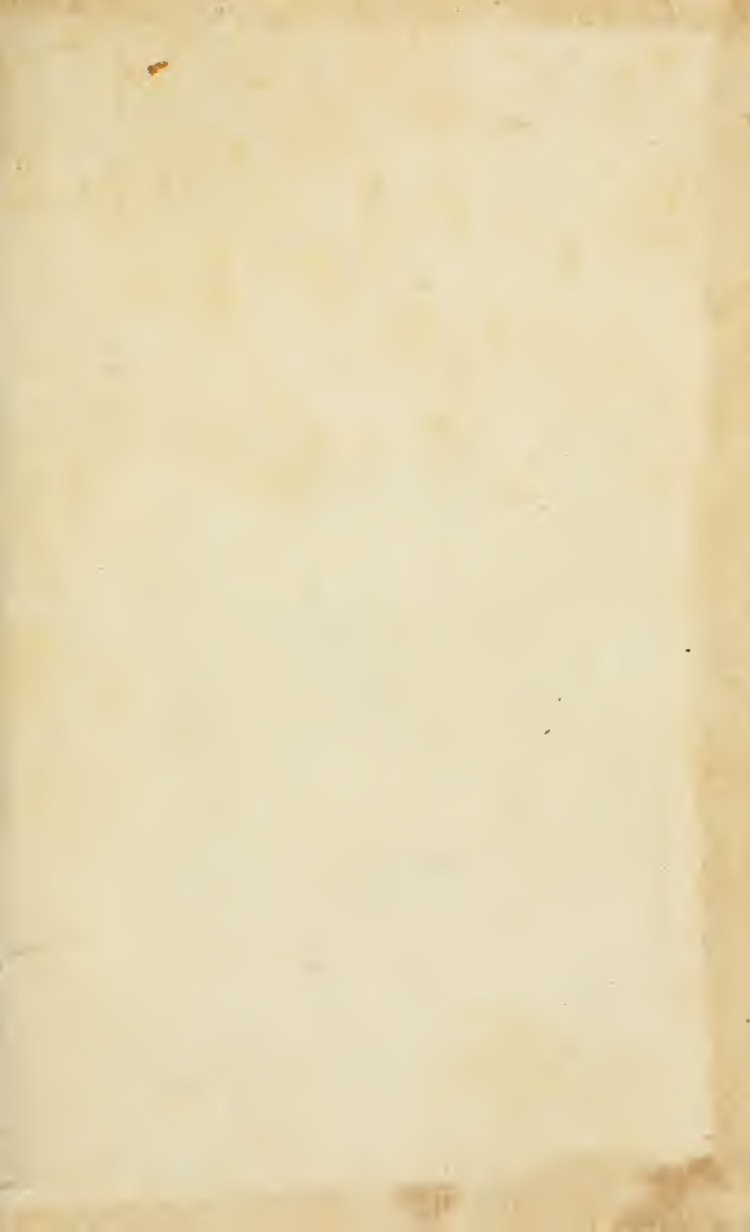






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LETTERS  
 FROM ITALY,  
 IN THE YEARS 1754 AND 1755,  
 BY THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 JOHN EARL OF CORKE AND ORRERY.  
 PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS,  
 WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
 BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.  
 Chaplain to his Lordship, Rector of St. Andrew's and St.  
 MARY BREDMAN's, and  
 One of the Six Preachers in CHRIST CHURCH, CANTERBURY.  
 THE SECOND EDITION.

*Letter XV page 124*



*Ans. "Duncombe inv. et del."*

*"Jas. Taylor sculp."*

L O N D O N:  
 Printed for B. WHITE, Horace's Head, Fleet-Street 1774.



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## P R E F A C E.

**T**H E noble author of the following Letters was the only son and heir of *Charles*, the fourth earl of *Orrery*, by lady *Elizabeth Cecil*, daughter of *John* earl of *Exeter*. He was born *January 2, 1706-7*. *Mr. Fenton*, the author of *Marianne*, and one of the coadjutors of *Mr. Pope* in the *Odyssey*, who had been secretary to lord *Orrery* in some of his campaigns in *Flanders*, and who, after being dismissed from that employment in 1705, had been master of the free-school at *Sevenoak* in *Kent*, was again taken into the earl's family as tutor to his son \*. He taught lord *Boyle*

\* This may serve to disprove an assertion in *Mr. Fenton's* life in *Biographia Britannica*, that "the earl of *Orrery*, after dismissing him in 1705, "paid him justly his salary as secretary, but "took no farther notice of him." See the Supplement to that work, p. 50.

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to

to read *English*, and attended him through the *Latin* tongue from the age of seven to thirteen †. “ A constant and free “ friendship subsisted \* ” between this amiable poet and his noble pupil till Mr. *Fenton*’s death in 1730; and his lordship always spoke of him, and often with tears, as “ one of the worthiest “ and modestest men that ever adorned “ the court of *Apollo* \*. After passing through *Westminster*-school, his lordship was admitted, as a nobleman, at *Christ-Church, Oxford*, to which his father had been an honour and an ornament †, and was afterwards a considerable benefactor. One of lord *Boyle*’s first poetical essays was in answer to some verses by Mrs. *Rowe* on an unsuccessful attempt to draw his picture, and is as follows:

No “ air of wit,” no “ beauteous grace” I  
boast;

My charms are native innocence, at most.

† From his lordship’s own information.

\* His lordship’s own words in a manuscript letter.

† In particular, by his translation of the life of *Lyfander*; from *Plutarch*, and his edition of the epistles of *Phalaris*, which occasioned his celebrated controversy with Dr. *Bentley*.

## P R E F A C E.

Alike thy pencil and thy numbers charm,  
 Glad every eye, and every bosom warm.  
 Mature in years, if e'er I chance to tread,  
 Where vice, triumphant, rears aloft her head,  
 Ev'n there the paths of virtue I'll pursue,  
 And own my fair and kind director you \*.

When the earl of *Orrery* was committed close prisoner to the *Tower*, in *September*, 1722, on suspicion of being concerned in what was called *Laver's* plot, his son, "whose filial piety," says *Mr. Budgell*, "can never be too much admired or praised," earnestly intreated to be shut up with him. But this favour was thought too considerable to be granted either to the father or the son †.

Soon after his coming of age, on *May* 9, 1728, lord *Boyle* married lady *Henrietta Hamilton*, youngest daughter of *George* earl of *Orkney*. This marriage, though entirely approved by lord *Orrery*, was unhappily the source of a family dissension between the two earls. A difficult and delicate situation for a husband who was tenderly affectionate to a most deserving wife, and for a son who had

\* *Mrs. Rowe's* works, vol. 1. p. 163.

† *Memoirs of the Boyle family*, p. 219.



the highest regard and attachment to his father! Such a father and such a son could not long be disunited. A reconciliation soon took place. "They soon," as Mr. *Budgell* expresses it\*, "ran into each other's arms." This happiness, however, was but transient; for the unexpected death of the earl of *Orrery*, which happened *August* 28, 1731, prevented his cancelling, as he had intended, a clause in his will, (having sent for his lawyer with that view) by which he bequeathed to *Christ-Church, Oxford*, his valuable library, consisting of above ten thousand volumes, (the Journals of the House of Lords, and such books as related to the *English* history and constitution, alone excepted,) together with a very fine collection of mathematical instruments. The son was allowed three years to separate the books above mentioned from the others. His feelings and behaviour on this trying occasion cannot be so well expressed as in his own words: "Give  
 " me leave to own (says he to his second son, twenty years after) " how sensibly  
 " I felt the force of an arrow directed

\* *Memoirs of the Boyle family*, p. 252.

" from



“ from your grandfather’s hand. The  
 “ wound, I believe, was not designed to  
 “ be lasting. It was given in a passion,  
 “ and upon an extraordinary occasion:  
 “ but afterwards he was so desirous to  
 “ heal it, by a return of the greatest de-  
 “ gree of friendship and affection, that  
 “ he had directed the remaining scar to  
 “ be entirely erased, when his unexpect-  
 “ ed and too sudden death prevented the  
 “ completion of his kind intentions and  
 “ the perfection of my cure. With dif-  
 “ ficulty I survived the shock. As it  
 “ was not in my power to avoid the se-  
 “ vere decree, I obeyed; and, by my  
 “ obedience, have flattered myself that  
 “ I submitted to the will of heaven.  
 “ However, I have since thought that I  
 “ could not offer a more grateful sacri-  
 “ fice to his manes, than by exerting  
 “ those faculties which he had, at first,  
 “ cultivated with so much care, and had  
 “ depressed, at last, only perhaps to  
 “ raise them higher †.” And doubt-  
 “ less with an allusion to this “ severe de-  
 “ cree,” in a letter to Mr. *Southerne* in  
 1733, speaking of his sons, then chil-

† *Remarks on Swift, Dublin edition, p. 324.*

dren, “ *Hammy*, (says his lordship) who is  
 “ less sedate than his brother, contents  
 “ himself with his tops and his marbles,  
 “ without enquiring into the natural  
 “ causes of things: By this means the  
 “ youngest bids fair to be the favourite;  
 “ for, I find, I must give the other a  
 “ rap over the head in my will, or the  
 “ next age will quite forget me \*.”

Besides this bequest, the earl of *Orrery* left several considerable legacies to persons no way related to him, though he died extremely in debt †. All these debts, instead of suffering his father’s effects to be sold, the son, with true filial piety and generosity, took upon himself, and fulfilled the bequests by paying the legacies, and sending the books, &c. within the limited time, to *Christ-Church*. But deep was the impression which the loss of a parent, thus aggravated and im-bittered, left upon his mind; and a fit of illness, which it occasioned, obliged

\* See vol. ii. p. 31. of *Letters by several eminent persons deceased*, Lond. 1772.

† So untrue is the assertion of Mr. *Budgell*, (p. 249.) copied in *Biographia Britannica*, that  
 “ the earl left his son a clear estate, and a considerable sum in ready money.”

him to repair to *Bath*. Receiving, while he was there, a letter from a friend, with some verses inclosed, in which he was urged to “ dispel his grief by poetry, “ and to shew that *Bath* could inspire, “ as well as *Tunbridge*,” having written some humorous verses from thence the year before, he returned the following answer :

Nor *Bath*, nor *Tunbridge*, can my lays inspire,  
Nor radiant beauty make me strike the lyre :  
Far from the busy crowd, I sit forlorn,  
And sigh in secret, and in silence mourn :  
Nor can my anguish ever find an end ;  
I weep a father, but I’ve lost a friend \*.

His private afflictions, however, did not absorb his public duties, or prevent him from taking his seat in the House of Lords, as an *English* baron †, the ensuing session, and joining in the debate on a clause in the mutiny-bill. The applause which he gained by his speech on that occasion, is mentioned by Mr. *Ford* ‡ in a letter

\* *Budgell’s Memoirs*, p. 257.

† Lord *Boyle*, baron of *Marston* in *Somersetshire*, a title conferred on his father by queen *Anne*, September 10, 1711.

‡ Appointed gazetteer, by *Swift’s* interest, in 1710.

to Dr. *Swift* †, and also by Mr. *Budgell* §. And his lordship, with many other lords, recorded his arguments in a protest, dated *March* 7, 1731-2, as he did also, on the 29th of the same month, on a clause in the bill for reviving the duties on salt ‡.

In order to re-establish his affairs, which were much embarrassed by the villainy of his father's agent, lord *Orrery* went over into *Ireland* in the ensuing summer. The family-seat at *Charleville* having been burnt to the ground, by a party of king *James's* army, in 1690 \*, he resided partly with a friend at that place, and partly at *Corke*. In that city he received another most severe shock, by the death of his countess, which happened *August* 22, 1732. “ Though (as he

† See *Swift's* letters, *Deane Swift's* edition, vol. iii. p. 199.

§ In his dedication of the *Memoirs* above mentioned, p. xx.

‡ So unaccountably mistaken is the *Irish Peerage* in asserting that “ he did not take his seat as an “ *English* baron till *November* 7, 1735,” a mistake which has been copied in the supplement to *Biographia Britannica*, p. 16.

\* *Licnel*, the third earl of *Orrery*, was then a minor, in *England*, and therefore could not have defended

he observes) “ it pleased heaven afterwards to repair the loss,” in memory of this amiable lady the following character appears in his observations on *Pliny*\* :

If purest virtue, sense refin'd in youth,  
Religious wisdom, and a love of truth,  
A mind that knew no thought ignobly mean,  
A temper sweetly chearful, yet serene,  
A breast that glow'd with those immortal fires  
Which godlike charity alone inspires ;  
If these could lengthen fate's tremendous doom,  
And snatch one moment from the gaping tomb,  
Death had relenting thrown his dart aside,  
And *Harriot*, Oh ! my *Harriot*, had not died.

