious people, and that if they do not enjoy all the advantages attached by Providence to industry, the fault is to be attributed, not to them, but to their landlords and governors. But though olives be the principal produce of the peninsula, yet vines and corn are by no means excluded: on the contrary, vineyards occupy a considerable part of the first hill, particularly towards the west, where, border-

ing on the town and lake, a beautiful vineyard rises, enclosed with large laurels; and corn fills the spaces between the olive rows, and covers the peninsula with verdure from shore to shore. A large garden occupies the first hill immediately over the town, and contains, among other plants, some beautiful cypresses, favorite trees in all Italian gardens, both ancient and modern.

After having wandered up and down these classic retreats, and read Catullus on the ruins of his residence; having observed again and again all the beautiful points of view that rose around us, we were reminded by the setting sun of the necessity of retiring; and withdrew, reluctantly indeed, but with the satisfaction of having seen the Benacus under all its forms of calmness, agitation, and returning tranquillity. We walked along its banks by the light of the moon, to Peschiera, six miles, and thence one more to Paradisino, a country seat belonging to Sig. Alberto Albertini, our banker at Verona. The house is in a lovely country, yet so situated as to enjoy none of its advantages; for though it stands on the banks of the Mincio, and within a mile of the lake, yet it commands a view of neither. Its furniture is very indifferent, and the walks around, the principal of which, opposite the house, consists of a double row of cypresses, seem to promise neither shade nor shelter. To account for this deficiency, it would perhaps be sufficient to observe, that the Italians, in general, have very little taste in furnishing a house, or in laying out grounds to advantage; but in justice to the proprietor of Paradisino, I must add, that the French had plundered the house, and cut down the greatest part of the wood that surrounded it, so that its nakedness must, in some degree, be ascribed to the general cause of all the miseries of Italy, the destroying spirit of the French army.

Before we take a last leave of the Benacus and its borders, Verona and its vicinity, I must inform the reader that the lake, with all its streams and surrounding hills, and, indeed, the whole circumjacent country, has been rendered truly classical by having been made the scene or subject of many beautiful compositions in the second Augustan age of Italy. Fracastorius, Naugerius, Castilio, have invoked the *Nymphæ Benacides;* and Bembo has given the appellation of the Lake to one of his most correct and most pleasing Latin poems. The mountains and hills on its borders have been converted into the Arcadia of Italy, and peopled with a race of shepherds, that almost rival in song the Grecian swains once *soli cantare periti*, and far surpass them in innocence and piety. But of all the strains in which these scenes are celebrated, the most affecting are those addressed by Fracastorius to his departed friend Flaminius, who was himself one of the most tuneful natives of this happy region.

Te miserum ante diem, crudeli funere, Marce
Antoni! ætatis primo sub flore cadentem
Vidimus extremâ positum Benacide ripâ,
Quam media inter saxa sonans Sarca abluit undâ.
Te ripæ flevere Athesis, te voce vocare
Auditæ per noctem umbræ manesque Catulli,
Et patrios mulcere nova dulcedine lucos. *Syph. lib.* 1.

Next morning we sent our carriages towards Mantua, and determined to proceed on foot, in order to explore the secret beauties of the Mincius, and to trace its classic banks, hitherto untrodden by the foot of any British traveller. We took one of Sig. Albertini's men, an honest looking peasant, for our guide, and descending the little hill on which Paradisino stands, advanced towards the banks of the river. These banks consist of

fine little broken hills, covered with vineyards and mulberry trees, interspersed with corn-fields and downs, with a rill occasionally tumbling through a large chasm on the left. On the same side, on the highest part of the bank, stands the village of Salionche, and on leaving this village you have a fine view over the river, between two swells, of the fortress of Ponte, at about two miles distance, backed by the Alps. Before you, on a hill, rises the old castle of Mosembano, with its two towers and long *battlemented* ramparts. Beyond it a fine swell, crowned with a few solitary cypresses, attracts the attention, merely, I believe, by its apparent loneliness. Mosembano stands high on the right bank, and as you approach, increases to your view, presenting a handsome church, and a fine old castle. Opposite Mosembano, on the left, a fertile plain extends for the space of a mile, to a range of well wooded hills, adorned with a tower on the middle eminence called Monte Velto, and terminating in the very picturesque hill and castle of Valeggio. A little beyond Mosembano, the scenery improves considerably; broken hills, increasing in magnitude, approach the river: trees, more frequent and more majestic, adorn their sides; the Mincius, spreading as it winds along, assumes the appearance of a magnificent river, while the castle of Valeggio on the hill, and the fortified bridge of Borghetto, in the valley, form a very singular and striking termination. The side of a high hill, on the left, is crowned with the house and garden of the Marquis Maffei, a name well known in literature. Borghetto is situated in a very beautiful valley: a high road runs across and is flanked with a wall on each side, strengthened with towers, and defended by three castles, one at each end, and one in the middle, forming a bridge over the river. On the top of a steep hill, rising immediately from the bridge or fortified road, stands the romantic

castle of Valeggio. In its centre rises a lofty tower, which the Austrians were employed in repairing and raising, till the moment of their final retreat. The whole is now neglected, and will undoubtedly, if the present system remains in force much longer, become a heap of ruins. A little beyond the castle, from its highest rampart, we enjoyed one of the most delicious views imaginable. To the south extended a plain almost interminable, watered by the Mincius, covered with corn-fields, divided by mulberry trees and vines, intersected by various roads, and dotted with villas, villages, and towns. Among the latter, Mantua, at the distance of about fifteen miles, made the most conspicuous figure. To the east, rose the hills of Vicentia, and the more distant mountains of Arqua, amongst which the peaked forms of Monte Selice, and Monte Ferro, were, even though so remote, yet very remarkable. Westward, and immediately under the eye, lay the delightful valley of Borghetto, with its little town, its castle, its fortified bridge, and all its towers and battlements. An amphitheatre of hills partly encloses the valley with a rampart of woods and villages, and through its middle rolls the sea-green Mincius, tumbling in foam over two or three slight rocky layers. To the north, the churches and castles of Mosembano and Ponte, crown their respective hills, while the Alps, forming a vast semicircular sweep from east to west, close the prospect with a broken line of blue rocks, snowy masses, and cloud-capt pinnacles. We here caught, for the first time, an indistinct view of the very distant Apennines, running from west to south, and observed with surprise, that they were still, like the neighbouring Alps, covered with snow. We descended from the rampart, and following the hill to its southern extremity, saw the Mincius rushing from the defile between two eminences, (one of which, on the right, is called the

Volta Mantuana), and then sweeping along a wood, till it loses itself in the distant level. As the day advanced, and the river did not promise any picturesque scenery during its progress over the flat country, we mounted our carriages in the town of Borghetto, and drove to Mantua, over a most fertile, well wooded, highly cultivated, and well peopled plain. We entered the fortress about six o'clock on the 17th of March.*

The day after our arrival we crossed the lower lake, and visited the village of Pietole, anciently supposed by some to be Andes, where Virgil is said to have been born. It is about three miles distant from Mantua, on the banks of the Mincius, "tardis ubi flexibus errat Ingens," and consists of several neat cottages, good farm houses, and a handsome village church. About half a mile southward on the road, and near the river, stands a large farm, with two extensive gardens, and offices well walled in, formerly belonging to the Imperial government, which granted it to a Mantuan citizen, Count Giberti, to defray the interest of the money which he had advanced for public purposes. This farm is called Virgiliana, and is said to have belonged to the poet himself. The country around it and Pietole, is extremely flat, but fertile, well wooded, and highly cultivated.

On the 19th (Friday), we took a boat and descended the Mincius, to the place where it falls into the Po, about twelve

* I thought it necessary to enter into very minute details in describing the banks of the Mincius, as they are very little known, notwithstanding the poetical fame of the river.

miles below Mantua. The country through which it flows is so low, that the river is generally embanked like a canal, and cannot be supposed to exhibit any picturesque views; especially as the fields around were still, in consequence of the late inundation, in many places covered with water. However, many trees, great fertility, and high cultivation, give it all the beauty it is capable of receiving; while several neat cottages adorn the banks, and as the weather was extremely fine, appeared, when we passed, to much advantage. At the beautiful village of Governolo, the Mincius makes a sudden bend, and shortly after loses itself in the Po. The breadth of this latter river, and the vast mass of waters which it rolled along, gave it a very magnificent appearance, and entitle it to the pompous appellation of *Fluviorum Rex*; if, as Addison justly observes, its pre-eminence be confined to the rivers of Italy. Though inferior to the Rhine or Danube in the extent of country it waters, it certainly surpasses the former, and equals the latter, at least at Vienna, in its immense surface. Its waters, very different from the azure colour of the Mincius, were thick and yellow with mud; its banks are low, and the country around flat, hence its frequent and extensive inundations. Its borders are lined with trees and villages, and pleasing, though by no means picturesque. As the Po is a truly classic river, we walked for some time on its banks with great satisfaction, and recalled to mind various passages in Virgil, Ovid, Vida, in which its name occurs. We then returned to Governolo, and as we passed through, visited and admired its beautiful church, which, unfortunately, owing to the misery of the inhabitants, occasioned by the French invasion, has never been fitted up and furnished for divine service. We

were then drawn up the river by our boatmen, and arrived at Mantua about five. The classical reader will naturally suppose, that while we ranged along the banks of the Mincius, or glided down its stream, we frequently recurred to Virgil, and endeavoured to apply his descriptions to the borders of his favorite river, and the scenery of his native fields. In fact, we perused his pastorals and Georgics during our tour, and after having examined and applied them to the face of the country, as it now appears, have been led to the following conclusions.

Virgil composed his Eclogues, in order to enrich his language with a species of poetry till then unknown in Latin, and that he might succeed the better, he took Theocritus, the Prince of Pastoral Poets, for his model. With little regard to originality, he pretended to no more than the honor of being the first Roman who imitated the Sicilian bard.

> **Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu**
> **Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.** *Ecl.* VI.

And made no difficulty of borrowing the sentiments, images, and even descriptions of his master. We are not therefore, generally speaking, to look into Virgil's pastorals for delineations of Mantuan scenery, nor expect to find in them many unmixt and peculiar allusions to the Mincius and its borders. His object was to copy the original, not to give a new picture of his own composition. I have said *generally*, because in two pastorals, the first and the ninth, the poet treats professedly of that river, Mantua, and the neighbouring country; and in the seventh, though the names are Greek, the two contending shepherds, Arcadians, and the scene, we must suppose, Grecian also,

yet, by an inaccuracy, not unusual in pastoral compositions, he introduces the Mincius, with its characteristic reeds and its verdant banks.

Hic virides tenera prætexit arundine ripas,
Mincius.

In the two former the poet certainly means to describe some of the features of his own little possession, and by these features it is evident, that it lay at the foot, or in the immediate neighbourhood of the hills, not far from Valleggio, near which town they begin to subside, and gradually lose themselves in the immense plain of Mantua.

Qua se subducere colles,
Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo. *Ecl.* IX. 7—16.

On no other part of the banks of the Mincius, are to be discovered either the "bare rocks," that disfigured the farm of Tityrus, or the "towering crag" that shaded the pruner, as he sung, or the "vine-clad grotto," where the shepherd reclined, or the "bushy cliff," whence "the browsing goats seemed as if suspended," or "the lofty mountains," which, in the evening, cast their "protracted shadows" over the plain. The "spreading beech" indeed, and "aerial elm," still delight in the soil, and adorn the banks of the Mincius, in all its windings. From these observations may be inferred, the impropriety of fixing Virgil's farm at Pietole, or Virgiliana, in the immediate vicinity of Mantua, while the poet represents it as at the distance of at least some miles, or a walk, deemed long even for active young shepherds:

Cantantes, licet usque, *minus via lædet*, eamus. IX.

Of the tomb of Bianor we at present know nothing; but as sepulchral monuments, unless formed of valuable materials, or standing in the immediate neighbourhood of cities, have generally, been respected, or at least neglected, I have no doubt but that some vestiges of it might be discovered by a diligent investigator, on or near some of the roads leading from the hills to Mantua.

The observation which I have just made, that Virgil's pastorals ought, in general, to be considered, not as pictures of real scenery, or as conveying his own feelings and sentiments, but as mere *lusus poetici*, composed in imitation of Theocritus, leads me to another, which, though unconnected with the Mincius, will, I hope, recommend itself by its object, which is to rescue the memory of the first and purest of poets, from a very odious and ill-founded suspicion. Every critical reader knows, that the subject of the second pastoral, though it has exposed Virgil to the charge alluded to, is taken from Theocritus, and that many images, sentiments, and even expressions, are copied literally, and almost verbatim, from the Sicilian poet. This circumstance, alone, is sufficient to clear the writer, from the suspicion of any personal application; especially when we recollect, the contempt with which he elsewhere speaks of a character to whom he attributes such a propensity, and whom he seems to have introduced for the express purpose of branding him with infamy.* The truth is, that he who judges of the morality of the Latin poets, from a few detached passages in their works, must form a very unfair estimate of their character; and impute to

* Tu quoque, L. x. 325.

them criminal habits, of which they were not probably capable. Pliny, the younger, to excuse himself for having composed some sportive verses, pleads the example of Cicero,* and cites a passage from Catullus,† importing, that however blameless the manners of the poet should be, his verses may be playful, and even lascivious. Ovid adopts the same idea, and holds it forth as a justification of his own wanton compositions.‡

The modern Italians have imitated the ancients in this respect, and some of the most classical writers of the sixteenth century, though eminent for the unblemished innocence of their lives, have, in moments of poetical playfulness, employed expressions, which, if literally understood, may be censured as licentious. I admit that the reasoning of Pliny is by no means satisfactory, and that the rule laid down by Catullus is both absurd and immoral, and I most readily pass condemnation on every loose and indecent expression, in whatsoever composition it may be found. But as the ancients seem to have adopted this rule, and acted upon it, I contend that it authorizes us to acquit Virgil of the odious charge brought against him, by some systematical grammarians, and ignorant commentators, especially

---

* Plin. Lib. v. Ep. 3.

† Scimus alioqui hujus opusculi illam esse verissimam legem quam Catullus, expressit.

Nam castum esse decet pium poëtam
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est:
Qui tunc denique habent salem & leporem,
Si sunt molliculi & parum pudici. *Plin. Lib.* IV. *Ep.* 14.

‡ Crede mihi mores distant a carmine nostri,
Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa fuit.

as it is supported by mere traditional tales and conjectural anecdotes.*

Above and below Mantua, the Mincius spreads into two lakes, called the Lago di Sopra, and the Lago di Infra; the space between, the breadth of which entitles it to a similar appellation, is called the Lago Mezzo. Virgil alludes to this vast expanse, when, in the third Georgic, he promises to erect a temple to Augustus, near Mantua.

> Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
> Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
> Mincius. . . . . *3 Geor.* XIII.

The banks of the Mincio, above Mantua, are rather higher and a little more picturesque, particularly on the right side of the river, near the Cremona road, than below the town; several large farms rise on its borders, and its reeds wave over them, as usual in forests.

Mantua is a large city, with spacious streets, and some fine edifices. Its cathedral, built nearly upon the same plan as Santa Maria Maggiore, at Rome, is a very regular and beautiful edifice. The nave consists of a double row of Corinthian pillars, supporting, not arches, but an architrave and cornice, with a range of windows above, and niches in the intervals between them. Another row of pillars, of the same order, on either side, forms a double aisle. The choir consists of a semicircular recess behind the altar. Between the choir and the nave rises a very noble dome, decorated with pilasters and fine paintings. The

---

* See Pope's Letter to Swift on Gay's death; letter LXV.

transept, on the left, terminates in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, an hexagon, with a recess for the altar, surmounted with a dome, adorned with paintings and arabesques, in the best style, presenting, in the whole, an exquisite specimen of Mantuan taste.

The day after our arrival happened to be the festival of St. Anselmo, patron of Mantua. At evening service, about six o'clock, the cathedral was illuminated in the finest manner imaginable. Double rows of lustres lighted up the nave; the aisles and arcades had as many clusters of torches, as there were arches and pillars; while a thousand chandeliers, suspended from the dome, shed a blaze of light on the choir and altar.

The music might have been deemed heavenly, had it not been rather too theatrical, and, like all Italian church music, performed with violins; however, the organ sometimes interposed, with all its solemnity, and some bursts in chorus were truly celestial. The venerable old bishop presided in full pontific majesty; the crowded congregation were silent, orderly, and pious, and the scene, though perhaps too glaring and stage-like for English taste, yet, on the whole, was splendid, and even awful. The statue of the Saint, was as large as life, and formerly of massive silver, but the French conceiving that one of wood was sufficient for all the purposes of exhibition, converted the silver to other uses. The next, and I believe, the only remaining church worth particular attention, is that of St. Andrew. It is also a Latin cross, without aisles, with a dome in the section. It contains some fine pictures, and is painted all over, in a very beautiful manner. Several other churches, and many public buildings, such as the Corte, with its

halls; the Palazzo della Giustitia; that of Gonzaga; that in the suburbs, called the Palazzo de T. on account of its form, with its apartments; together with several private mansions, merit attention. In fact, Giulio Romano, an architect and painter of the first eminence, and a disciple of Raphael, devoted his time and superior talents to the embellishment of Mantua, and adorned it with many a magnificent pile, and many a noble painting. The house of this celebrated artist is shown to strangers, and as it was erected by himself, it certainly deserves to be visited. The taste of Giulio, in architecture, seems to have been manly and bold; he was fond of strength and majesty, but sometimes inclined to encumber his edifices with too much mass, and too many ornaments.

Mantua can boast an antiquity superior even to that of Rome, and is represented by her native poet, not without some historical truth, as existing so early as the time of Eneas.

> Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris
> Fatidicæ Mantûs et Tusci filius amnis:
> Qui muros, matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen,
> Mantua dives avis. *Æneid.* x. 198.

Mantua shared the prosperity of Rome, underwent her disasters, felt all the vicissitudes of the middle ages, and emerged thence, like the other great Italian cities, into liberty and independence. At length it became subject to one of its own powerful families, and acknowledged the Gonzagas as Dukes and Sovereigns. This form of government remained for near two hundred years, when the last Duke, taking up arms against the Austrian interest, was driven from his states, and died in exile, at Padua, in 1708. Mantua, while free, and even under the

dominion of her own dukes, enjoyed no small share of riches and prosperity. Her walls were supposed to contain about fifty thousand inhabitants. She was often engaged in wars with the neighbouring states, and had her full proportion of victory and honor. The arts and sciences flourished in her territories, and numberless palaces adorned her streets, her squares, and her suburbs. But this golden age closed at the Austrian invasion. The city was plundered, several of its antiquities carried off or defaced, and its independence finally sacrificed to Austrian ambition. In the late war, it had the misfortune of undergoing twice the horrors of a siege, and is now annexed to the Italian republic, to share its nominal independence and real slavery. It must in justice be owned, that the arts and sciences had not been neglected by the Austrian government. An Imperial academy was erected, a noble palace devoted to its meetings, and a fine assemblage of antiquities, collected in its galleries. The inscription over its entrance is as follows:

INGREDERE. HOSPES. ET. MIRARE.
QUÆ. GRAECORUM. ET. ROMANORUM.
ANTIQUI. AEVI. MONUMENTA.
CVM. PRINCIPIS. TUM. CIVIVM. MUNERE.
IN. HOC. MUSEO. CONLECTA.
SPECTANDA. TIBI. EXHIBET.
VIRGILII. PATRIA.

The most interesting object in this collection, was the well-known bust of Virgil, which, as may be easily supposed, the Mantuans always point out to strangers, with peculiar complacency. It seems, that at the end of the fourteenth century, a statue of Virgil stood on an elevated pedestal, in the Piazza delle Erbe, when Carlo Malatesta, one of the brutal chieftains of the times, ignorant of every art but that of war, and knowing, probably,

nothing of Virgil but his name, in one of his triumphal processions, ordered it to be thrown down, and cast into the lake. The reason for this act of sacrilegious violence, is characteristic both of the hero and of the times. "The honor of a statue belongs," said he "to Saints only, and ought not to be profaned by being communicated to scribblers and buffoons." The bust in question, is supposed to be the head of this very statue, and as such, it was crowned with ivy by the Duke Vespasian, and erected in the principal hall of his palace, about the year 1580. The ivy, which was real, and only covered with a fine varnish, to preserve it the longer, on being touched, many years after, fell into dust; but the bust survived the plunder of the ducal palace, on the entrance of the Austrians, and was placed in the academical gallery, where it remained till the year 1797. The French no sooner became masters of Mantua, than they began to pillage its gallery, and pilfer its most valuable articles. Among them was the bust of Virgil, which they carried off, notwithstanding the intreaties of the Mantuans, while, with cruel mockery, they celebrated civic feasts in honor of the poet, and erected plaster busts in the place of his marble statues. Such is the taste of this nation, such the honors it pays to the ancients!*

* We were present at one of these exhibitions. In the middle of the great square was erected an ill-proportioned pillar, about ten feet high. On it was placed a plaster bust of Virgil. Four lesser pillars, supporting four other plaster busts, joined by garlands, formed a sort of square enclosure. Virgil's bust was crowned with laurel, and from it hung garlands, extending to the other four. These garlands or festoons, instead of hanging loose and waving gracefully in the air, were drawn tight, and consequently, as motionless as ropes. Around this ridiculous pageant, the French troops drew up and paraded. The inhabitants seemed purposely to keep aloof.

The circumstances which I have just related, prove, at least, that the Mantuans have never been indifferent to the memory of their celebrated countryman, as some travellers have pretended; and that they have not been wanting in the erection of becoming monuments to his honor, as often, and in as magnificent a manner, as the vicissitudes of the times would allow. Even during all the rage and tempest of the late war, while contending armies hovered round their walls, and the roar of artillery resounded in their ears, they had planned a public garden at Pietole, and laid out a considerable piece of ground in walks and groves, in the centre of which a temple was to rise, and a statue to be erected, in honor of the immortal Poet. Thus they would have accomplished the grand design so finely unfolded in the third Georgic, adorned the classic Mincius with a fabric becoming its fame, and bestowed, with more propriety, on the acknowledged virtues of their countryman, the honors which he intended, with a flattery, pardonable, because the result of gratitude, for the very equivocal merit of Augustus. But the second siege of Mantua put an end to this project; the gates were thrown down, the enclosures torn up, the plantations destroyed, and the whole scene of rural beauty, and poetical illusion, stained with blood, and abandoned to devastation.

On the twenty-third of March, we took leave of Mantua, extremely well pleased with the general appearance of the town, and convinced, that it is far more flourishing at present, than it seems to have been in ancient days. In extent it is considerable, not insignificant in population, and in magnificence equal

to most cities; circumstances, which place it far above the epithet of *parva*, applied to it by Martial.

Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo
Quantum *parva* suo Mantua Virgilio.*

The road to Cremona, for some miles, borders on the Mincio, and runs close to its *reedy* banks, as long as it forms the Lago de Sopra, that is, till it turns northward, as it comes down from the hills of Borghetto. As the road is formed on the ancient Via Posthumia, it is strait and even, runs through several pretty villages, or rather little towns, and traverses a tract of country, intersected by various streams, and luxuriantly fertile.

The following pretty lines, addressed to Mantua, in the days of its greatest glory, are not inapplicable to it, even in its present humiliation and distress:

Felix Mantua, civitatum ocelle,
Quum Mars Palladi certat usque & usque
Claram reddere gentibus, probisque
Ornare ingeniis virorum, & armis!
Te frugum facilis, potensque rerum
Tellus, te celebrem facit virente
Qui ripa, calamisque flexuosus
Leni flumine Mincius susurrat,
Et qui te lacus intrat, advenisque
Dites mercibus invehit carinas.
Quid palatia culta, quid deorum
Templa, quid memorem vias, & urbis
Moles nubibus arduis propinquas?
Pax secura loco, quiesque nullis
Turbata exsiliis, frequensque rerum
Semper copia, & artium bonarum.
Felix Mantua, centiesque felix,
Tantis Mantua dotibus beata.—*M. Ant. Flamin. Car. Lib.* 1. 20.

CHAP. VI.

CREMONA—RIVER ADDUA—PLACENTIA—THE TREBIA—PARMA—REGGIO—MODENA—ITS LIBRARY, AND CELEBRATED LIBRARIANS—MURATORI—TIRABOSCHI.

CREMONA is rendered interesting to the classic reader, by the well-known verse of Virgil,

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ. *Eclog.* IX. 28.

And the accurate observation of Tacitus. *Hunc exitum Cremona habuit . . . . . bellis externis intacta, civilibus infelix.* In fact, these few words contain the whole history of this city, which, founded by one of the Celtic tribes that occupied the northern parts of Italy, was colonized and fortified by the Romans, about the commencement of the second Punic war, as a rampart against the approaching attack of Hannibal. The strength of its walls, or the courage of its inhabitants, preserved it from the fury of this formidable invader, and it went on increasing in numbers, size, and opulence, till by its attachment to the cause of the senate, and of liberty, it drew down upon itself the vengeance of the Triumvirs, and incurred forfeiture

and confiscation.* Its fidelity to Vitellius, or its mistaken prudence, calculating on the supposed superiority of his interest, exposed it to the rage of Vespasian's partisans, who besieged, took, plundered, and reduced it to a heap of ashes. Shortly after it rose from its ruins; but rose to experience the disasters of war and revolution, and share the long and painful agonies of the expiring empire. However, it survived all its reverses, and after having been the prey of Goths and Lombards, French and Germans; after having enjoyed a precarious liberty, and then borne the light yoke of the sovereigns of Milan; it is, for the present, annexed to that sickly abortion of French influence, misnamed the Italian Republic.

Cremona is a large and well-built city, adorned with many noble edifices, and advantageously situated on the northern bank of the Po. Its cathedral, of Gothic, or rather mixed architecture, was begun in the year 1107, and continued, at different periods, but not completely finished, till the fourteenth century. Its front is lined with white and red marble, and highly ornamented, though in a singular and fanciful style. It contains several beautiful altars and fine paintings. One chapel in particular merits attention. It is that which is set apart for the preservation of the relics of the primitive martyrs. Its decorations are simple and chaste, its colors soft and pleasing. The ashes of the "sainted dead" repose in urns and sarcophagi, placed in niches in the wall, regularly disposed on each side of the chapel, after the manner of the ancient Roman sepulchres. It is small, but its proportions, form, and furniture, are so appropriate and well

* The consequences of this confiscation reached the Mantuan territory, and occasioned, as is well known, the flight and the successive fame of Virgil.

combined, that they produce a very beautiful and perfect whole. The Baptistery, which, according to the ancient manner still preserved in many of the great towns of Italy, is a separate building near the cathedral, contains in the centre a font of curious form and workmanship, cut out of one immense block of party-coloured marble. The tower is of great height and singular architecture. The view from it is extensive, taking in the town with its streets; the roads that cross the country in strait lines, in various directions; the Po, winding along almost close to the walls, and intersecting the immense plains of the Milanese; the Alps to the north, and the Apennines to the south-west, both covered with snow, and occasionally half veiled with passing clouds. Such was the prospect we beheld from the top of the Torazzo. The public palace, for so the town-hall is, not improperly, called in Italy, and most of the churches, but particularly that of St. Pietro al Po, are worthy the attention of the traveller; since, with several objects which correct taste must blame, they contain many which it will admire.

Cremona has produced her proportion of genius and talent, both in ancient and modern times, but among all her sons, none have contributed more to her reputation than Marcus Hieronymus Vida, the first poet of the second Augustan age of Roman literature, and sometimes not undeservedly styled, by his admirers, the Christian Virgil. Every reader is acquainted with the poetical tribute which Pope has paid to his memory, in his Essay on Criticism; and all, who peruse Vida's works, will acknowledge that the compliment is not misplaced. But literary excellence was neither the sole, nor the principal, merit of Vida: piety and purity of morals, unsullied even by suspi-

cion, graced his early years, and a zealous discharge of every episcopal duty employed him from the middle to the close of life. He was buried in his cathedral at Alba; and a cenotaph is said to have been erected to his honor, in the cathedral at Cremona; though we used much research and enquiry in vain endeavours to discover it. I shall conclude this account of Cremona, with some verses, taken from a hymn of this poet, which, with the passage of Tacitus inserted above, will suffice to give the reader some notion both of the history and territory of Cremona. The verses are addressed to our Blessed Saviour, and express a Christian sentiment in the purest language of Heathen poetry.

Tum veri, Graium obliti mendacia, vates
Funera per gentes referent tua, carmine verso,
Atque tuis omnes resonabunt laudibus urbes.
Præsertim lætam Italiæ felicis ad oram,
Addua ubi vagus, et muscoso Serius amne
Purior electro tortoque simillimus angui;
Qua rex fluviorum Eridanus se turbidus infert,
Mœnia turrigeræ stringens male tuta Cremonæ,
Ut sibi jam tectis vix temperet unda caducis.—*Christiados* VI. 885—890.

If the reader wishes to see the history of Cremona, the beauties of its district, and the achievements and talents of its inhabitants, set off in the most splendid colors of partial eloquence, he may read the pleadings or *Actiones tres*, attributed to this author, and supposed to have been pronounced before competent judges, at Milan, on a question of precedency, between Cremona and Pavia.

From Cremona, to the fortress of Pizzighitone, are two short stages. We there passed the Adda, a very noble river, on a flying bridge. This river is represented, by Claudian, as re-

markable for the cerulean tints of its waves, and is united to the Tesino, in a very pretty verse.

> Colla lavant pulcher Ticinus et Addua visu
> Cœrulus.

The country continues populous and fertile, but displays more forest wood. Castiglione, with various little towns and villages, appears rich and beautiful. Thence the roads were deep and bad, owing to the late inundations. Towards sunset, we arrived at the Po, and passing it on a flying bridge, entered Placentia, March 23d. This city, as well as Cremona, was built and colonized by the Romans, about two hundred and eighteen years before Christ, and, not long after, served as an asylum to the Roman army, when defeated by Hannibal, at the Trebia. It was afterwards assaulted by that Carthaginian, but in vain; and like Cremona, was destined to suffer more from the madness of citizens, than from the fury of invaders. More fortunate, however, than the latter, though attacked by a party of Vitellians, it resisted with success, and in the bloody contest, had only to lament the loss of its amphitheatre, remarkable, it seems, for its capaciousness and architecture. This edifice, like that of Verona, stood without the walls, and was of course exposed to the fury of the assailants. It seems to have been principally of wood, as it was consumed by fire, a circumstance which, in our ideas, must take away much of its pretended splendor: but, whatever were its materials, its extent was, at that time, unequalled; and it stood, the pride of Placentia, and the envy of the neighbouring cities. It was set on fire when Cæcina assaulted the town, either by chance, which is more probable, or perhaps, as the Placentians suspected, by the malice of some incendiaries, who took advantage of the confu-

sion of the contest, and was reduced to ashes. It perished, however, at a fortunate period, and with all its glory around it; for, had it survived only a few years, its fame would have been eclipsed by the splendor and magnificence of the gigantic Coliseum.

Placentia, after having frequently changed masters, was annexed to Parma, and remained so till the expulsion of the late duke, when, with the whole of its territory, it was occupied by the French. It is a large and well-built city. Its cathedral is Saxon: the town-house, with some other public buildings in the great square, Gothic. Several churches, particularly that of St. Agostino, are of fine Roman architecture, and some adorned with paintings of great celebrity. The great square is ornamented with two brass equestrian statues; one of the celebrated Alexander Farnese, the other, of his brother Ranuccio: they are much admired, particularly the former, for attitude, animation, and drapery. Many of the convents, some of which are now suppressed, seem to have been magnificent.

The neighbourhood of Placentia is, perhaps, more interesting than the town itself, as it has been the theatre of many bloody engagements. The first, and most remarkable, occurred shortly after the foundation of the city, about three miles from it, and its scene lies on the banks of the Trebia. We visited the spot, with Livy as our guide, and I need not add, that we found his description extremely accurate. It must, indeed, be observed, in justice to the great writers of antiquity, that their pictures so resemble the objects they are intended to represent, that a traveller might imagine they had always been sketched on the spot itself, and in the very heat of action. The banks, though low, are yet sufficiently

elevated, in a military sense, not indeed at the very confluence of the two rivers, the Po and the Trebia; but a little higher up the latter, where the battle took place, the stream is wide enough to form a line of defence, and yet, shallow enough to be in many places fordable. Its sides, particularly on the right as you ascend the stream, where Mago lay in ambush, are still covered with reeds and brush-wood. After these observations merely applying the present scenery to the historian's description, the reader need but open Livy, and he will become a spectator of the action, so bloody and disastrous to the Romans. But the banks of the Trebia have been the theatre of more contests than one, nor is the last-mentioned, though the most illustrious, without doubt, either the most bloody or the most decisive. It is well known that a memorable battle between the French and the Russians, under the command of Marshal Suwarrow, was fought on the same spot, the banks of the Trebia, and attended with more important consequences. It is said to have lasted two days, and to have been supported with the utmost obstinacy on both sides. The Russians, who advanced with their usual firmness and impetuosity, were thrice driven back in dismay: at length the Marshal, with the looks and voice of a Fury, led them on to a fourth attack, when they rushed into the bed of the river, and with horrible shouts and screams, fell once more upon the enemy. Resistance was now overpowered: the French fled in confusion; the banks were strewed with bodies, and the fields covered with fugitives. The consequence of this victory was the immediate deliverance of Italy, from the insolence and rapacity of the French armies; a deliverance which, instead of being a mere interval of repose, would perhaps have been the commencement of a long era of tranquillity, had the

same spirit continued to animate the armies, and the same union prevailed in the cabinets of the confederates. But this battle, however bloody and important, will pass, unnoticed, in the long register of contests between different tribes of invading barbarians; perhaps the very names of the generals may sink into oblivion, with the leaders of the Goths and Vandals, of the Huns and the Lombards: while the "Battle of Trebia" will live for ever in the pages of Livy, the names of Hannibal and Mago, of Scipio and Sempronius, recorded both by the historian and the poet, will continue to delight the youthful reader, and a thousand generations contemplate with emotion:

Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos, Thrasimenaque busta.

