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Towns within the Neighbourhood of Rome.

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Towns within the Neighbourhood of Rome.

I Spent three or four days on *Tivoli*, *Frescati*, *Palestrina*, and *Albano*. In our way to *Tivoli* I saw the Rivulet of *Salforata*, formerly called *Albula*, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. *Martial* mentions this offensive smell in an Epigram of the fourth book, as he does the Rivulet it self in the first.

*Quod sicca redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebula quod Albularum.*

L. 4. Ep. 4.

The drying Marshes such a stench convey,
Such the rank steams of reeking *Albula*.

*Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quæ Tiburis arces,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.*

L. 1. Ep. 5.

As from high *Rome* to *Tivoli* you go,
Where *Albula*'s sulphureous waters flow.

The little Lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating Islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural Curiosities about *Rome*. It lyes in the very flat of *Campania*, and as it is the drain of these parts, 'tis no wonder that it is so impregnated with Sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that upon throwing in a stone the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of scurfe rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the Islands, for they often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

I question not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the Islands have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crufted over, as the Islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the Lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the

the trampling of our horses feet. I could not discover the least traces of the *Sibyls* Temple and Grove, which stood on the borders of this Lake. *Tivoli* is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given *Horace* occasion to call it *Tibur Supinum*, as *Virgil* perhaps for the same reason entitles it *Superbum*. The *Villa de Medicis* with its water-works, the Cascade of the *Teverone*, and the Ruines of the *Sibyls* temple (of which *Vignola* has made a little copy at *Peters de Montorio*) are described in every Itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lyes at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the *Roman Campania*, where the eye loses it self on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves and vallies. But the most enlivening part of all is the river *Teverone*, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance throwing it self down a precipice, and falling by several Cascades from one rock to another, 'till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover it self through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The *Roman* Painters often work upon this Landskip, and I am apt to believe that *Horace* had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The *Teverone* was formerly called the *Anio*.

*Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albunæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*

L. 1. O. 7.

Not fair *Larissa's* fruitful shore,
Nor *Lacedæmon* charms me more,
Than high *Albunæ's* airy walls
Resounding with her water-falls,
And *Tivoli's* delightful shades,
And *Anio* rolling in cascades,
That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur *Dacier* explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the Conduits, Pipes and Canals that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the *Teverone* must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most *moveable* rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of Cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisie course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the *Teverone* falls into the valley before-mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings glides peaceably into the *Tiber*. In which sense we are to understand *Silius Italicus's* description, to give it its proper beauty.

*Sulphureis gelidus quâ serpit leniter undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.*

Here the loud *Anio's* boist'rous clamours cease,
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
To his old sire the *Tiber*——

At *Frescati* I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of *Versailles* in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the *Campania* was set thick with towns, villas and plantations. *Cicero's Tusculum* was at a place called *Grotto Ferrate*, about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it to *Frescati*. *Nardini* says, there was found among the ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a piece of sculpture which *Cicero* himself mentions in one of his familiar Epistles. In going to *Frescati* we had a fair view of mount *Algido*.

On our way to *Paestrina* we saw the lake *Regillus*, famous for the Apparition of *Castor* and *Pollux*, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battel between the *Romans* and the Son-in-law of *Tarquinius*. At some distance from it we had a view of the *Lacus Gabinus*, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome*, seeing it had occasion for so many Aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For
by

by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expence of such an engine as that of *Marli*. Thus the *Claudian* Aqueduct ran thirty eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source and the low situation of *Rome*. *Palaestrina* stands very high, like most other towns in *Italy*, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason *Virgil* calls it *altum*, and *Horace*, *frigidum Præneste*. *Statius* calls it *Præneste sacrum*, because of the famous temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of Granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful *Mosaic* pavement, the finest I have ever seen in Marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of several other animals, with little landskips which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old *Roman Mosaic*, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the *Italians* call *Smalte*. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the work-man pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of *Mosaic* than they did formerly.

In our excursion to *Albano* we went as far as *Nemi*, that takes its name from the *Nemus Dianæ*. The whole country thereabouts is still overrun with woods and thickets. The Lake of *Nemi* lyes in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which perhaps, together with the clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of *Diana's* looking-glass.

—*Speculumque Dianæ.*

Virg.

Prince *Casarini* has a palace at *Jensano*, very near *Nemi*, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from *Jensano* to *Albano* we passed through *la Ricca*, the *Aricia* of the ancients, *Horace's* first stage from *Rome* to *Brundisi*. There is nothing at *Albano* so remarkable as the prospect from the *Capucin's* garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole *Campania*, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the

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fame

same time of the *Alban* lake, which lyes just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the *Area* of some vast Amphitheater. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. *Albano* keeps up its credit still for Wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for Olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at *Tivoli*.

—*Albani pretiosa senectus.*

Juv. Sat. 13.

*Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ.*

Id. Sat. 5.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*.
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'er-grown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.

Mr. Bowles.

—*Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ.
Albanæ——Olivæ.*

Mar. L. 5. E. 1.

Id. L. 9. E. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the *Romans*, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as *Bajæ* was the general winter rendezvous.

*Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquosi
Laxat, et Icariis cælum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam dense rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit Umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant.*

Sil. 4. 1.

*Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perenna.*

Mar. L. 1. E. 123.

All shun the raging Dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat:

Some

Some hid in *Nemi's* gloomy forests lye,
 To *Palestrina* some for shelter fly;
 Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
 To *Tusculum* or *Algid* repair;
 Or in moist *Tivoli's* retirements find
 A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present, *Rome* is never fuller of Nobility than in summer time; for the country towns are so infested with unwholsome vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the *Campania* would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving *Rome* about the latter end of *October*, in my way to *Sienna*, I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient *Veii*.

Hec tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: So literally is that noble prophecy of *Lucan* fulfilled, of this and other places of *Latium*.

——— *Gentes Mars iste futuras*
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruina,
Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coactâ
Invitus —————

L. 7.

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
 And swallow'd up in dark oblivion lye;
 Almighty *Latium* with her cities crown'd,
 Shall like an antiquated fable found;
 The *Veian* and the *Gabian* tow'rs shall fall,
 And one promiscuous ruine cover all,
 Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
 The place where once the very ruins lay;

High

High *Alba's* walls, and the *Lavinian* strand,
 (A lonely desert, and an empty land)
 Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
 A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the Lake *Bacca*, that gives rise to the *Cremera*, on whose banks the *Fabii* were slain.

*Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
 Abstulit una dies, cum fors non aqua labori
 Patricio Cremera maculavit sanguine ripas.*

Sil. It. L. 1.

Fabius a num'rous ancestry could tell,
 Three hundred Heroes that in battel fell,
 Near the fam'd *Cremera's* disast'rous flood,
 That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the Lakes of *Vico* and *Bolsena*. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of Islands, that are perhaps the two floating Isles mentioned by *Pliny*, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is easie enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the Naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of *Rome*. At one end of this Lake stands *Montefiascone*, the habitation of *Virgil's Æqui Falisci*, *Æn.* 7. and on the side of it the town of the *Volturnians*; now called *Bolsena*.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volturnis.

Juv. Sat. 3.

—*Volturnium* flood

Cover'd with mountains, and enclos'd with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of *Bolsena* an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a *Sarcophagus*) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a Bacchanal. Had the Inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to *Aquapendente*, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little Brook which separates the Pope's dominions from the Great Duke's. The frontier

frontier castle of *Radicofani* is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the Pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful vallies, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the *Italian* proverb, that *The Pope has the flesh, and the Great Duke the bones of Italy*. Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a Convent.

SIENNA, LEGHORNE, PISA.

S IENNA stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the common-wealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen *St. Peters*, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of *Gothic Architecture*. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expence, that our fore-fathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they been only instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the Priests, there was so much money consumed on these *Gothic Cathedrals*, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings, than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single Cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows