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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

Remarks On Several Parts Of Italy, &c. In the Years 1701, 1702, 1703.

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R E M A R K S

ON SEVERAL

P A R T S

O F

I T A L Y, &c.

In the YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

*Verum ergo id est, si quis in coelum ascendisset, naturamque mundi
et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admi-
rationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui nar-
raret habuisset.*

Cicer. de Amic.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXI.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord SOMERS,

Baron of *EVEESHAM*.

My LORD,



HERE is a Pleasure in owning Obligations which it is an Honour to have received, but should I publish any Favours done me by Your Lordship, I am afraid it would look more like Vanity than Gratitude.

I had a very early Ambition to recommend myself to Your Lordship's Patronage, which yet encreased in me as I Travelled through the Countries, of which I here give Your Lordship some Account: For whatever great Impressions an *Englishman* must have of Your Lordship, they who have been conversant Abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvi-

ous

D E D I C A T I O N .

ous to them, that though they see Your Lordship's Admirers every where, they meet with very few of Your Wellwishers at *Paris* or at *Rome*. And I could not but observe when I passed through most of the Protestant Governments in *Europe*, that their Hopes or Fears for the Common Cause rose or fell with Your Lordship's Interest and Authority in *England*.

I here present Your Lordship with the Remarks that I made in a Part of these my Travels; wherein, notwithstanding the Variety of the Subject, I am very sensible that I offer nothing New to Your Lordship, and can have no other Design in this Address, than to declare that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged, and

most Obedient Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

P R E F A C E.



HERE is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of Nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of Music and Painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of Statuary and Architecture both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of Curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of Antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of Governments, that are so different in their Constitutions and so refined in their Politicks. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in History, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining so copious a subject, one may observe among those who have written on Italy, that different Authors have succeeded best on different sorts of Curiosities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of Pictures, Statues and Buildings; some have searched into Libraries, cabinets of Rarities, and collections of Medals, as others have been wholly taken up with Inscriptions, Ruines and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the Religion and Governments of Italy: Laffels may be useful in giving us the names of such Writers as have treated of the several States through which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his
Observa-

P R E F A C E.

Observations on the Natural productions of the place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excells in the Plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colours.

There are still several of these Topicks that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a Traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several Places and Antiquities that no body else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient Poets, which have any relation to the Places and Curiosities that I met with; For before I entered on my voyage I took care to refresh my memory among the Classic Authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several Descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the Landskips that the Poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some Image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare Name of it to recommend them.



MONACO,

mountains. It is to Rome a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such Chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that



And this the pale assembly of the dead:
On in the wind is heard a plaintive sound;
Of melancholy ghosts that hover round;
The sad ring blow-men off with horror spies

MONACO, GENOA, &c.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the I earned than the Voyage of Cyprus; some confining it to the Mediterranean others extending it to the great Ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the



ON the twelfth of *December*, 1699, I set out from *Marseilles* to *Genoa* in a *Tartane*, and arrived late at a small *French Port* called *Cassis*, where the next morning we were not a little surprized to see the mountains about the town covered with green *Olive-trees*, or laid out in beautiful *Gardens*, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants, as *Wild-Time*, *Lavender*, *Rosemary*,

Balme and *Mirtle*. We were here shown at a distance the *Desarts*, which have been rendred so famous by the *Penance* of *Mary Magdalene*, who, after her arrival with *Lazarus* and *Joseph of Arimathea* at *Marseilles*, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and

mountains. It is so Romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such Chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that *Claudian* speaks, in the following description.

*Est locus extremum pandit qua Gallia luttus
 Oceani prætentus aquis, quæ fertur Ulysses
 Sanguine libato populum movisse Silentum,
 Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
 Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
 Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.*

Cl. In. Ruf. L. 1.

A place there lyes on *Gallia's* utmost bounds,
 Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds.
Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
 And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead:
 Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
 Of melancholy ghosts, that hover round;
 The lab'ring plow-man oft with horror spies
 Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
 (A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the Learned than the Voyage of *Ulysses*; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the Poet's own making; though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the *Narbon Gaul*.

*Incultos adiit Læstrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
 Atque hæc ceu nostras intersunt cognita terras,
 Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem.*

Tib. L. 4. El. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
 On real seas to real shores he stray'd;
 Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
 In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way 'till we were forced, by contrary winds, into *St. Remo*, a very pretty town in the *Genoese* dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from sea. We here saw several persons, that in the midst of *December* had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts,

shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the *Italian* governments would be insupportable. There are at *St. Remo* many plantations of Palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of *Italy*. We sailed from hence directly for *Genoa*, and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fisher-men cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

————— *Atrum*

Defendens pisces hyemat mare —

Hor. Sa. 2. li. 2.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lye in it two days, and our Captain thought his Ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confess'd himself to a Capuchin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side-wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as *Monaco*. *Lucan* has given us a description of the Harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

*Quaque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Fus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monæci.*

Lib. 1.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great *Alcides* takes its name:
Fenc'd to the west, and to the north it lyes;
But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the Promontory where the town of *Monaco* now stands, was formerly the temple of *Hercules Monæcus*, which still gives the name to this small Principality.

B 2

Aggeribus

*Aggeribus focer Alpinis atque arce Monaci
Descendens.* — — — — —

Virg. Æn. 6.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the Prince of *Monaco*. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the *Spaniard*, but not many years since drove out the *Spanish* garrison, and received a *French* one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officer'd by the *French* King. The officer who showed me the Palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the King of *France*, amidst all the confusions of *Europe*, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with pictures of the reigning Beauties in the court of *France*. But the best of the furniture was at *Rome*, where the Prince of *Monaco* resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as *Genoa*; but at *Savona*, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: For this road is much more difficult than that over mount *Cennis*.

The *Genoese* are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inur'd to hardship above the rest of the *Italians*; which was likewise the character of the old *Ligurians*. And indeed it is no wonder, while the Barrenness of their country continues, that the Manners of the inhabitants do not change: Since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work than Want. The *Italian* proverb says of the *Genoese*, that they have *a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith*. The character the *Latin* poets have given of them is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem

Virg. G. 2.

The hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind.

— — — — — *Pernix Ligur.*

Sil. It. El. 8.

Fallaces Ligures.

Auf. Eid. 12.

Apenninicolæ bellator filius Auni

Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.

Æn. 11.

Yet, like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,
(At least whilst Fortune favour'd his deceit.)

Vane

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.*

Id.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thy self hast laid.
On others practise thy *Ligurian* arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.

Dryden.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of *Genoa*, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The City it self makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in *Europe*, and stand very thick together. The New-street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest Princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the *Genoese* houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: But instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but as they are now, they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the *Villa Imperiale*, at a mile distance from *Genoa*, without any thing of this paint upon it, consists of a *Doric* and *Corinthian* row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of *Doria's* palace has the best outside of any in *Genoa*, as that of *Durazzo* is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first, that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons, that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in *Europe*, that can show a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. *Andrew Doria* has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the common-wealth; and one of his family another,

ther, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace, are the rooms, where the great and little Council with the two Colleges hold their assemblies; but as the State of *Genoa* is very poor, tho' several of its Members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendor and magnificence in particular persons houses, than in those that belong to the publick. But we find in most of the states of *Europe*, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of *Italy*, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old *Rostrum* of a *Roman* ship, that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had not it been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of Iron, fashioned at the end like a Boar's head; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the *Columna Rostrata* in *Rome*. I saw at *Genoa* Signior *Micconi's* famous collection of shells, which, as Father *Buonani* the Jesuite has since told me, is one of the best in *Italy*. I know nothing more remarkable, in the government of *Genoa*, than the Bank of *St. George*, made up of such branches of the revenues, as have been set apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several sums, that have been borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the commonwealth. Whatever inconveniencies the state has laboured under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the publick credit, or of alienating any part of these revenues to other uses, than to what they have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great authority in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the *Genoese*, and the managers of it have been represented as a second kind of Senate, that break the Uniformity of government, and destroy, in some measure, the Fundamental constitution of the state. It is however very certain, that the people reap no small advantages from it, as it distributes the power among more particular members of the republick, and gives the commons a figure: So that it is no small Check upon the Aristocracy, and may be one reason, why the *Genoese* Senate carries it with greater moderation towards their subjects, than the *Venetian*.

It

It would have been well for the republick of *Genoa*, if she had followed the example of her sister of *Venice*, in not permitting her Nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present the Greatest, among the *Genoese*, are in part subjects to the monarchy of *Spain*, by reason of their estates that lye in the kingdom of *Naples*. The *Spaniards* tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republick, that they will not suffer a *Neapolitan* to buy the lands of a *Genoese*, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the *Spaniard* owes the *Genoese*, they are under a necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the *French*, and would probably continue so, though all the other States of *Italy* entered into a league against them. *Genoa* is not yet secure from a Bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the Insult of the *French*, they have built a mole, with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easie for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from *Naples*, *Sicily*, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from *Lombardy*, which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with provisions. Their Fleet, that formerly gained so many victories over the *Saracens*, *Pisans*, *Venetians*, *Turks* and *Spaniards*, that made them masters of *Crete*, *Sardinia*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, *Negrepont*, *Lesbos*, *Malta*, that settled them in *Scio*, *Smyrna*, *Achaia*, *Theodosia*, and several towns on the eastern confines of *Europe*, is now reduced to six gallies. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the King of *France* sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republick at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer-season. The republick of *Genoa* has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of *Corfica*, where there was formerly a *Saracen* King. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that Monarchy is the more honourable. The old *Romans*, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politicks to inspire their people with a contempt of Kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

P A V I A,

P A V I A, M I L A N, &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 *Lorrain*, 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 qualecunque 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 sculpror 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 diocefan 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 aquae.*

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 defies:
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 Commisary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a Pillar, superscribed *Colonna Infame*. The story is told in handsome *Latin*, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

*Hic, ubi haec Area patens est,
Surgebat olim Tonstrina
Jo' Jacobi Moræ:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario
Et cum aliis Conspiratione,
Dum pestis atrox sevirer,
Lethiferis unguentis huc 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 Columnnam,
 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
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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 gros 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-

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.

D 2

G. 3.

Dryden.
The

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 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
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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 Palazzzi, 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.

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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,

Sancto, 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

exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little Islands, that lye at the entrance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet, with bomb-vessels, hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of gallies and men of war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets, which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *Terra Firma*; and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father *Coronelli*, the State's Geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all assured me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choak up the shallows, but that they are in no danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down like so many little Islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them, for the deep canals run between them, which the *Venetians* are at a great expence to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of *Italy*, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the *Levant*, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these conveniencies, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandizes. Their Nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffick. The Merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass and silk, formerly the best in *Europe*, are now

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excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The State is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and as a noble *Venetian*, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a Free port, for they look with an evil eye upon *Legborne*, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for *Italy*. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think the Great Duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a *Gondola* with two oars at *Venice*, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses, with a large equipage, in another country; besides that it makes all carriages extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than *Venice*. One would indeed wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the *Venetians*, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding, and the like exercises to employ them without doors. But as the Nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in *Venice*. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in *Europe*, from the hands of the best masters of the *Lombard* school; as *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, and *Tintoret*. The last of these is in greater esteem at *Venice* than in other parts of *Italy*. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaster made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards work'd into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing

owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows it self too visibly in many of their finest pictures. Though the *Venetians* are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their common-wealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the Republick, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge *Pisauro*, who had been Ambassador in *England*, his epitaph says, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of *Venice* are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at *Venice*, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The *Arsenal* of *Venice* is an Island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their gallies and men of war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it, where the arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useles. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old-fashioned and unwieldy in a very great number, and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience in comparison of those that are now in use. The *Venetians* pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred gallies, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this State to affect so many conquests on the *Terra Firma*, which has only served to raise the jealousy of the christian Princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the common-wealth; whereas, had they applyed themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the Islands of the *Archipelago* in their hands, and, by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most sea-men of any other State in *Europe*. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the Princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen so strong a bulwark

bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the *Ottoman Empire*.

This Republick has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the *Spaniard* may, some time or other, demand of them *Crema*, *Brescia*, and *Bergame*, which have been torn from the *Milanese*; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the *Venetians* lose a single battel, they might be beaten off the Continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the *Venetians* are in continual apprehensions from the *Turk*, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery of the *Morea*, as soon as the *Ottoman Empire* has recruited a little of its antient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the *Adriatick* into *Albania*, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the *Venetians* are under articles with the Emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the *Turkish* dominions, that has been formerly dismembred from the Empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the *Frioul* and *Dalmatia*, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The Pope disputes with them their pretensions to the *Polesin*, as the Duke of *Savoy* lays an equal claim to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*. 'Tis surprizing to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a Kingdom that is in the hands of the *Turk*.

Among all these difficulties the Republick will still maintain it self, if policy can prevail upon force; for it is certain the *Venetian* Senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maximes which others do not think consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the Republick is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the Nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissentions among the Nobles of the *Terra Firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the publick interest, are represented as the refined parts of the *Venetian* wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their public councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our House of Commons, if we only reckon

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on the sitting Members, and yet carries its resolutions so privately, that they are seldom known 'till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their Admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, 'till he was actually seiz'd, and in the hands of justice.

The Noble *Venetians* think themselves equal at least to the Electors of the Empire, and but one degree below Kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private Gentlemen: Yet it is observed of them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in such embassies and treaties as are laid on them by the Republick; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Ministers of other nations are only the Representatives. Monsieur *Amelot* reckons in his time, two thousand five hundred Nobles that had voices in the great Council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the Nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the Republick. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the *Venetians*; or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the *Venetian* Nuns famous for the liberties they allow themselves. They have Opera's within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate, and are very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is indeed one of the *Cornara's*, that not long ago refused to see any under a Prince.

The Carnival of *Venice* is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is Masking. The *Venetians*, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that

may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the Continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of *Venice*, than in those of other countries, and I question not but the secret history of a Carnival would make a collection of very diverting Novels. Opera's are another great entertainment of this season. The Poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the Musick is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient *Greeks* or *Romans*, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old *Romans* squeaking through the mouth of an Eunuch, especially when they may chuse a subject out of courts where Eunuchs are really Actors, or represent by them any of the soft *Asiatic* Monarchs? The Opera that was most in vogue, during my stay at *Venice*, was built on the following subject. *Cæsar* and *Scipio* are rivals for *Cato's* daughter. *Cæsar's* first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. *Si leva Cæsar, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A lo Scampo.* The daughter gives the preference to *Cæsar*, which is made the occasion of *Cato's* death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his Library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of *Plutarch* and *Tasso*. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the Opera of *St. Angelo*, that was acted at the same time. The King of the play endeavours at a rape, but the Poet being resolved to save his Heroine's honour, has so ordered it, that the King always acts with a great case-knife stuck in his girdle, which the Lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends her self.

The *Italian* Poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their Poetical and Prose language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the Poets, but among the *Italians* there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the *Italian* Opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language,

language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The *English* and *French*, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and 'tis probably for this reason that *Milton* has made use of such frequent transpositions, latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The Comedies that I saw at *Venice*, or indeed in any other part of *Italy*, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their Poets have no notion of genteel Comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine Gentleman, especially when he converses with his Mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the Poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone* and *Coviello*. The *Doctor*'s character comprehends the whole extent of a Pedant, that with a deep voice, and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: Every thing he says is backed with quotations out of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, *Virgil*, or any Author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. *Harlequin*'s part is made up of blunders and absurdities; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over Queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.

I have seen a translation of the *Cid* acted at *Bolonia*, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these Buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old *Roman Personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The *French* and *Italians* have probably derived this custom of shewing some of their characters in masks, from the *Greek* and *Roman* theater. The old *Vatican Terence* has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the *Villa Mattheio* an antick statue masked, which was perhaps designed for *Gnatho* in the *Eunuch*, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the *Vatican* manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so polite a people as the ancient *Romans* and *Athenians*, should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a Flatterer, a Miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at *Venice*, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing Stanza's out of *Tasso*. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, it is odds but he will be answered by some body else that over-hears him: So that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the Poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On *Holy-Thursday*, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the *Venetians*. There is a set of Artisans, who by the help of several poles, which they lay across each others shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of Pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man

man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the Pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of *Claudian*, which show that the *Venetians* are not the inventors of this trick.

*Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
Corpora que adificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.* Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Conf.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
And build the breathing fabrick to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the *Veneti* in the old poets, the city of *Venice* is too modern to find a place among them. *Sannazarius's* Epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same Poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his Poems:

— *Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italùm Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ausonia, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet!*

L. 3. El. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
And as a world within her self is found.
Hail Queen of *Italy!* for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal *Rome!*
Nations and Seas are in thy states enroll'd,
And Kings among thy citizens are told.

Ausonia's

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 pingua 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

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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'rals 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* snöws,
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,

have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the historians, who mention this little republick, give the following account of its original. *St. Marino* was its founder, a *Dalmatian* by birth, and by trade a Mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of *Rimini*, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a Hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the Princess of the country made him a present of the mountain to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the Republick which calls it self after his name. So that the Common-wealth of *Marino* may boast at least of a nobler original than that of *Rome*, the one having been at first an *Aylum* for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high Altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the Common-wealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their State, and look on him as the greatest Saint next the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their Statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty Republick has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other States of *Italy* have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a war in which they assisted the Pope against a Lord of *Rimini*. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their Archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the Common-wealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the Popes and Emperors names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they assisted Pope *Pius* the second against one of the *Malatesta's*, who was then
Lord

Lord of *Rimini*; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the Common-wealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

The soveraign power of the Republick was lodged originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great Council in which every house had its Representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of Statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the Council of sixty. The *Arengo* however is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fin'd to the value of about a penny *English*, which the statute says he shall pay, *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*. In the ordinary course of government, the Council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the *Plebeian*. They decide all by baloting, are not admitted 'till five and twenty years old, and chuse the Officers of the Common-wealth.

Thus far they agree with the great Council of *Venice*, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two thirds of this Council. Besides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the life of his Father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief Officers of the Common-wealth are the two *Capitaneos*, who have such a power as the old *Roman* Consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been *Capitaneos* six or seven times, though the Office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third Officer is the Commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they chuse for three years, and maintain out of the publick stock. He must

be

be a Doctor of Law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the *Capitaneos*, and acts something like the Recorder of *London* under the Lord Mayor. The Commonwealth of *Genoa* was forced to make use of a foreign Judge for many years, whilst their Republick was torn into the divisions of *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*. The fourth man in the state is the Physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a publick salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all Drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty five years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the Commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present Physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, *Harvey*, *Willis*, *Sydenham*, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the Commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the Republick, is the School-master. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a *Latin* book in *Folio*, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at *Rimini* by order of the Commonwealth. The Chapter on the publick Ministers says, that when an Ambassador is dispatched from the Republick to any foreign state he shall be allowed, out of the Treasury, to the value of a Shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the *Italians* do in the pleasanter vallies of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the *Campania* of *Rome*, which lyes in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.



Pesaro,

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

FROM *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.

 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 smok 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*.

UPON 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

self on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes it self above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary in our *Gothic* cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this Church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surpris'd to find that the Dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shewn it self to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having survey'd this dome, I went to see the *Rotunda*, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient *Pantheon*, as *Pliny* has describ'd it, that some have been inclin'd to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier *Fontana* has abundantly satisfy'd the world in this particular, and shewn how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the *Pantheon*, have been changed into what they are at present. This Author, who is now esteem'd the best of the *Roman* Architects, has lately written a treatise on *Vespasian's* Amphitheater, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often consider'd with my self whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the christian temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the *Rotund*. I must confess the eye is better fill'd at first entering the *Rotund*, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easie to conceive a more glorious show in Architecture, than what a man meets with in *St. Peters*, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonish'd at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes

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one of the beautifullest *Vistas* that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the Architects themselves never thought of, as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the *Rotunda* is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old high-ways, that lead from *Rome*, one sees several little ruins on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient *Romans* generally buried their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

Juv. S. 1.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our christian epitaphs, that are to be seen only in churches, or churchyards, begin often with a *Siste Viator*. *Viator precare salutem*, &c. probably in imitation of the old *Roman* inscriptions, that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from *Rome* to *Naples* I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of *Italy*, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the *Roman* Emperors: And notwithstanding the removal of the Imperial seat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the *Campania* of old *Rome*, than are now in all *Italy*. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of *Europe* of the same extent. This desolation appears no where greater than in the Pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in *Europe*. Their Prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years
and

and experience, who has feldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expence, and is neither encumbered with wife, children or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatick and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the *Neapolitans* above the rest of the *Italians*. There is still a benefit the Pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of *Spain*, *Germany*, and other countries that belong to foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in *Europe* so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of *Rome* on several occasions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that bring considerable sums into the Pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in *Italy*, there is not a more miserable people in *Europe* than the Pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffick to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the *Roman* catholick religion, which here shews it self in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tyed under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of Pilgrims, and shurs up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of encreasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lye as a dead weight on their fellow subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old and decrepid. The many hospitals, that
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are every where erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lye useles in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with mens souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaritious Pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of Nepotism that *Rome* owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons; as we may observe, though the bulk of the *Roman* people was more rich and happy in the times of the Commonwealth, the city of *Rome* received all its beauties and embellishments under the Emperors. It is probable the *Campania* of *Rome*, as well as other parts of the Pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plow up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: Whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the Pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from *Rome* to *Naples* was in seeing the fields, towns and rivers that have been described by so many *Classic* Authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on *Horace's* voyage to *Brundisi*, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of Quality, among the ancient *Romans*, from this Poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the *Appian* way, which was more used by the Noble *Romans* than any other in *Italy*, as it led to *Naples*, *Baia*, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minus

Minus est gravis Appia tardis.

Hor.

Lucan has described the very road from *Anxur* to *Rome*, that *Horace* took from *Rome* to *Anxur*. It is not indeed the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both Poets.

*Jamque et precipites superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quâ * Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,
Quâ sublime nemus, Scythica quâ regna Dianæ;
Quâque iter est Latius ad summam fascibus Albam.
Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.*

L. 3.

He now had conquer'd *Anxur*'s steep ascent,
And to *Pontina*'s watry marshes went,
A long canal the muddy fenn divides,
And with a clear unfully'd current glides;
Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And crossing through the consecrated shades
Ascends high *Alba*, whence with new delight
He sees the city rising to his sight.

In my way to *Naples* I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the *Campania Felice*, that were formerly called the *Liris* and *Vulturnus*, and are at present the *Garigliano* and *Vulturno*. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the *Latin* Poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

— *Rura quæ Liris quietâ*

Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.

H. Li. 1. Od. 30.

Liris — *qui fonte quieto*

Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre

Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.

Sil. It. L. 4.

— *Miscentem flumina Lirim*

Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum

Accolit Arpinas —

Id. L. 8.

Where the smooth streams of *Liris* stray,
And steal insensibly away.

* A Canal, the marks of it still seen.

The warlike *Arpine* borders on the fides
Of the flow *Liris*, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

Vulturinusque rapax —

Cl. de Pr. et Ol. Con.

Vulturinusque celer —

Luc. L. 2. 28.

— *Fluctuque sonorum*

Sil. It. L. 8.

Vulturinum —

The rough *Vulturinus*, furious in its course,
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see *Terracina*, and by reason of the breezes that came off the Sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient *Romans*.

*O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!*

Mar. L. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lyes cover'd with a smooth unfinking sand!

*Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine recessus
Et propius Bæias littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumane Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineosque lacus
Dum colui, &c. —*

Id.

On the cool shore, near *Baja's* gentle seats,
I lay retir'd in *Anxur's* soft retreats.
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chilness all around;
The Grasshopper avoids th'untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

*Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur.
Monte procelloso Murræum miserat Anxur.*

Hor. S. 5. L. 1.

Sil. It. L. 4.

— *Scor-*

— *Scopulosi verticis Anxur.*
Capuæ Luxum vide apud

S. It. L. 4.
 Sil. It. L. 11.

Murranus came from *Anxur's* show'ry height,
 With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
 Seated on hills—————

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near *Terracina*, encrease still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who passed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon them. *Silius Italicus* has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the *Campania Felice*.

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis sedibus Osci
Servabant; Sinuessa tepens, fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amyclæ,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque
Antiphatae compressa freto, stagnisque palustre
Linternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cuma,
Illic Nuceria, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, et Peno non pervia Nola.
Alliphe, et Clanio contemptæ semper Acerræ.
Sarrastes etiam populos totasque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos Sulphure pingues
Phlegraei legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
Ore giganteo sedes Ithacesia, Baja,
Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita Tiphæa
Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus servare Secundis
Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore.

L. 8.

N A P L E S.

MY first days at *Naples* were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, which are carryed up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of *Anjou* to the Crown of *Spain*, in which the Vice-Roy bore his part at the left-hand of Cardinal *Cantelmi*. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of *St. Januarius*, which liquefied at the approach of the Saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: Yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the *Roman* Church, and that Monsieur *Paschal* has hinted at among the rest, in his marks of the true religion. The modern *Neapolitans* seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace's* time.

— *Dehinc Gnatia lymphis*
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flammâ sine thura liquefcere limine Sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
 Non ego—

Sat. 5. L. 1.

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd to see
 The superstitious croud's simplicity,

That

That in the sacred temple needs would try
 Without a fire th' unheated gums to fry ;
 Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen Priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the *Roman* Catholicks are now masters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a *Roman* Catholick country, I was surprized to see many ceremonies and superstitions in *Naples*, that are not so much as thought of in *France*. But as it is certain there has been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publickly owned, in the *Roman* Catholick church, since the spreading of the Protestant religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the reformed churches. For this reason the *French* are much more enlightened than the *Spaniards* or *Italians*, on occasion of their frequent controversies with the *Huguenots*; and we find many of the *Roman* Catholick Gentlemen of our own country, who will not stick to laugh at the superstitions they sometimes meet with in other nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of *Naples*, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of leisure and exactness. If a war should break out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven gallies, a mole, and two little castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Besides, that the sea, which lyes near it, is not subject to storms, has no sensible flux and reflux, and is so deep, that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flat roof'd to walk upon, so that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at *Naples*, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of *Italy*; for the Vice-Roys take care to send into *Spain* every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of *Apollo* and *Minerva*, placed on each side of *Sannazarius's* tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in *Bas relief*, *Neptune* among the Satyrs, to show that this Poet was the inventor of piscatory eclogues. I remember *Hugo Grotius* describes

describes himself in one of his Poems, as the first that brought the Muses to the sea-side, but he must be understood only of the Poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that *Sannazarius* mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expence.

—*Niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus; si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque labori
Diva mone*—————

L. I.

Thou bright celestial Goddess, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With fairest flowers and freshest garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring rocks, whence *Margilline* spies
The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise;
Guide thou the pious Poet, nor refuse
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about *Naples*, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in *Italy* a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The Cupola's of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of *Medina Cidonia*, in his Vice-Royalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It stands so on the side of a mountain that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of *Naples* is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of *Surrentum* divides it from the bay of *Salernum*. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of *Capera*, the sea enters by a freight of about three miles wide. This Island stands

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as a vast Mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lyes long-ways, almost in a parallel line to *Naples*. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this Island and the Promontory of *Miseno*. The bay of *Naples* is called the *Crater* by the old Geographers, probably from this its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps *Virgil*, who composed here a great part of his *Æneids*, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour, which he has made in his first book; for the *Libyan* port is but the *Neapolitan* bay in little.

*Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cælum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvæ scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.*

1. Æn.

Within a long recess there lyes a Bay,
An island shades it from the rousing sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a *Sylvan* scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

Dryden.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage *Vitruvius* would have to the front of his Palace, of seeing the setting Sun.

One would wonder how the *Spaniards*, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of *Naples*, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most Itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the Barons, who are the harshest tyrants

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in the world to those that are under them. The vassals indeed are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the Vice-Roy, who to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the Crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the vassals of the Barons. Infomuch that when the King has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his Barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the King, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the *Spaniards* have taken to grind the *Neapolitans*, and yet to take off the *Odium* from themselves, has been by erecting several Courts of Justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the Law there are at *Naples*. It is commonly said, that when *Innocent* the eleventh had desired the Marquis of *Carpio* to furnish him with thirty thousand head of Swine, the Marquis answered him, that for his Swine he could not spare them, but if his Holiness had occasion for thirty thousand Lawyers he had them at his service. These Gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the *Neapolitans*, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a *Neapolitan* Cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the Genius of this people changed since *Statius's* time.

*Nulla foro rabies, aut stricta jurgia legis
Morum jura viris solum et sine fascibus equum.*

Sil. L. 3.

By love of right and native justice led,
In the straight paths of equity they tread;
Nor know the bar, nor fear the Judge's frown,
Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the *Neapolitans*, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The Gables of *Naples* are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that

that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not *Massianello's* rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butchers meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibier are tax-free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lyes heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the King of *Spain* has had occasion for mony he has borrowed it of the rich *Neapolitans*, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels 'till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in *Europe* which pays greater taxes, and at the same time no Prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the mony they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their State, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their Prince: but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in *Naples* the people could not bear it. The *Spaniard* however reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons, of the greatest wealth and power in *Naples* are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions chearfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the Emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the King of *Spain* will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the Barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of *Charles* the fifth something like our statute of Mort-main, which has laid dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active Prince. The inhabitants of *Naples* have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labour so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of their climate, that relaxes the fibres of

their bodies, and disposes the people to such an idle indolent humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the *Sirens* was buried in this city, which thence received the name of *Parthenope*.

——— *Improba Siren*

Desidia ——

Hor. Sa. 3. L. 2.

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the mind.

——— *Et in otia natam*

Parthenopen ——

Ov. Met. L. 15.

——— *Otiosa Neapolis.*

H. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd,
To luxury and ease unbends the mind.

*Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris,
Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis
Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloiæ, equore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.*

Sil. It. L. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle Poets to her arms invites;
The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd,
A *Siren*, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas
The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.

*Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax secura locis, et desidis otia vitæ,*

Et

*Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c.*

Stat. Sil. L. 3:

These are the gentle seats that I propose;
For not cold *Scythia's* undissolving snows,
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* sands thy husband bore,
But mild *Parthenope's* delightful shore,
Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;
Remov'd from noise and the tumultuous war,
Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,
And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

*The Antiquities and Natural Curiosities
that lye near the City of Naples.*

AT about eight miles distance from *Naples* lyes a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call *Virgil's* tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this Poet was buried at *Naples*, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards *Vesuvio*. By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of *Pausilypo*. The common people of *Naples* believe it to have been wrought by magick, and that *Virgil* was the magician; who is in greater repute among the *Neapolitans* for having made the Grotto, than the *Aeneid*.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in *St. James's* park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since *Seneca* gave so

L 2

bad

bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of *Naples*. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the *Sibyl's* grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France* I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the *German* Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The Gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois*. But upon communicating his thoughts on this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprized to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of *Pausilypo* lye the remains of *Puteoli* and *Baja*, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The *Lucrine* lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of *Avernus*, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl.

fowl. Mount *Gaurus*, from one of the fruitfullest parts in *Italy*, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, smoaking with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lye in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of *Italy*, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the *Roman* Common-wealth, embellished by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the best of their Poets, has now nothing to show but the ruines of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of *Puteoli* has been mistaken by several Authors for *Caligula's* bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by *Julius Capitolinus* in the life of *Antoninus Pius*, who was the repairer of this mole. *Imp. Cesari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Aet. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portus, Pilarum viginti molem cum sumptu fornicum reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of *Puteoli*, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of *Puzzuola*, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient *Romans* an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as * *Horace* has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near *Puzzuola*, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries. † But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to *Tiberius* by the fourteen cities of *Asia*, which were slung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legi-

* L. 2. O. 18. L. 3. O. 1. L. 3. O. 24. Epist. L. 1.

† Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Balifon, &c.

ble, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which it represents the genius. There are two Medals of *Tiberius* stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitatibus Asia Restitutis*. The Emperor is represented in both sitting, with a *Patera* in one hand, and a spear in the other.



It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lye far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that no body would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal it self lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruines of the Amphitheater, the ancient reservoirs of water, the *Sibyl's* grotto, the *Centum Camerae*, the sepulchre of *Agrippina Nero's* mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lye in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome*, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruines, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grotto's, catacombs, rotunda's, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately surprized when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a *Gothic* cathedral

cathedral in *England*, that has cost more pains and mony than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of *Venus*, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the cieling wrought in *Stucco*, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons* and *Centaurs*, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of *Naples* are the Catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open Niches, as an eminent Author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopp'd up: without doubt, as soon as the corps was laid in it. For at the mouth of the Niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallyed with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopp'd up above a quarter of the Niche, the rest having been broken down. St. *Proculus's* sepulchre seems to have a kind of Mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would indeed wonder to find such a multitude of Niches unstopp'd, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Baja was the winter retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the proper season to enjoy the *Bajani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tibur*, *Tusculum*, *Preneste*, *Alba*, *Cajeta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Auxur*, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

*Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni *
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeæ pectora monstri:
Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.*

* Vide Hor. L. 2. Od. 6.

Ergo

*Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.*

Mar. L. I. Ep. 116.

While near the *Lucrine* lake consum'd to death
I draw the fultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where steams of Sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from *Rome*:
And now the Sun to the bright *Lion* turns,
And *Baja* with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with *Nereids* dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about *Naples* are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow: A Dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carryed into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A Torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A Pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gun-powder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a Dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A Viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that

that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. *Connor* made a discourse in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the subject of this Grotto, which he has since printed in *England*. He attributes the death of Animals, and the extinction of Lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole Atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy my self, I placed a thin viol, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a Weather-glass, and so fixed it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the Quicksilver sunk after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very glewy or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the *Phænomena* of the Grotto. It's unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that Animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, because it wraps it self in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it however are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of Gun-powder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of Grapes, when they lye mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different Baths, to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease

which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero's* bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour rising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the Arch about a man's head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of *Agnano*, *Avernus*, and the *Lucrin*, have now nothing in them particular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an eruption of fire, that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The *Sulfatara* is very surprizing to one who has not seen Mount *Vesuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples*, nor indeed in any part of *Italy*, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it, did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain stands at about six *English* miles distance from *Naples*, though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new plowed land, but, as you come near it you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable Cavities and Interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the *Scorium* of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand Heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means

means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lyes at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoaking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a Sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were not it made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with Salt-petre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of *Vesuvio*, that goes shelving down on all sides 'till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect Round. This vast Hollow is generally filled with smoak, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoak breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before-mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely had time to cake together, and

form the Bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lyes underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lyes in the midst of them, so that it encreases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A Gentleman of *Naples* told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in a calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of *Naples*, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with Snow, which they here use instead of Ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeles any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in *Fresco*, and every body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity of Snow would raise a mutiny at *Naples*, as much as a dearth of Corn or Provisions in another country. To prevent this the King has sold the monopoly of it certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sun-shine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on Asses to the sea-side, where they are carryed off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of *Naples*. While the *Banditti* continued their disorders in this Kingdom, they often put the Snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they

they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which *Silius Italicus* has given us of this great bay of *Naples*. Most of the places he mentions lye within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucris, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes
Relligione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces
Laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum
Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
Tartaræa narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in æera flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exhibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, lacerataque viscera terræ
Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole Gigantes
Tellurem injectam quaterere, et spiramine anbelo
Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur
Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cælum.
Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammæque rebelli
Ore ejectionem, et si quando evadere detur

Bella

Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo
Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ
Mons circum, atque Ætne fatis certantia saxa.
Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso littore Baulos.

L. 12.

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,
 Averno now with milder virtues blest'd;
 Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
 That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:
 Clouds of unwholesome vapours, rais'd on high,
 The flutt'ring bird entangled in the sky,
 Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
 An awful horror, and religious dread.
 Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
 That mingles with the baleful streams below,
 And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
 Opens a dismal passage to the Dead,
 Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
 And startle at the sudden flash of day.
 The dark *Cimmerian* grotto then he paints,
 Describing all its old Inhabitants,
 That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
 And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
 Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
 That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd;
 Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,
 And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke:
 Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
 Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
 Eating their way, and undermining all,
 'Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
 Here, as 'tis said, the rebel Giants lye,
 And, when to move th' incumbent load they try,
 Ascending vapours on the day prevail,
 The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
 Next to the distant Isle his sight he turns,
 That o'er the thunderstruck *Tiphæus* burns:

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,
 In angry whirl-winds, blasphemies and fire,
 Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,
 Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the Gods.
 On mount *Vesuvio* next he fixt his eyes,
 And saw the smoaking tops confus'dly rise;
 (A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
 A second *Ætna* to the view present.
Miseno's cape and *Bauli* last he view'd,
 That on the sea's extreamest borders stood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake *Averno* in *Hannibal's* time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his Poem; because *Agrippa*, who lived between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the woods that enclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.

The ISLE of CAPREA.

HAVING staid longer at *Naples* than I at first designed, I could not dispense with my self from making a little voyage to the Isle of *Caprea*, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of *Augustus* for some time, and the residence of *Tiberius* for several years. The Island lyes four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has however the greatest town in the Island, that goes under the name of *Ano-Caprea*, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the Isle rises up in Precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lyes a slip of lower ground, which runs across the Island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with Vines, Figs, Oranges,

ranges, Almonds, Olives, Myrtles, and fields of Corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little Land-skip imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of *Caprea*, the Bishop's Palace, and two or three Convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in *Tiberius's* time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear over-grown with grass. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth, was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruine is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not indeed seen the remains of any ancient *Roman* buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The Rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimnies, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing places or reservoirs of water. An old Hermit lives at present among the ruins of this Palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found Medals and Pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea-side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a Gentleman of the Island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lyes a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of *Surrentum*, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of *Naples*. This prospect, according to *Tacitus*, was more agreeable before the burning of *Vesuvio*; that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in *Tiberius's* time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think *Martial's* Epigram may here serve as a comment to *Tacitus*.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,

Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.

Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plus Bacchus amavit:

Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.

Hæc

*Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
 Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
 Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favillâ:
 Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.* L. 2. Ep. 105.

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
 Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
 Here *Bacchus* oft to the cool shades retir'd,
 And his own native *Nisa* less admir'd;
 Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
 The frisking Satyrs on the summets danc'd;
Alcides here, here *Venus* grac'd the shore,
 Nor lov'd her fav'rite *Lacedæmon* more:
 Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
 In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
 The Gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
 And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared to those, who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of Mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a Palace; unless we may suppose that the *Pharos* of *Caprea* stood there, which *Statius* takes notice of in his Poem that invites his wife to *Naples*, and is, I think, the most natural among the *Silva*.

*Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ,
 Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
 Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tectâ Sibyllæ,
 Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
 Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
 Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
 Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula luna,
 Caraque non molli jugâ Surrentina Lyæo.* L. 3.

The blissful seats with endless pleasures flow,
 Whether to *Baja's* sunny shores you go,

And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
 Or the dark Grotte of the prophetick maid,
 Or steep *Miseno* from the *Trojan* nam'd,
 Or *Gaurus* for its flowing vintage fam'd,
 Or *Caprea*, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
 Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
 While by its beams the wary sailer steers:
 Or where *Surrentum*, clad in vines, appears.

They found in *Ano-Caprea*, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole Island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors, but what recommended it most to *Tiberius* was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but *Tiberius* had his different residences, according as the seasons of the year, and his different sets of pleasure required. *Suetonius* says, *Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit*. The whole Island was probably cut into several easie ascents, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were however more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with high-ways, grotto's, galleries, bagnio's, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this Island, were we not told that the *Romans*, after the death of *Tiberius*, sent hither an army of Pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the Island.

In sailing round *Caprea* we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grotto's, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them. I entered one which the inhabitants call *Grotto Oscuro*, and after the light of the sun was a little worn off my Eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water.

The

The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the Grotto opens it self on both sides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The Inhabitants and *Neapolitans* who have heard of *Tiberius's* Grotto's, will have this to be one of them, but there are several reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are no where any marks of the chissel; the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the impressions of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this Grotto lye the *Sirenum Scopuli*, which *Virgil* and *Ovid* mention in *Aeneas's* voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone's throw from the south-side of the Island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of *Caprea*.

*Famque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca assiduò longè saepe saxa sonabant.* ÆN.

Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelly coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones: Th'impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebel from the sounding shores. *Dryden.*

I have before said that they often find Medals in this Island. Many of those they call the *Spintria*, which *Aretin* has copyed, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in *Patin's* edition of *Suetonius* illustrated by Medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of *Tiberius*, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than Medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which *Suetonius* calls *Monstrous concubitus repertores*, and on the other the number of the Medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on

the Emperor, because Raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the Upper Empire, besides the *Spintria*, that lye under any suspicion of it. The first is one of *Marcus Aurelius*, where, in compliment to the Emperor and Empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of *Venus* caressing *Mars*, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars.



— Quoniam belli fera mœnera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, aeterno devinctus vulnere amoris.

Lucr. L. 1.

The *Venus* has *Faustina's* face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

Tu scabie frueris mali quod in aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur, parmâ et galeâ—

Juv. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to mind *Faustina's* fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of Satyr. But besides, that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a Senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dared affront the Wife of *Aurelius*, and the Mother of *Commodus*, or that they could think of giving offence to an Empress whom they afterwards Deified, and to an Emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other Medal is a golden one of *Gallienus* preserved in the French King's cabinet; it is inscribed *Gallienæ Augustæ, Pax Ubique*, and was stamped at a time when the Emperor's Father was in bondage, and the Empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this Emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may

may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure, if raillery had once entered the old *Roman* coins, we should have been over-stocked with Medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival Emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at the lessening of each others character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These Medals of *Tiberius* were never current money, but rather of the nature of Medallions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. *Suetonius* tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the Emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in Opera edenda exemplar impetrata Schemæ deesset.* The *Elephantis* here mentioned is probably the same *Martial* takes notice of for her book of postures.

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis

Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,

Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,

Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.

Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:

Quales, &c.

Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in *Augustus's* cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum

Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;

Sic quæ concubitus varios Venerisque figuras

Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco.

De Trist. Lib. 2.

There are several of the *Sigilla*, or Seals, *Suetonius* speaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient *Intaglio's*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that these Coins were rather made by the Emperor's order, than as a Satyr on him, is because they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his unnatural lusts.

—Quem

Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa seni? —

Cl. de 4to Conf. Hon.

Who has not heard of *Caprea's* guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?

From *NAPLES* to *ROME*, by Sea.

I Took a Felucca at *Naples* to carry me to *Rome*, that I might not be forced to run over the same fights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyages-writers have not so particularly described. As in my journey from *Rome* to *Naples* I had *Horace* for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from *Naples* to *Rome*, described by *Virgil*. It is indeed much easier to trace out the way *Aeneas* took, than that of *Horace*, because *Virgil* has marked it out by Capes, Islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount *Pausilypo* makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: At a small distance from it lyes the little Island of *Nisida*, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole Island looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has two little Ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that *Lucan* mentions.

—Tali spiramine Nefis

Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis.

Lib. 6.

Nefis's high rocks such *Stygian* air produce,
And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From *Nisida* we rowed to cape *Miseno*. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by *Agrippa*, who made this the great port for the *Roman* fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of *Ravenna* held the ships designed for the *Adriatic*

atic and *Archipelago*. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre or monument to those that survey it from the land, which perhaps might occasion *Virgil's* burying *Misenus* under it. I have seen a grave *Italian* Author, who has written a very large book on the *Campania Felice*, that from *Virgil's* description of this mountain, concludes it was called *Aërius* before *Misenus* had given it a new Name.

*At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte sub Aërio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per secula nomen.* Æn. L. 6.

There are still to be seen a few ruines of old *Misenum*, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a sett of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the *Piscina Mirabilis*. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others more probably suppose them to have been *Nero's* baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of *Procita*, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis *de Vasto*.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of *Ischia*, that stands further out into the sea. The ancient Poets call it *Inarime*, and lay *Typhæus* under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the Earth is cold, and over-run with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are indeed several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this Island is plentifully stocked. I observed, about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the steam of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of *Ischia* lyes a round lake of about three quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a *Roman* port. On the north end of the Island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the Island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This Island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than *Procita*. *Virgil* makes them both shake at the fall of part of the Mole of *Bajæ*, that stood at a few miles distance from them.

Qualis

*Qualis in Eubœico Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Constructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;
Miscet se maria et nigrae attolluntur arenæ:
Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis Imperiis imposta Typhæo.* Æn. 9.

Not with less ruine than the *Bajan Mole*
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frighted billows rowl, and seek the shores:
Trembles high *Prochyta*, and *Ischia* roars:
Typhæus roars beneath, by *Jove's* command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back. *Dryden.*

I do not see why *Virgil* in this noble comparison has given the epithet of *alta* to *Prochita*, for it is not only no high Island in it self, but is much lower than *Ischia*, and all the points of land that lye within its neighbourhood. I should think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did *Virgil* make use of so equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this place, the lame imitation *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing passage.

*Haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cærule pulsu
Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquore montem.* L. 4.

So a vast fragment of the *Bajan Mole*,
That, fix'd amid the *Tyrrhene* waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,
Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,

And

And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to *Cumæ* through a very pleasant path, by the *Mare Mortuum*, and the *Elisian* fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. *Cumæ* is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since *Lucan's* time, if the Poem to *Piso* be his.

— *Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros
Euboicam referens fecunda Neapolis urbem.*

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful *Naples* lye,
That may for multitudes with *Cumæ* vie.

They show here the remains of *Apollo's* Temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same *Virgil* describes in his sixth *Æneid*, as built by *Dædalus*, and that the very story which *Virgil* there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

*Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phæbe sacra vit
Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pænas
Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnoſſia tellus, &c.*

Æn. 6.

To the *Cumean* coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscrib'd to *Phæbus*, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeo's death, and off'rings to his ghost,
Sev'n youths from *Athens* yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful *Crete*;
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast.

Dryden.

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up within less than a hundred yards of the entrance, by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the *Sibyl's* grotto. It lyes indeed in the same line with the entrance

entrance near the *Avernus*, is faced alike with the *Opus Reticulatum*, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as perhaps thought it a better shelter against the Sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expence. As for the Mosaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the *Cimmerians* is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as *Strabo* relates it, but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. *Homer's* description of the *Cimmerians*, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells;
Hid in th' unwholsome covert of the night,
They shun th' approaches of the chearful light:
The Sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy mortals! —————

Odyf. L. 10.

*Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Ænëia nutrix,
Æternam moriens fomam Cajeta dedisti:
Et nunc servat bonos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.*

Æn. 7.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great *Æneas'* infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich *Hesperia's* plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Dryden.

I saw at *Cajeta* the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chappel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the Evangelist, *Ecce terra-motus factus est magnus*. I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the time

time of the *Latin* writers, or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at *Monte Circeo* which *Homer* calls *Insula Æëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an Island, or that the *Greek* sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The End of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which perhaps gave the first rise to the howlings of Wolves, and the roarings of Lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively Idea of, being forced to lye under it a whole night. *Virgil's* description of *Æneas* passing by this coast can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of *Cajeta's* funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

*At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis
 Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
 Equora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
 Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
 Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
 Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
 Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
 Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
 Vrit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
 Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
 Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
 Vincla recusantum, et serâ sub nocte rudentum:
 Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus urse
 Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
 Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
 Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
 Quæ nè monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
 Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent
 Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis:
 Atque fugam dedit et præter vada fervida vexit.*

Æn. L. 7.

Now,

Now, when the Prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
 He plow'd the *Tyrrhene* seas with sails display'd.
 From land a gentle breeze arose by night
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
 And the sea trembled with her silver light.
 Now near the shelves of *Circe's* shores they run,
 (*Circe* the rich, the daughter of the Sun)
 A dang'rous coast: The goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks rebound her lays:
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
 And cedar brands supply her Father's light.
 From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
 The roars of Lions that refuse the chain,
 The grunts of bristled Boars, and groans of Bears,
 And herds of howling Wolves that stun the sailor's ears.
 These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad Isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom *Circe's* pow'r,
 (That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour)
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
 Which monsters left the *Trojan's* pious host
 Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast;
 Propitious *Neptune* steer'd their course by night
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.

Dryden.

Virgil calls this promontory *Æëa Insula Circes* in the third *Æneid*, but 'tis the Heroe, and not the Poet that speaks. It may however be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an Island in *Æneas's* time. As for the thick woods, which not only *Virgil* but *Homer* mentions, in the beautiful description that *Plutarch* and *Longinus* have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil leans that way.

The next place we touched upon was *Nettuno*, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles distance from it lye the ruines of *Antium*, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and what are always the last parts that perish in a ruine,

ruine, many subterraneous grotto's and passages of a great length. The foundations of *Nero's* port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no Medal of it, and yet the same Emperor has a Medal struck in his own name for the port of *Ostia*, which in reality was a work of his predecessor *Claudius*. The last Pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand Duke, to divert his Holiness from his project of making *Civita-vecchia* a free port. There lyes between *Antium* and *Nettuno* a Cardinal's *Villa*, which is one of the pleafantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortuna Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of opinion, that by these two Goddesses were meant the two *Nemeses*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other punished the wicked. *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddesses who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortuna Felici*, which indeed may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows at least they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the Goddesses gives a considerable light and beauty to the Ode which *Horace* has addressed to her. The whole Poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper *Cesar's* arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the Goddesses has her task assigned in the Poet's prayer; and we may observe the Invocation is divided between the two Deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the Goddesses of prosperity, or if you please to the *Nemesis* of the good, and the other to the Goddesses of adversity, or to the *Nemesis* of the wicked.

O *Dira* gratum quæ regis *Antium*,
Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertene funeribus triumphos! &c.

Great

Great Goddess, *Antium's* guardian power,
 Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
 The lowest to the highest place ;
 Or with a wondrous fall
 To bring the haughty lower,
 And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c.

Creech.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double *Nemesis*, the compliment to *Cæsar* is the greater, and the fifth Stanza clearer than the Commentators usually make it, for the *Clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumque plumbum*, were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the *Tiber*, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally very rough in these parts, where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the mudiness of the stream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that *Virgil* has given us when *Aeneas* took the first view of it.

*Atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
 Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amano
 Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ
 In mare prorumpit: varia circumque supraque
 Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis abveo
 Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
 Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
 Imperat, et letus fluvio succedit opaco.*

Æn. L. 7.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
 Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood:
 Betwixt the trees the *Tiber* took his course,
 With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
 That drove the sand along, he took his way,
 And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea;
 About him, and above, and round the wood,
 The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
 To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
 The captain gives command, the joyful train
 Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Dryden.
It

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of *Ofia*, what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall therefore set down the Medal, that I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.



It is worth while to compare *Juvenal's* description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

*Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio longèque relinquunt
Italiam: non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit* ———

Juv. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty Mole she gets,
Our *Tyrrhene Pharos*, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd.

Dryd. Juv.

The seas may very properly be said to be enclosed (*Inclusa*) between the two semicircular Moles that almost surround them. The *Colossus*, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the *Pharos* in the second line. The two Moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the *Pharos*, are very poetically described by the

——— *Porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam* ———

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, 'till their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of *Neptune* sits. The Poet's reflection on the haven is very just,
since

since there are few natural ports better land-locked, and closed on all sides than this seems to have been. The figure of *Neptune* has a Rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbour for navigation, as he is represented himself at the entrance of it, to show it stood in the sea. The Dolphin distinguishes him from a river God, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other Medals. What it means we may learn from the *Greek* Epigram on the figure of a *Cupid*, that had a Dolphin in one hand, and a Flower in the other.

Οὐδὲ μάρτυρ παλάμαις κατέχει δελφίνα κὶ ἄνθος,
 Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν τῇδε θαλάσσαν ἔχει.

A proper emblem graces either hand,
 In one he holds the sea, in one the land.

Half a day more brought us to *Rome*, through a road that is commonly visited by travellers.

R O M E.

IT is generally observed, that modern *Rome* stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of *Rome*: It being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of who observes how far several buildings, that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reason the present face

of

of *Rome* is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the lower grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in *Rome* two sets of Antiquities, the Christian and the Heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with Fable and Legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient Authors; for a man who is in *Rome* can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a *Latin* Poet or Historian. Among the remains of Old *Rome*, the grandeur of the Commonwealth shows it self chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as Temples, High-ways, Aqueducts, Walls and Bridges of the City. On the contrary the magnificence of *Rome*, under the Emperors, is seen principally in such works as were rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in Baths, Amphitheaters, Circus's, Obelisks, Triumphal Pillars, Arches and Mausoleums; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to supply their Baths and Naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them. These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of *Grævius*, that it is very difficult to make any new discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is however so much to be observed in so spacious a field of Antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the Antiquities of *Rome* pleased me so much as the ancient Statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen Deities, and the descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the ancients of the two, I question not but the *Roman* Poets were the copiers of the *Greek* Statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the Statuaries took their subjects from the Poets. The *Laocoon* is too known an instance among many others that are to be met with

at *Rome*. In the *Villa Aldabrandina* are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the *Cæstus*, who are probably the *Dares* and *Entellus* of *Virgil*; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient *Cæstus*, that it only consisted of so many large thongs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of Antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old Poets hint at several parts of Sculpture, that were in vogue in the Author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the Author's contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of *Juvenal*, that his Commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus,

*Multa pudicitia veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato* —————

Sat. 6.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a beard.

Dryden.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this God with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at *Rome*, than it can to us who have no such Idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a Temple dedicated to the young *Jupiter*, called *Templum Væjovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular Statue of a * *Jupiter Imberbis*. *Juvenal*, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the earth.

*Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul a tellure tenentis.*

Sat. 3.

His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing *Hercules*
Lifting *Antæus* —————

Dryden.

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated

* Vid. Ov. de fastis, Lib. 3. Ecl. 7.

statues' of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some publick place or high-way near *Rome*? And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which *Juvenal* here describes, on antique Intaglio's and Medals. Nay, *Propertius* has taken notice of the very statues.

— *Luclantum in pulvere signa*
Herculis Antæique —

Lib. 3. Car. 1.

Antæus here and stern *Alcides* strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the beauties of a man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manent: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerèr ignibus.

While *Telephus's* youthful charms,
His rosie neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enrag'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs, and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old *Roman* statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave *Juvenal* without taking notice that his

*Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
Nec sufferre queat majores pondera Gemmæ.*

Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight.

Dryden.

was not anciently so great an Hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old *Roman* rings so very thick about, and with such large stones in them, that 'tis no wonder a Fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer season of so hot a climate.

It is certain that Satyr delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: When therefore we see any thing in an old Satyr that looks forced and pedantick, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the Poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in *Rome* is a *Meleager* with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild Boar on one side of him. It is of *Parian* marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of *Meleager* in the antient *Basso Relievo's*, and on the sides of the *Sarcophagi*, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old *Roman* hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of *Manilius*, that lets us know the pagan hunters had *Meleager* for their patron, as the christians have their *St. Hubert*. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sports-man.

—————*Quibus aspirantibus orti
Te Meleagre colunt*—————

Manil. Lib. 1.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in a much better light than if we suppose that the Poet aims only at the old story of *Meleager*, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the *Romans*.

—————*Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Spumat aper*—————

Juv. S. 5.

A

A Boar intire, and worthy of the sword
Of *Meleager*, smoaks upon the board.

Mr. Bowles.

In the beginning of the ninth Satyr *Juvenal* asks his friend why he looks like *Marsya* when he was overcome?

*Scire velim quare toties mihi Nevole tristis
Occurris fronte obductâ, seu Marsya victus?*

Tell me why faunting thus from place to place,
I meet thee, *Nevolus*, with a clouded face? *Dryden's Juvenal.*

Some of the Commentators tell us, that *Marsya* was a Lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the Satire *Marsyas*, who contended with *Apollo*; which I think is more humorous than the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of *Apollo* fleaing *Marsya* in the midst of the *Roman Forum*, as there are still several ancient statues of *Rome* on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth Satyr of *Juvenal*, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the interpretation of it from one of *Beliorio's* ancient *Basso Relievo's*.

*Magnorum artificum frangebant pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet equus: celataque cassis
Romuleæ simulachra feræ mansuescere jussæ
Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hastâ,
Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti.*

Juv. Sat. 11.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The *Roman* Wolf suckling the twins was there,
And *Mars* himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe. *Dryden's Juvenal.*

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old *Roman* soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the Wolf giving suck to *Romulus* and *Rhemus*: The second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so intelligible. Some of the Commentators tell us, that the God here mentioned is *Mars*, that he comes to see his two Sons sucking the Wolf, and that the old Sculptors

Sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *Pendentis*; some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *Alto Relievo*, as in the foregoing translation. *Lubin* supposes that the God *Mars* was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left-shoulder. One of the old Interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Perdentis*; but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The *Roman* soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military genius of their Republick, used to bear on their helmets the first history of *Romulus*, who was begot by the God of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending upon the priestess *Ilia*, or as others call her *Rhea Silvia*. The occasion required his body should be naked,

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos

Cepit: ut huic urbi semina magna dares.

Ov. de Fas. L. 3.

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,

When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charm'd,

That *Rome's* high founder bore——

though on other occasions he is drawn, as *Horace* has described him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ*. The Sculptor however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the Medallists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the Vestal Virgin, in which sense the word *Pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique *Basso Relievo*, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a compliment to that Emperor, whom for his excellent government and conduct of the city of *Rome*, the Senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

Ilia



Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas :
Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.
Dum sedet; umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ
Fecerunt somnos, et leve murmur aquæ.
Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat ocellis,
Et cadit a mento languida facta manus?
Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ :
Et sua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
Somnus abit : jacet illa gravis, jam scilicet intra
Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat. Ov. de Fast. Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

As the fair Vestal to the fountain came,
 (Let none be startled at a Vestal's name)
 Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
 And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast
 To take the freshness of the morning air,
 And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair :
 While thus she rested on her arm reclin'd,
 The hoary willows waving with the wind,
 And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
 And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
 In drowsie murmurs lull'd the gentle maid. }
 The God of war beheld the Virgin lye,
 The God beheld her with a lover's eye,
 And by so tempting an occasion press'd,
 The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd :

Conceiving

Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal *Rome*.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in *Seneca* the Tragedian.

——— *Primus emergit solo*
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus —————

Sen. OEdip. Act. 3.

—— First *Zetus* rises through the ground,
Bending the Bull's tough neck with pain,
That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the Poet had here in view the posture of *Zetus* in the famous groupe of figures, which represents the two brothers binding *Dirce* to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical instruments that are to be seen in the hands of the *Apollo's*, *Muses*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Bacchanals*, and *Shepherds*, which might certainly give a great light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern musick. It would perhaps be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient Musick, but help us to pleasanter Instruments than are now in use. By the appearance they make in marble, there is not one String-instrument that seems comparable to our *Violins*, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the *Plectrum*, so that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible swellings, and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern musick. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The *Syringa*, for example, has sometimes four, and sometimes a more pipes, as high as the twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their *Harps*, and of stops on their *Tibiae*, which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who from a verse perhaps in *Virgil's* *Eclogues*, or a short passage in a *Classic* Author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number
of

of their pipes, strings and stops. It is indeed the usual fault of the writers of Antiquities, to streighten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a single passage: As the learned *German* author, quoted by Monsieur *Baudelot*, who had probably never seen any thing of a Household-God, more than a *Canopus*, affirms roundly, that all the ancient *Lares* were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the Antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the Systeme-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general Maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of Antiquity that are still to be seen in *Rome*. How many dresses are there for each particular Deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient Urns, Lamps, Lachrymary vessels, *Priapus's*, Household-Gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described with in an ancient Author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam *Dacier*, from some old cuts of *Terence*, fancies that the *Larva* or *Persona* of the *Roman* Actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at *Rome*, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of Actors, which are both in the *Villa Matthei*. One sees on them the fashion of the old *Sock* and *Larva*, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned Lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure of *Tbalia*, the comic Muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little frizze, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the *Italian* Actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in *Phædrus*, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces.

Personam tragicam fortè vulpes viderat:

O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!

L. i. Fab. 7.

As wily *Renard* walk'd the streets at night,

On a Tragedian's mask he chanc'd to light,

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Turning

Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain!

I find Madam *Dacier* has taken notice of this passage in *Phædrus*, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in *Martial*, which alludes to the same kind of masks.

*Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,
Personam capiti detrahabet illa tuo.* L. 3. Ep. 43.

Why should'st thou try to hide thy self in youth?
Impartial *Proserpine* beholds the truth,
And laughing at so fond and vain a task,
Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the *Villa Borgheſe* is the Buſt of a young *Nero*, which ſhows us the form of an ancient *Bulla* on the breaſt, which is neither like a heart, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, nor altogether reſembles that in Cardinal *Chigi's* cabinet; ſo that without eſtabliſhing a particular inſtance into a general rule, we ought, in ſubjects of this nature, to leave room for the humour of the artiſt or wearer. There are many figures of Gladiators at *Rome*, though I do not remember to have ſeen any of the *Retiarius*, the *Samnite*, or the antagoniſt to the *Pinnirapus*. But what I could not find among the ſtatues, I met with in two antique pieces of Moſaic, which are in the poſſeſſion of a Cardinal. The *Retiarius* is engaged with the *Samnite*, and has had ſo lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adverſary from head to foot, yet his antagoniſt recovered himſelf out of the toiles, and was conqueror, according to the inſcription. In another piece is repreſented the combat of the *Pinnirapus*, who is armed like the *Samnite*, and not like the *Retiarius*, as ſome learned men have ſuppoſed: On the helmet of his antagoniſt are ſeen the two *Pinne*, that ſtand up on either ſide like the wings in the *Petaſus* of a *Mercury*, but riſe much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the *Roman* Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their ſacrifices. For as the old *Romans* were very much devoted to their religion, we ſee ſeveral parts of it entering their ancient *Baſſo Relievo's*, Statues, and Medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and thoſe particular ornaments of Architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen Ritual could not inſtruct a man better than theſe ſeveral pieces of Antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilio's that attended the different kinds of ſacrifices.

crifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the Make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior *Antonio Politi's* collection a *Patera* without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as *Macrobius* describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed perhaps several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the *Discus*, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated *Castor* at *Don Livio's*, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some Antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusus
Tollere Tænarides orbem properabat——

——De Hyacinthi disco.

Ov. Met. L. 10. 11

Th' unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
 Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a multitude of cloathed statues at *Rome*, I could never discover the several different *Roman* garments, for 'tis very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides, that the *Roman* garments did not differ from each other, so much by the shape as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lye within the expression of the chissel. I observed, in abundance of *Bas Reliefs*, that the *Cinctus Gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that *Ferrarius* has made of it. *Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quam cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio sudducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contraherat, brevioraque et strictior reddidit.* *De re Vestiar. L. 1. C. 14.* *Lipsius's* description of the *Samnite* armour, seems drawn out of the very words of *Livy*; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at *Rome*, dressed in this kind of armour, gives a much different explication of *Livy* from what *Lipsius* has done. This

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figure

figure was superscribed *BA. TO. NI.* from whence *Fabretti* concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator *Bato*, who after having succeeded in two combates, was killed in the third, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor *Caracalla*. The manner of punctuation after each syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince *Cesarini* I saw busts of all the *Antonine* family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from *Albano*, in a place where is supposed to have stood a *Villa* of *Marcus Aurelius*. There are the heads of, *Antoninus Pius*, the *Faustina's*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, a young *Commodus*, and *Annius Verus*, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old *Rome* are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for doubtless there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old Authors, as the places where such particular statues or obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the *Palatine* mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of *Rome*.

*Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris,
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis*——

Claud. de Sexto Consulatu Honorii.

* Vid. Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome's* imperial seat,
 (An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
 Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
 In supplicating crouds to learn their doom;
 To *Delphi* less th' enquiring worlds repair,
 Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
 This sure the pompous mansion was design'd
 To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
 Inferior temples rise on either hand,
 And on the borders of the palace stand,
 While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
 And lodg'd amidst her guardian Gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the Pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the Prince *Farnese*, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up 'till he sees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in *Rome* who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made Essays into it, as they do for coal in *England*, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been beforehand with them. However they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present Architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown two spaces of ground, where part of *Nero's* golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers are several very ancient trees, which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a publick register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the *Tiber*. We may be sure, when the *Romans* lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done

done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water: besides what the insolence of a brutish Conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-shore of *Rome*, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the *Tiber*, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the *Romans* themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At *Rome* they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the *Jews* have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bosome of it. I have seen the valley near *Ponte molle*, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, 'till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope however would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in *Augustus's* time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of *Rome* would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the *Tiber*, and by consequence free them from those frequent Inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and admirers. Thus *Ceres*, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the Gods or Goddesses, as several of the *Roman* Emperesses took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, as of all the rest together; because the *Romans* had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation,

tion, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying *Cleopatra*, the *Narcissus*, the *Faune* leaning against the trunk of a tree, the Boy with the bird in his hand, the *Leda* and her swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always look upon figures of this kind, as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture, and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Silenus* with the young *Bacchus* in his arms, the *Hercules Farnese*, the *Antinous*, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the *Venus* of *Medicis* than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. It has always been usual for Sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *Basso Relievo's*. I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young *Roman Lady*, which had been made for her by her mother. The Sculptor had chosen the rape of *Proserpine* for his device, where in one end you might see the God of the dead (*Pluto*) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (*Proserpine*) and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (*Ceres*) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several *Sarcophagi*, that have enclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the Sculptors applied it promiscuously. I know there are Authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprized to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a *Priapus*, and in the *Villa Pamphilia* is seen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There are however many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the Soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the *Basso Relievo's* without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called *Homer's Apotheosis*, and consists of a groupe of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above

above another by four or five different ascents. *Jupiter* sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as *Homer* himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

Ἐγεν δ' ἐν ὑπέρα χειρίδω ἀτερ ἥρμιον ἄλλων.
 Ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδ' Ἄ. Οὐδ' ὕμποι.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine *Muses*, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the Poet. *Homer* himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the *Iliad*, or actions of *Achilles*, as the other has an *Aplustre* to represent the *Odyssey*, or voyage of *Ulysses*. About the Poet's feet are creeping a couple of Mice, as an emblem of the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind the chair stands *Time*, and the *Genius* of the Earth, distinguished by their proper Attributes, and putting a garland on the Poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an Altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new God, and behind the victim a train of the several Virtues that are represented in *Homer's* works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the Poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the Constable *Colonna*, but never shown to those who see the Palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at *Rome*, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the *Roman* Antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of *Donatus*, as the pillars of *Trajan* and *Antonine*, the arches of *Drusus Germanicus*, and *Septimius Severus*, the Temples of *Janus*, *Concord*, *Vesta*, *Jupiter tonans*, *Apollo* and *Faustina*, the *Circus Maximus*, *Agonalis*, and that of *Caracalla*, or, according to *Fabretti*, of *Galienus*, of *Vespasian's* Amphitheater, and *Alexander Severus's* Baths; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta sudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of Medals; the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious; nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of *Monsieur Vaillant*, esteemed more authentick by the present *Roman* Medalists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the
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 mechani-

mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of Medals with a very curious one, as large as a Medalion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the Emperor *Trajan*, the reverse has on it the *Circus Maximus*, and a view of the side of the *Palatine* mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous Temple of *Apollo*, that has still a considerable ruine standing. This Medal I saw in the hands of Monseigneur *Strozzi*, brother to the Duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger, who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the great pieces of Architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the *Pantheon*, the *Mausoleum* of *Augustus*, *Nero's* golden house, the *Moles Adriani*, the *Septizonium* of *Severus*, the Baths of *Dioclesian*, &c. But since it was the custom of the *Roman* Emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on Medals, more extraordinary than those that are: we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in History and Antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decipher the Faces of the many statues that are to be seen at *Rome*, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the Kings and Consuls, Emperors and Emperesses, the Deities and Virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the *Villa Pamphilia* stands the statue of a man in woman's cloaths, which the Antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an *Hermaphrodite*; but a learned Medallist in *Rome* has lately fixed it to *Clodius*, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the *Bona Dea* in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a Medal of the *Clodian* family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: The *Hercules Farnese*, the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidere*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horseback. The oldest Medal that the first appears upon is one of *Commodus*, the second on one of *Faustina*, the third on one of *Antoninus Pius*, and the last on one of *Lucius*

cius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these Statues were extremely celebrated among the old *Romans*, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the Emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the *Antonine* family, for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by *Pliny* the Naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before *Antoninus Pius*, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of *Marcus Aurelius* on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the Medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the Medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of *Marcus Aurelius's* face, for I have seen this reverse on a Medalion of *Don Livio's* cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior *Marc. Antonio*. It is generally objected, that *Lucius Verus* would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of *Marcus Aurelius*. But it is very well known that an Emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose *Lucius Verus* would omit no opportunity of doing honour to *Marcus Aurelius*, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the Empire. The famous *Antinous* in the *Belvidere* must have been made too about this age, for he dyed towards the middle of *Adrian's* reign, the immediate predecessor of *Antoninus Pius*. This entire figure, though not to be found in Medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur *La Chausse*, the Author of the *Musæum Romanum* showed me an *Antinous* that he has published in his last volume, cut in a *Cornelian*, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a *Mercury*, and is the finest *Intaglia* that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in *Rome* more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient Pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners, than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of *Granite*, *Serpentine*, or *Porphry*, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from *Egypt* to *Rome*, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known

known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is indeed a *Milanese* at *Rome* who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of *Porphyry* worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that Form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollifie the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of Mines and Quarries. The most valuable pillars about *Rome*, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental Jasper in *St. Paulina's* chappel at *St. Maria Maggiore*; two of oriental Granite in *St. Pudenziana*; one of transparent oriental Jasper in the *Vatican* library; four of *Nero-Bianco* in *St. Cecilia Trans-tevere*; two of *Brocatello*, and two of oriental Agate in *Don Livio's* palace; two of *Giallo Antico* in *St. John Lateran*, and two of *Verdi Antique* in the *Villa Pamphilia*. These are all intire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among these old pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of *Livia's Portico*. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of *St. Maria in Campitello*, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old *Roman* pillars, *Monsieur Desgodetz*, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of *Ægypt*, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to *Rome*: Others say that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: Others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Gusto grande*, than of any negligence in the

Architect; for they say the Ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an *Ionic* pillar in the *Santa Maria Transverere*, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, those of *Trajan* and *Antonine*. There could not have been a more magnificent design than that of *Trajan's* pillar. Where could an Emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece in *Antonine's* pillar is the figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, sending down rain on the fainting army of *Marcus Aurelius*, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian Legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old Author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that *Jupiter* here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the *Aeneid*, which gives just such another image of him. *Virgil's* interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by *Jupiter*.

*Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridas austris
Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cælo cava nubila rumpit.*

Æn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise:
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Dryden.

I have seen a Medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The Emperor is entitled on it *Germanicus*,

nicus, (as it was in the wars of *Germany* that this circumstance happened) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the Heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the Emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their Legion. *Fulmen de cælo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluvia impetratâ cum siti laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

Claudian takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason for it.

————— *Ad templa vocatus,*

Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam

Exiit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.

Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem

Decidit: hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat

Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus

Subsedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis

Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.

Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia teli

Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu

Armavere Deos; seu, quod reor, omne tonantis

Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.

De Sexto Conf. Hon.

So mild *Aurelius* to the Gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
When *Latium* from unnumber'd foes was freed:
Nor did he Then by his own force succeed;
But with descending show'rs of brimstone fir'd,
The wild Barbarian in the storm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horse-man rag'd,
And spurr'd the steed in equal flames engag'd:
Another pent in his scorch'd armour glow'd,
While from his head the melting helmet flow'd;
Swords by the lightning's subtle force distill'd,
And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd:
No human arm its weak assistance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the battel fought;
Whether dark magick and *Chaldean* charms
Had fill'd the skies, and set the Gods in arms;
Or good *Aurelius* (as I more believe)
Deserv'd whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. *Dacier*, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of *Marcus Aurelius*, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar of *Marcus Antoninus*, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of *Claudian*.

It is pity the Obelisks in *Rome* had not been charged with several parts of the *Egyptian* histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of *Constantine* is not only the noblest of any in *Rome*, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the Emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from *Trajan's* arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of *Rome*, who were then most of them Heathens. There is however something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch it self, which seems to hint at the Emperor's vision. *Imp. Caf. Fl. Constantino maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod instinctu Divinitatis mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quam de omni ejus factione uno tempore justis Rempublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit.* There is no statue of this Emperor at *Rome* with a cross to it, though the Ecclesiastical Historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his Medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son *Constantius*, where he is crown'd by a Victory on the reverse with this inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ✠. This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, show us that Architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprized not to find the Cross in *Constantine's* arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of *Jerusalem* on that of *Titus*, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river *Jordan*. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of *Solomon's* temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes, as are to be met with in several of the *Roman* Churches and Chappels; for having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the same time so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of *Rome*, the last still endeavouring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present Pontificate, if the wars and confusions of *Italy* will give them leave. For as the Pope is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of Arts, so at *Rome* any of these Arts immediately thrives under the encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on *Rome*, with a Letter of King *Henry* the eighth to *Ann* of *Bulleyn*, transcribed out of the famous Manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of *Salisbury* assures us is written with the King's own hand.

“ The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own, praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would have now. As touching your Sister's Mother, I have consigned *Walter Welsh* to write to my Lord *Manwering* my mind therein, whereby I trust he shall not have power to disseid her; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs take his natural Daughter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whistle I wish we were together one evening; by the hand of yours,

HENRY.

These letters are always shewn to an *Englishman* that visits the *Vatican* Library.