Her ladyship was interred with her ancestors at *Taplow* in *Bucks*. Her excellent qualities and virtues were fully displayed in a poem on her death by Mr. *S. Wesley*, and in the dedication of *Shakespeare's* works, by Mr. *Theobald*, to the earl †, dated *January 10, 1733*, “ an offering, to which (he says) lady *Orvery* did him the honour of making,  
“ an

fended either party. “ I have seen the ruins of this “ house,” says our author, “ and could perceive, “ by the few remains, that it had been a very “ extensive pile of building.”

\* B. viii. Epistle 5.

† Both these elegiums have been lately transferred, by mistake, to the countess of *Burlington*,  
to

“ an early claim ; and therefore it comes  
 “ to her lord by the melancholy right  
 “ of executorship.” “ Many hints”  
 he also professes to have “ borrowed  
 “ from hearing his patron converse up-  
 “ on *Shakespeare* ;” and adds, “ Your  
 “ lordship may reasonably deny the loss  
 “ of the jewels, which I have disparaged  
 “ in the unartful setting.”

Some pathetic verses on the death of the countess, dated *Marston, December 17, 1734*, were addressed by his lordship to Mrs. *Rowe* \*, whom, as it appears from her posthumous letter to him †, he had charged with “ a message to his *Henri-  
 “ etta*, when she met her gentle spirit  
 “ in the blissful regions.” Mrs. *Rowe*, during the latter part of her life, was one of lord *Orrery*’s nearest neighbours and most esteemed friends. And “ his  
 “ approbation (she said) would be her  
 “ vanity and boast, if she could but  
 “ persuade herself she deserved it ‡.”

to whom the biographer supposes that *Shakespeare*’s works were dedicated. See a marginal note in the Supplement to *Biographia Britannica*, p. 17.

\* See Mrs. *Rowe*’s works, vol. i p. 166.

† Printed in Mrs. *Rowe*’s life, prefixed to her works, p. xxvi.

‡ See a letter from Mrs. *Rowe* to Mr. *Duncombe*, in *Letters by several eminent persons deceased*, vol. i. p. 203.

The



The house, where she was born, belonged to him\*. After her death, he always passed by it with the utmost veneration. Lady Orrery left him three infants, viz. *Charles* lord *Boyle*, born *January* 27, 1728-9; *Hamilton*, born *February* 23, 1729-30; and lady *Elizabeth*, born *May* 7, 1731.

During his lordship's residence in *Ireland*, his friendship commenced with *Swift*, and in consequence, with *Pope*. His verses to the *Dean* on his birth-day†, are dated *Dublin*, *November* 30, 1732, for which *Swift*, in a letter (since published) dated *January*, 1732-3, "begs" the author "to accept his most humble thanks for the honour done him by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject;" and adds, "in spite of those who love me not, it will be said in future ages, that one of lord *Orrery*'s first essays in poetry was these verses on *Dr. Swift*." In one of his letters to *Pope*, dated *Dublin*, 1732-3,

\* From his lordship's own information. It should seem therefore that Mr. *Henry Grove* (in his life of that lady, just mentioned) is mistaken in saying "she was born at *Ilchester*."

† See *Swift's* works, *Faulkner's* edition, vol. iv. p. 316.

the

the Dean says, " We have got my lord  
 " *Orrery* among us, being forced to con-  
 " tinue here on the ill condition of his  
 " estate by the knavery of an agent. He  
 " is a most worthy gentleman, whom I  
 " hope you will be acquainted with †." To which *Pope* replies, " My lord  
 " *Orrery* is a most virtuous and good-  
 " natured nobleman, whom I should be  
 " happy to know ‡."

*Pope's* epitaph on *Gay* gave occasion to the following epigram by our author :

Entomb'd with kings though *Gay's* cold ashes lie,  
 A nobler monument thy strains supply.  
 Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,  
 By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.  
 Lamented *Gay*, forget thy treatment past,  
 Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last !  
 A destiny more glorious who can hope,  
 In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by *Pope* ?

This being mentioned by *Swift* to *Pope*, he, in his answer, compares " lord  
 " *Orrery's* praises to that precious oint-  
 " ment *Solomon* speaks of, which can be  
 " given only by men of virtue ||. Mrs.  
*Barber*, an *Irish* poetess, having desired  
*Swift's* opinion about dedicating her

† *Pope's* works, vol. x. p. 198.

‡ *Pope's* works, vol. x. p. 203.

|| *Ibid.* p. 211.



poems to his lordship, and seeming anxious to know how far she might be allowed to draw his character, *Swift* acquainted lord *Orrery* with her difficulties, at the same time mentioning, with great address, “the topics he imagined she “designed to insist on,” though, for reasons of delicacy, he thought “she would “better shew her prudence by omitting “them all.” This small sketch of his lordship’s character, by a hand unused to panegyric, and never suspected of flattery, deserves to be inserted. “I guess” (says he) “the topics she designs to insist on; your learning, your genius, “your affability, generosity, the love “you bear to your native country, and “your compassion for this; the goodness of your nature, your humility, “modesty, and condescension; your “most agreeable conversation, suited to “all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so “weak to add the regularity of your “life; that you believe a God and providence; that you are a firm christian, “according to the doctrine of the church “established

“established in both kingdoms \*.” This letter is dated *August 20, 1733*.

His lordship, on his return to *England* in *October* following, having now no attachment to *London*, disposed of his house in *Downing-street, Westminster*, and also of his seat at *Britwell near Windsor*, and retired to his seat at *Marston†* in *Somersetshire*. This place having been much neglected by his ancestors, and being little more than the shell of a large old house, he amused himself in building offices, in fitting up and furnishing apartments, and in laying out gardens and other plantations. And as study and retirement were his principal pleasures, his father having bequeathed his books to *Oxford*, he furnished his library anew with the best authors.

In the ensuing session we find his lordship's name, (with those of many other

\* *Swift's letters*, vol. v. p. 227.

† This seat was bought by the first earl of *Corke*, of *Sir John Hippisley*, and had formerly been part of the estate of *Edmund* earl of *Cornwall*. The earl of *Corke* left it to his fifth son, *Roger* lord *Brogbill* (afterwards earl of *Orrery*), who, upon the ruin of the royal family, and the death of *Charles I.* retired thither. See *Morrice's Memoirs of the first earl of Orrery*.

peers) affixed to the protest on rejecting the bill relating to the officers of the army, and on removing the duke of *Bolton* and lord *Cobham* from their respective regiments; both dated *February 13, 1733-4*; on the bill for regulating the elections of the *Scotch* peers, dated *March 5, 1733-4*; and on the vote of credit, *March 29, 1734*.

This summer, probably in his way to *France* \*, lord *Orrery* visited the tomb of his ancestors, *Roger Boyle, Esq*; and *Joan* his wife, in *Preston* church near *Feverisham*. This monument was erected to their memory by their second son, *Richard*, the great earl of *Corke*, in 1629; and his descendant, (when that title devolved to him) intended, if his life had been prolonged, to have repaired it.

On this occasion, it may be observed, that the ancestors both of *Swift* and his biographer were, about the same time, two centuries ago, natives, or inhabitants, of the same city. The mother of the

\* His lordship had been twice in the *Low Countries*, and in *France*, before his last journey. See pp. 2 and 3 of the following work.

first earl of *Corke* (above mentioned) *Joan*, the daughter of *Robert Naylor*, Esq; was born at *Canterbury* in the year 1529, was married there to Mr. *Boyle* (of *Herefordshire*) in 1564, and their second son *Richard* was born there in 1566. From the year 1569 to 1624 the great-great-grandfather and great grandfather of the dean of *St. Patrick's* were successively rectors of *St. Andrew's* in the same city; and both lie buried in the middle of the *High-street*, where *St. Andrew's* church † lately stood. The *Swifts* afterwards settled, and are still settled, in *Herefordshire* ‡, the county from which the *Boyles* originally sprung ||.

In the next session lord *Orrery* was one of the protesters on dismissing the petition of the *Scotch* peers, *Feb.* 28, 1734-5; on the amendments made to the bill for regulating the quartering of soldiers during the time of elections, *April* 16; and on re-

† Taken down, by act of parliament, to enlarge the street, in the year 1764.

‡ Mr. *Thomas Swift* (grandfather of the dean) vicar of *Goodrich*, had a small estate in that county, still possessed by his great-grandson, *Deane Swift*, Esq.

|| See *Biograph. Britann.* vol. ii. p. 880, note A.

jecting the bill for explaining and amending the [*Scotch*] act for preventing wrongous imprisonment, *May* 9, 1735.

His lordship was in *Ireland* again that summer \*. On the death of his amiable relation, that most promising youth, *Edmund* duke of *Buckingham*, (which happened at *Rome*, *October* 31, 1735,) he paid to his memory the just tribute of an elegiac poem †. In the succeeding winter, the duke of *Dorset* being then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, the earl of *Orrery*, it appears, “ was most extremely obliging to him for the whole session, and neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy ‡.” In *December*, 1736, “ to shew the condition of that kingdom in those blessed times,” *Swift*, writing to *Pope* under his lordship’s cover, mentions that, “ lord *Orrery* has 3000 l. a year, about *Corke*, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid ||.”

\* See a whimsical letter from lord *Orrery* to *Swift*, dated *Limerick*, *July* 18, 1735, in *Swift*’s letters, vol. vi. p. 17.

† Printed for *Brindley*, 1737.

‡ See a letter from lady *Betty Germaine* to Dr. *Swift*, in *Swift*’s letters, vol. iii. p. 186.

|| *Pope*’s works, vol. x. p. 251.

In *April*, 1737, lord *Orrery* (then at *Corke*) earnestly pressed Dr. *Swift* to accompany him to *England*: “ In the middle of *June* (says he) I will hope to set sail with you. *Hector* will fawn upon you; Mr. *Pope* will come out beyond the shore to meet you; you will exchange *Cyclops* for men,” &c. But in vain: *Swift* never saw *Marston*; his last visit to *England* was in 1727.

*Pope* being at that time very anxious about his letters, his lordship took over with him all that *Swift* had preserved [or could find] which were not above twenty-five. “ Pray, (says the dean, in one of his last letters to *Pope*) let my lord *Orrery* see you often: next to yourself, I love no man so well †.”

About this time, that his sons might be educated under his own eye, and also

† *Pope's* works, vol. x. p. 263. To shew how much the dean's memory was at that time impaired, in this letter, which is dated *July* 23, 1737, he says, “ Lord *Orrery* goes over, as he hopes, in about ten days, and will take with him all the letters, &c.” Though among *Swift's* letters, (vol. vi. p. 140) is one from lord *Orrery* to the dean, dated from *London*, the same day, informing him that “ Mr. *Pope* has his letters.” have



have the benefit of attending *Westminster-school*, he took a small house in *Duke-street, Westminster*.

After being a widower six years, lord *Orrery* married in *Ireland*, June 30, 1738, Mrs. *Margaret Hamilton*, only daughter and heiress of *John Hamilton*, Esq. of *Caledon* in the county of *Tyrone*, granddaughter of Dr. *Dopping*, bishop of *Meath*, and niece of Dr. *Dopping*, bishop of *Ossory*. In a letter to this lady, on her intended nuptials, dated June 8, *Swift*, after pretending a prior claim, “as she had made so many advances to him, and confessed herself to be nobody’s goddess but his,” archly waves it, and politely “permits lord *Orrery* to make himself the happiest man in the world; as I know not (he adds) any lady in this kingdom of so good sense, or so many accomplishments.” The same character he also gives her in his last (printed) letter to *Pope*. And lord *Orrery*, in a letter written the day before his marriage, humorously triumphs over his rival, “on seeing the day when roupets, coxcomical lords, powdered ’squires, and awkward

“ ward beaux join with the dean of St.  
 “ *Patrick's* in the loss of one and the  
 “ same object.”

In the succeeding session of the *British* parliament his lordship was one of the peers who signed two protests relating to the *Spanish* convention, the one dated *March* 1, 1738-9, the other *June* 4, 1739.

In the same year he published a new edition, in two volumes octavo, of the *Dramatic works* of his great-grandfather *Roger* the first earl of *Orrery*. In the second volume was printed, for the first time, a comedy by his father, called *As you find it*, which had been acted with great applause, and whose “only fault,” *Mr. Budgell* says, “was its having too much wit.”

The *State-letters* of the first earl were also published by his descendant, in one volume folio, in 1742. In this year lord *Orrery* was deprived of his old dramatic friend *Tom Southerne*, the last surviving wit of *Charles II's* reign, the evening of whose days had been cheered and enlivened by the notice of our author. On *May* 25, 1742, his lordship (with other peers) signed a protest on rejecting the indemnify-



indemnifying bill; as he did also, *January* 31, 1743-4, in relation to the *Hanover* troops.

Lord *Orrery* was presented to the honorary degree of doctor of civil law, by the university of *Oxford*, *August* 25, 1743. He was also a fellow of the royal society. In 1746, lord *Boyle* being settled at *Oxford*\*, and Mr. *Boyle* in the college at *Westminster*, their father quitted *London*, and fixed his residence at *Caledon* in *Ireland*. The masterly manner in which Mr. *Boyle* acted the part of *Ignoramus*, (the reverse of his real character) and spoke the epilogue†, in the *Dormitory* at *Westminster*, in *December*, 1747, did great credit to his genius, and will long be remembered by his friends and contemporaries.

The second volume of *Biographia Britannica* being published in 1748, lord *Orrery* thanked Dr. *Campbell*, “ in the  
“ name of all the *Boyles*, for the honour  
“ he had done to them, and to his own  
“ judgment, by placing the family in  
“ such a light as to give a spirit of

\* His lordship was admitted of *St. Mary Hall* *May* 23, 1745.

† See this epilogue in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1748, p. 36.

“ emulation to those who were here:  
 “ after to inherit the titles†.” It  
 equal justice had been done to him, if  
 the same hand had compiled his article  
 in the Supplement to that work, the  
 present attempt would have been super-  
 fluous.

His lordship resided in *Ireland*, with  
 little intermission, till the year 1750,  
 happy in that domestic tranquillity,  
 “ that” studious “ retirement and inac-  
 “ tivity, from which he was scarce ever  
 “ drawn, but with the utmost reluct-  
 “ ance\*.” Indeed (to adopt his own  
 words) “ whenever we step out of do-  
 “ mestic life in search of felicity, we  
 “ come back again disappointed, tired,  
 “ and chagrined. One day passed under  
 “ our own roof, with our friends and  
 “ our family, is worth a thousand in  
 “ any other place. The noise and bus-  
 “ tle, or, as they are foolishly called,  
 “ the diversions of life, are despicable  
 “ and tasteless when we have once ex-

† His lordship’s own words in a manuscript letter.

\* Essay on the life of *Pliny*, p. lxxiii.

“ perience

“perienced the real delight of a fire-  
“fide \*.”

In *March*, 1750, his lordship's eldest daughter, lady *Elizabeth Boyle*, was married to *Thomas Worsley*, Esq; (afterwards Sir *Thomas Worsley*, Bart.) of *Pilewell, Hants* †.

During his residence in *Ireland*, his leisure was employed in laying out gardens and plantations, improving the fine situation of *Caledon*, and adorning what he then thought would be the future residence of his youngest son *Edmund*: And at his return to *Marston*, he continued his alterations and improvements in the house and gardens there, for which many of the plans were designed by lord *Boyle*, who had a taste for architecture. Mean time the amusement of his winter-evenings ‡ was his translation of *the letters of Pliny the younger, with Observations on each Letter, and an Essay on Pliny's life, addressed to Charles*

\* His lordship's own words in a manuscript letter.

† Her ladyship is now a widow. Her son, Sir *Richard*, is the present baronet.

‡ See his *Essay on the life of Pliny*, p. lxxiii.

lord Boyle. The Essay is dated *Leicester-Fields, January 27, 1750*. This translation, which was published in *London*, in two volumes quarto, in *April, 1751*, was so well received by the public, that three editions of it have since been published in octavo. In the summer of the same year he addressed to his second son, *Hamilton* (then a student of *Christ-Church*\*) a series of letters containing *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin*; under which title they were published, in octavo, *1752*. Four editions of this work have been printed since.

In *August, 1752*, *Henry* †, since well known to the world as the husband and correspondent of *Frances* †, being at *Caledon*, where lady *Orrery* then resided,

\* He was matriculated, *June 14, 1748*, was admitted student of that college in *December* following, proceeded regularly to the degree of LL. B. *May 15, 1755*, was created LL. D. by diploma in *1763*, (when he was appointed High-Steward of the university) and continued student of *Christ Church* (on a faculty) till his death in *1764*.

† Mr. *Richard* and Mrs. *Elizabeth Griffith*, which also was her family name.

justly characterised her ladyship in the following manner: “ Her affability and  
 “ unaffected manners, not less than her  
 “ food, which is little more than bread  
 “ and pulse, milk and water, would be-  
 “ fit a cabin; while her taste, spirit,  
 “ and politeness might become a pa-  
 “ lace \*.” And *Frances*, in one of her letters, as justly says, “ Dignity with-  
 “ out pride, good-humour without fol-  
 “ ly, wit without satire, charity without  
 “ ostentation, and philosophy with the  
 “ extremest quickness of understanding  
 “ and tenderness of heart, are all joined  
 “ in the amiable composition of that  
 “ unaffectedly good woman †.”

On May 4, 1753, a marriage took place between lord *Boyle* and Miss *Susanna Hoare*, eldest daughter of *Henry Hoare*, Esq; of *Stourhead* in *Wilts*.

*Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit;  
 Tempore crevit amor.*

In December following, by the death of the *British Vitruvius*, *Richard* the

\* *Letters from Henry to Frances*, vol. ii. p. 174.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 216.

third earl of *Burlington* and fourth earl of *Corke*, without issue male, all his *Irish* titles devolved to the earl of *Orrery* \*. His *English* honours were extinct †.

To the periodical publication called *the World*, undertaken about this time by Mr. *Moore* (that bow of *Ulysses*, in which it was the fashion for men of rank and genius to try their strength) our author contributed three papers, viz. N<sup>o</sup>. 47, 68, and 161. Two papers in the same collection, viz. N<sup>o</sup> 60 and 170, were written by Mr. *Boyle*. And in the last number of *the Connoisseur*, a work of equal merit, published by Messrs. *Thorn-ton* and *Colman*, G. K. (which was his lordship's signature) is particularly dis-

\* These two earls were third cousins, *Richard*, the first earl of *Burlington*, being the second son, and *Roger*, the first earl of *Orrery*, the fifth son, of the great earl of *Corke*. The two intermediate brothers died without issue.

† Unless the barony of *Clifford* be excepted, which, being a barony in fee, is supposed to have descended to the earl's (then) only surviving daughter, the late marchioness of *Hartington*, and as such to be now vested in her son, the present duke of *Devonshire*.



tinguished as their “earliest and most frequent correspondent;” and “we are sorry (they add) that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his compositions.” To this work he contributed the greatest part of nine numbers. These papers are chiefly of the humorous kind; and for humour, innocent humour, no one had a truer taste or better talent.

On *September 20, 1754*, the earl and countess of *Corke*, and their daughter, lady *Lucy Boyle*, sat out on the journey which occasioned the following letters; of which therefore it is needless to say more than that, during his residence at *Florence*, he had an opportunity of presenting to the Academy *della Crusca* his friend Mr. *Johnson's English Dictionary*, (then just published,) which was received with due regard by that learned body, though the gout, his inveterate enemy, introduced by a severe winter †, overtook

† Lord *Corke* kept a diary of the weather, and “the account from *December* to the middle of  
“ *May*

took him even in *Italy*, and prevented him from attending the exercises of the Academy; that he resided in that city, and its neighbourhood, with general esteem, conversing freely with books and men, and from both, assisted by manuscripts, collecting materials for a *History of Tuscany* (of which some mention is made in the following work\*) from *October 23, 1754, to September 20, 1755,* and that, returning to *England* through *Germany* and part of *Holland*, hostilities having just commenced with *France*, he arrived at *Marston* in *November* following.

On the death of archbishop *Herring*, in *March, 1757*, his lordship expressed himself as follows: "He was what a  
"bishop ought to be, and is, I doubt  
"not, where all bishops ought to be.  
"Honour and reverence will attend his  
"name while this world lasts; happiness  
"and glory will remain with his spirit  
"for ever."

"*May* (he said) was amazing. The heat of *Italy*  
"is universally acknowledged; so ought the  
"cold to be. The uncertainty of the weather  
"was still more surprising than the cold: we  
"had all kinds of seasons in a day."

\* See p. 180.

The



The situation of public affairs at that time being such as required, in our national councils, the utmost exertion of wisdom and integrity, his lordship was urged, by one of his friends, to exchange his retirement for a more public scene, in an ode, of which the following is the conclusion :

To *Laurestinum's* groves retir'd,  
Your *Pliny* fled from care,  
Yet, when his country's voice requir'd,  
He fill'd the consul's chair.  
Then, like that consul, lend your aid  
To prop our tott'ring walls,  
For *Rome* demands you from the shade,  
And hoary *Nerva* calls.

Dr. *Swift's History of the four last years of queen Anne* (mentioned in the *Remarks on Swift*, Letter XXIV) being published in the year 1758, lord *Corke* desired his friends to contradict the report of his consenting to give the public so pernicious a piece. "The more it is examined (said he) the less it will answer the end either of the author or of the publisher."

In that year his lordship sustained the severest domestic affliction that could befall him, by the death of his excellent lady, *Margaret* countess of *Corke* and *Orkney*, who died, after a short illness, in

lodgings at *Knightsbridge*, *November 24*, to which she had desired to be removed a few days before, from a tender apprehension (as she told a friend) that her lord would quit his house (just taken) in *Marlborough-street*, if she died there. This shock, however, he supported like a man, like a christian, and with resignation again “submitted to the will of “heaven.” Her ladyship left issue, *Edmund* †, born *November 21, 1742*, and lady *Lucy* ‡, born *May 27, 1744*.

Still, like *Pliny*, “taking refuge in “his studies as the only retreat from “grief,” lord *Corke* published, in the beginning of the year 1759, in one vo-

† So named from his amiable relation, *Edmund* duke of *Buckingham* before mentioned. On the death of his brother, *Hamilton* earl of *Corke*, &c. in *January, 1764*, he succeeded to the titles of his family, and is the seventh earl of *Corke* and *Orrery*. His lordship married, *August 25, 1764*, Miss *Anne Courtenay*, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of *Kellond Courtenay*, Esq; knight of the shire for the county of *Huntingdon*, and niece to the earl of *Sandwich*. Their issue are lady *Lucy Isabella*, born *August 10, 1766*, *Edmund* lord viscount *Dungarvan*, born *October 21, 1767*, *Courtenay*, born *September 3, 1769*, and *Hamilton*, born *September 23, 1770*.

‡ Married, *July 10, 1765*, to *George* lord viscount *Terrington*.

lume octavo, *Memoirs of the Life of Robert Cary, earl of Monmouth*, from an original manuscript presented to him by a relation ||, with a preface, and explanatory notes. A second edition of it was published in 1760. Prefixed is a short but tender dedication to his youngest son, “though last, not least in love,” dated *Marlborough-street, January 13, 1759*, and signed “Now, alas! your only parent.” There is also, as a frontispiece, “the royal procession of queen *Elizabeth* to visit her cousin-german *Henry* lord *Hunsdon*, governor of *Berwick*,” engraved from an old painting by *Marc Garrard*, mentioned by Mr. *Walpole*\*, and others.

In *September* following, his lordship had also the misfortune to lose his eldest son, *Charles* lord viscount *Dungarvan*, and though, by the declining state of health under which he had long laboured, his family and friends were prepared for the stroke, yet (as his father has observed, on a similar occasion †) “nature

|| Lady *Elizabeth Spelman*, daughter to the earl of *Middleton*.

\* Anecdotes of painting, vol. 1. p. 143.

† The death of *Fundanus's* daughter. *Pliny*, B. v. Ep. 16.

“ is

“ is revulsed, when a child is buried by  
“ a parent\*.”

The earl survived this loss about three years, dividing his time between his house in *Great George-street, Westminster*, and his seat in *Somersetshire*, till an hereditary gout †, which all his temperance could only parry, not subdue, put an early period to his earthly existence, at *Marston-house, November 16, 1762*, in the 56th year of his age, the same age at which his father died ‖. His remains were deposited, near those of his second lady, in the burial-place of his family in *Frome church*.

\* Lord *Dungarvan* left issue one daughter, the honourable *Henrietta Boyle*, born in 1755. His relict, lady *Dungarvan*, was married to *Thomas lord Bruce, Feb. 17, 1761*.

† See the following work, p. 179. His great-grandfather, the first earl of *Orrery*, who died in 1679, was afflicted with the same disorder. See *Biograph. Britann.* vol. ii. pp. 904 and 909.

‖ *Necessè est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus de-  
flectam : si tamen fas est aut fieri, aut omnino mortem  
vocare, quâ mortalitas magis finita quam vita est.*  
*Plin. Lib. ii. Ep. 1.* “ I must look upon his  
“ death as untimely, and I weep for him : yet I  
“ ought not to say, he is dead ; he only breaks  
“ loose from life, and rushes into immortality.”  
*Lord Corke's translation.*

His lordship was succeeded in his titles and estates by his second son, *Hamilton* (then) lord viscount *Dungarvan*, one of the representatives in the *British* parliament for the borough of *Warwick*\*.

