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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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Brescia, Verona, Padua.

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BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

FROM *Milan* we travelled through a very pleasant country, to *Brescia*, and by the way crossed the river *Adda*, that falls into the *Lago di Como*, which *Virgil* calls the lake *Larius*, and running out at the other end loses it self at last in the *Po*, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of *Brescia* have freer access to the Senate of *Venice*, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: For as they were once a part of the *Milanese*, and are now on their frontiers, the *Venetians* dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the *Spaniards* do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. *Brescia* is famous for its iron-works. A small day's journey more brought us to *Verona*. We saw the lake *Benacus* in our way, which the *Italians* now call *Lago di Garda*: It was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind *Virgil's* noble description of it.

*Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.*

Here vex'd by winter storms *Benacus* raves,
Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lyes,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the *Mincio*.

— *Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.*

Where the slow *Mincius* through the valley strays:
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink.

G. 3.

Dryden.

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The river *Adige* runs through *Verona*; so much is the situation of the Town changed from what it was in *Silius Italicus* his time.

—*Verona Athesi circumflua.*

L. 8.

Verona by the circling *Adige* bound.

This is the only great river in *Lombardy* that does not fall into the *Po*; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the *Adriatic*. The rivers are all of them mentioned by *Claudian*.

—*Venetosque erectior amnes*

Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis

Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu

Cæculus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu

Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.

Sexto con. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound:
Her dropping locks the silver *Tessin* rears,
The blue transparent *Adda* next appears,
The rapid *Adige* then erects her head,
And *Mincio* rising slowly from his bed,
And last *Timavus* that with eager force
From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His *Larius* is doubtless an imitation of *Virgil's Benacus*.

—*Umbrosâ vestit qua littus olivâ*

Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu.

De Bel. Get.

The *Larius* here, with groves of olives crown'd,
An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at *Verona* the famous Amphitheater, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the Area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have *Claudian* before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full Amphitheater.

Ut

*Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
 Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
 Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
 Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;
 Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta Theatri
 Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.*

In. Ruf. L. 2.

So rushes on his foe the grisly Bear,
 That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
 His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
 Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
 His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
 Bent on his knee, the savage glares around,
 Scar'd with the mighty croud's promiscuous sound;
 Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
 And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in *Verona*, of which the principal is the ruine of a triumphal arch erected to *Flaminius*, where one sees old *Doric* Pillars without any pedestal or basis, as *Vitruvius* has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in *Italy* worth taking notice of. The *Italians* fall as far short of the *French* in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must however be said, to the honour of the *Italians*, that the *French* took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches, than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of *Verona*, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of *Verona*, that of *St. George* is the handsomest: Its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the Saint, drawn by *Paul Veronese*; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the Tomb of Pope *Lucius*, who lyes buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the publick to one of their Bishops: The inscription says, that there was between him and his maker, *Summa Necessitudo*, *Summa Similitudo*. The *Italian* epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From *Verona* to *Padua* we travelled through a very pleasant country: It is planted thick with rows of white Mulberry-trees, that furnish food for great quantities of Silk-worms with their leaves, as the Swine and Poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at
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the same time, as so many staves for their Vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lye fields of corn, which in these warm countries ripens much better among the mulberry shades, than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing *Lombardy* the seat of war, which must have made miserable havock among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of *Flanders*, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at *Vicenza*, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to *Padua*. *St. Anthony*, who lived above five hundred years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lyes buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholicks rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsom; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his Votaries in several parts of the church: For it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several *Roman* Catholick churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They sell at *Padua* the life of *St. Anthony*, which is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

Non curando gli Heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero à sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l'acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s'accommodaro per sentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, et per altrettanta meraviglia inarcando
le

te ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, et amati pesci) si scuopre la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perche se bene siete chiamati Rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi al udire, mutoli al parlare, et horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete, voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misterii è Sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede havete l'acqua, elemento diafano, trasparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro; et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di Lince, ò di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, et aggrada; et fuggite ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le spetie vostre, fase, oprate et caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrasto alcuno; nè algor d'inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce; siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, è subissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l'Autunno, et assideri li inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trappassar del hore nè correr de giorni, nè volar de mesi, ne fuggir d'anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno,

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ma sempre sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua provvidenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al monde; e tutto questo ch'io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringratiare sua divina maestà di tanti e così singolari beneficij, che vi ha fatti, di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringratiar il vostro Benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete sembante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficij, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, congesti di profonda Humiltà, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinarono la testa, blandiro co'l corpo, quasi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio.

“ When the hereticks would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river *Marecchia* disembogues it self into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words.

“ Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved Fish) discovers it self in all the works of his creation, as in the Heavens, in the Sun, in the Moon, and in the Stars, in this lower World, in Man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created Beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of *Reptiles*, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech,

and

“ and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows it self in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The holy Scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound Sacrament.

“ Do you think that, without a mystery, the first Present that God Almighty made to Man, was of you, O ye Fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye Fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the Paschal Lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye Fishes? Do you think it was by meer chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to *Cesar*, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a Fish? These are all of them so many Mysteries and Sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

“ It is from God, my beloved Fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of Kings, or in the palaces of Princes: You have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than chrystal; you can see from its deepest bottom every thing that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a *Lynx*, or of an *Argus*; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve your selves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

“ The colds of winter, and the heats of summer, are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

VOL. II.

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“ In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

“ All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow your selves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

“ He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a Miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed Father St. *Antonio*.

The Legend adds, that after many Hereticks, who were present at the Miracle, had been converted by it, the Saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

Several other the like stories of St. *Antony* are represented about his monument in a very fine *Basso Relievo*.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. *Antony* in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor Peasant, who fancied the Saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pustonis Bethlehemitici

Lilio candidiori delicio,

Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,

Celsissimo sacrae sapientiae tholo,

Prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,

Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, Leprae, Daemonis,

Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,

Saucto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,

Aegrotorum et naufragantium salvatori

Præsentissimo, tutissimo.

Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,

II *Rerum*

Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
 Periculorum omnium profligatori
 Magno, Mirabili,
 Ter Sancto,
 Antonio Paduano,
 Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
 Protectori et Sospitatori suo, &c.

The custome of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the Deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in *Italy*. The church of *St. Justina*, designed by *Palladio*, is the most handsom, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in *Italy*. The long Nef consists of a row of five cupola's, the cross-one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of *St. Justina* hangs over the Altar, and is a piece of *Paul Veronese*. In the great town-hall of *Padua* stands a stone superscribed *Lapis Vituperii*. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pound, and is set by the Bailifs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself of any farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that no body has submitted to, these four and twenty years. The university of *Padua* is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sun-set. There is at *Padua* a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republick. At present the *English* have not only gained upon the *Venetians* in the *Levant*, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in *Venice* it self; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to see that no body wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants indeed are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of *Livy* and *Antenor* is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of *Antenor* put me in mind of the latter part of *Virgil's* description, which gives us the original of *Padua*.

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

Æ. 1.

*Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure; and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
 Where rolling down the steep Timavus raves,
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy feat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
 And there in quiet lyes.—*

Dryden.

From Padua I went down to the river Brent in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

V E N I C E.

HAVING often heard Venice represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform my self of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the Terra Firma, nor are the shallows that lye about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the constant flux and reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the *Hollanders* want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed