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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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Ferrara, Ravenna, Rimini.

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Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
 She sits a Sov'rain, unentlav'd, and free;
 By thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd away,
 The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
 Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

*Nec Tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
 Ne Tu, quæ mediis amula surgis aquis.*

L. 2. El. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
 Whose circling walls the sev'n fam'd hills inclose;
 And thou, whose rival tow'rs invade the skies,
 And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

AT Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither
 saw several mouths of the *Po*, by which it empties it self in-
 to the Adriatic,

— *Quo non alius per pinguia culta
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Virg. G. 4.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of *Italy*.

Lucan's description of the *Po* would have been very beautiful, had he
 known when to have given over.

*Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
 Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
 Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
 Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:
 Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
 Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;
 Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perustâ,
 Hunc habuisse pares Phœbeis ignibus undas.*

L. 2.
The

The *Po*, that rushing with uncommon force,
 O'er-fets whole woods in its tumultuous course,
 And rising from *Hesperia's* watry veins,
 Th' exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
 The *Po*, as fings the fable, first convey'd
 Its wond'ring current through a poplar shade:
 For when young *Phaeton* mistook his way,
 Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
 This river, with surviving streams supply'd,
 When all the rest of the whole earth were dry'd,
 And nature's self lay ready to expire,
 Quench'd the dire flame that fet the world on fire.

The Poet's reflections follow.

*Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
 Ægypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
 Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
 Ister, casuros in qualibet æquora fontes
 Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.*

Id.

Nor would the *Nile* more watry stores contain,
 But that he stagnates on his *Libyan* plain:
 Nor would the *Danube* run with greater force,
 But that he gathers in his tedious course
 Ten thousand streams, and swelling as he flows,
 In *Scythian* seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says *Scaliger*, the *Eridanus* would be bigger than the *Nile* and *Danube*, if the *Nile* and *Danube* were not bigger than the *Eridanus*. What makes the Poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why the *Danube* is greater than the *Po*, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the *Po* as great as it is; for before its fall into the Gulf, it receives into its channel the most considerable Rivers of *Piemont*, *Milan*, and the rest of *Lombardy*.

From *Venice* to *Ancona* the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the Gulf. *Lucan* has run out of his way to describe the *Phenomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lye out of the neighbourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his Poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Qua-

Quàque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
 Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens
 Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
 Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet
 Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
 Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus aestuat horis:
 Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
 Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
 Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
 Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
 Ut superi voluere, late. ————— Lib. x.

Wash'd with successive seas, the doubtful strand
 By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
 Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
 Moving the world of waters to and fro;
 Or waning Moons their settled periods keep
 To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
 Or the tir'd Sun, his vigour to supply,
 Raises the floating mountains to the Sky,
 And flakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
 Do you who study nature's works decide:
 Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire,
 Nor, into what the Gods conceal, presumptuously enquire.

At Ferrara I met nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a Citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it, than the Pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The *Benedictines* have the finest convent of the place. They showed us in the church *Ariosto's* Monument: His Epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ, consilio, eloquentiâ præstantissimus.*

I came down a branch of the *Po*, as far as *Alberto*, within ten miles of *Ravenna*. All this space lyes miserably uncultivated 'till you come near *Ravenna*, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally

rally over-grown with Rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the Sea, that lyes within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw *Ravenna*; that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the *Roman* ports. One may guess at its ancient situation from *Martial's*

Meliúsque Ranæ garriant Ravennates.

Lib. 3.

Ravenna's Frogs in better musick croak.

and the description that *Silius Italicus* has given us of it.

*Quàque gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludose perscindunt stagna Ravennæ.*

L. 8.

Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide

With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old Geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the Haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of *Ravenna* has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging it self upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the *Pharos*, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lye about them, though 'tis probable they took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square Tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the *Venetian Campanello*, and is probably the high Tower mentioned by *Pliny*, *Lib. 36. cap. 12.*

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church called the *Rotonda*. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in *Gothic* characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows it self to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwreck'd, perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The

VOL. II.

G

first

first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus,

——— *Rania domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.*

Both with the same indulgent Master blest'd,
On the same same day their liberty possess'd:
A shipwreck slew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common friends their fun'ral to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *Naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made Free-men on the same day. If therefore we suppose they had been formerly shipwreck'd with their Master, and that he made them free at the same time, the *Epigram* is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the Masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The Chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four foot in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little Cupola a great Tomb of *Porphyry*, and the Statues of the twelve Apostles; but in the war that *Louis* the twelfth made on *Italy*, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was, perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the Cupola, though the inhabitants say it was crack'd by Thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their *Gothic* Princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he he was to die. I asked an Abbot, that was in the church, what was the name of this *Gothic* Prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, "That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one *Julius Caesar*." There is a Convent of *Theatins*, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a Dove, and to have settled on one of the Candidates for the Bishoprick. The Dove is represented in the window, and in several

veral places of the church, and is in great reputation all over *Italy*. I should not indeed think it impossible for a Pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favouring a competitor, especially if he had many friends among the Electors that would make a politick use of such an accident: But they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. Aſ^ſ Trid^o concilio contra Hereticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.* The statue of *Alexander* the seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brass, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a Pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the blessed Virgin, arrayed like a Queen, with a scepter in her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the *Italians*, that one often sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glewed to the canvas over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of *Benedictines* I saw three huge Chests of Marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of *Valentinian*, *Honorius*, and his sister *Placidia*. From *Ravenna* I came to *Rimini*, having passed the *Rubicon* by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when *Cæsar* passed it, according to *Lucan*.

*Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausoniis determinat arva colonis:
Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes.*

L. 11

While summer lasts, the streams of *Rubicon*
From their spent source in a small current run,
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And *Italy* from neighb'ring *Gaul* divide;

G 2

But

But now, with winter storms encreas'd; they rose,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and *Alpine* snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolv'd away.

This river is now called *Pisatello*.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow: A marble Bridge of five arches, built by *Augustus* and *Tiberius*, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by *Gruter*. A triumphal Arch raised by *Augustus*, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an Amphitheater. The *Suggestum*, on which it is said that *Julius Caesar* harangued his army after having passed the *Rubicon*. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentick: It is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggestums*, as I have often observed on Medals, as well as on *Constantine's* Arch, were made of wood like a little kind of Stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the Emperor, and two or three general Officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made Speeches, or distributed a Congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at *Rimini* must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.



If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a confirmation to the learned *Fabretti's* conjecture on *Trajan's* Pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the Camps, Intrenchments,

ments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like materials; for there are on the Pillar some of these *Suggestums* which are figured like those on Medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from *Rimini* stands the little Republick of *St. Marino*, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lyes out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of no body else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of *Venice* in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of *Rome* it self, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

The REPUBLICK of St. *MARINO*.

THE town and republick of *St. Marino* stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the *Appenines*. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lye scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have,