Towns

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 fröm 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 *Tarquain*. 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

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.

—*Palladia 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 Icaris 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*
Obruat, 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 coacta
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

dows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and Scripture-stories; and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and over-run with so many little mazes and labyrinths of Sculpture; that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over-against this church stands a large Hospital, erected by a Shooe-maker who has been Beatified, though never Sainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*. I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last Republick that fell under the subjection of the Duke of *Florence*, so is it still supposed to retain many hankerings after its ancient liberty: For this reason, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. *John Baptist's* day, I was told that *Sienna* comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those who follow, to show the reluctance it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. *Catharine* of *Sienna* who is the great Saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: A traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in *Italy*.

From *Sienna* we went forward to *Leghorne*, where the two Ports, the *Bagnio*, and *Donatelli's* Statue of the Great Duke, amidst the four Slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The Square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in *Italy*, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expence to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choaked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the Great Duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the Duke of *Tuscany* receives from this single place,

place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a Free Port. But, it is very well known how the Great Duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the Merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of Free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand *Jews*, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our *English* factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. 'Tis true the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very Ice-merchant at *Leghorne* pays above a thousand pound sterling annually for his privilege, and the Tobacco-merchant ten thousand. The Ground is sold by the Great Duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave *Leghorne*. All the Wines, Oils, and Silks, that come down from the fruitful vallies of *Pisa*, *Florence*, and other parts of *Tuscany*, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The Canal that runs from the sea into the *Arno* gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughter's portions, &c. encrease, in all which the Great Duke comes in for a considerable share. The *Lucqueses*, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the Duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other Prince in *Italy* can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign Princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the *Pisans* and *Florentines* long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their Common-wealths. The town of *Leghorne* has accidentally done what the greatest fetch of Politicks would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almost unpeopled *Pisa*, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the Inhabitants of *Florence*. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honour

and liberty, to the thoughts of traffick and merchandise: And as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits another way. It is no wonder therefore that the Great Duke has such apprehensions of the Pope's making *Civita Vecchia* a Free Port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to *Leghorne*. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of during the last Pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The Great Duke's mony was so well bestowed in the Conclave, that several of the Cardinals dissuaded the Pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the litte port which he made at *Antium*, near *Nettuno*. The chief work-men that were to have conveyed the water to *Civita Vecchia* were bought off, and when a poor *Capucin*, who was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he dyed a little after he had entered upon it. The present Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the Aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our *English* Merchants from *Sicily* and *Naples*, they would settle here. His Holiness has told some *English* Gentlemen, that those of our nation should have the greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the Church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at *Rome*, told me the Pope has this design extremely at his heart; but that he fears the *English* will suffer nothing like a Resident or Consul in his dominions; though at the same time he hoped the business might as well be transacted by one that had no publick character. This Gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the *French* and *Spanish* Cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal *Janson* refused to see him when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the Pope on this subject. There is one great objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the Air of the place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the air of *Leghorne* having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits which have accrued to the Duke of *Florence* from his Free Port have set several of the States of *Italy* on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the *Genoese*, who lye more convenient than the *Venetians*, and have a more inviting form of government than that of the Church, or that of *Florence*. But as the Port of

Genoa

Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from *Leghorne* into it, so dare not the *Genoese* make any other of their ports Free, least it should draw to it most of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by consequence ruine their chief city.

From *Leghorne* I went to *Pisa*, where there is still the Shell of a great City, though not half furnished with Inhabitants. The great Church, Baptistery, and leaning Tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a day's journey more brought me into the Republick of *Lucca*.

The REPUBLICK of *LUCCA*.

IT is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little Republick are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an air of chearfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lye about them. There is but one gate for Strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written in letters of gold, *Libertas*.

This Republick is shut up in the Great Duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of *Florence*, *Pisa* and *Sienna*. The occasion is as follows.

The *Lucquese* plead prescription for hunting in one of the Duke's forests, that lyes upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the Prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three Sportsmen of the Republick, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their country-men, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The Great Duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the Governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only ex-

cuses, he resolv'd to do himself justice. Accordingly he order'd all the *Lucqueses* to be seiz'd that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. These amount'd to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the Republick. They are now in prison at *Florence*, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The King of *Spain*, who is Protector of the Common-wealth, received information from the Great Duke of what had pass'd, and approv'd of his proceedings, with orders to the *Lucqueses*, by his Governor of *Milan*, to give a proper satisfaction. The Republick, thinking themselves ill us'd by their Protector, as they say at *Florence*, have sent to Prince *Eugene* to desire the Emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand *Germans*. The Great Duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfi'd with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn ambassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruine of the Common-wealth, if the *French* succeed in *Italy*. It is pleasant however to hear the discourse of the common people of *Lucca*, who are firmly persuad'd that one *Lucqueses* can beat five *Florentines*, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be own'd these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to Republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute Prince in *Europe* are as proud of their Monarch as the *Lucqueses* of being subject to none. Should the *French* affairs prosper in *Italy*, it is possible the Great Duke may bargain for the Republick of *Lucca*, by the help of his great treasures, as his Predecessors did formerly with the Emperor for that of *Sienna*. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on *Lucca*, as not only fearing the arms of their Protector, but because they are well assur'd that should the *Lucqueses* be reduced to the last extremities, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the *Genoeses*, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a State for which they have so great an aversion. And the *Florentines* are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak State within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the
French

French King, support them in their attempts, there is no government in *Italy* that would dare to interpose. This Republick, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled State of *Italy*. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all publick affairs: But in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the Common-wealth, to its maturity and perfection.

F L O R E N C E.

I Had the good luck to be at *Florence* when there was an Opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in *Italy*. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the Poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Destinies; and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

P R O T E S T A.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo Drama trovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful Palaces in *Florence*; and as *Tuscan* pillars and *Rustic* work owe their original to this country, the Architects always take care to give them a place in the great Edifices that are raised in *Tuscany*. The Duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestick. It is not unlike that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris*, which was built by *Mary of Medicis*, and for that reason perhaps the workmen fell into the *Tuscan* humour. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with
any

any where in *Rome*. I mean an antique Statue of *Hercules* lifting up *Anteus* from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in *Rome*, and brought hither under the reign of *Leo* the tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But 'tis the famous gallery of the old palace, where are perhaps the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery it self is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. *Laffei*, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the *Greek* Π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the Busts of the Emperors and Emperesses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind. *Agrippa*, *Caligula*, *Otho*, *Nerva*, *Ælius Verus*, *Pertinax*, *Geta*, *Didius Julianus*, *Albinus* extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, *Gordianus Africanus* the elder, *Eliogabalus*, *Galien* the elder, and the younger *Papienus*. I have put *Agrippa* among the Emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of Medals, as some that follow among the Emperesses have no other right to the company they are joined with. *Domitia*, *Agrippina* wife of *Germanicus*, *Antonia*, *Matidia*, *Plotina*, *Mallia Scantilla*, falsely inscribed under her Bust *Julia Severi*, *Aquilia Severa*, *Julia Mesa*. I have generally observed at *Rome*, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in Medals are also rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the Emperors reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that no body worked on the figure of a deceased Emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation however does not always hold. An *Agrippa* or *Caligula*, for example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Bust; and a *Tiberius* a rare Coin, but a common Bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this Emperor's statues after his death. The *Tiberius in Tiberim* is a known instance.

Among the Busts of such Emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of *Augustus*, *Vespasian*, *Adrian*, *Marcus Aurelius*,

lius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is in the same gallery a beautiful Bust of *Alexander* the Great, casting up his face to Heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique Busts of *Alexander* in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also in Porphyry the head of a Faun, and of the God *Pan*. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the Antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having received the Tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the Consul, with the Ring on his finger, reminded me of *Juvenal's majoris pondera gemmæ*. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of *Apollo*, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of. *Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto.* I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild Boar, the Gladiator, the *Narcissus*, the *Cupid* and *Psyche*, the *Flora*, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures there is a fine one of *Morpheus* in touchstone. I have always observed, that this God is represented by the ancient Statuaries under the figure of a Boy asleep, with a bundle of Poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a *Cupid*, till I had taken notice that it had neither a bow nor quiver. I suppose Doctor *Lister* has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping *Cupid* with Poppy in his hands.

— *Qualia namque*

Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum

Talis erat, sed nè faciat discrimina cultus,

Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras.

Ov. Met. L. 10.

Such are the *Cupids* that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden Quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the *Cupids* lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the God of sleep under the figure of a Boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. *Statius,*
in

in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

*Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divam,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feraeque, &c. Silv. Lib. 5.*

Tell me, thou best of Gods, thou gentle Youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hush'd at ease thy drowsie subjects lye,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of Sleep, that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient Authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the *Ethiopi-ans*; which shows us that the Statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at *Rome* some of these black Statues of the Nile which are cut in a kind of Touchstone.

Usque coloratis annis devexus ab Indis. Virg. Geor. 4. de Nilo.

At one end of the gallery stand two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old *Roman* arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of Curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Talismans, Lamps and Hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little Image of *Juno Sispita*, or *Sospita*, which perhaps is not to be met with any where else but on Medals. She is cloathed in a Goatskin, the horns flicking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember *Tully's* description of this Goddess in the following words. *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprina, cum bastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An



A Medal
of Juno Sispita. Vid. Fulv.
Ursin. in Fa-
miliâ Tho-
riâ & Porci-
liâ.

This is a
Reverse of
Anton. Pius.

II. An antique Model of the famous *Laocöon* and his two Sons, that stands in the *Belvidera* at *Rome*. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maim'd. It was by the help of this Model that *Bandinelli* finished his admirable copy of the *Laocöon*, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An *Apollo* or *Amphion*. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the Instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt however whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A *Corona Radialis* with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say in allusion to the signs of the *Zodiac*, and others to the labours of *Hercules*.

———— *Ingenti mole Latinus*

*Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen*————

Virg. *Æn.* 12.

Four steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day.

Mr. *Dryden*.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial Curiosities in Ivory, Amber, Chrystal, Marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shown last stands the celebrated *Venus of Medicis*. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: It is notwithstanding as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is

easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the Sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of *Venus* put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the *Greek Epigrams*.

Γομφίω διδὲ Πάρις μὲ καὶ Ἀχιλλῶνος καὶ Ἄδωνος,
Τὰς τρεῖς διδά μόνος. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πῶδ᾽ ἔστι;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too

Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;

All these I frankly own without denying:

But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying?

There is another *Venus* in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old *Roman* Statues several of *Venus* in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this Goddess, which *Pliny* mentions. In the same chamber is the *Roman* Slave whetting his knife and listning, which from the shoulders upward is incomparable. The two *Wrestlers* are in the same room. I observed here likewise a very curious Bust of *Annius Verus*, the young Son of *Marcus Aurelius*, who dyed at nine years of age. I have seen several other Busts of him at *Rome*, though his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old Inscriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like sets of Antiquities. I was shown several of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous Inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of *Appius*, who made the High-way, and of *Fabius* the Dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the Busts of *Tranquillina*, Mother to *Gordianus Pius*, and of *Quintus Herennius*, Son to *Trajan Decius*, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated *Hermaphrodite* in the *Villa Borgheze*. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the *Argenteria*, the Tabernacle of *St. Laurence's* chapel, and the chamber of Painters. The chapel of *St. Laurence* will be perhaps the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when completed, but it advances so very slowly, that 'tis not

not impossible but the family of *Medicis* may be extinct before their burial place is finished.

The Great Duke has lived many years separate from the Dutcheſs, who is at preſent in the court of *France*, and intends there to end her days. The Cardinal his brother is old and infirm, and could never be induced to reſign his purple for the uncertain proſpect of giving an Heir to the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*. The Great Prince has been married ſeveral years without any children, and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the Prince his younger brother (as the finding out a Lady for him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulneſs by a former Husband) they have all hitherto proved unſucceſſful. There is a branch of the family of *Medicis* in *Naples*: The head of it has been owned as a kinsman by the Great Duke, and it is thought will ſucceed to his dominions, in caſe the Princes his ſons die childleſs; though it is not impossible but in ſuch a conjuncture, the Common-wealths, that are thrown under the Great Dutchy, may make ſome efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuſcripts belonging to *St. Laurence*, of which there is a printed Catalogue. I looked into the *Virgil* which diſputes its antiquity with that of the *Vatican*. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty two lines in the ſecond *Æneid*, beginning at *Jamque adeo ſuper unus eram*—I muſt confeſs I always thought this paſſage left out with a great deal of judgment by *Tucca* and *Varius*, as it ſeems to contradict a part in the ſixth *Æneid*, and repreſents the Heroe in a paſſion, that is, at leaſt, not at all becoming the greatneſs of his character. Beſides, I think the apparition of *Venus* comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the ſight of *Priam's* murder; for without ſuch a machine to take him off, I cannot ſee how the Heroe could, with honour, leave *Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* unrevenged. But ſince *Virgil's* friends thought fit to let drop this incident of *Helen*, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in *Venus's* ſpeech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

*Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies in viſa Lacæna,
Culpatuſve Paris*—————

Æn. 2.

Florence for modern ſtatues I think excels even *Rome*, but theſe I ſhall paſs over in ſilence, that I may not tranſcribe out of others.

The

The way from *Florence* to *Bologna* runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the *Appennines*; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of *Silius Italicus's* description of *Hannibal's* march.

*Quoque magis subiere jago atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
Sese aperit, fessis et nascitur altera moles:*

L. 3.

From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the *Latin* Poets have given us of the *Appennines*. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of *Italy* to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

— *Nubifer Apenninus.*

Ov. Met. L. 2.

— *Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiae, geminumque latus stringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo discriminat aquora tractu.*

Clau. de Sexto Conf. Hon.

————— *Mole nivali
Alpibus aequatum attollens caput Apenninus.*

Sil. It. L. 2.

*Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
Piniferum cælo miscens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celsò
Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruina.*

Li. 4. Id.

*Umbrosis mediam quâ collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus.
Altius intumuit, propiusque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes aquora Pise,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divertia ponti.*

Luc. L. 2.

In

In pomp the shady *Appennines* arise,
 And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
 No land like *Italy* erects the sight
 By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
 Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,
 And see the billows rise on either side;
 At *Pisa* here the range of mountains ends,
 And here to high *Ancona's* shores extends:
 In their dark womb a thousand rivers lye,
 That with continu'd streams the double sea supply.

Bologna, Modena, Parma, Turin, &c.

AFTER a very tedious journey over the *Appennines*, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little *Rhine*. Following the course of this river we arrived in a short time at *Bologna*.

——— *Parvique Bononia Rheni.* Sil. It. 8.

Bologna water'd by the petty *Rhine*.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air, as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lyes about it, and the magnificence of its Convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in *Italy* for pictures, as having been the school of the *Lombard* painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentick silver Medal of the younger *Brutus*, in the hands of an eminent Antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed *Id. Mar.* for the Ides of *March*, the famous date of *Cæsar's* murder. The second was a picture of *Ra-*

phel's

phel's in St. *Giouanni* in *Monte*. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. *Cecilia* with an instrument of musick in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. *Paul*, and St. *John*; and on the other, of *Mary Magdalene*, and St. *Austin*. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new Stair-case that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of *Italy*, and the season of the year, made me pass through the Dutchies of *Modena*, *Parma*, and *Savoy* with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of *Modena* and *Parma* is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the Duke of *Parma* to enter the Theater and Gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in *Italy*. The Theater is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old Inscriptions, Idols, Busts, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the Medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a *Pescennius Niger* on a Medalion well preserved. It was coined at *Antioch*, where this Emperor trifled away his time till he lost his Life and Empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of *Otho*, the reverse a *Serapis*; and two of *Messalina* and *Poppæa* in middle brass, the reverses of the Emperor *Claudius*. I saw two Medalions of *Plotina* and *Matidia*, the reverse to each a *Pietas*; with two Medals of *Pertinax*, the reverse of one *Vota Decennialia*, and of the other *Diis Custodibus*; and another of *Gordianus Africanus*, the reverse I have forgot.

The Principalities of *Modena* and *Parma* are much about the same extent, and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The Duke of *Parma* however is much richer than the Duke

Duke of *Modena*. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the Courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lye about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few Princes of *Europe* who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make Bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect in these small governments a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large overgrown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty States and Principalities, that, like so many large families, might lye under the eye and observation of their proper Governors; so that the care of the Prince might extend it self to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty Sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little Common-wealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little Principalities. I left the road of *Milan*, on my right-hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through *Asti*, the frontier town of *Savoy*, I at last came within sight of the *Po*, which is a fine river even at *Turin*, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. *Ovid* has chosen it out to throw his *Phaeton* into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some Botanical criticks, who tell us the Poets have not rightly followed the traditions of Antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of *Phaëton* into Poplars, who ought to have been turned into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a Gum, and is commonly
found

found on the banks of the *Po*. The change of *Cycnus* into a Swan, which closes up the disasters of *Phaeton's* family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that *Virgil* and *Ovid* have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the *Eridanus*, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it.

— Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
 Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
 Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
 Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
 Velat bonos, rami caput umbravere virentes
 Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
 Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
 Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
 Fulvaeque sub gremio calatis nobilis astris
 Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctas
 Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
 Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
 Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anbeli.
 Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
 Germana servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
 Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
 Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans.
 Clara noti convexa rigat. — *Claudian. de Sexto Conf. Honorii.*

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
 And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
 That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
 And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
 No interwoven Reeds a garland made,
 To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
 But Poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
 And tears of Amber trickled down his head:
 A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
 That set th' unhappy *Phaeton* to view:
 The flaming Chariot and the Steeds it show'd,
 And the whole Fable in the mantle glow'd:
 Beneath his arm an Urn supported lyes
 With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.

For

For *Titan*, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
 Among the Heav'ns th'immortal fact display'd,
 Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
 And in the Constellations wrote his tale.
 A Swan in memory of *Cycnus* shines;
 The mourning Sisters weep in Watry signs;
 The burning Chariot, and the Charioteer,
 In bright *Boötes* and his Wane appear;
 Whilst in a Track of Light the Waters run,
 That wash'd the body of his blasted son.

The river *Po* gives a name to the chief street of *Turin*, which fronts the Duke's Palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in *Italy* for its length. There is one convenience in this City that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the house that is burning. The Court of *Turin* is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in *Italy*; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the *French* than even the rest of the *Italians*. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the *French* armies have made through their country, by the ruine and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through *Piemont* and *Savoy*, at a time when the Duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the *French*.

I came directly from *Turin* to *Geneva*, and had a very easie journey over mount *Cennis*, though about the beginning of *December*, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large Plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The Inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable,

and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with Trouts, though they say it is covered with Ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of *Italy* that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several Lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the *Alpes* and *Appennines*. For as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lye in the figure of so many artificial Basins; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into Lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient *Romans* took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these Lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or the recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the *Fucinus* by the Emperor *Claudius*, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous *Naumachia* and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluces were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our journey through the *Alpes*, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the *Alpes*, as I did the last with those of the *Appennines*. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the *Alpes* are quite different from the *Appennines*, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in *Italy*.

*Cuncta gelu canaque eternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phæbo.
Duratus nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cælum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes.
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos:
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna.*

II *Alpinâ*

*Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.*

Sil-It. L. 3.

Stiff with eternal Ice, and hid Snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lye
From the bright regions of the chearful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'n's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

GENEVA and the LAKE.

NEAR St. Julian in Savoy the *Alpes* begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which in respect of the other parts of the *Alpes* may pass for a plain champian country. This extent of lands, with the *Leman Lake*, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in *Europe*, was it all thrown into a single state, and had *Geneva* for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of *Savoy* has the *Chablais*, and all the fields that lye beyond the *Arve*, as far as to the *Ecluse*. The King

of *France* is master of the whole country of *Gen*; and the Canton of *Berne* comes in for that of *Vaud*. *Geneva* and its little territories lye in the heart of these three States. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are however at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. 'Tis to the last of these winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for as the *Alpes* surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of Basin, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north-wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the *Alpes* have on *Geneva* is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down, in respect of those who live at *Geneva*. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an Horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of Mount *Jura*, covered with vineyards and pasture, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of Snow that lye several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the Lake, and the borders of it that lye north of the town.

This Lake resembles a Sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, and the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Berne*, the Bishoprick of *Sion*, and the Republick of *Geneva*. I have seen papers fixed up in the Canton of *Berne*, with this magnificent preface; *Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our Ports and Harbours on the Lake, &c.*

I made a little voyage round the Lake, and touched on the several towns that lye on its coasts, which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The

The right side of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn-fields, which lye on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the *Alpes*, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine however on this side of the Lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the Sun. We here passed by *Tvoire*, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodged at *Tonon*, which is the greatest town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has four convents, and they say about six or seven thousand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from *Tonon* stands *Ripaille*, where is a convent of *Carthusians*. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the Genius of the Inhabitants. There are *Vists* in it of a great length, that terminate upon the Lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the *Alpes*, which are broken into so many steps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular mis-shapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the *Carthusians* belonged formerly to the Hermites of *St. Maurice*, and is famous in history for the retreat of an Anti-pope, who called himself *Felix* the fifth. He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glorious reign took on him the habit of a Hermite, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the *Italians* to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*; and the *French*, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several Ecclesiasticks before he turned Hermite, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen Pope by the Council of *Basil*, who took upon them to depose *Eugenio* the fourth. This promised fair at first, but by the death of the Emperor, who favoured *Amadeo*, and the resolution of *Eugenio*, the greatest part of the Church threw it self again under the government of their deposed head. Our Anti-pope however was still supported by the Council of *Basil*, and owned by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which *Felix* voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of Pope *Nicholas* the fifth, but on the following conditions, That *Amadeo* should be the first Cardinal in the Conclave; That the

the Pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kifs; That he should be perpetual Cardinal-legate in the states of *Savoy* and *Switzerland*, and in the Arch-bishopricks of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Brefs*, &c. And lastly, That all the Cardinals of his creation should be recognized by the Pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at *Ripaille*, and dyed with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At *Tonon* they showed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the Lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above *Tonon* is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of *Savoy*, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the Lake the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, 'till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stone shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of *Switzerland* talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the *Alpes* that bordered upon us vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lye at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in *Switzerland*, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the Sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies 'till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the Sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same
little

little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve it self unmixed with the Lake 'till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I saw it, though as clear as rock-water at its going out. Besides, that it brought in much more water than it carryed off. The river indeed preserves it self for about a quarter of a mile in the Lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed, and lost with the waters of the Lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream 'till within about a quarter of a mile of *Geneva*. From the end of the Lake to the source of the *Rhone* is a valley of about four days journey in length, which gives the name of *Vallesins* to its Inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop of *Sion*. We lodged the second night at *Ville Neuve*, a little town in the Canton of *Berne*, where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the Lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of *Chillon*, we came to *Versoy*, another town in the Canton of *Berne*, where *Ludlow* retired after having left *Geneva* and *Lausanne*. The Magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the sollicitation of the Dutches of *Orleans*, as the death of his friend *Lisle* made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easie matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the Door.

*Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.*

The first part is a piece of a verse in *Ovid*, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches with the following Epitaph.

Siste gradum et respice.

*Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciae Wiltoniensis, filius
Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit
ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propria nobi-
lior,*

lior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis Anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitus prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugna intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis Anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription.

Depositorium

Andree Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. ætatis suæ 84. The Inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his Epitaph, it is the same person that was Clerk to the pretended High Court of Justice, which passed sentence on the Royal Martyr.

The next day we spent at *Lausanne*, the greatest town on the Lake, after *Geneva*. We saw the Wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The Crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of *Schomberg*, who was killed in *Savoy*, lyes in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. *Lausanne* was once a Republick, but is now under the Canton of *Berne*, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a Bailly who is sent them every three years from the Senate of *Berne*. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every Inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that
not

not many years ago it happened, that a Cobler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From *Lausanne* to *Geneva* we coasted along the country of the *Vaud*, which is the fruitfulest and best cultivated part of any among the *Alpes*. It belonged formerly to the Duke of *Savoy*, but was won from him by the Canton of *Berne*, and made over to it by the treaty of *St. Julian*, which is still very much regretted by the *Savoyard*. We called in at *Morge*, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the Lake. From *Morge* we came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia Equestris*, that *Julius Caesar* settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old *Roman* inscriptions and statues, and as I walked in the town I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of vast *Corinthian* pillars, with several other pieces of Architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet it is certain by several old *Roman* Inscriptions that there was such an one. *Lucan* indeed speaks of a part of *Cæsar's* army, that came to him from the *Leman* Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles distance from *Nyon* they show still the ruins of *Cæsar's* wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from mount *Jura* to the borders of the Lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the Lake is *Versoy*, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the King of *France*. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for *Geneva*, which makes a very noble show from the Lake. There are near *Geneva* several quarries of free-stone that run under the Lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square enclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the Lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one sails over them. As the Lake approaches *Geneva* it grows still narrower and narrower, 'till at last it changes its name into the *Rhone*, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have

seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the *Alpes*, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to *Geneva*. It would there over-flow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another streight line, and notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to it self to have found its way out from among the *Alpes*, whatever windings it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon *Geneva*, which is a Republick so well known to the *English*. It lyes at present under some difficulties by reason of the Emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the Empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the Magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the States of *Holland*. The occasion of the Emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the King of *France* for the payment of his army in *Italy*. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds Sterling, *per Annum*, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of *Lyons*, who would not trust their King in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of *Geneva* merchants. The Republick fancies it self hardly treated by the Emperor, since it is not any action of the State, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend however to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the Empire.

Fribourg,

*Fribourg, Berne, Soleurre, Zurich,
St. Gaul, Lindaw, &c.*

FROM *Geneva* I travelled to *Lausanne*, and thence to *Fribourg*, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a Canton: Its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by stair-cases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience however gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chappel, called the *Salutation*, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in *Switzerland*. There is a great deal of room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the Fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest many *English* men whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs. *Henry Garnet's* inscription says, That when the hereticks could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the *Capuchins* I saw the *Escargatoire*, which I took the more notice of because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same in other countries. It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large Snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strowed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the Snails nestle all the winter season. When *Lent* arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best Meagre food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a Ragoût of Snails.

About two leagues from *Fribourg* we went to see a Hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lyes in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first sight dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a Hermit these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty Chapel, a Sacristie, a Chamber, Kitchin, Cellar, and other conveniences. His chimney is carryed up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lye very deep. He has cut the side of the rock into a flat for a garden, and by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for a Hermit. As he saw drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to *Berne*, a great part of them through woods of Fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their high-ways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the Make of several of their Barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither Mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at *Berne* was their publick walks by the Great Church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in *England* from the streets and gardens that lye at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He dy'd about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lye in the country of the *Grisons*, and are bury'd in Snow. They are about twenty five leagues distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their colour they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is perhaps the most magnificent of any Protestant church in

Europe

Europe out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic Architecture.

I saw the Arsenal of *Berne*, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is indeed no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a Traveller's while to look into all that lye in his way; for besides the Idea it gives him of the Forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its History. Thus in that of *Geneva* one meets with the Ladders, Petard, and other utensils which were made use of in their famous Escalade, besides the weapons they took of the *Savoyards*, *Florentines*, and *French* in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of *Berne* you have the figure and armour of the Count who founded the town, of the famous *Tell*, who is represented as shooting at the Apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewise saw the figure and armour of him that headed the Peasants in the war upon *Berne*, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show too abundance of arms that they took from the *Burgundians* in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the Great Duke of *Burgundy* himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the Council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the Peasants insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their Library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a Priest pouring wine between the horns of a Bull. The Priest is veiled after the manner of the old *Roman* sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that *Virgil* describes in the third *Aeneid*.

*Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.*

This antiquity was found at *Lausanne*.

The town of *Berne* is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is indeed no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of *Switzerland* that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge Troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds with horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides
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of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make Pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between *Berne* and *Soleurre* there is a monument erected by the Republick of *Berne*, which tells us the story of an *English-man*, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in *Latin* verse on one side of the stone, and in *German* on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this. "One *Cuffinus*, an *English-man*, to whom the Duke of *Austria* had given his "Sister in marriage, came to take her from among the *Swiss* by force of "arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here "overthrown by the Canton of *Berne*.

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in *Switzerland*. The *French* Ambassador has his residence in this place. His Master contributed a great sum of money to the *Jesuits* church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in *Switzerland*. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to *Hermes*: They seem *Tuscan* by their proportion. The whole fortification of *Soleurre* is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lye within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the *Franche Comptè*.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the Canton of *Berne*, to the little town of *Meldingen*. I was surpris'd to find in all my road through *Switzerland*, the wine that grows in the country of *Vaud* on the borders of the Lake of *Geneva*, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of *Switzerland* are as commodious to them in this respect, as the sea is to the *English*. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the Lake, which furnishes all the towns that lye upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at *Vevey*, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river *Aar*, which brings it down the stream to *Berne*, *Soleurre*, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of *Switzerland*; as it is easie to guess from the first sight of the Map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many Rivers and Lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The Canton of *Berne* is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men in-

to the field; though the soldiers of the Catholick Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forced to enter oftner into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at *Meldingen*, which is a little *Roman* Catholick town with one church, and no convent. It is a Republick of it self under the protection of the eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a hundred Bourgeois, and about a thousand Souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the Cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight Cantons their protectors. They have three Councils, the Great Council of fourteen, the Little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three. The chief of the State are the two Avoyers: When I was there, the reigning Avoyer, or the Doge of the Commonwealth, was son to the Inn where I was lodged; his Father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pound a year. The several Councils meet every *Thursday* upon affairs of State, such as the reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in *Switzerland*. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the *French* Ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his Master gives the town a pension of twenty pound sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful Republick firm to the *French* interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of State. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a Bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the Great Cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at *Zurich*, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the Lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in *Switzerland*. The chief places shown to strangers are the Arsenal, the Library, and the Town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The Frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The cham-

chambers for the several Councils, with the other apartments are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in *Italy*. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish *Latin* sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your *Swiss* wits are not yet got out of Anagram and Acrostick. The Library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge Map of the country of *Zurich* drawn with a Pensil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of Medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arsenal is better than that of *Berne*, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from *Zurich* we entered on the territories of the Abbot of *St. Gaul*. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The Abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the Cantons of *Zurich*, *Lucerne*, *Glaris* and *Switz*. He is always chosen out of the Abby of *Benedictines* at *St. Gaul*. Every Father and Brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by the Pope. The last Abbot was Cardinal *Sfondrati*, who was advanced to the Purple about two years before his death. The Abbot takes the advice and consent of his Chapter before he enters on any matter of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief Lay-officer is the Grand *Maitre d'Hôtel*, or High-steward of the household, who is named by the Abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other Judges and distributors of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lyes an appeal to the Prince. His residence is generally at the *Benedictine* Convent at *St. Gaul*, notwithstanding the town of *St. Gaul* is a little Protestant Republick, wholly independent of the Abbot, and under the protection of the Cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich Bourgeois in the town of *St. Gaul*, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state is its Linnen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole

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country about them, furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linnen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in *Holland*; for they have excellent Artizans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that coming in the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon Mules into *Italy, Spain, Germany*, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of *St. Gaul*, and in the houses that lye scattered about it, near ten thousand Souls, of which there are sixteen hundred Bourgeois. They chuse their Councils and Burgo-masters out of the body of the Bourgeois, as in the other governments of *Switzerland*, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state-affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the States that employ them. The Abby and the Town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the general Diet of the Cantons their Representatives sit together, and act by concert. The Abbot deposes his *Grand Maitre d'Hôtel*, and the Town one of its Burgo-masters.

About four years ago the Town and Abby would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A *Benedictine* Monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his Cross erected through the town with a train of three or four thousand Peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the Convent but the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the Priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his Cross in that manner. The Bourgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the Convent. The procession to escape the fury of the citizens durst not return by the way it came, but after the devotions of the Monks were finished, passed out at a back-door of the Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's territories. The Abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the Cantons, their protectors, interposed as Umpires in the quarrel, condemning the Town that had appeared too forward in the dispute to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that as soon as any procession entered their walls, the Priest should let the Cross hang about his neck

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without touching it with either hand, 'till he came within the precincts of the Abby. The Citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercis'd, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand Peasants, for so many the Abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestant subjects of the Abby, who they say make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their Prince for that of their Religion. The town of *St. Gaul* has an Arsenal, Library, Town-houses, and Churches, proportionable to the bigness of the State. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their assistance. The Abby is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The Church is one huge Nef with a double Aisle to it. At each end is a large Quire. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cas'd over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the cieling and walls of the church are lists of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Arch-bishops, Kings, and Queens, that have been of the *Benedictine* order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wish'd that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern Inscriptions which are to be met with in *Roman* Catholick countries, as *Gruter* and others have copy'd out the ancient Heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer Idea of the *Roman* Catholick religion, nor expose more the pride vanity and self-interest of Convents, the abuse of Indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of Votaries, and in short the superstition, credulity, and childishness, of the *Roman* Catholick religion. One might fill several sheets at *St. Gaul*, as there are few considerable Convents or Churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the King of *France* distributes his pensions through all the parts of *Switzerland*, the Town and Abby of *St. Gaul* come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns *per Annum*, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain*. The Town and Abby of *St. Gaul* carry a Bear for their arms. The *Roman* Catholicks have this Bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their Saint made in the country.

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One of the most learned of the *Benedictine* Monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. *Gaul*, it seems, whom they call the great Apostle of *Germany*, found all this country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold day he chanced to meet a Bear in his way. The Saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the Bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The Bear served him to the best of his ability, and at his departure was commanded by the Saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time, says the Monk, the Bear lived irreproachably, and observed to his dying day the orders that the Saint had given him.

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reigns in *Switzerland* and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the *Swiss* animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their States would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the States so many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as the Inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatick temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the *Alpes* is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of States; for as soon as any publick rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the *Alpes* are Commonwealths, so indeed it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequences of having a despotic Prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains;

for notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the *Swiss* and *Grisons*, the common people among the latter are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A Prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor State, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several Cantons of *Switzerland*, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the Ministers are always preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine cloaths. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many Refugees settled among them; for though the Protestants in *France* affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners, than those of the same quality who are of the *Roman* Catholick Communion, they have however too much of their country-gallantry for the genius and constitution of *Switzerland*. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the Cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expences out-run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruine a country that has few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stocked with mony. Luxury indeed wounds a Republick in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more mony a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his stock; which at last sets the liberty and votes of a Commonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign Power that is able to pay the price of them. We see no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a Republick more than in that of the ancient *Romans*, who immediately found it self poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their Commonwealth strange instances of the contempt of mony, because indeed they were utter strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the Commonwealth. It is no wonder therefore the poor Commonwealths of *Switzerland*

Switzerland

Switzerland are ever labouring at the suppressing and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the several fines that are set upon Plays, Games, Balls and Feastings, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The Bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their publick assemblies in a black Cloak and a Band. The womens dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but Furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief Officers of *Berne*, for example, are known by the Crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of Canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holy-day cloaths go from Father to Son, and are seldom worn out, till the second or third generation: So that it is common enough to see a countryman in the Doublet and Breeches of his Great-grand-father.

Geneva is much politer than *Switzerland*, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the Court of the *Alpes*, whither the Protestant Cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The *Genevois* have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the *French* Protestants, who make up almost a third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that *Calvin* gave them in a great Council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, Time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into *Italy*, though by this means they make their court to the King of *France* at present, may some time or other give him inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little States abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their publick granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in publick exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these publick granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content my self to set down the rules observed in it by the little Common-wealth of *Geneva*, in which I had more time to

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inform my self of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the Little Council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the publick revenue at a small expence of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the publick. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of *Geneva*, that so the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the Inns and Publick-houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the publick revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest income of the Common-wealth, which pays the pensions of most of its Officers and Ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have mony enough to spend at Taverns and Publick-houses.

It is the custom in *Geneva* and *Switzerland* to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the Republick, for as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little Republicks, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their Republick. At *Geneva*, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papiests know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the States of *Europe*, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the *French* King, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success of the
English

English and *Dutch*, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The Ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the *French King*; but so long as the *Swiss* see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have indeed the exercise of their religion, and their Ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same Prince refused even those of the church of *England*, who followed their Master to *St. Germain*, the publick exercise of their religion.

Before I leave *Switzerland* I cannot but observe, that the notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the Canton of *Berne* there were some put to death during my stay at *Geneva*. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that if a Cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think her self a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds indeed the same humour prevail in most of the rocky barren parts of *Europe*. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and perhaps too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the *Swiss* politicks at present is the Prince of *Conti's* succession to the Dutchess of *Nemours* in the government of *Neuf-Chatel*. The Inhabitants of *Neuf-Chatel* can by no means think of submitting themselves to a Prince who is a *Roman Catholick*, and a subject of *France*. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of *Orange*, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to *Neuf-Chatel*. But notwithstanding it was so much his interest to manage his Protestant subjects in the country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made over his Principality in a very little time for a sum of money to the King of *France*. It is indeed generally believed the Prince of *Conti* would rather still have kept his title to *Orange*, but the same respect which induced

duced him to quit this government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of *Neuf-Chatel* on the like conditions. The King of *Prussia* lays in his claim for *Neuf-Chatel*, as he did for the Principality of *Orange*, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a Free Common-wealth, after the death of the Dutchess of *Nemours*, if the *Swiss* will support them. The Protestant Cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the Dutchess dies whilst the King of *France* has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the *French* King to establish his Authority on this side mount *Jura*, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easie to foresee what a round sum of mony, or the fear of a rupture with *France*, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the *Franche Comté* to be seized on, and a Fort to be built within Cannon-shot of one of their Cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in *Switzerland*, which spreads very much in the Protestant Cantons. The professors of it call themselves *Pietists*, and as Enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret illapse and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and consolation, joys or raptures. To favour all his secret intimations, and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their Souls. To retrench themselves within the conveniencies and necessities of life. To make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a Rose or Violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and delight, of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the Protestants of *Germany*, as well as those of *Switzerland*, and has occasioned several Edicts against it in the Dutchy of *Saxony*. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the holy Spirit;

Spirit; that both sexes under pretence of devout conversation visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The *Roman* Catholicks, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the *Roman* Catholick persuasion. But I take one great cause why there are so few sects in the church of *Rome*, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a Fanatick, is in the *Roman* Church a Religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an *English* Merchant at *Lisbon*, who after some great disappointments in the world was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the Principles, as the Practice of those to whom they go over.

From *St. Gaul* I took horse to the Lake of *Constance*, which lyes at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the *Rhine*. This is the only Lake in *Europe* that disputes for greatness with that of *Geneva*; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from *Constance*, the chief town on its banks. When the Cantons of *Berne* and *Zurich* proposed, at a general Diet, the incorporating *Geneva* in the number of the Cantons, the *Roman* Catholick party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed at the same time the incantoning of *Constance*, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the Lake to *Lindaw*, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of Air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the Lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many

springs that break out of the bottom of the Lake. *Lindaw* is an imperial town on a little Island that lyes at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The Inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the Duke of *Bavaria*, after his having fallen upon *Ulme* and *Memminghen*. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out against his Army: but, in all probability, a shower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Bourgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by *Gustavus Adolphus*. We were advised by our Merchants, by no means to venture our selves in the Duke of *Bavaria*'s country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of *Munich*, *Ausburg*, and *Ratisbon*, and were forced to take our way to *Vienna* through *Tirol*, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

AFTER having coasted the *Alpes* for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the *Tirol*, and following the course of the river *Inn* we came to *Inspruck*, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital City of the *Tirol*.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of *Tirol*: The Palace where they used to keep their Court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in *Fresco*, and represent the labours of *Hercules*. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the Court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I saw here the largest Menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an Opera. They showed us also a very pretty Theatre.

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The last Comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits for the entertainment of the Queen of the *Romans*, who passed this way from *Modena* to *Vienna*. The compliment which the Fathers made her Majesty on this occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the Court. For the Arms of *Hanover* being a Horse, the Fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the Queen by *Bucephalus*, that would let no body get upon him but *Alexander* the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they showed us the portrait of *Mary* Queen of the *Scots*, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful Statue in Brass of an Arch-Duke *Leopold* on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of Water-nymphs and River-gods well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a Water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of Jetteaus at a small expence in a garden that has the river *Inn* running by its walls. The late Duke of *Lorrain* had this palace, and the government of the *Tirol*, assigned him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland* lived here several years after the death of the Duke her Husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the *Capuchin* Convent, where the Duke of *Lorrain* used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They showed us in this Convent the apartments of *Maximilian*, who was Arch-Duke and Count of *Tirol* about fourscore years ago. This Prince at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this Convent with all the rigor and austerity of a *Capuchin*. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoated. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and show in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewise a Picture and a Stamp of this devout Prince. The church of the *Franciscan* Convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor *Maximilian* the first, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-son *Ferdinand* the first, who probably looked upon this Emperor as the founder of the *Austrian* greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low-countries to the House of *Austria*, so by matching his Son to

Joane of Arragon he settled on his Posterity the Kingdom of Spain, and by the marriage of his Grand-son Ferdinand got into his Family the Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary, for the Ashes of the Emperor lye elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful Bas-relief representing the actions of this Prince. His whole History is digested into twenty four square pannels of sculpture in Bas-relief: The subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us represents King Arthur the old British King. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question therefore but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder Brother of Henry the eighth, who had espoused Catharine, Sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the first. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern Architecture, but at the same time that the Architect has shown his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The Portal, for example, consists of a Composite order unknown to the Ancients; the ornaments indeed are taken from them, but so put together that you see the Volutes of the Ionic, the Foliage of the Corinthian, and the Uovali of the Doric mixed without any regularity on the same Capital. So the Vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with too many little Tricks in sculpture. It is indeed supported with single columns instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in Gothic Cathedrals, but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shown the little Notredame that is handsomly designed, and topped with a Cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tirol against the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the Empire after having over-run most of the rest. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inspruck stands the castle of Amras, furnish-
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ed with a prodigious quantity of Medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur *Patin's* account in his letter to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, having my self had neither time or opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From *Inspruck* we came to *Hall*, that lyes at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its Salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike Allum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as Salt it self. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of Salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the Mines to the town of *Hall*, where 'tis received in vast cisterns, and boil'd off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great revenue to the Emperor, were there here such a tax on Salt as there is in *France*. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in *Switzerland*, and other parts of the *Alpes*, several of these quarries of Salt that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The Salt-works at *Hall* have a great convenience for fuel which swims down to them on the river *Inn*. This river, during its course through the *Tirol*, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of Fir-trees. Abundance of Peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that, after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the Salt-works. At *Inspruck* they take up vast quantities for the Convents and publick Officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the Emperor: The rest of it passes on to *Hall*. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty five leagues up the river above *Hall*, and there are other rivers that flow into the *Inn*, which bring in their contributions. These Salt-works, and a Mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous

as *Inspruck* it self. The design of this Mint is to work off part of the Metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At *Hall* we took a boat to carry us to *Vienna*. The first night we lay at *Rottenburg*, where is a strong castle above the town. Count *Serini* is still close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at *Kuff-stain*, where there is a fortrefs on a high rock above the town almost inaccessible on all sides: This being a frontier place on the Dutchy of *Bavaria*, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from *Kuff-stain*. It was the pleafantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river *Inn* through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each side us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of Fir-trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the Soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, compleated the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landskip are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the *Tirol* not being able to feed the Inhabitants. This long valley of the *Tirol* lyes enclosed on all sides by the *Alpes*, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lye among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three Councils residing at *Inspruck*, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, so in many cases there are appeals from them to *Vienna*. The Inhabitants of the *Tirol* have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the *Grisons*, *Venetians*, *Swiss*, *Bavarians*, &c. a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a Republick, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: Besides that their country is poor, and that the Emperor draws considerable incomes out of his Mines of Salt and Metal. They are these Mines that fill the country with greater numbers
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of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The Emperor has Forts and Cittadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the *Tirol*, which are so advantagiously placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the vallies and avenues that lye about them. Besides, that the country it self is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army against a numerous enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke of *Bavaria* would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent to Prince *Eugene*; or the forcing his way through the *Tirol* into *Italy*. The river *Inn*, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through *Bavaria*, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.



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 winter, which is a voyage of two days after the rate of twenty leagues a
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