



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

Pavia, Milan, &c.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633)

## P A V I A, M I L A N, &amp;c.

FROM *Genoa* we took chaise for *Milan*, and by the way stopped at *Pavia*, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the Convent of *Austin* Monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the Body of the Saint, that gives the name to their Order. King *Luitprand*, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corps, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged *Italy*. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The Fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are Canons regular, who have half the same Church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the Body of the Saint, nor is it yet recognized by the Pope. The Monks say for themselves, that the very Name was written on the Urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are bury'd the Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Duke of *Lorraine*, who were both killed in the famous battel of *Pavia*. Their Monument was erected to them by one *Charles Parker*, an Ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

*Capto a Milite Cesareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus Dux Lotharingia, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolcia a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cænobio et ambitu per annos 57. sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, Regno Angliæ a Regina Elisabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc quaecumque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis*



*simis principibus posuit, 5. Sept. 1582. et post suum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.*

This pretended Duke of *Suffolk* was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother to the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to death by *Henry* the eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great Duke of *Suffolk* under the reign of *Henry* the sixth. He fought very bravely in the battel of *Pavia*, and was magnificently interr'd by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who, tho' an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

*Parker* himself is bury'd in the same place with the following inscription.

D. O. M.

*Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui Episcopus Des. ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium. An. xxxi. peregrinatus ab Invictiss. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiæ præmiis ornatus moritur Anno a partu Virginis, M. D. C. xi. Mens. Septembris.*

In *Pavia* is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of *Borromée*, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass of *Marcus Antoninus* on horseback, which the people of the place call *Charles* the fifth, and some learned men *Constantine* the Great.

*Pavia* is the *Ticinum* of the ancients, which took its name from the river *Ticinus* which runs by it, and is now called the *Tesin*. This river falls into the *Po*, and is excessively rapid. The Bishop of *Salisbury* says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why *Silius Italicus* has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

*Ceruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso  
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,  
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;  
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis  
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus  
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.*

L. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the *Ticinus* flows,  
And through the chrystal stream the shining bottom shows:



Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;  
 So wond'rous flow amidst the shady groves,  
 And tuneful Birds that warble on its sides,  
 Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A Poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream, but in *Italy* one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains, that make their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the *Tesin* is only an outlet of that vast lake, which the *Italians* now call the *Lago Maggiore*.

I saw between *Pavia* and *Milan* the convent of *Carthusians*, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a *Gothic* structure.

I could not stay long in *Milan* without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: For the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smutted with dust, and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works show themselves to an advantage. This vast *Gothic* pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves it self more beautiful and un sullied, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church indeed, which faces the *Tramontane* wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history-pieces, and several little Images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are indeed a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one

II they



they have is a *St. Bartholomew*, new-flead, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: It is esteemed worth its weight in gold: They have inscribed this verse on the Pedestal, to show the value they have for the workman.

*Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.*

Left at the sculptror doubtfully you guess,

'Tis *Marc Agrati*, not *Praxiteles*.

There is just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous Chapel, dedicated to *St. Charles Borromée*, where I saw his body, in Episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-chrystal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver work: He was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen Arch-bishop of *Milan*, and forty six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonised about a hundred years ago: and indeed if this honour were due to any man, I think such publick-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a four retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against *Heterodoxies*, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of *Roman Saints*. Miracles indeed are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because they say an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other particulars, and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit, and the importunity of his countrymen, procured his Canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the *Roman Church* not to allow this honour, ordinarily, 'till fifty years after the death of the person, who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that *Roman Catholics*, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy Apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the title of Saints than those of a modern date; but these are at present quite out of fashion in *Italy*, where there is scarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their Canonizations. When I was at *Milan* I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the *Borromean* family, and entitled, *A discourse on the humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromée*.



The great church of *Milan* has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar-like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed Virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of *Episode*) is finely cut in marble by *Andrew Biffy*. This church is very rich in relicks, which run up as high as *Daniel*, *Jonas*, and *Abraham*. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman *Becket*, as indeed there are very few treasuries of relicks in *Italy* that have not a tooth or a bone of this Saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amass'd together in this and several other churches of *Milan*. I was told, that in *Milan* there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the *Celestines* is a picture in Fresco of the marriage of *Cana*, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures: They show the gates of a church that St. *Ambrose* shut against the Emperor *Theodosius*, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacring the inhabitants of *Theffalonica*. That Emperor was however so far from being displeas'd with the behaviour of the Saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have pick'd splinters of wood out of the gates for relicks. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the same Saint baptized St. *Austin*. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel and on this occasion, that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answer'd him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pulpit and confessional, very finely inlaid with *Lapis-Lazuli*, and several kinds of marble, by a Father of the convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical genius's, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in *Roman-catholick* countries, which are all texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem — Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui — Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi — Soluta erunt in Cælis — Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam — Vade, et ne deinceps pecca — Qui vos audit, me audit — Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati —*



*rati—Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ—Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in viâ æternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I saw the *Ambrosian* library, where, to show the *Italian* genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men I met with no *Englishman*, except Bishop *Fisher*, whom *Henry* the eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are indeed the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an *Italian* library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*.

—————*Plena omnia gypso*  
*Chryssippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum*  
*Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,*  
*Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas.* Juv. S. 2.

*Chryseppus'* statue decks thy library.  
 Who makes his study finest, is most read;  
 The dolt, that with an *Aristotle's* head  
 Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,  
 Strait sets up for a *Stagyrite* himself. Tate.

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities often described by travellers, as *Bruegel's* elements, a head of *Titian* by his own hand, a manuscript in *Latin* of *Josephus*, which the Bishop of *Salisbury* says was written about the age of *Theodosius*, and another of *Leonardus Vinci*, which King *James* the first could not procure though he proffered for it three thousand *Spanish Pistoles*. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering: I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon *Settala's* cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of *Milan*, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of chrystal, that enclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though perhaps they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at *Vendome* in *France*, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over *Lazarus*, and was gather'd up by an Angel, who put it in a little chrystal vial, and made a present of it to *Mary Magdalene*. The famous *Pere Mabillon* is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of *Vendome*,  
 would



would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relick, in a book that he has dedicated to his dioceſan the Biſhop of *Blois*. It is in the poſſeſſion of a *Benedictin* convent, which raiſes a conſiderable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the moſt learned Father of their order to write in its defence.

It was ſuch a curioſity as this I have mentioned, that *Claudian* has celebrated in about half a ſcore epigrams.

*Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem  
Sumebat, nimio jam precioſa gelu.  
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,  
Sed medio manſit proditor orbe latex:  
Auctus honor; liquidi creſcunt miracula ſaxi,  
Et conſervata plus meruiſtis aquæ.*

Deep in the ſnowy *Alpes* a lump of Ice  
By froſts was harden'd to a mighty price;  
Proof to the Sun, it now ſecurely lies,  
And the warm Dog-ſtar's hotteſt rage deſies:  
Yet ſtill unripen'd in the dewy mines,  
Within the ball a trembling water ſhines,  
That through the chryſtal darts its ſpurious rays,  
And the proud ſtone's original betrays;  
But common drops, when thus with chryſtal mixt,  
Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies fixt.

As I walk'd through one of the ſtreets of *Milan*, I was ſurprized to read the following inſcription, concerning a Barber that had conſpired with the Commiſſary of health and others to poiſon his fellow-citizens. There is a void ſpace where his houſe ſtood, and in the miſt of it a Pillar, ſuſcribed *Colonna Infame*. The ſtory is told in handſome *Latin*, which I ſhall ſet down, as having never ſeen it tranſcribed.

*Hic, ubi hæc Area patens eſt,  
Surgebat olim Tonſtrina  
Joſ Jacobi Moræ:  
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commiſſario  
Et cum aliis Conſpiratione,  
Dum peſtis atrox ſeviret,  
Lethiferis unguentis hæc et illuc aſperſis  
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.*

blow

Hos



Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,  
 Excelsò in Plaustro  
 Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe  
 Et dexterâ multatos manu  
 Rotâ infringi  
 Rotæque intextos post horas sex jugulari,  
 Comburi deinde,  
 Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,  
 Publicatis bonis  
 Cineres in flumen projici  
 Senatus jussit :  
 Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,  
 Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,  
 Solo æquari,  
 Ac nunquam in posterum refici,  
 Et erigi Columnam,  
 Quæ vocatur Infamis,  
 Idem ordo mandavit.  
 Procul hinc procul ergo  
 Boni Cives,  
 Ne Vos Infelix Infame solum  
 Commaculet !  
 M. D. C. xxx. Kal. Augusti.  
 Præside Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Justitiæ Cap.  
 Jo. Baptistâ Vicecomit.

The citadel of *Milan* is thought a strong fort in *Italy*, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the dutchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of *Milan*; as the *Persians* used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests; to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from *Milan* there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay: There are two parallel walls which beat the sound back on each other, 'till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses.



glasses. Father *Kircher* has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father *Bartolin* has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of *Milan* is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains: Indeed if a man considers the face of *Italy* in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the *Alpes* at one end, and the long range of *Appenines*, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lye among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and common-wealths in the oldest accounts we have of it; 'till the power of the *Romans*, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread it self into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support it self, we find the government of *Italy* again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of *Milan*, as in several others in *Italy*, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the *French*. One may however observe a kind of awkwardness in the *Italians*, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The *French* are always open, familiar and talkative: The *Italians*, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious and reserved. In *France* every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: The *Italians*, notwithstanding their natural fieriness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: In *France* it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: Besides, that the *French* apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young Gentleman in *France* that does not fence, dance, and ride in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easie carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of  
the



the *French*, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The *Italians*, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In *Spain* therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make profelytes than Melancholy, it is observed that the *Italians* have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the *French*; which prevail more or less in the courts of *Italy*, as they lye at a smaller or greater distance from *France*. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of *Italy* have in general so very great an aversion to the *French*, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the *French* humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the *Italians*, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of *Italy*, who run more into news and politicks than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the King of *France*. The *Savoyards*, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The *Milanese* and *Neapolitans* remember the many insults he has offered to the house of *Austria*, and particularly to their deceased King, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection. The *Genoese* cannot forget his treatment of their Doge, and his bombarding their city. The *Venetians* will tell you of his leagues with the *Turks*; and the *Romans*, of his threats to Pope *Innocent* the eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state, and change of circumstances, may have sweetened these reflections to the politer sort, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the *Italians*, for their favouring the *Germans* above the *French*,



is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of *Italy*, to have *Milan* and *Naples* rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the publick good, and pursues them with greater uprightnes than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of publick blessings, that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to *Milan*: I shall here set down the description *Ausonius* has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

*Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:  
Innumerae cultaeque domus, facunda virorum  
Ingenia, et mores leti. Tum duplici muro  
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas  
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:  
Templa, Palatinaeque arces, opulensque Moneta,  
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,  
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis,  
Omnia quae magnis operum velut amula formis  
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romae.*

*Milan* with plenty and with wealth o'er-flows,  
And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;  
The people, blest'd with nature's happy force,  
Are eloquent and chearful in discourse;  
A circus and a theatre invites  
Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.  
*Moneta* consecrated buildings grace,  
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace:  
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,  
And intermingled temples rise between;  
Here circling colonnades the ground enclose,  
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:  
Profusely graced the happy town appears,  
Nor *Rome* it self, her beauteous neighbour, fears.

B R E-