Sil. Ital. lib. XI. 345.

From Placentia we proceeded to Parma, on the Via Emilia. This road was made by Marcus Emilius Lepidus, about one hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian era, has been kept in good repair, and is still excellent. We crossed over several rivers, and passed through some pretty towns. These rivers generally retain their ancient name, with little variation, and descending from the Apennines, fall into the neighbouring Po. The principal are the Chiavenna, the Ongina, the Stivona, and the Taro. Among the towns, Fiorenzuala, anciently Florentiala, and S. Donnino, deserve most attention. At or near the latter, formerly Fidentiola, Sylla defeated the Marian general, Carbo, and dispersed, or utterly destroyed, his army About twelve miles to the south of Fiorenzuala, once stood the town of Velleia, ruined by the sudden fall of part of the neighbouring mountain, as is supposed, about the end of the fourth

century. Several excavations were made amongst the ruins, in 1760, and the four following years; but the difficulty of penetrating through the vast masses of rock that cover the town, was so great, that the work was suspended, and, I believe, never since renewed. This want of spirit, or of perseverance, is much to be regretted, as few enterprises promise so fairly, or seem so likely to reward the labour. The dreadful catastrophe is supposed to have been sudden, and the inhabitants, with their furniture and property, buried in one tremendous crash: it is, therefore, highly probable, that more medals, coins, and books, may be found here than in Herculaneum, where gradual ruin gave the inhabitants time to remove their most precious and portable effects. Besides, the latter town, with Pompeii, and the various cities that studded the Neapolitan coast, were Greek colonies, and appear to have paid but little attention to Latin literature; while Velleia was entirely Roman, and some of its citizens must have possessed tolerable collections of Latin authors. It would not, therefore, be unreasonable to expect, if the excavations were pushed on with vigor and discernment, the discovery of some, if not of several, Latin manuscripts. But such undertakings require opulence and leisure, and are not to be expected in the present impoverished and distracted state of Italy.

The country, as the traveller advances, improves in beauty, and, if not in fertility, for that seems scarcely possible, at least in the neatness and order of cultivation. The Apennines, advancing at every step, present their bold forms to vary the dulness of the plain; hedges, and neat enclosures, mark the different farms; elms, in long rows, garlanded with vines, sepa-

rate the fields; and villages, each with a magnificent church, enliven the road at every mile.

Parma stands on a river of the same name: it was founded by the Etrurians, taken by a tribe of Gauls, called the Boii, and, at length, colonized by the Romans. It is said to have suffered much from the licentious cruelty of Antony, and its sufferings, on this occasion, are pathetically deplored and immortalized by Cicero, in his fourteenth Philippic, the last tribute which he paid to Rome and to liberty. During the disastrous period that elapsed between the reigns of Theodosius and Charlemagne, it was taken and retaken by the Goths and Romans, the Lombards and Greek Exarchs, till it was given by Charlemagne to the Holy See; and, after a succession of ages and changes, at length bestowed by Paul III. on his son Ottavio Farnese. In this family it remained till its extinction, in the middle of the last century, when it passed to a Prince of Spain; and, on the death of the last Duke, was taken possession of by the French, and is now pining away under the influence of their iron domination. This city is large, populous, airy and clean, though it cannot boast of any very striking or regular building. The cathedral is Saxon, but lined in the interior with Roman architecture; its dome is much admired for the beautiful painting with which it was adorned by Correggio. The baptistery is an octagon, in the same style as the cathedral, cased with marble, and ornamented with various arches and galleries. The Steccata is the most regular church in Parma; it is in the form of a Greek cross, and not without beauty. The church of the Capuchins is remarkable only for being the burial place of the celebrated Alexander Farnese, who, in consequence of his own di

rections, lies interred, distinguished from the vulgar dead only by the following epitaph.

D. O. M.
Alexander Farnesius.
Belgis devictis
Francisque obsidione levatis
Ut humili hoc loco ejus cadaver deponeretur
Mandavit. 4 Non: Decemb: MDXCII.

The palace is large, but irregular; the library well furnished: it contains the Academia de Belle Arti, in which there is a noble hall, adorned with excellent paintings, and several ancient statues, found in the ruins of Velleia. In this hall, the Prince used, during the happier æra of Parma, to preside over the assembled academicians, and distribute prizes in the various arts. In the same palace is the celebrated theatre, magnificent in its size, its proportions, its form, and its decorations. It is modelled on the ancient plan, like the Olympic theatre at Vicentia, and like it, but on a greater scale, adorned with pillars, colonnades, and statues. Unfortunately, either in consequence of the many revolutions of late years, or on account of the difficulty of filling, and the expence of repairing, furnishing, and lighting up such a vast edifice; this theatre, perhaps altogether, the noblest in the world, has been so long and so much neglected, that it will, probably, soon sink into a heap of ruins, and remain only in the plans of artists, and in the descriptions of travellers. But the principal ornament of Parma, and its pride and glory, were the numberless masterpieces of Correggio, with which its churches, its palaces, and public halls were once adorned. This celebrated artist, born in a village near Modena, and of course not far from Parma, has spread the charms and

enchantments of his pencil over all the great towns that bordered on the place of his nativity, and seems to have exerted his wonderful powers, in a particular manner, for the decoration of this city. Parmeggiani and Lanfranco, two other painters of high reputation, were natives of Parma, and contributed not a little to the embellishment of its churches and palaces; so that no city in Italy, if we except Rome, presented more attraction to the artist, or furnished more delightful entertainment to the traveller of taste. But, alas! such *were* the decorations and the glory of Parma. The French, though in peace with the sovereign of this unfortunate city, in their late wide-wasting progress, entered its walls, raised heavy contributions on its inhabitants, and stripped it of its best and most valuable ornaments—its unrivalled paintings. Many, without doubt, still remain, because painted on walls and cielings, and therefore attached to the spot; but the masterpieces are gone, and the indignant Parmensians can only show the traveller the place where they once were.

The arts and sciences were by no means neglected in Parma. An university, two academies, schools of painting, &c. announce the application, and a long catalogue of great names might be produced to prove the success, of the Parmensians in every literary pursuit. The Dukes have, for many years past, assumed the character of Mæcenas, and by their judicious encouragement attracted men of talents, from other countries, to their territories. Among these latter, we may rank the Abbate Frugoni, a Genoese, and the Abbè Condillac, a Frenchman; the former, a poet of great reputation, and next in fame to Metastasio; the latter, preceptor to the Prince, and author of a well-

known "Course of Education." The royal press of Parma, established in the year 1765, is well known: it is conducted by Bodoni, and has produced several beautiful editions, Greek, Latin, and Italian, together with various works in the Oriental languages.

The public walk on the ramparts is extremely pleasing. The country round well wooded, and the town and territory of Parma, on the whole, seemed to have been in a flourishing state till the entrance of the French army. Since that fatal period, its prosperity has been on the decline, its government unsettled, its inhabitants impoverished and discontented. The contributions raised by the French amounted to five millions of French livres: a sum enormous for so small a territory, and equalling two years of its regular income.

Petrarcha resided some years at Parma, or in its neighbourhood, and seems to have been delighted with the beauty of the country, the generous spirit of its princes, and the open manly manners of its inhabitants. To the honor of their descendants, it may be added, that notwithstanding the lapse of ages, the change of government, and the galling pressure of recent revolutions, these qualities are said to be still perceptible.

Two stages from Parma the traveller arrives at *Forum Lepidi Regium*, now called Reggio, an ancient Roman colony, destroyed by Alaric, and rebuilt by Charlemagne. The cathedral, the church of S. Prospero, and that of the Augustin-friars, together with the Town-house, and the Porta Nuova, are considered as deserving some attention. It possesses no antiquities. How-

ever, the traveller will visit it with some respect, as the country of Ariosto; the copious, the fantastic Ariosto!

Two more posts brought us to Modena (Mutina), lately the capital of a dukedom, now a dependence on the will of Bonaparte. Though an ancient Roman colony, called by Cicero, "firmissima et splendidissima Colonia," it presents no traces of antiquity; in fact, it has been the scene of so many bloody contests, has been so often destroyed, and has so often risen from its ruins, that not only no vestige of its former splendor remains at present, but it is even uncertain whether it occupies the same site as the ancient city. But, whatever might have been its strength and magnificence in ancient times, they have been, probably, far surpassed by its present, I should rather have said its *late*, prosperity. It is a well built town, its streets are wide, and several of its public edifices, of a noble appearance. Its cathedral is Gothic, and, like most of its churches, rather inferior to the expectation naturally excited by the general features of the town. The ducal palace is of vast size; and though built in a German, that is, in a heavy and fanciful style of architecture, is, on the whole, rather magnificent. It contains several handsome apartments, and, what still more merits the attention of travellers, a gallery of paintings, a noble library, and a numerous and curious collection of sketches, by the first masters, of prints, of medals, and of Cameos.

The arts and sciences, particularly the latter, have long

---

* This latter collection has either been removed or plundered by the French.

flourished at Modena, under the fostering care of its Princes of the house of Este, a family so much and so justly celebrated by Tasso and Ariosto, for its generous feelings and noble munificence. "Tu Magnanimo Alfonso," says the former to a Prince of this line, his patron,

> Tu Magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli
> Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto
> Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli
> E fra l'onde agitato e quasi assorto;
> Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli
> Che quasi in voto a te sacrate i' porto.
>
> *Gierus. Lib. Canto* 1. 4.

The latter, in a less poetical, but equally grateful style, expresses his obligations to the same family, and enlarges upon its heroical qualities and future prospects of glory.* Under such encouragement, it is not wonderful that genius should bloom and flourish, and that men of learning should flock from all quarters, to enjoy the advantages of such liberal patronage.

Among the illustrious personages who have done honor to Modena, by their virtues and talents, one of the earliest, and if the good qualities of the heart give double lustre to the brilliant endowments of the head, one of the greatest is Cardinal Sadoleti. This eminent prelate rose to notice in the fostering era of Leo the Tenth, became intimately connected with the most conspicuous characters of that period, and shone himself, with

---

* See Orlando Furioso, Canto 1. 3, 4.

no small lustre, in the midst of its brightest luminaries. In the turbulent pontificates that succeeded the era of Leo, when the animosities, kindled by the Reformation, blazed out with unquenchable fury, and every bosom glowed with a rage, almost infernal, against the opponents of his own creed, this worthy bishop preserved the native candor of his soul, and the characteristic mildness of his sacred office. Above passion and resentment, he treated the supporters of the new opinions with paternal tenderness, and while he condemned their creed, he cherished, and whenever an opportunity occurred, protected their persons. "Fond to spread friendships, and to cover hates," he made it the business of his life, to diffuse his own spirit, a spirit of charity, peace, and indulgence, into all around him; and while he zealously endeavoured to clear up the subjects in debate, and to remove misapprehensions, he still more strenuously exerted himself to calm the rage of contest, and to infuse a milder temper into the disputants. Even in these days of tranquil discussion, when a general spirit of toleration seems to have gradually diffused itself over the Christian world, such a conciliating character, if placed in an elevated station, would engage our esteem and reverence; but at the era of the Reformation, that age of division and madness, such gentleness, moderation, and candor, were godlike qualities indeed.

The works of Sadoleti, consisting principally of letters, addressed to the most conspicuous persons of the age, are still extant; and as they are drawn up in a pure and elegant style, and frequently treat of subjects of great interest and importance, they are equally amusing and instructive, and are calculated to give a very favorable idea of the taste, the knowledge, and the piety of the author.

From the time of Sadoleti, that is, from the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the present period, a regular succession of men, eminent for their talents and learning, either natives of its territory, or attracted to its walls by the liberal patronage of its princes, has continued to adorn Modena, and support its literary reputation. Instead of giving a long and dry catalogue of names, I will mention only two authors; but these of a reputation, great enough to throw a lustre on any city. One is the Abbate Muratori, an Ex-Jesuit, the Duke's librarian, perhaps the most learned antiquary, the most inquisitive, and, at the same time, the most impartial historian, that the last century has produced. His works consist of nearly fifty volumes in folio; of these, his Annali D'Italia, are perhaps the most instructive and the most entertaining. The other is the Abbate Tiraboschi, Ex-Jesuit and librarian, as his predecessor Muratori, and like him eminent for his profound knowledge of history and antiquities. His principal work is a history of Italian literature, entitled Italia Literaria, in sixteen volumes, a work replete with erudition, seasoned with curious anecdote, and enriched with much judicious and amusing criticism.

In justice to the muses of Modena, I must add the name of the playful Tassoni, who, in his Secchia Rapita, gave Boileau and Pope, the hint and the model of the Lutrin, and the Rape of the Lock, taught them to trifle with the splendor of poetry without degrading it, and enabled them, even on frivolous subjects, to display the ease, the pliancy, and the perfection of their respective languages. The important "Bucket" celebrated in this poem, was carried off from a well in one of the streets of Bologna, by a party of Mo-

denese troops, during a petty war between these neighbouring cities, and has ever since been most carefully preserved, as an invaluable trophy, in a vault under the great tower at Modena.

The naturalist may find some occupation in the territory of Modena, by investigating the nature of its wells, supplied by perennial sources, uninfluenced by the state of the atmosphere, as well as by inspecting its petrifactions and mineral fountains.

The Campi Macri, celebrated in opposition to their name, for their fertility, and the excellent pasturage which they afforded to a famous breed of cattle, were the plains which lie between Parma and Modena, and extend beyond the latter city towards Bologna.

CHAP. VII.

BOLOGNA—ITS UNIVERSITY—ACADEMIES—IMOLA—FAVENTIA—FORLI—FORLIMPOPOLI—CESENA—RUBICON—ST. MARINO—RIMINI.

THE classic traveller, as he rolls along the Via Emilia, from Modena to Bologna, amidst scenes of the neatest cultivation and most luxuriant fertility, will recollect that the very fields which spread around him, the very country which he is traversing, was the bloody theatre of the last unavailing efforts of Roman liberty. The interview of the Triumvirs took place in an island formed by the Rhenus, at a little distance from Bologna.* As the river is small, and the island observable only on examination, the traveller generally passes without being aware of the circumstance. The stream still retains its ancient name, and is called the Rheno.

From Modena to Bologna, the distance is three stages, about twenty-four miles: about six miles from the former town is Fort Urbano, erected by Urban VIII. to mark and defend the entrance into the ecclesiastical state. Bologna (Bononia Felsinia,) was a Roman colony, though it retains few or no traces of its

* This island is two miles from Bologna, three miles long, and one broad; it contains two villages, St. Viola, to the south; St. Giovanni, to the north.

antiquity, and is a rich, populous, extensive, and most flourishing city. Its history, like that of the preceding towns, is contained in a few words. First, great and prosperous under its founders, then in the succeeding revolutions of the empire, pillaged, destroyed, and rebuilt; sometimes enslaved, and sometimes free, it underwent and survived all the vicissitudes of the barbarous ages. At last, after various contests with the neighbouring states, and with their own tyrants, the inhabitants of Bologna made a voluntary submission to Pope Nicolas III. in 1278, and afterwards to John XXII. in 1327, which they have frequently renewed since, at different periods. But in this voluntary submission, the Bolognese did not mean so much to acknowledge the Pope as their direct sovereign, as to put their city under his protection as liege lord: hence, they cautiously retained the management of their finances, the election of their magistrates, and the administration of their laws; that is to say, the essential forms of a republic, and only employed the name and authority of the Pontiff to repress the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or to awe the hostility of their neighbours, the Dukes of Modena, and of their rivals, the Venetians. Hence, they always resisted every encroachment on their privileges, and not unfrequently, expelled the papal legates, when inclined to overstrain the prerogatives of their office. This guarded and conditional dependence, produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty; industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement. The French, in their late invasion, found, but did not leave, the Bolognese in possession of these blessings. They deprived their city of its freedom and independence, separated it from the Roman state, and annexed it to the Italian Republic, to share with it, in appearance, the empty name of a Commonwealth, and, to bear, in

reality, the oppressive yoke of an avaricious and insulting tyrant. Mr. Burke, speaking of this event, says, "The Pontiff has seen his free, fertile, and happy city and state of Bologna, the cradle of regenerated law, the seat of sciences and of arts, the chosen spot of plenty and delight;—converted into a Jacobin, ferocious republic, dependent on the homicides of France."

The streets in Bologna are narrow, and the exterior of the public buildings by no means proportioned to the fame and opulence of the city. The cathedral is a modern edifice, of Roman architecture, but in a bad style; the inside is light, and though it did not appear so to me, is considered by several connoisseurs, as beautiful. One altar, erected by the late bishop, of the finest marbles, chastest decorations, and best proportions, cannot fail to attract the eye of the observer: it is exquisite in its kind, and appeared to us almost the only object in the cathedral worthy of attention.

The church of St. Petronius is considered as the principal church. It is Gothic, of great extent and antiquity, and though not beautiful, is celebrated as well for several grand ceremonies, which have been performed in it, such as the coronation of Charles V. by Clement VII. as for the meridian of the famous astronomer Cassini, traced on its pavement. It was built about the years 440 or 450, but rebuilt in a very different style in 1890, and seems still to remain, in a great degree, unfinished. The prelate, its founder first, and now its patron, flourished in the reign of Theodosius, and was a man of great activity and general benevolence. He enlarged the extent of the city, adorned it with several public buildings, procured it the favor and largesses of the Emperor, and by his long and unremitting exertions to

promote its welfare, seems to have a just claim to the gratitude and veneration of its inhabitants. S. Salvador, S. Paolo, and, above all, La Madonna di S. Luca, deserve a particular visit. This latter church stands on a high hill, about five miles from Bologna. It is in the form of a Greek cross, of the Corinthian order, and crowned with a dome. As the people of Bologna have a peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and crowds flock from all quarters to visit this her sanctuary, for their accommodation, in all seasons and in all weather, a portico has been carried from the gates of the city up the hill to the very entrance of the temple, or rather to the squa before it. This immense building was raised by the volunt contributions of persons of every class in Bologna: the richer erected one or more arches, according to their means; the middling classes gave their pecuniary aid in proportion; and the poorest insisted on contributing their labor to the grand undertaking. It is in reality a most noble monument of public piety, and alone sufficient to prove that the spirit and magnificence of the ancient Romans still animate the modern Italians, and may, in a fortunate combination of circumstances, once more blaze out in all their pristine glory. The church is of a fine and well proportioned form, rich in marbles, but overloaded, as we imagined, with ornaments. It is needless to add, that from such an elevation the view is beautiful, lost on one side in the windings of the neighbouring Appennines, and extending on the other over a plain of immense extent, and unparalleled population and fertility. One circumstance struck us particularly, while on the hill. It was the end of March, the sky was clear, and the weather warm, nearly as it may be on a bright day in England in the month of May, so warm, in short, as to render the shade not only pleasing, but desirable; yet, in various

parts of the hill, and near the church, the snow lay deep, and in vast masses, still likely to resist, for some time, the increasing warmth of the season; so great is the influence of such mountains as the Alps and Apennines, on the climate of the adjacent countries.

The two brick towers, Degli Asinelli and Dei Garisendi, are deformed monuments of a barbarous age, and remarkable only for their unmeaning elevation, and dangerous deviation from the perpendicular. Bologna is decorated with many palaces of vast extent, and some few of noble architecture. Among the latter is the Palazzo Ranuzzi, said to be of Palladio; also those of Lambertini, Orsi, Bentivogli, Malvezzi, Campeggi, Pepoli, Legnani, &c. These palaces, and indeed almost all the churches, and public buildings in Bologna, are ornamented with a profusion of paintings, by the first Italian masters, Guido, Guercini, the Carracci, Caravaggio, Giordano, and particularly Albano. Of the latter painter it has been said, that the Loves seem to have mixed his colors, and the Graces to have fashioned his forms; such is the soft glow of his tints, such the ease and beauty of his groupes and figures! The greater number, and the best of this celebrated artist's compositions are to be seen at Bologna, and may furnish the admirer of painting with many an hour's, or rather, many a day's entertainment. In fact, no city has given more encouragement to painting, or contributed more to its perfection, than Bologna; no one has produced a greater number of illustrious painters, or enjoyed a higher reputation in the art, than its well known school. To perpetuate the skill and the honors of this school, an academy has been established, under the title of the Clementine Academy, with a sufficient number of eminent professors to direct, and medals and pre-

miums, to animate and reward the zeal of the young artists. Public instructions are given gratis, models furnished, accommodations supplied, and every possible encouragement afforded to attract scholars, and enable them to develope and perfect their talents. This excellent institution, so well calculated to preserve the reputation of the school of Bologna, originated in the beginning of the last century, and has already produced several artists of reputation; among whom we may rank its first president, Carlo Cignani. The halls and apartments of this academy are very spacious, and form part of the palace belonging to the Instituto di Bologna. This latter establishment, one of the most magnificent of the kind in Italy, or perhaps in the world, occupies an immense and very noble edifice, where the various arts and sciences have their respective halls, decorated in a grand style, and furnished with appropriate apparatus. In this palace sits the Academy of Sciences, of high reputation in the republic of letters, and a singular monument of that enthusiasm for knowledge, which has always formed a distinctive feature in the Italian character. It owes its origin, in the seventeenth century, to a noble youth of the name of Eustachio Manfredi, who, at the early age of sixteen, formed a literary society, and collected at certain stated assemblies in his own house, all the men of taste and talents in Bologna. The spirit of the founder has never abandoned the academy, which still continues to enrich the learned world with its productions, and support the fame and glory of its origin. In the same palace, are a library, containing at least one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, open to the public six days in the week; an observatory, furnished with an excellent astronomical apparatus; a vast chemical laboratory; a cabinet of natural history; an experimental cabinet, with all kinds of

instruments for physical operations; two halls of architecture, one for the civil, the other for the military branches of this art; a marine hall; a gallery of antiquities; another of statues, and a third of paintings; a hall of anatomy and midwifery, celebrated for a remarkable collection of wax figures, representing the female form in all the stages, and in all the incidents of parturition. In fine, a chapel for the use of the united members of the institute. Almost all these halls and apartments are adorned with pictures and paintings in fresco, on the walls and ceilings, and form, one of the most magnificent abodes ever consecrated to the arts and sciences. I have already observed, that regular instructions are given to young painters, in the hall of the academy; I must here add, that professors attend and deliver lectures gratis, at stated periods, to all students, on the different arts, in their respective halls.

Bologna owes this superb establishment to one of its citizens, General Count Marsigli, who, after having passed many years in the Imperial service, returned to his country, and devoted the remainder of his days, his talents, and his fortune, to the propagation of the arts and sciences, in its bosom. He bestowed upon the city his valuable collections of every kind, and by his exertions formed a society of men of the first talents and reputation, in each art and science, which assumed the name of the Instituto di Bologna. To lodge this society, and receive the above-mentioned collections, the city purchased the Palazzo Cellesi, and had it fitted up in its present style, at the same time grand and commodious. This arrangement took place in the year 1714. Since that period the Instituto has been enriched by the donations of several illustrious persons, and particularly of Benedict XIV. a pontiff of an enlightened and

capacious mind, who loved and encouraged the sciences, in all parts of the Roman state, but particularly at Bologna, his native city. An Englishman, accustomed to the rich endowments of his own country, will hear with astonishment, that this grand establishment, so well furnished with all the materials of science, and so well supplied with professsors of the first abilities and reputation, does not possess an annual income of seven hundred pounds a year; and his surprize will increase, when it is added, that the want of a larger income has hitherto been abundantly supplied by the zeal and indefatigable assiduity of the governors and professors.

From the Instituto we naturally pass to the University, the glory of Bologna, and equal, if not, as the Bolognese pretend, superior in antiquity, and once in reputation, to the most celebrated academies in Europe. The honors, titles, and privileges, conferred upon it by kings and emperors, by synods and pontiffs, the deference paid to its opinions, and the reverence that waited upon its graduates, prove the high estimation in which it was once held; and the names of Gratian and Aldrovandus, of Malpighi and Guglielmini, of Ferres and Cassini, are alone sufficient to shew that this high estimation was not unmerited. The Scuole publiche, or halls of the University, form a very noble building; seventy professors are employed, and the endowments are very considerable. The number of students, however, is not adequate to the fame and splendor of such an establishment, as it scarce amounts to five hundred, while anciently it exceeded twice as many thousands. The decrease here, as at Padua, is to be ascribed to the multiplication of similar establishments in all Christian countries.

Besides the Instituto and the University, two Academies of less lustre and celebrity watch over the interests of literature, and endeavour to extend the empire of the Muses. They are entitled, by a playful opposition, the Inquieti and the Oziosi, and abandoning the higher regions of science to the speculations of their brethren of the two great seminaries of learning, love to range through the fields of fancy, and amuse themselves in collecting its flowers. The youth, whom I mentioned above, as founder of the Academy of Sciences, Eustachio Manfredi, did honor to these societies, by his poetical effusions, and is ranked for tenderness and delicacy, among the first Italian poets, in light airy compositions. Zanotti, Scarselli, Roberti, and Sanseverino, have acquired considerable reputation in the same line. In short, the two grand features of the Bolognese character, are formed by the two most honorable passions that can animate the human soul—the love of Knowledge, and the love of Liberty; passions which predominate through the whole series of their history, and are justly expressed on their standard, where "Libertas" blazes in golden letters in the centre, while "Bononia docet" waves in embroidery down the borders.

The fountain in the great square is much celebrated, but more, I think, than it deserves. The statues are good, particularly that of Neptune; but the figures are crowded into a space too small for such a group, and Neptune, "the earth-shaking god," armed with that trident which, "vastas aperit syrtes et temperat æquor," seems employed to little purpose, in superintending a few nymphs and dolphins, squirting mere threads of water from their breasts and nostrils. The god should have stood upon a rock, a river should have burst from under his feet, and the mermaids and dolphins, instead of being perched on the narrow

cornice of his pedestal, should have appeared sporting in the waves. Such should be the attitude, and such the accompaniments of the God of the Ocean; and such is the Fontana di Trevi, at Rome.

On the thirtieth of March, we set out from Bologna, and still rolling along the Via Emilia, through a beautiful country, arrived about two o'clock at Imola, twenty miles from Bologna. This neat little town stands on or near the site of Forum Cornelii, ruined in the wars between the Greek emperors and the Longobardi. It was the See of the present Pope, before his elevation to the pontifical throne. It contains little worth notice: its Corinthian cathedral was never finished without, nor completely furnished within, and of course scarce deserves a visit. Imola has its academy, called the Industriosi, and can boast of several men of eminence in literature, particularly poets; among these, Zappi and Zampieri, especially the former, are much esteemed for a certain graceful refinement, and delicacy of sentiment and expression. Imola, though situated in the commencement of the great plain of Milan, derives from the neighbouring Apennines a considerable portion of the beauty of mountainous landscape, of which Monte Batailla, seen from the ramparts, westward, presents a striking instance. The river that bathes its walls, has changed its classical name Vatrenus, into the more sonorous appellation of Santerno.

From Imola to Faenza, (Faventia), is about ten miles. This ancient town is spacious and well built; its great square, with a fine range of porticos on either side, and a Corinthian church, belonging to the Dominicans, deserve attention. Its cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable. We could discover, in the vici-

nity of this city, few traces of the pine-groves, which seem anciently to have formed one of the most conspicuous features of its territory.

Undique sollers
Arva coronantem nutrire Faventia pinum. *Sil.* VIII.

Nine miles from Faenza, beyond the river Montone, anciently the Utens, stands Forli, Forum Livii, a long, well-built town, with a very spacious and handsome square. The cathedral, not remarkable in itself, contains a very beautiful chapel, lined with the finest marbles, adorned with paintings, and surmounted with a well proportioned dome. This chapel bears the title of Virgine del Fuoco. The tabernacle, in the chapel of the sacrament, is the work of Michael Angelo. The Benedictine Abbey of St. Mercuriale, is a grand edifice, and deserves attention on account of its antiquity. Forli has an academy, under the title of the *Filargyri*, and has produced several men of literary merit; among others, the Abbate Pellegrino Gaudenzi, who might be styled the Italian Klopstock, if the laws of euphony would allow names, of such opposite sound, to be brought into contact.

From Forli to Forlimpopoli, is four miles. This latter town, anciently Forum Popilii, is small but neat. Hence to Cesena, the distance is seven miles. We arrrived there late in the evening.

In leaving Bologna we turned our backs upon the fertile and most extensive plains of Milan, and began gradually to approach the Adriatic on one side, and the Apennines on the other. The road, however, still continues to give the traveller all the advantages of the plain, as scarce an eminence rises to retard his course, before he reaches Ancona, while he enjoys all the beau-

ties of a mountainous country, in the hills on the right, that sometimes advance, and sometimes retire, varying their forms and the landscape almost at every step. Mountains crowned with towers, castles, or towns, a striking feature of Italian, and particularly of Apennine scenery, had often attracted our attention during our progress, and increasing upon us from Faenza, in number, boldness, and beauty, repeatedly forced on our recollection, Virgil's descriptive verse,

Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis. *Geo. Lib.* ii. 156.

I may add, that numberless rivers, rushing from the mountains, intersect the plain, and bathing the time-worn walls of many an ancient town, seemed to exhibit the original of the following line,

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros. 157.

These streams, it is true, are mere rills, as most rivers are in southern countries, during the heats of summer, and may easily deceive the superficial traveller, who, passing their dry channels in that season, may very naturally suppose that their sources have failed, and that the streams themselves exist only in description. To this mistaken notion we perhaps owe the poetical fiction of Lucan, representing Cæsar as stepping over the unnoticed Xanthus,

Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum
Transierat, qui Xanthus erat. *Lib.* ix. 274-5.

As well as the longer and more beautiful effusion of Addison's muse.* But when swelled by the rains in autumn, or the melting

* Letter to Lord Halifax.

snows in spring, these apparently petty rills cover their broad channels, fill their banks, and swell into considerable rivers.

Cesena retains its ancient name, unaltered by time or barbarism. It is a little clean town, beautifully situate at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, covered with villas and convents; the eminence immediately over the town is crowned with a romantic old castle. Its cathedral scarcely deserves notice, but its ancient bridge, of three vast arches, merits attention. The late Pope, Pius VI. was born at Cesena, and with all the partiality of a native, adorned it with various edifices, and dignified it with several privileges. His countrymen, in grateful acknowledgment, erected a bronze statue over the gate of the Town-hall, representing him in the usual attitude of Popes, that is, as giving his benediction. The inscription is, "Civi optimo," a style perfectly Roman, when applied to the sovereign, and used only in the early periods of the monarchy, while the bold spirit of republican equality still breathed in a few surviving Romans. The soil around the town is fertile, and was anciently remarkable, as the hilly regions of Italy generally were, for excellent wines; such, at least, was the opinion of Pliny. Whether the vines have degenerated, or their culture is neglected; or whether the defect was in our palates, I know not; but the wines of Cesena appeared to us indifferent.

About two miles from Cesena flows a stream, called the Pisatello, supposed to be the ancient Rubicon. There stood on its northern bank an obelisk, with the decree of the senate and Roman people, inscribed on its pedestal, and two other inscriptions on its sides. The French destroyed this obelisk. The slabs that formed the pedestal lay half buried in a farm-

yard, about a hundred paces from the road, where we dug them up, and placed them against the trunk of a tree.

The Pisatello, like most other mountain streams, is very shallow in dry weather; but its banks are, in some places, high, and in others, its channel is wide, so that it might occasionally present a mass of waters, considerable enough to embarrass an army in its passage. Its sides are shaded with poplars, and present a pretty, solitary scene. But it must be observed, that notwithstanding the abovementioned inscriptions, which are generally acknowledged to be spurious, the name and honors of this streamlet are disputed, and that the inhabitants of both Savignano, and Rimini, boldly maintain that their respective rivers have a better title, than the Pisatello, to the classical appellation of the Rubicon, and to the veneration of the traveller. I must add, what the reader will be not a little surprized to hear, that the learned are nearly as much divided about the modern as about the ancient name of this rivulet. To understand the difficulties of this question, he must be informed, that between Cesena and Savignano, the Via Emilia is intersected by three streams; the first is about two miles from Cesena; the second, five; and the third, eight. The first is commonly, I believe, called, and certainly marked in the most correct maps, such as that of the learned Jesuits Maire and Boscovick, Pisatello; the second, Rugone, Rugosa, Rigosa, or Urgone; the third is called Borco, and bathes the walls of Savignano. These three rills, ere they fall into the neighbouring Adriatic, unite and form a considerable river, called the Fiumecino. In opposition to most Italian writers, Cluverius maintains, (and it is difficult to question the accuracy of so attentive and indefatigable an investigator), that the former is

called Rugone, that this appellation is evidently a corruption of Rubicone, and that the second is, properly speaking, the Pisatello. However we must assert, upon the authority, not of maps only, or of books, but of the innkeeper and the drivers, an authority equally, and perhaps more decisive on such a question, that the common name of the first stream is now the Pisatello, and that of the second the Rugone. But notwithstanding the difference of names, it is still evident, that the stream *now* called Pisatello, is a branch only of the Rubicon; and equally so, that the river which Cæsar passed, was not the Pisatello, or the Rugone, but that which is formed by the three streams united, and is now called the Fiumecino. To prove this circumstance, it is only necessary to observe, that Cæsar marched from Ravenna to Rimini, by the direct road, (for, as he was in haste, we cannot suppose that he deviated from it), that is, not by the Via Emilia, but by that which runs along the sea shore, and is called the Lower Road: to this we may add, that the distance of the Fiumecino at present, from Ravenna on one side, and from Rimini on the other, agrees with the distance ascribed to the Rubicon, from the same towns in the ancient itineraries. Moreover, it is highly probable, or as the abovementioned learned geographer maintains, nearly certain, that the ancient Via Emilia, instead of passing the three streams, turned to the sea, and crossed the Rubicon over a bridge, at the point where the rivers unite, and which is therefore called, in the itineraries, "ad Confluenteis." In fact, Rimini, by the present road, is only eighteen very short, that is, sixteen ancient miles, while it was formerly twenty, from Cesena; the difference evidently implies a turn in the road, which could be no other than that leading from Cesena to the bridge, "ad Confluenteis."