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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, Ancona, Loreto, &c. to Rome.

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*Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, Ancona,  
Loretto, &c. to Rome.*

**F**ROM *Rimini* to *Loretto* the towns of note are *Pesaro*, *Fano*, *Senigallia* and *Ancona*. *Fano* received its name from the Fane or Temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal Arch erected there to *Augustus*: It is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble Fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of *Pesaro* is handsomely designed. *Ancona* is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The Port was made by *Trajan*, for which he has a triumphal Arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this Arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea-vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves it self from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the *Italians* and voyage-writers call these of *Rimini*, *Fano*, and *Ancona* Triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the *Romans* between such Honorary arches erected to Emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly Triumphal arches. This at *Ancona* was an instance of gratitude to *Trajan* for the Port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may however observe the wisdom of the ancient *Romans*, who to encourage their Emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the publick, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the Medals that are stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of *Galba's* with a triumphal Arch on the reverse, that was made by the Senate's order



der for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The Medal which was made for Trajan in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona is very common. The reverse has on it a Port with a chain running a-cross it, and betwixt them both a Boat with this inscription, S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.



I know *Fabretti* would fain ascribe this Medal to another occasion, but *Bellorio*, in his additions to *Angeloni*, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At *Loretto* I enquired for the *English* Jesuits lodgings, and on the stair-case that leads to them, I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in *England*, as the two *Garnets*, *Old-corn*, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the Holy House and Treasury are surprizingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation, as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and Gold it self looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the Jewels of the greatest value in *Europe*, if the devotion of its Princes continues in its present fervour. The last Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, and cost her 18000 crowns. Some have wondered that the *Turk* never attacks this Treasury, since it lyes so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the *Venetians* keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the *Adriatic*. It would indeed be an easie thing for a Christian Prince to surprize it, who has ships still passing to and fro without



without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like Pilgrims, to secure a gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the number of 100000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the Holy House, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the Catholick Princes of *Europe*, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lye dead, and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery, as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the Pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the *Turk*, or a powerful league among the Protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places of *Italy*, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the Church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make *Italy* the most flourishing country in *Europe*. The Case of the Holy House is nobly designed, and executed by the great Masters of *Italy*, that flourished about a hundred years ago. The Statues of the *Sibyls* are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the Prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large Crucifix very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and amidst all the ghastliness of the visage has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of *Corinthian* brass, with many scripture stories rising on them in *Basso Relievo*. The Pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art. The spicery, the cellar and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the Holy House, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this Imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old *Romans* paid to the cottage of *Romulus*, which stood on mount *Capitol*, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. *Virgil* has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in *Manlius's* time, 327 years after the death of *Romulus*.



*In summo custos Tarpeia Manlius arcis*

*Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat:*

*Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo.*

Æn. L. 8.

High on a rock heroick *Manlius* stood

To guard the temple, and the temple's god:

Then *Rome* was poor, and there you might behold

The palace thatch'd with straw.

*Dryden.*

From *Loretto*, in my way to *Rome*, I passed through *Recanati*, *Macerata*, *Tolentino*, and *Foligni*. In the last there is a convent of Nuns called *la Contessa*, that has in the church an incomparable *Madonna* of *Raphael*. At *Spoletto*, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an Aquæduct of a *Gothic* structure, that conveys the water from mount *St. Francis* to *Spoletto*, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in *Europe*. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to *Terni* I saw the river *Clitumnus*, celebrated by so many of the Poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon enquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in *Italy* of any other breed. The river *Clitumnus*, and *Mevania* that stood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all *Italy*.

*Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco*

*Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.*

Prop. L. 2.

*Hinc Albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus*

*Victima, sepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro*

*Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.*

Geor. 2. Virg.

There flows *Clitumnus* through the flow'ry plain;

Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,

The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

—*Patulis Clitumnus in arvis*

*Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros.*

Sil. Ital. L. 2.

—*Tauriferis*



—Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis

Explicat—

Luc. L. 1.

—Atque ubi latis

Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,

Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum,

Dona Jovi—

Id. L. 6.

—Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,

Aut præsent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,

Sufficiam—

Stat. Syl. L. 1.

Pinguior Hispullâ traberetur taurus et ipsâ

Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,

Lata sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis

Iret, et à grandi cervix ferienda ministro.

Juv. Sat. 12.

A Bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,  
 One of *Hispullâ's* huge prodigious size:  
 Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,  
 But of *Clitumnus* whitest sacred breed:  
 The lively tincture of whose gushing blood  
 Should clearly prove the richness of his food;  
 A neck so strong, so large, as would command  
 The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.

Mr. Congreve.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote *Claudian*.

*Terni* is the next town in course, formerly called *Interamna*, for the same reason that a part of *Asia* was named *Mesopotamia*. We enter at the gate of the three monuments, so called, because there stood near it a monument erected to *Tacitus* the historian, with two others to the Emperors *Tacitus* and *Florianus*, all of them natives of the place. These were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of some Gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was shewn a square marble, inserted in the wall, with the following Inscription.

Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ

Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani

Genio municipi Anno post

Interamnam Conditam.

D. CC. IV.

Ad



*Ad Cnejum Domitium Abenobarbum.* 

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 *Coss. providentia Ti. Caesaris Augusti nati ad Aeternitatem Romam nominis sublato hoste perniciosissimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum. P. S. F. C. that is, pecunia sua fieri curavit.*

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of *Sejanus*. After the name of *Abenobarbus* there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *Coss.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. *Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus* was consul under the reign of \* *Tiberius*, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the Emperor *Claudius*; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient Theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed, like a dish, at one end; but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon, that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the Theatre, lye two pillars, the one of granite, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous *Cascade* about three miles from *Terni*. It is formed by the fall of the river *Velino*, which *Virgil* mentions in the seventh *Aeneid*—*Rosca rura Velini*.

The channel of this river lyes very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to *Virgil's Rosca rura*, (dewy countries.) The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smook ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in

\* Vid. Fast. Consul. Sicul.



perpetual rains on all the places that lye near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this *Cascade*, than in all the water-works of *Versailles*, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets, especially in *Claudian*, who makes his Emperor *Honorius* go out of his way to see the river *Nar* which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his Poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which *Virgil's Alecto* shoots her self into Hell: For the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the *Cascade* is not far off that part of *Italy*, which has been call'd *Italia Meditullium*.

*Est locus Italia medio, sub montibus altis,  
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,  
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum  
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus  
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens:  
Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula Ditis  
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago  
Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Eriimys  
Invisum numen terras cælumque levabat.* Æn. 7.

In midst of *Italy*, well known to fame,  
There lies a vale, *Amsanctus* is the name,  
Below the lofty mounts: On either side  
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:  
Full in the centre of the sacred wood  
An arm ariseth of the *Stygian* flood;  
Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound  
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.  
Here *Pluto* pants for breath from out his cell,  
And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.  
To this infernal gate, the Fury flies,  
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies. *Dryden.*



It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a Fury to make her *Exit*, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleas'd, when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging her self into Hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river *Velino*, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the *Nera*. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage: So that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by *Virgil*, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old *Roman* names.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne  
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profunda,  
Audiit et longè Trivia lacus, audiit amnis  
Sulfuræa Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.* Æn. 7.

The sacred lake of *Trivia* from afar,  
The *Veline* fountains, and sulphureous *Nar*,  
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war. Dryden.

He makes the sound of the Fury's trumpet run up the *Nera* to the very sources of *Velino*, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When *Virgil* has marked any particular quality in a river, the other Poets seldom fail of copying after him.

——— *Sulphureus Nar.* Aufon.  
——— *Narque albescentibus undis*  
*In Tibrim properans* —— Sil. It. L. 8.  
——— *Et Nar vitiatu odor*  
*Sulfure* —— Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Conf.

——— The hoary *Nar*  
Corrupted with the stench of sulphur flows,  
And into *Tiber's* streams th'infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of *Narni*. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except *Augustus's* bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in *Italy*. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its



its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that *Martial* mentions, though *Mr. Ray* takes them to be the remains of an Aquæduct.

*Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia quinto,  
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui!*

L. 7.

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;  
So, *Narni*, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From *Narni* I went to *Otricoli*, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of *Ocriculum* did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of the old *Ocriculum*, that lye near the banks of the *Tiber*. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to *Rome*, seeing a high hill standing by it self in the *Campania*, I did not question but it had a *Classic* name, and upon enquiry found it to be mount *Soraete*. The *Italians* at present call it, because its name begins with an *S*. *St. Oreste*.

The fatigue of our crossing the *Appenines*, and of our whole journey from *Loretto* to *Rome*, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in six days travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the Bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of *February*. Sometimes our road led us through groves of *Olives*, or by gardens of *Oranges*, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of the *Via Flaminia*, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down *Claudian's* account of the journey that *Honorius* made from *Ravenna* to *Rome*, which lyes most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

VOL. II.

I

— *Antique*



——— Antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ  
 Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit  
 Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus  
 Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo  
 Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu  
 Deserit, oceani lunaribus æmula damnis;  
 Latior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,  
 Despiciturque vagus præruptâ valle Metaurus,  
 \* Quâ mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,  
 Admisitque viam sectæ per viscera rupis,  
 Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxoque minantes  
 Apenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras:  
 Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,  
 Candida quæ latiis præbent armenta triumphis  
 Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis †  
 Prætereunt: tacito passu quem si quis adiret,  
 Lentus erat: si voce gradum majore citâsset,  
 Commistis fervebat aquis cùmque omnibus una  
 Sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis umbras  
 Ostendant: hæc sola novam jactantia sortem  
 Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.  
 Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum  
 Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris  
 Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui nominis auctor  
 Ilice sub densâ sylvis arctatus opacis  
 Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.  
 Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,  
 Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis  
 Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi.

De 6. Conf. Hon.

They leave Ravenna, and the mouths of Po,  
 That all the borders of the town o'er-flow;  
 And spreading round in one continu'd lake,  
 A spacious hospitable harbour make.  
 Hither the seas at stated times resort,  
 And shove the loaden vessels into port:

\* An Highway made by *Vespasian*, like the *Grotto Obscuro* near *Naples*.  
 † This fountain, not known.

Then



Then with a gentle ebb retire again,  
 And render back their cargo to the main.  
 So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,  
 Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.  
 Fair Fortune next, with looks serene and kind,  
 Receives 'em, in her ancient fane enshrin'd;  
 Then the high hills they cross, and from below  
 In distant murmurs hear *Metaurus* flow;  
 'Till to *Clitumno's* sacred streams they come,  
 That send white victims to almighty *Rome*;  
 When her triumphant sons in war succeed,  
 And slaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.  
 At *Narni's* lofty seats arriv'd, from far  
 They view the windings of the hoary *Nar*;  
 Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,  
 While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.  
 And now the royal guest, all dangers pass'd,  
 Old *Tiber* and his Nymphs salutes at last;  
 The long laborious pavement here he treads,  
 That to proud *Rome* th' admiring nations leads:  
 While stately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,  
 And show the world's Metropolis is near.

*Silius Italicus*, who has taken more pains on the Geography of *Italy* than any other of the *Latin* Poets, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in *Umbria*, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which *Macrobius* has objected to *Virgil*, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which *Homer's* catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than *Virgil's*.

— *Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,*  
*Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti*  
*Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,*  
*Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro*  
*Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis*  
*In Tibrim properans, Tineæque inglorius humor,*  
*Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.*  
*Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne*  
*Albula, et immotâ perstringit mania ripâ,*



*His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,  
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens  
Narnia, &c.*—————

Sil. It. L. 8.

Since I am got among the Poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

*Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravenna,  
Cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam.*

Mar. L. 5.

Lodg'd at *Ravenna*, (water sells so dear)  
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

*Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravenna;  
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.*

Id.

By a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,  
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;  
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,  
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

*Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Aucon,  
Murice nec Tyrio.*—————

Sil. It. L. 8.

The wool when shaded with *Ancona's* dye,  
May with the proudest *Tyrian* purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at *Ravenna*, and was probably much more so, when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

## From *ROME* to *NAPLES*.

**U**PON my arrival at *Rome* I took a view of *St. Peters*, and the *Rotunda*, leaving the rest 'till my return from *Naples*, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. *St. Peters* seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges it self