The character of *John* earl of *Corke*, as a writer and as a man, may partly be collected from his own works, and partly from the testimonies which have been given of him by some of the most distinguished among his contemporaries. I shall only beg leave to add, that, in every domestic and social relation, in all the endearing connections of life, as a husband, a father, a friend, a master, he had few equals. The lustre which he received from rank and title, and from the personal merit of his family, he reflected back, unimpaired and undiminished, and though “the post of honour” which he chose and preferred was “a

\* This noble earl did not long survive his father. He was appointed high-steward of the university of *Oxford* by the earl of *Litchfield*, the chancellor, in 1763, and dying at *Marston-house*, unmarried, *January* 17, 1764, his titles and estates devolved to his half-brother, *Edmund*, the present earl, as mentioned in a former note.

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“ private station,” though he was neither a statesman nor a soldier, like the first lord *Corke*, the first lord *Orrery*, and his own father; the rival of *Palladio*, like the late lord *Burlington*; or the rival of *Bacon*, like Mr. *Robert Boyle*; yet in a general taste for literature, or, as they are commonly called, polite studies, he was by no means inferior to his ancestors. “ Being much in the great world at the “ beginning of his life, he despised and “ detested it when he arrived at years of “ reflection. His constitution was never strong, and he was very thankful “ that it was not so; as his health was a “ true and no very irksome excuse to “ avoid those scenes, by which his body “ would have been hurt, and his mind “ offended. He loved truth even to a “ degree of adoration. He was a real “ christian;” and, as such, “ constantly “ hoped for a better life, there trusting “ to know the real causes of those effects, which here struck him with “ wonder, but not with doubt †.” On

† His lordship's own words in several private letters.



# P R E F A C E.      xxxv

the whole, it may be easy to trace, in several instances, a striking resemblance between him and his favourite *Roman*. Though they both had seats in the senates of their respective countries, the one, by his employments, being a magistrate and a judge, and the other, by birth, a judge and a legislator, yet in privacy and retirement, at *Tusculum* and *Marston*, among their families, their books, and their friends, they passed their happiest hours. Irreproachable were their morals; for temperance, in particular, and sweetness of nature, they were both distinguished. The early impression which was made on the mind of the nephew, by his uncle's catastrophe at *Vesuvius*, could not exceed the shock which the son received from his father's will. Fond as they both were of rural ease, for rural sports they had neither inclination nor leisure. In conjugal love they were both twice happy. Great as were the taste, the judgment, the virtue and affection of *Calpurnia*, the late countess of *Corke* was in every respect her equal. “ *Pliny*

“lamented their deaths as if he had  
 “been their parent †.” No less ex-  
 emplary as a master was the earl of  
*Corke*; and even his domestics of the  
 brute creation had their labours reward-  
 ed with tenderness, and their lives pro-  
 longed by attention ||. For poetry, though  
 few of *Pliny*’s verses are transmitted to  
 us, they both had a talent. In familiar  
 epistles they both excelled. “*Pliny*, in  
 “some of his letters, is an historical  
 “writer\*,” he had been advised by  
 many of his friends to write a history;  
 and, according to *Cassiodorus*, he put the  
 advice into execution †. Historical also  
 are many of the following letters, and if  
 time had permitted the author to com-  
 plete a work there mentioned, he would  
 have been ranked by posterity among  
 the best historians of *Florence*. To a  
 taste for literature, and a thirst for know-

† Observations on *Pliny*, B. viii. Ep. 16.

|| In particular, a favourite horse, whose life  
 was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34, and  
 a favourite greyhound, who lived to the age of  
 14, have monumental inscriptions to their memo-  
 ry in the gardens at *Marston*.

\* Observations on *Pliny*, B. iii. Ep. 9.

† Essay on the life of *Pliny*, p. lxxii.

# P R E F A C E      xxxvii

ledge, both the *Roman* and the *Briton* had, as it were, a kind of hereditary right; in particular, *Pliny* the elder has been compared, as a philosopher, by lord *Corke* himself, to his own great relation Mr *Robert Boyle*\*. Equally happy were the consul and the peer in their private friendships. What *Arria* and *Fannia* were to the one, Mrs. *Rowe*, the *British Philomela*, was to the other. If *Pliny* had his *Martial* and *Italicus*, lord *Orrery* had his *Southerne* and *Fenton*. And, to complete the parallel, as *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, the two best writers that *Rome* then produced, were the friends and correspondents of *Pliny*, his translator was no less fortunate in the friendship and correspondence of *Swift* and *Pope*.

This small tribute to the merit of a most amiable nobleman is paid by one who knew and esteemed his talents and his virtues, and will religiously cherish his memory and his fame.

*Christ Church, Canterbury,*  
Jan. 21, 1773.

J. DUNCOMBE.

\* Observations on *Pliny*, B. vi. Ep. 16.

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BY JAMES M. SMITH, LL.D.

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N. B. The noble author's notes are distinguished from those of the editor by being marked with inverted commas “ ”.



---

T O

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq.

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L E T T E R I.

*Lyons, October 2d, 1754.*

S I R,

I Must refer you to *your Maps*, if you will read this letter, and in my future letters I shall probably talk to you of roads and hills that are not to be found upon record, unless taken notice of in one of the vast volumes of *Atlasses*. If you are wearied in the journey, it is your own fault: remember you were positively resolved upon a correspondence with one of the *Apennigenæ*. Your son is young, and can undauntedly climb even to the top of *Parnassus*. Pray take

B

him

him with you, if you still hold your resolution of following me into *Italy*.

I had so often beheld the gaieties of *Paris*, and they had made so small an impression on my heart, that I had no desire to see them again. We therefore immediately struck out of the *Paris* road, and passing from *Calais* through *Artois* into *French Flanders*, we rested ourselves at *Lisle*. The town of *Lisle* has nothing in it remarkably curious. The great square (*La Place*) is very handsome, and very large; however, not equal in size to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Their houses are of stone, six or seven stories high, built entirely in the *French* manner, which, by want of all kind of proportion, by windows filled with small panes of thick, yellow, muddy glass, by an awkward sort of ornament, like and very unlike a pediment on the top, have a disagreeable appearance to an *English* eye. The people themselves seem to possess a happy mixture between the excess of  
*French*

*French* gaiety, and the forbidding reserve of *English* shyness. The men are genteel and well bred, the women modest and lively; but the men, as throughout *France*, are generally very thin, and the women excessively fat.

I had been twice before in the *Pais bas*, and was struck with reverence a third time by the sight of archbishop *Fenelon's* monument at *Cambray*. It is modest, plain, and a proper emblem of his character. It is placed in the cathedral, which is large and extremely dark, so dark that I could not read monsieur *de Fenelon's* epitaph; but his bust, of white marble, carries in it a great resemblance of those prints and pictures which I have seen of him. Humility, goodness, and religion, appear very strong characteristics in his countenance.

Over against the cathedral is another church, built within these ten years, and dedicated to *St. Hubert*, the patron of

hunting\*: his bones are, or are supposed to be, inclosed within a very rich shrine under the high altar. The edifice itself is in the true style of *Roman* architecture. The pillars are of a beautiful white free-stone. The floor is of marble. The church is light, airy, and chearful. It joins to a very rich abbey. Every spot belonging to it appears opulent and prosperous, while the cathedral looks gloomy, desolate, and ruinous. Archbishop *Fenelon's* memory is still held in the highest vene-

\* *Hubert* was fond of hunting, and pursued it even during the time of divine service, at which he scarce ever attended. It was in this diversion that God won him to himself; for (as it is related in the history of his life) he saw a stag appear before him having a crucifix twisted in his horns, and he heard a voice which threatened him with the eternal punishments of hell, if he was not converted. This miracle is said to have happened in the forest of *Ardenne*s. *Morsri.*

“Enthusiastic minds and heated imaginations hear voices and see visions. We may charitably suppose that St. *Hubert* really thought the miracle performed.”

ration.

ration. The present archbishop is spoken of slightly, and with a degree of disrespect, if not of contempt. He lives entirely at *Paris*, and seldom visits his see.

I must now carry you out of *Flanders*, through a part of *Picardy*, and a corner of the isle of *France* (*Laon*) to *Rheims* in *Champagne*. The cathedral of *Rheims* is a pile of *Gothic* architecture, almost twice as large as *St. Peter's* at *Westminster*. Mr. *Addison* judiciously observes, that “if the  
“ barbarous buildings had been executed  
“ in a true and just style, they would  
“ have appeared as miracles of architec-  
“ ture to succeeding ages.” The front of this stupendous church consists of a vast number of statues : Saints in miniature, placed in little niches, and in exact spaces ; so that the eye is pleased and shocked at the same time. Magnificence is mixed with littleness, grandeur with meanness, proportion with disproportion ; consequently it creates in our thoughts an uneasy mixture of admiration and

contempt. The painted windows are all perfect, and the sun has a glorious effect upon the variety of their colours.

The kings of *France* are constantly crowned at *Rheims*. The ceremony, I dare say, is much more brilliant, though not more magnificent, than the *English* coronations in *Westminster* abbey. The *French* are formed for gaiety, shew, and ostentation; the *English* for dignity, seriousness, and composure. The former follow nature, they are genteel, and perfectly well adapted to all scenes of vanity. The latter pervert nature by an awkward imitation of the *French*, whom they cannot equal, and therefore become ridiculous.

At a great distance from the *Notre Dame de Rheims* is the lesser, but richer church of *St. Remi* (*Remigius*\*). The  
shrine

\* “ *St. Remigius* was archbishop of *Rheims*. An anchorite foretold his birth to his mother, whose age was deemed long past child-bearing. He



shrine of this saint is very magnificent ; it is adorned by a variety of precious stones and intaglios, some of them truly antique. The holy oil, with which the sovereigns of *France* are anointed at their coronation, is kept in this church. We were assured, that the celestial unction was brought from heaven by an angel, and that it never decreases.

Let me not detain you by accounts of superstitious impositions, in many of which, perhaps, the person who imposed, worked himself up to a degree, that made him at least believe his own inventions. In many more, priestcraft and worldly lucre have prevailed : and, in all, folly, ignorance, and narrowness of thought. I saw the holy oil, bits of the *Bethlehem* cradle, and a piece of *St. Some-*

He was a man of letters for those times. He is mentioned as such by *Apollinaris Sidonius*. See *Moreri*, from whom *Collier*, in his dictionary, differs some hundred years in point of chronology. The point at present is no longer material. Saints are going down hill very fast."

*body's* thumb, with pity, scarce unattended by derision. But when I viewed the immense edifices built in honour, and to the glory of Almighty God, I could not avoid reflecting, that they bore a testimony of devotion in our forefathers, which might tacitly strike their irreligious posterity with shame. It is impossible to enter one of these immense edifices, without a kind of awe, which, when unattended by superstition, must, we may humbly hope, be acceptable to a Creator, who, at the same time that he appears incomprehensible, has still given his creatures sufficient knowledge of his will, to require from them adoration, and a dutiful submission to such of his laws, as are adequate to their comprehension.

From *Rheims* we went to *Dijon*, a large well fortified town in *Burgundy*, lying in the direct way from *Paris* to *Lyons*. The roads through which we passed afforded us the greatest variety of woods, rivers, and beautiful prospects, that imagination  
could

could have formed, fond as it is of raising pleasurable ideas, which are seldom, very seldom, answered. In *France*, the poverty of the people and the fruitfulness of the soil are circumstances, that excite wonder and compassion. They are obliged to plow their ground every year, nevertheless it produces corn. The women (I speak of the common people) are more industrious than the men: they labour, they carry burdens. The husband is *Hercules* with the distaff; the wife is *Omphale* with the lion's skin. All the great cities, and the districts belonging to them, at once proclaim the power and the shame of this arbitrary government. The *French* nobles are clad in purple. The *French* peasants have scarce sackcloth to cover them. There is no medium between laced cloaths and rags. The equipages and number of horses seem to answer the wealth of the *Indies*. The persons who make those equipages, and who provide food for

I those

those horses, have not bread to eat; yet you have heard, and with great truth, that a ragged *French* beggar is merrier by nature, than a rich *English* nobleman can make himself by art. Education is said to be a second nature: climate, I believe, is a second education.

The people in the provinces, through which we have passed, complain extremely of the rapine of the farmers-general. The peasants murmur, but maintain their loyalty; yet that virtue is much less than I found it twenty years ago. They then adored their King, they now think it sufficient to honour him. I have flown, like a bird of passage, you find, through a large part of the *French* regions.

We left *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* the 20th of *September*: we have met with no untoward accident: we have been free from complaints of every kind; and we have enjoyed the finest and the warmest weather, that has been ever remembered

at

at this season of the year. Our passage from *Dover* to *Calais* was no longer than three hours and ten minutes. From *Calais* to this place we have passed most of our time in post-chaifes, often wishing for the eyes of *Argus* and the wings of *Dædalus*, but finding no effect from our wishes. Let *Scaliger* describe to you the spot on which we have at present fixed our tents.

*Flumineis Rhodanus, qua se fugat, incitus undis,*

*Quaque pigro dubitat flumine mitis Arar,*

*Lugdunum jacet, antiquo novus orbis in orbe;*

*Lugdunumque vetus, orbis in orbe novo \*.*

My

\* This epigram is written in letters of gold, over the great gate of the Town-House. There are four other lines, viz.

*Quod nolis, alibi quæras, hic quære quod optes,*

*Aut hic, aut nusquam vincere vota potes.*

*Lugduni, quodcunque potest dare mundus, habebis,*

*Plura petas, hæc urbs et tibi plura dabit.*

Where

My next shall be a comment on this scrap of poetry: 'till then, let this assure you, that I and my female travelling companions are, and will be, in all parts of the world, truly your's,

C O R K E.

Where the *Rhone* rushes with impetuous tides,  
And the *Saone*'s lazy current scarcely glides,  
A new world in the old, we *Lyons* view,  
*Lyons*, an old world also in the new!  
Here no disgusts, all pleasures, you may meet,  
And here, or no where, every wish complete.  
*Lyons* affords whate'er the world can give,  
And more, if more you ask, at *Lyons* you'll receive.

Mr. *Wright* justly observes, that, " if the city of  
" *Lyons* had not a *Sannazarius* to celebrate her  
" praises, she seems to have had as good a  
" friend, though a worse poet, in the author  
" of the above."

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R II.

*Lyons, October 4th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

LET us stop, if you please, a little at *Lyons*. It is one of the largest and most flourishing cities of *France*. Its trade and situation are circumstances that contribute much to its grandeur. The buildings are fine, particularly the town-house, and two sides of the great square, answerable to each other in size, height, and disposition. In the middle is a large equestrian statue of *Lewis XIV*, and on each side of him, at an exact distance, are two fountains, very properly adorned with figures in bronze. During the summer-time they are constantly playing, and give an agreeable refreshment to the place. A third side of the square is filled by

by a beautiful little grove: the fourth consists only of old irregular houses.

But first let us consider *Lyons* as a city of the *Celtic-Gaul*. It was built by *L. Munatius Plancus*, the particular friend of *Cicero*, who pays him that very elegant compliment, which has been since so often applied to more modern generals: *Omnia summa consecutus es, virtute duce, comite fortunâ* \*. It is to *Plancus* that *Horace* so gaily prescribes wine; either when encamped and fixed amidst the din and clash of arms, or deeply retired amidst the silence and solitude of a rural life :

—— *Tu sapiens finire memento*  
*Tristitiam, vitæque labores,*  
*Molli, Plance, mero; seu te fulgentia signis*  
*Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit*  
*Tiburis umbra tui* †. Lib. i. Ode 7.  
*Plancus*

\* “Thou hast surmounted every difficulty, “virtue being thy guide, and fortune thy companion.”

† Do thou, discreetly, with a friend,  
 And generous wine, thy brows unbend,  
Whether

*Plancus* was a *Roman* of high birth, and higher reputation. He was the person, who is said to have persuaded the second *Cæsar* to assume the name of *Augustus*, instead of *Octavius*. Little eloquence was necessary, I presume, to bias the emperor towards the exchange.

*Plancus*, (indulge me a little in dwelling on a favourite character) was early bred to arms. He had commanded a legion in the time of *Julius Cæsar*. Soon after the death of that emperor, he employed himself and his soldiers in building *Lugdunum*; perhaps not without some particular ambitious view. The confusion of the commonwealth, consequent to the murder of *Cæsar*, was such as allowed, and even compelled, every *Roman* to provide for himself against outrage, and impending ruin. But as my thoughts of *Plancus* are purely ideal, I

Whether the camp thy fancy warms,  
Or *Tibur* sooths with peaceful charms.

quit the subject, and pass from surmise to reality.

*Lugdunum* was originally built in an island, that bore a triangular form. The little channel, which then rendered it an island, has been long since filled up; and the two rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Saone*, [*Rhodanus et Arar*] flow on each side of the town in a parallel manner.

No city has been more celebrated than *Lugdunum*, for the birth and residence of great men. *Augustus* resided there three years. *Claudius* was born there in the 744th year of *Rome*. It was also the birth-place of *Caracalla* and *Geta*, and the retreat of *Domitian*, who, in his excellent brother's life-time, withdrew to *Lugdunum*, under a pretence of study, and with a specious intention of exercising his rare talents in poetry. *Tacitus* \* however seems to give another turn to the retreat; he hints as if *Domitian* retired from

\* " See the latter end of the ivth book of his history."

*Rome*, to hide that secret ambition of empire, and that envy of his brother's character, which he constantly retained in his bosom, and which might have been discovered by some prying eyes at *Rome*.

*Plancus* died, (I think) in his second consulship, above eighty years of age, full of honours, and crowned with his own laurels. You will find him mentioned in the annals of *Tacitus*, in a remarkable manner. *Cicero* and he were constant correspondents. He was one of those distinguished characters of antiquity, which, by a different manner of education, later ages must always admire, but can never imitate.

Among the antiquities to be seen at *Lyons*, scarce any one appears more curious in its kind, than the speech of the emperor *Claudius*, engraven on two tablets of brass \*. The speech itself, though

\* " This speech is inserted, with a translation of it, in *Les Antiquités de la ville de Lyon*, tome i. chap. vii. p. 226." It is also printed by Mr. *Spon*.

full of art, eloquence, and what would be termed in these our days, knowledge of the world, is particularly deficient in what we esteem politeness. In one part it degenerates into absolute invective. An evident proof that the *urbanitas Romana* and the *urbanitas Britannica* are widely different. The purport of the speech is to obtain for the *Lugdunenses* all those privileges, which the most dignified *Roman* colonies enjoyed.

To judge by the oration itself, it is scarce possible to suppose that *Claudius*, in his ascending days of life, was of that *imminutæ mentis*\*, which *Tiberius* imagined him. Empire, age, indolence, and luxury, might afterwards render him

\* *Etiam de Claudio agitanti, quod is compositâ ætate bonarum artium cupiens erat, imminuta mens ejus obstitit. Annal. Lib. VI.*

“ Thinking of *Claudius*, as he was of mature and settled years, and desirous of instruction, his mean understanding was an objection.”

“ *Claudius* was only censor when he spoke this memorable oration before the senate of *Rome*.”

defec-



defective, and paralytic in his faculties; but even *Tiberius* allowed, that his intentions were good, and indeed this speech in favour of his countrymen, and in defence of himself, is a strong instance, that they were so.—The original tables are fixed in the vestibule of the town-house. They were placed in their present situation during the minority of *Lewis XIV*, in the year 1657.

You will find in *Tacitus* a remarkable anecdote of the *Lugdunenses*. The city of *Lugdunum*, in the beginning of *Nero's* reign, was entirely burnt. The emperor gave a large sum of money to repair so public a disaster. In remembrance of such a benefit, this colony could never be induced to desert their benefactor, no, not even when all the rest of the colonies had unanimously, and indeed justly, forsaken him. *Lugdunensis colonia*, says *Tacitus*, *pertinaci pro Nerone fide* \*. Is not

\* “The colony of *Lugdunum* had an obstinate attachment to *Nero*.”

so steady an instance of gratitude much to their honour?

I do not recollect that *Domitian* is said to have given any benefactions towards the repair of *Lugdunum*. Those of *Trajan* are highly extolled. The *Forum vetus Trajani* is recorded as one of the many noble works of that emperor. It remained entire to the reign of *Charles the Bald*. It was on a hill, which lies above the present city, and where many pieces of antiquity are still visible. On the same hill is a church dedicated to the virgin *Mary*, and to our famous *English* saint, *Thomas Becket*, archbishop of *Canterbury*. *Becket*, you may remember, is said to have resided at *Lyons*, and though the saints in general are in their wane, at least in this part of the world, yet our *English Thomas* maintains his ground with some degree of veneration and splendor in the *Celtic Gaul*; or my landlord, *Monf. le Blanc*, deceives and flatters me. I must take his word, being disappointed  
of

of seeing the place. For the derivation of the word *Lugdunum* I refer you to *Strabo*, *Plutarch*, and such other antiquarians, as you please to consult. Studies of that sort are more trifling than improving, more fabulous than historical. *Sunt magni nominis umbræ.*

From the time of the first foundation of this city, it has been famous for its trade and manufactures. It is situated to maintain its commerce to the end of the world.

I have said too much perhaps of the ancient *Lugdunum*, and too little of the modern *Lyons*; but alas! my accounts of both must be very imperfect. I have neither books nor companions to instruct me. My travelling servant babbles all languages, but speaks none. My landlord is a barber, *qui frise bien la tête*, and consequently understands how to adorn the outside, but cannot improve the inside of any head whatever. I go from hence this afternoon, and hope to pierce

22      L E T T E R    II.

through the *Alps* without the help of vinegar. The first opportunity that occurs shall bring another letter to you, in which I will be more explicit than I have been hitherto, in describing the second city of *France* in its present glory.

I am ever yours,

C O R K E.

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R III.

*Chamberry, October 6th, 1754.*

WE are now, dear sir, in the capital of *Savoy*, the dirtiest capital in *Europe*, nay, I believe, in the whole world; but I am in honour bound to return with you to *Lyons*, before we ramble together through the streets of *Chamberry*.

The chief traffic of *Lyons* consists in the richest gold and silver silks. Much of it, if not the whole, is manufactured in or near the city. The raw silk is chiefly brought from *Piedmont*. In our road to *Chamberry* we met many mules, heavily laden with this commodity. It is a merchandise, that has long proved fatal to *Great Britain*. Our excessive *British* vanity, by an insatiable thirst of

*French* silks, has forced away great wealth from our island. On the other hand, it must be true *English* obstinacy to say, that the silks of *Spital-fields* are equal to the *soyerie Lionnese*: but it may be affirmed, that if we really loved our country better than ourselves, or endeavoured to make the general prosperity preferable to the ornaments of individuals, millions of our money must have circulated at home, that now fluctuate throughout the continent; and seldom find their way back again to *England*. *Lewis XIV.* never acted more impolitically towards the state, nor more servilely towards the church, than when he drove such numbers of Protestants out of *France*, as weakened the manufactures of his own kingdoms, and improved the manufactures of his neighbours. Cardinal *Fleury*, who, without the title, was actual king of *France* during many years, saw the errors of the preceding reign, in not giving sufficient attention  
and



and encouragement to trade. By peace and policy, he corrected those errors: and to him *Lyons* owes the present face, which it bears, of opulence and prosperity. The shops are large, well filled, various, and ornamental. The streets, especially those to the two rivers, have a breadth and length, that give the city a remarkable air of magnificence. In the middle of the *Rhone* stands a rock, very craggy and very high, almost inaccessible. On the top of it is a small building. Do not expect the temple of VIRTUE, yet expect something very like it, though it be a prison: alas! it is a prison, in which are confined those sons of liberty, who dare oppose arbitrary power. Such a sight, even at a great distance, strikes horror, you may be certain, to an *English* eye. Wonder not therefore if I hastened from it to view other parts of the town, especially the squares; the chief of which I mentioned to you in the beginning of my last letter, as containing an equestrian

trian statue of *Lewis XIV.* This excited my curiosity, and drew my attention for some hours, during my short stay at *Lyons*. It is a noble figure, but, like all human compositions, has its faults. The inscriptions upon it are not fulsome. He is neither called INVICTUS, nor IMMORTALIS ; nor is he supported by slaves in chains. In the majestic air of his person, the copy, I dare believe, has not outdone the original. No man appeared more graceful on horseback. Nature fitted him to act the part of a king, but not of a hero. He was the ornament and example of his own court. He was a model of politeness to every prince in *Europe*. He has had more flatterers, and has deserved more admirers, than any sovereign, his grandfather \* excepted, that ever filled the *Gallic* throne. I have read many characters of him. Those

\* *Henry IV.*

compiled by *Larrey*\*, *Martiniere*†, and other laborious adulators, exhibit a portrait, in which few traces of resemblance can be found. They hide him in clouds of flattery, or they expose him, like a king upon a sign, in coarse, fulsome, glaring colours, fit only to attract the eyes of the vulgar and the ignorant. The character of him by monsieur *de Voltaire* is drawn in a masterly manner, yet in every stroke the partial hand of the *Frenchman*, the *Voltaire*, is too perceptible. The outlines of the abbé *Choisy* please and instruct, but they are few and unconnected. I think I have gathered more of his true private character from the loose undefining pen of his cousin-

\* “ His history of *England*,” says *Voltaire*, “ was esteemed, before the publication of *Rapin*’s, “ but his history of *Lewis XIV.* never was.” He died at *Berlin* in 1719.

† “ The history of *Lewis XIV.* under the name “ of *Martiniere*,” says the same writer, “ is every “ where faulty; confounds names, dates, and “ events.”

german,

german, Mademoiselle *de \* Montpensier*, than from any other writer. By her anecdotes I am induced to admire him, amidst his family and courtiers, as one of the finest and compleatest gentlemen of his time and nation. He was happy in his own disposition and temper, and that happiness diffused itself to all who were near him. His personal accomplishments were eminent and captivating. Let us look a little into his mind. His vanity was secreted by his modesty. His profuseness was

\* Daughter of *Gaston*, duke of *Orleans*, and grand-daughter of *Henry IV.* Her cruel treatment by the king her cousin, for marrying the count (afterwards duke) *de Lausun*, is well known, and must ever impeach both the justice and humanity of that prince. See *the Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 25. and *Talbot's Letters on the French Nation*, vol. ii. p. 60—64. “Her memoirs,” says *Voltaire*, “are rather those of a woman “full of herself, than of a princess, who had “been a witness of great events: but many curious particulars are contained in them.” She died in 1693.

softened

softened into generosity, not only by his manner of giving, but because he openly cherished, and unboundedly protected every art and science in the world. His infidelity as an husband is much palliated, when we consider the peevishness and simplicity of his wife. His ignorance was covered by his prudence. Conscious of his own defects, he corrected them in the education of his son; tacitly lamenting his own want of erudition. His devotion degenerated into the too common extreme of bigotry; which never fails to produce the blindness of cruelty, and the deafness of oppression. Except in his false notions of religion, he was generous, compassionate, and humane. His talents, if not shining, at least were strong and clear. His private conduct was always decent, often splendid, never mean. During the favours of fortune, he indulged his vanity. During her frowns, he behaved himself with true philosophy. He died more heroically  
in

in his bed than he had ever appeared in his camp. Consider him in his regal sphere; though he was far from being a perfectly good prince, he was almost as far from being a bad one. Nature formed him (as she has formed most men, to whom she gives passions and abilities) a remarkable mixture of good and evil. The good part attended the man; the evil part, the monarch. His ambition was inexcusable, as it has occasioned most of the calamities, that have been since felt in *Europe*.

The town-house at *Lyons*, is not only splendid without, but very magnificent within. It consists of many fine rooms, adorned with the portraits of the royal family, and of the chief and most eminent magistrates of the city. Each chamber is fitted up and furnished for the particular business, to which it is adapted.

The armoury, which is shewn to strangers as a great curiosity, is by no means equal to the armoury in the  
Tower



Tower of *London*. Had I never seen the latter, the former possibly might have appeared worthy of admiration.

At *Lyons* we went to a *French* comedy. It was well performed, and well decorated; but, unless I am very partial, when we took leave of the *English* theatre, we quitted sense, nature, action, dignity, and all the proper and graceful decorations of the stage.

I have now said enough of *Lyons* and *Lugdunum*. If I am to speak of *France* in general, I look upon it as a great and powerful monarchy. The extent of it may be known by maps; but the strength of it is a secret, not easily to be guessed at, but sufficiently revealed to make the *English* cautious and wary how they enter into a war with a nation, whose magazines of all sorts are stupendous, whose kingdom is fertile and well cultivated, whose people, however divided, as indeed at present upon particular points in church or state, never fail,

fail, at the least appearance of an enemy, to join themselves into an impenetrable phalanx, and to appear in the field, as one soul informing many thousand bodies. We mistake and misconstrue their faculties. Their gaiety, we imagine, folly; their prudence, we miscall, insincerity; their strength we despise. Our false judgment may, one day or other, cost us dear. The *French*, (already numerous and prolific) if they suffered a natural commerce to subsist between their nuns and friars, would swarm and overrun the world.

Before I left *Lyons*, I had a glimpse of the archbishop, cardinal *Tencin*. His figure is tall, and his mien noble and engaging. He visits and captivates all strangers. He lives in great hospitality; but he lives in banishment. Some particulars, relative to this not unfortunate exile, may perhaps be the subject of a future letter. At present let me guide you into *Savoy*.

How have I been mistaken in my expectations of *Chamberry*? I had read so much in news-papers, treatises, and modern history, of this metropolis, that I had painted it in my own mind a noble, large, and magnificent city, adorned with churches, steeples, convents, and palaces, decorated again by pictures, statues, and costly furniture. Judge then of my surprise, when I beheld it one of the poorest, dirtiest, filthiest towns that I had ever seen. The houses are dark, the streets narrow, the convents miserable. The palaces of the nobility are uninhabited, except by vermin. Grass grows plentifully in the court-yards. Not a coach, nor a chair, unless filled with passengers, is ever heard rumbling thro' the streets.

We have seen the king's palace. The apartment of it (there is but one,) was burnt some years ago, when the present duke of *Parma* \* was in possession of

\* The Infant Don *Philip* of *Spain*.

*Chamberry.* His royal highness narrowly escaped with life. The fire began in the kitchen, over which was his bed-chamber, and increased so fiercely, that he had not time to put on his cloaths. Many important papers are said to have been destroyed in the flames.

The palace, or rather the remainder of it, is a castle. Over the gate-way are the governor's lodgings, remarkable only for their height, being situated on an eminence, which commands the town and adjacent country. The chapel is clean, which distinguishes it very visibly, as the house of God.

The town is well fortified. It ought to be so. It lies in a tempting situation to *France*; and *France* is easily tempted. In general, *Savoy* bears the utmost appearance of poverty in its villages, its people, and its soil. The revenue from it arising to the king of *Sardinia* is, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year.

The

The inhabitants (I dare say, ninety of them in an hundred) afford a surprising spectacle to strangers. The men, women, and children, (I speak of the plebeians, not having seen the face of a gentleman) have great swellings \* on the outside of their throats, occasioned, according to our information, by the unwholesomeness of the water, and the severity of the winter season. These swellings are esteemed rather beauties than defects. The grandfather beholds a swelling under his grand-daughter's chin, of the size of a walnut, and piously hopes to see it increase to the size of a pear. The husband expects a swelling in the throat of his

\* Mr. *Duncombe*, in answer to this letter, says, " Signor *Baretti*, in his account of the passage over mount *Cenis*, and of the *Savoyards*, communicated to Mr. *Richardson* (See the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*, Vol. IV. Letter 16.) says, that the people are of an olive complexion,

his heir apparent, or he doubts the chastity of his consort. Baboons keep an hoard of victuals in their throats, but the *Savoyards* have not victuals sufficient to spare a reserve. Upon the whole, the *Savoyards* seem to be a very singular, and a very insignificant people; of little use to their prince, of much less to themselves. In *England* they are known by their raree-shews, but scarce mentioned on any other occasion. They have no characteristic, by which they are distinguished. They are a nation of THROATS\*.

To-

“ ion, and that many of them, especially the  
 “ women, have large *wens* under their chins.”  
 And again

\* Q? “ Should not the *Savoyards* be called  
 “ a nation of *wenny* throats, as those enormous  
 “ *wens* are their characteristic? The obvious  
 “ meaning of “ a nation of throats ” is a  
 “ greedy voracious people. *Messius*, mentioned  
 “ by *Horace* in his journey to *Brundisium* (*Sat.* 5.  
 “ *lib.* 1. *ver.* 58.) seems to have been one of  
 “ their

To-morrow we begin to climb the *Alps*. We are at the foot of them al-

“ their ancestors. As to that disorder, see *Pliny*, *lib. 26. cap. 1.*

Answer. “ The throats of the *Savoyards* are not *wens*. They are not of the sort described by *Horace* in his account of the droll combat between the buffoon *Sarmentus* and *Cicerrus Messius*, called *Cicerrus* probably from the *cicer* on the left side of his face which he had lately cut off. From that passage it is evident that the people of *Campania* were liable to these *cicers* (buttons or small wens) which *Horace* calls *Campanus morbus*, perhaps as liable as the inhabitants of *Savoy* are to their pouch or purse-throats, which do not appear to be of the hard wenny kind, but to hang more or less loose, as the glands are more or less swelled. It was impossible to go near them without some degree of horror, and even the sight of them was disagreeable.”

“ An *English* lady of quality, who resided some years at *Turin*, imagined every morning, when she awoke, that her throat had swelled in the night, and that it was becoming a *Savoyard* throat as fast as possible. Such sights to vapourish and tender imaginations are very impressive.”



ready. When our *Herculean* labour is finished, from the first place of rest you shall hear again from

Your faithful, and affectionate  
humble servant,

CORKE.

## L E T T E R IV.

*Turin, October 12th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

**A**T the foot of *Chamberry* commence the *Alps*. The ascent of the first mountain is very steep, but well paved, and sufficiently broad. A pair of oxen is constantly added to the chaise-horses; but in the subsequent mountains, which are many, all as steep, and several of them narrower and worse paved than the first, no oxen are to be found. Over different parts of these, we had recourse to our own feet, and you may be certain that I must be very free from the gout to go through such an undertaking. Three days were thus passed in ascending and descending these towering hills. Our lodgings at night were worse than indifferent.

ferent. The third evening brought us to a little village called *Lanebourgh*, where our chaises were taken to pieces, and all preparations made for the immense achievement of the next morning; the passage over mount *Cenis*.

The accounts which had been given me of mount *Cenis* had magnified the object to such a degree, that, when I viewed it with my naked eye, it appeared much less dreadful than I had supposed it. Height it has, tremendous. Horror it has, unusual. So has *Penmenmaure*, so has *Penmenrofs*; but in truth the most amazing circumstance is the manner of conveyance.

It was difficult not to feel some uneasy sensations when we first intrusted our limbs and lives to the power and management of that particular species of animals, the *Alpian chairmen*. Some few minutes passed in fears, till we perceived our porters strong as giants, and nimble as racers. They did not miss a single step,

step. They trod firm upon tottering stones. They jumped from one stone to another with the agility of goats. They relieved each other at proper intervals, and seemed never to have known danger or fatigue. Our apprehensions therefore were dissipated in some few minutes, and in little more than two hours we found ourselves on the top of the mountain. We walked over the plain, our carriages being uneasy on level ground. To speak the truth, our carriers were rather inattentive and careless, where there was neither peril nor precipice. Undoubtedly they know, that every *Irish Goliath* can carry a chair safely through *Pall-Mall*, and *St. James's* park, but he must be a true *Piedmontese* indeed who can carry a chair over the *Alps*. At the descent, they were again themselves, and conveyed us down with the utmost swiftness, steadiness, and ease. In the windings of the hill, which are many, they shewed great dexterity, and seemed to go on purpose

pose to the very brink of precipices, only to convince us, that they could turn to an hair, and carry to an inch. The ascent is, according to my best information, five miles continued, and so steep, that no carriage can pass. The plain upon the top is five miles over: every inch smooth and green as a sheep-walk. In the middle of it is a large lake, from which arises the river *Doria*, which runs to *Turin*, and, in conjunction with the *Po*, supplies that city with water. The descent is five miles, but not continued; therefore it appears less steep. In the middle of it lies the town of *Santa Croce*, from whence our eyes, as we descended, were charmed by the fertile country of *Piedmont*.

The chairs of carriage are like those of *Bath*, especially in bad weather, when they are covered with a rug. The prospect, on each side, of tall firs, chestnuts, and larch-trees, of vast natural waterfalls, and of roaring mountain-rivers, affords

affords a kind of surprising variety, which is at once awful, pleasing, and beyond description in any language whatever.

We refreshed ourselves and our conductors at the little village called *Santa Croce*, [*Holy Cross*] where the principality of *Piedmont* begins. There we met with three or four persons of our own nation, pursuing their journey into *Savoy*. They very kindly invited us to drink some wine, of which they were taking frequent draughts, at the same time that they confessed it to be very bad,—but it was wine—and they were true *Britons*.

Mr. *Addison*, I remember, quotes *Silius Italicus*, to prove that the *Alps* are always covered with snow. Not the least snow was to be seen upon mount *Cenis*, and very little upon one or two of the higher mountains that surrounded us: a pleasing circumstance to convince us, that our season was uncommonly fine.

At a little town called *Novolezza*, the scattered limbs of our chaises, which from  
*Lanebourg*

*Lanebourgh* had been carried upon mules, were by a kind of *Medèan* art, joined together again; and again our baggage was strictly searched at the custom-house, the tormenting *remora* of every little territory through which we passed.

We reached *Suza* the same night. It is one of the best fortified towns in the world; but so much ceremony is necessary in obtaining a permission to view the inside fortifications, that it is scarce worth any traveller's solicitude, unless he is pursuing a military life, to trouble the *Sardinian* ministers for a licence to see them.

This afternoon brought us to *Turin*. It is now three and twenty days since we left *London*; so that, deducting our resting days at *Calais*, *Lyons*, and *Chamberry*, we have performed the journey in less than three weeks. You cannot call us dilatory travellers.

The road from *Suza* to *Turin* is remarkably good, and is rendered agree-



able by distant mountains, vineyards, and a variety of prospects. The last nine miles of it from *Rivoli*, where the king has a little hunting-seat, are peculiarly fine. They form one long walk, of a suitable breadth, planted regularly like a garden, with trees, on each side, of about fifty years growth, reaching to the gates of the town. A church, placed upon the top of a hill above the town, answers the middle of the avenue: so that the city appears with a triple crown, shaped first by its own steeples and towers, then by the rising hill, and then again by the church, which is a modern and beautiful piece of architecture,

At present, good night. Expect a farther description of this metropolis in a day or two, from,

Dear sir,

Your faithful servant and traveller,

CORKE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R V.

*Turin, October 16th, 1754.*

**T**HE city of *Turin*, dear sir, is not large, nor can it in any sense be called magnificent. The same may be said of the king's palace. There is a very pleasing neatness peculiar to both. Plenty of water, as in *Salisbury*, runs through every street; with this difference, in the city of *Sarum*, it is choaked up by filth and garbage, in *Turin* it keeps the streets perfectly clean.

We have seen the royal family, not in a ceremonious manner, but as travellers. The king, who is in his fifty-second year, looks much older. He is thin; his stature is low; and he appears lower by stooping, nor carries any characteristic, in his countenance, except of age\*. He

\* He died at *Turin*, February 20, 1773.

has

has had three wives. By his first, he had no children; by his second, he had the present duke of *Savoy*\*, and the three princesses; by his third, the duke of *Chablais*.

The duke of *Savoy* has two sons; his eldest is prince of *Piedmont*; his second, who was born some few days before our arrival, was immediately upon his birth, created duke of *Montferat*†.

The king in his younger days is said to have been of a gay and sprightly disposition; but soon after the death of his father he contracted a more serious behaviour, which is now growing apace into the melancholy of devotion. His chief amusement is hunting, where he takes all

\* Married in 1750 to the infanta *Maria Antonietta* of *Spain*.

† He is since dead. The duke of *Savoy* has now four other sons, *viz.* the duke of *Aost*, (born 1759) duke of *Montferat*, (1762) duke de *Genevois*, (1765) and the count de *Maureinne*; and three daughters, one of whom is contracted to the Count d'*Artois*, youngest brother to the Dauphin of *France*.

the delightful fatigue, which so mighty an exercise requires. Hunting is a kind of fashionable royal diversion ; at least, innumerable kings, since *Nimrod*, have had that glorious inclination. *Virgil* seems to characterise *Ascanius* for future heroic actions, by saying,

*Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte  
leonem\**.

One particular anecdote of the *Sardinian* monarch was related to me, as a certain truth. If the eagerness of the chase happens accidentally to lead him near *Montcallier*, he turns his eyes and horse as fast as possible from that castle. His father died there, under such circumstances as must affect a son. The account is not unworthy of your attention.

*Victor Amadeus*, father of the present

\* *Æn.* IV. ver. 159.

He rather would the tusky boar attend,  
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

*Dryden.*

king

king of *Sardinia*, had made a considerable figure in the annals of *Europe*. He had appeared a great soldier, and was known to be a great politician. In the decline of his life, the latter part of that character was not a little sullied. He involved himself in a disadvantageous treaty with *France*, and he degraded his royalty by a marriage. The lady, whom he chose for his wife, in the same private manner that the famous *Maintenon* had been chosen by *Lewis XIV.* was called *madame de Sebastien*. She was the widow of an officer of that name. She had been maid of honour to the king's mother. She was at that time extremely handsome, but always of an intriguing, ambitious temper. The king had paid his addresses to her, not unsuccessfully, in his youth. The vigilance of his mother, and his own good judgment, put a stop to any fatal progress in that amour. But finding himself absolutely constrained to fulfil his impolitic engagements

E

with

with *France*, he determined to resign his crown to his son ; who being under no such engagements, might openly repair the injudicious step, which his father had taken. On one and the same day, *Amadeus* delivered up his crown, and married his former mistress, whom he had not long before created marchioness *di Spigno*, a town in *Italy* in the dutchy of *Montferrat*. His abdication was public ; his marriage was private. The king and the marchioness immediately retired to *Chambery*. The heat of love had been long since over. The heat of ambition still remained. The young king soon acted the part, in which he had been fully instructed by his father, mingling with it a scene or two of his own. He discarded king *Victor*'s ministers and favourites, but still maintained all the outward tokens of duty and respect, which he owed his father ; who soon grew impatient, and weary of retirement, and wished to return to business, power, and a throne.

His

His new consort was equally desirous to taste the splendor of a crown, and to command in the circle of a court. They both repented, not of their marriage, but of their retreat. *Chamberry*, in its utmost magnificence, was too melancholy a situation, and had too much the air of a prison, to calm and alleviate the struggles of such restless minds. The king and the lady kept a constant private correspondence with the discontented *Piedmontese*, especially those in *Turin*. A plot was formed. The king was to dethrone his son, and to reassume the reins of government. Measures to this end were taken with all possible secrecy. The king complained of the air of *Chamberry*. His son attended to his complaints with the deepest filial attachment. *Amadeus* was permitted to approach nearer to the capital. He came to *Rivoli*, that hunting-seat, which I mentioned in my last. The air of *Rivoli* disagreed with him. He was suffered to come still nearer, and was



lodged, at his own request, in the castle of *Montcallier*, a noble palace within a very little distance of *Turin*. Here the embers of ambition soon kindled into a flame. The fire was on the point of breaking out, when the heat of it began to be felt by the young king and his ministers. They had only time to stop *Amadeus* as he was going into his coach under a pretence of visiting, but with a resolution of seizing the citadel of *Turin*. In a moment he became his son's prisoner in the castle of *Montcallier*. His wife was abruptly torn from him. They met no more. He was treated with respect, but guarded with the closest strictness. He often desired to see his son. The interview was promised, but the promise was not performed. Rage, grief, and disappointment ended, in less than two years, the life of this unhappy prince \*,

\* He is said to have died on the 16th of *October*, 1732; but for private reasons his death was not made public till the 31st. *Keyser*.

whose

whose sun-set was excessively languid, in comparison of his meridian glory. His widow is still alive; a state prisoner, at some distance from the metropolis. She only bears the title of marchioness *di Spigno*. She is compelled to reside in a monastery. In the summer-time she is permitted to visit some relations in the country; but never without a licence granted in form, and signed by the king, nor is she suffered, on any account, to go to *Turin*. Certainly she is now no longer dangerous, being very old, very infirm, and enormously fat.

Affairs of state probably constrained the present king to act as he did; but deep has been the impression, which his father's catastrophe has left on his mind. Perhaps the late king extorted from his son a private promise of restoring the crown. Policy and majesty soon put a stop to the designs, if any, of answering that promise. The adherents to the son must have been sacrificed to the adhe-

rents of the father. Perhaps there are charms in a crown, of which you and I have no idea. Thus far is undeniable, few princes have ever resigned it without regret. The emperor *Charles V.* wanted a fire in his house at *Brussels* the night after he had given up his possessions to his son. Power once lost is seldom regained, and always re-desired.

The king of *Sardinia* is an œconomist. He is served in the most royal, and most frugal manner. If the officers of state had not an income arising from their patrimony, their salaries would not afford them food or raiment.

The academy at *Turin* is at present in the decline. Those of *Caen* and *Angers* have the preference. The complement of *Sardinian* horses was broken in upon by the necessities of the late war. It has not been compleated since.

No clock-work ever moved with greater exactness, than this court. Every minute fulfils its destiny, and turns round its

own

own axis with the royal inhabitants of *Turin*. Already we have beheld, over and over again, the same royal scenes; the same princes, and the same princesses, in the same coaches, taking the air, at the same hour, to the same place. They seem all married to *time*, and I presume that it is a kind of adultery to vary half a dozen minutes from the fun.

The three princesses are graceful and genteel. The eldest is very handsome. They were born, I fear, under *Virgo*. The whole royal family live in union and happiness among themselves. The king is an excellent father. The duke of *Savoy*, a remarkably dutiful son. They are particularly civil to the *English*. It is an exact and a graceful court.

I mentioned to you the neatness of the palace. I should have confined myself to the inside, most part of the outward building being old and unfinished. The royal apartments at *Turin* consist of a great number of small rooms,

many of them indeed only closets; but so delicately fitted up, so elegantly furnished, and so properly adorned, that, in passing from room to room, the whole appears a fairy castle. Amidst all these exquisite decorations, not one effeminate toy, not one *Chinese* dragon, nor *Indian* monster is to be seen. I mention this, because many of our finest houses in *England* are disgraced by the fantastic figures, with which they are crowded.

Almost every room in the palace is filled with pictures. None indifferent; most of them by the best *Flemish* masters. The whole collection, except a very small number, belonging to prince *Eugene*, and were bought, after his death, by the present king of *Sardinia*.

The floors of the king's apartment are inlaid, and so nicely kept, that you view yourself, as you walk upon them. The chapel, which opens into the great church, is not answerable to any other part of the palace. It is clean, but it is heavy and dismal. The pillars are of  
black

black marble. The lamps and tapers give little light, and less chearfulness. At the first entrance it appears like a melancholy mausoleum. An *Englishman*, in the height of his devotion, would be tempted to cut his throat in it. But if the churches are dark, the streets are lighted by the laws of the kingdom. Every coach and every chair is obliged to appear with a white flambeau. A severe penalty attends the breach of this edict, and persons of rank are so exact in observing it, that I have seen ladies walking after torches by day-light. The *Turinese* are a people, who affect grandeur in every respect. In general they are, *regis ad exemplum*, great œconomists. One piece of state is very singular; notwithstanding the bad pavement of the streets, and the excessive breadth of the kennels, the nobility constantly walk before their chairs; and can only be driven into those leathern fortresses by the closest siege of rain, hail, and snow. Small attacks they  
withstand

withstand boldly, and serve a whole winter's campaign in heroically defending the door of their sedan, which remains more sacred than the *sanctum sanctorum*, and is impervious to the high priest.

The palace fills one side of a very large square, round three parts of which is a piazza, miserably paved, but amply adorned with shops. Were the old town rebuilt, *Turin* might appear, perhaps, the most elegant city in *Europe*.

I am, dear sir,

ever your's,

C O R K E.

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R VI.

*Bologna, October 21st, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

IN the afternoon that we left *Turin*, we went no farther than *Asti*, a small town in *Piedmont*; and the next day we rested ourselves at *Alexandria*. The fortifications of *Alexandria* are fine, and in excellent order. The town itself is neither large nor remarkable. In the evening we saw an *Italian* opera. The house was full, the music good, and one or two of the singers of the first rate; but on hearing *Italian* music, and sitting in a box at an opera, it is impossible not to recollect the splendid audience, and the charming circle in the *Hay market*; an appearance not to be equalled, I believe, in any other part of the world.

Our next step was to *Placentia*. On viewing these small towns, it is a mortifying thought to consider, what vast treasures have been expended by *England* to secure the property, and ascertain the rights, of those princes, to whom these territories belong. What must be said to comfort us upon these reflections? The best resource is Mr. *Pope's* assertion, "Whatever is, is right." A compendious method of solving every thing that happens "wrong" in this uncertain state.

As soon as the gates were opened, we hastened from *Placentia*, and dined at *Parma*; where we had a view of the famous theatre, that holds thirteen thousand persons\*. It is an immense, but unuseful structure. The same spirit that built the *Colossus* at *Rhodes*, raised the theatre at *Parma*; that insatiable spirit and lust of fame, which would brave the

\* It was built by *Raimutius I.* in 1618.

Almighty by fixing eternity to the name of a perishable being. I was much pleased with the cathedral. The dome of it was painted by *Correggio*. The subject is the day of judgment. Time and dampness have damaged several of the figures; but such of them, as remain distinguishable, are superlatively fine. The arch of the cupola so much resembles the arch of the heavens, the clouds and the sky are represented in such natural colours, and the height and distance are so great, that an enthusiastic mind might easily fancy itself on the point of receiving its eternal doom. At least, the painter has shewn exquisite skill in chusing so proper a subject for the place. The steps to the high altar are many, all of the finest yellow marble. Don *Philip*\* and the whole court were in the country. His palace at *Parma* is not advantageously

\* He died in 1765. His son *Ferdinand* is the present duke.

situated.

situated. It is unfinished, and seems only a small part of a much greater design\*; not possible to be executed without pulling down that *Colossian* theatre, which stands as maliciously placed, as our *London* Mansion-house before St. *Stephen's*, *Walbrook*. The domestics of the duke and dutchess of *Parma* are of two different nations. Those belonging to the dutchess, are *French*; those belonging to the duke, *Spaniards*. The *French* hate the *Spaniards*, the *Spaniards* hate the *French*, and the *Italians* hate both.

A *French* gentleman, belonging to the dutchess of *Parma*, shewed me great civilities during my short stay. He was pleased to find a companion who was neither *Spaniard*, *Frenchman*, nor *Italian*.

\* At *Parma*, as in most parts of *Italy*, the size of the palace now building [1766] is too gigantic for the court, and the expence of it too great for the treasury; so it remains, and will for ever remain, half finished. *Sharp*.

After

After a very free conversation of two hours, he said to me, “ *Monseigneur, pour vous dire la verité, nous sommes tous des bons Catholiques, mais pour la religion, nous n’en avons point\**.” To what country is *Religion* fled? She has not, undoubtedly, taken up her residence in *England*.

We left *Parma* early after dinner, and reached *Reggio* time enough to see an *Italian* comedy. It was an *Italian* comedy reformed. In consequence of that reformation, which has but lately prevailed, the part of *Harlequin* was small and insignificant, so as scarce to interrupt the tender, genteel, and serious parts of the play. I have so good an opinion of the author, from his performance, that I rest assured, if he had not stood in awe of the *parterre*, we should not have seen *Harlequin* even for a moment.

\* “ To tell you the truth, sir, we are all good Catholics ; but as for religion, we have none.”

This

This little city belongs to the duke of *Modena*. The theatre of it is remarkable, and singularly beautiful. The architecture is different from all other theatres. The several rows of boxes rise above each other like steps, and have the most pleasing effect that can be imagined.

From *Reggio* we proceeded to *Modena*, a large, dark, disagreeable town. The design for the palace is very magnificent. One front of it is almost completed. If the three others, which are intended, rise equal to the first, the city will be the foil, the palace the diamond. The noble collection of pictures, which adorned the inside, have been long since disposed of to the king of *Poland* \*. The duke of *Modena* wanted money, the king of *Poland* wanted pictures. Thirty thousand pounds accommodated both.

The dutchess of *Modena*, daughter of the late regent of *France*, has lived several years entirely at *Paris*. The *French*

\* *Augustus* III. elector of *Saxony*.

gaiety and the *Italian* gravity united are like acids mixed with sweets; together, they form a confused taste; asunder, each is relishable to different palates.

About five miles from *Modena* we entered into the pope's territories, and reached *Bologna* early in the afternoon. Here the first dawnings of *Italian* splendor appear, rising above the horizon, and shining in the face of the world. The marbles, the pictures, the palaces, strike the eye with uncommon brightness. Among innumerable others, we have just now seen a picture, representing only two figures, *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*. Many of our *English* virtuosi have bid high for it; to me it appears invaluable. Perhaps the owner is of the same opinion. This exquisite piece is by the hand of *Guido* \*.

The road from *Placentia* to *Bologna* is through a flat even country, with vast

\* *Guido Reni* was born in this city, in 1575.



mountains, the *Apennines*, at a distance. Vineyards are planted on each side of the road. The vines have a beautiful effect, by hanging in festoons from one tree to another. The trees are generally white mulberries; among which, now and then, appears an oak. No ground is lost; every spot between the trees is ploughed. Labour and industry are sufficiently apparent. People are wanting; where are they? Asleep in convents; or, if awake, counting beads; calling idleness, religion; laziness, piety; and sloth, the command of God.

*Bologna* is peculiarly fortunate, not only in being a territory of the holy see, but in being the birth-place of the present pope, *Benedict XIV.* He is a man of literature, and a great encourager of arts and sciences. He has always acted with moderation in the use of his ecclesiastical power; and has gone so far as to abolish a great number of those pernicious exercises of devotion, sluggish holidays.

holidays. He would proceed farther, if he dared \*. He is very old, near eighty, but not infirm. He is of the family of *Lambertini*.

St. *Petronius's* † church here is very large. On the same spot, where the high-altar now stands, the emperor *Charles V.* was crowned king of *Lombardy*, by pope *Clement VII.* in the year 1529 ‡. The happiest effect of that

\* He once offered all the *Italian* princes an utter abolition of all holidays, *Sundays* excepted; which offer procured him the appellation of *Papa Protestante*, the *Protestant Pope*. But after long debates and consultations, every one of those princes rejected his holiness's offer, and chose to go on in the old way. *Baretti*. He died in 1758, aged 83.

† Bp. of *Bologna* in the 5th century, and patron of that city. The greatest curiosity in this church is the brass meridian line, drawn by *Cassini*, the celebrated astronomer, of which there is a view in *Wright's travels*, taken from *Cassini's* book.

‡ *Charles* affected to unite, in his public entry into *Bologna*, the state and majesty that suited an

that coronation, you remember, was an universal peace to *Italy*.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. *Peter*, has been decorated, and even augmented a third part, by the present pope. In it is the burial vault of the *Lambertini*. The several interior chapels, all clean to a degree of neatness, are most of them beautifully magnificent, either by pictures, or by monuments. Scarce a week passes without many valuable presents from the Pope to this seat of his nativity. Judge then, under the auspicious influence of such a star, how flourishing the university of *Bologna* must be, especially that part of it, which was founded, built, and instituted, in the year 1712, by that great soldier, and greater philosopher, emperor, with the humility becoming an obedient son of the church; and while at the head of twenty thousand veteran soldiers, able to give law to all *Italy*, he kneeled down to kiss the feet of that very pope whom he had so lately detained a prisoner. *Robertson*.

*Lewis*

*Lewis Ferdinand Marsigli* \*;—as a repository for all the branches of useful and ornamental knowledge! Whatever is rare or remarkable in art or nature may be found in this repository. Every science has its school. In the anatomy school we saw an *Egyptian* mummy, with the face uncovered, and a great hole left where the nose had been. Two white beads supplied the place of eyes. The figure appeared hideous even to a degree of horror. It smelt excessively strong of spices. With what a variety of superstition and self-love does the world abound! How fond are we of those bodies, which seldom endure above fourscore years, and give us pain and torment great part of that time!

Among many antient tablets, I took

\* Count *Marsigli* died in 1730, in the 80th year of his age. His military character received an indelible stain by the surrender of *Old Brisac* to the *French* in 1703.

particular notice of one, which, from its inscription and its size, carried in it something of singularity. The stone was an oblong square, about a foot and a half one way, and half a foot the other. The inscription was this :

A·TERENTIUS·ANTIOCHUS·  
SIBI·ET·AMICIS·SUIS\*.

Supposing this tablet to have been placed over the door of an house newly built by *Ter. Antiochus*, what can be more expressively elegant ?

When I viewed and considered attentively every apartment, and its furniture, in the academy of this opulent city, I could not help wishing, that we had some similitude to it in either of our *English* universities. We have there a picture-gallery, but no painters ; an anatomy-school, but no surgeons. We abound in

\* “ A. TERENTIUS·ANTIOCHUS, FOR  
“ HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS.”

trifles,

trifles, and are proud of shewing *Oliver Cromwell's* scull, President *Bradshaw's* hat, and a *Chinese* pack of cards. With what contempt and indignation must a *Russian* look upon the Czar of *Muscovy's* dram-cup? It is true, all these *minutiæ* have been presents; but the *Museum* at *Bologna* has, from its first institution, despised childish toys, and only received valuable curiosities.

The books, which are both numerous and valuable, are not at present to be seen. They are taken down. A new library is fitting up to receive them. It is a room of fine proportion, and will contain an hundred thousand volumes. The whole is finishing at the expence of the Pope. The shelves are all fixed. The cases are faced with the finest walnut-tree, and the workmanship is nice enough to remind us of *England*.

Here ends my account of one of the finest cities in *Italy*. I have lost no time

in making as many remarks as I could ;  
being fully resolved to give you all the  
information in the power of,

D É A R S I R,

your faithful humble servant,

C O R K E.

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R VII.

*Florence, October 28th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

WE arrived here on the 23d instant in the afternoon. Our journey hither from *Bologna* was performed in a day and an half. The ascent of the *Apennines* was neither dangerous nor fatiguing. As soon as we quitted the *Bolognese*, and entered into the *Tuscan* territories, the road was fine, and our descents and ascents surprisngly easy. Scarce any public work can redound more to the honour of the present emperor, as duke of *Tuscany*, than this new road. It is carried on in such a manner between the *Apennines*, that the *Monte Juovo*\*, a kind of  
of

\* “ This mountain is called *Juovo* by Monsieur

of twin-brother to mount *Cenis*, is entirely avoided.

I have often wished, that, among the various charities in *England*, the fashionable current of legacies to the public might run in a different channel from what it has hitherto done. Libraries we have enough, hospitals enough. Suppose sums of money were left to the improvement and constant amendment of public roads. Could there be a more patriot virtue, or a surer acquisition of perpetual fame? Statues, monumental pillars, and pyramids, (instead of our present plain mile-stones) might be erected in the different parts of *Great Britain*, where such legacies were appointed to take place. The memory of the donors might be preserved by pompous inscriptions engraven on brass or marble. The

sieur *Misson* (Letter xxxii) and some geographers. By Mr. *Wright*, a more modern traveller, it is called *Giogo* (vol. ii. p. 432.) and it is so called by the *Florentines*."

tax

tax of turnpikes might soon be lessened, and in time entirely abolished. If I go further in pursuit of this hint, you will think me as troublesome to you, as the projector *Henriques* appears to every minister, whom his majesty employs.—I hasten therefore to reassume my travels.

Within a mile or two of *Florence* we stept some few paces out of the road, to see a small country house belonging to the emperor, called *Pratolino*. The water-works at this place must have been made at an immense expence. They are entirely in the old taste; but that old taste, by not having been visible in *England* for many years past, is now become so new, that, at least, it gave us the pleasure of novelty, and made us recollect the delights and amusements of our childhood. The house of *Pratolino* has nothing belonging to it very beautiful, except the situation. On the outside, it is a plain and an heavy building. The rooms are not many: most of them  
are

are large. In the upper story is a little theatre, where, during the reigns of the *Medici*, operas were constantly acted, in the summer-season. The house is kept in excellent order and repair, nor are the water-works totally neglected; but a deserted palace has the face of ruin. *Pratolino* has had its day\*.

In the approach to the city of *Florence*, the little country-seats, which are very numerous, very white, and promiscuously dispersed among the hills and ever-greens, have a most pleasing effect to the eye. A triumphal arch, just finished, crowned with an equestrian statue of the present emperor, adds to the beauty of the approach. We are lodged near the *Arno*, and within sight

\* At this palace the late duke of *York* was elegantly entertained, in his return from *Leghorn* to *Florence*, April 8, 1764, and expressed himself highly pleased with the happy disposition of the fountains, grottos, water-works, and other decorations of the gardens which surround that beautiful seat.

of the most beautiful bridge in the world, *Il ponte della Trinita* \*. The *Arno* divides the city into two unequal parts. It is navigable for small vessels from *Florence* to the sea. In the midst of summer, it often wants water. In the winter-season, it often overflows. You may judge that such extremes are by no means advantageous to trade.

*Florence*, and indeed most of the towns in *Italy*, except *Bologna*, are in a visible state of decay. I have peeped into the *Florentine* gallery. Language cannot de-

\* It was made by *Ammanati*, a celebrated *Florentine* sculptor and architect, the old bridge having been carried away by an inundation in the year 1557. The arches of it, after a rise of a few feet from the place where they spring, are turned in the form of a cycloid; a particularity which, they say, no other bridge in the world has. It is all of fine white marble, and there are four statues of the same, representing the four seasons, two placed at each end of the bridge. *Wright*.

Mr. *Wright* has given a draught of it, taken by Signor *Galilei*, the great duke's architect.

scribe

scribe it in its true perfection, nor can any copy reach the beauties of the original *Venus*. In the same room, which is distinguished by the name of the *Tribune*, are placed the *Dancing Faun*; the *Venus victrix*; the *Venus cœlestis*; the *Slave whetting his knife*; and the *Wrestlers* \*. You have seen copies of the *Dancing Faun* †. You would constantly turn your eyes from them after having seen the original. Mirth, and a kind of thoughtless, pleasing folly, appear in the countenance; strength and agility in the limbs. The *Venus victrix* and the *Venus cœlestis* might appear fine statues, if the *Venus de Me-*

\* *Flaminius Vacca*, as quoted by *Montfaucon* in his *Itinerarium Italicum*, says, that “this group “ was dug up in his time, before *St. John’s gate* “ in *Rome*.” There is a print of it in *Montfaucon’s antiquities*.

† *Michael Angelo* is said to have added the head and arms to it; but the piece is originally ascribed to *Praxiteles*. “It is not polished, but remarkably smooth.”

dici

*dici* were not in the same room. The *Venus victrix* is not entirely naked. She has the apple, the ensign of her triumph, in her hand. The *Venus cœlestis*\* (or *urania*) is less naked than the *Venus victrix*: She is adjusting her hair, and has a diadem upon her head. Both these statues are larger than the life, both in exact proportion. The virtuosi are divided in their opinion of the *Slave*†. Some think it a statue in honour of that fer-

\* This statue is by *Hercules Ferrata*. See an account and the draught of these statues in the *Museum Florentinum*.

† The *Wrestlers*, the *Faun*, the *Slave*, and the *Venus de Medici*, were extremely well cast in copper by Signor *Soldani* for the great duke of *Marlborough*, and are now at *Blenheim*. Copies of them by the same artist had been previously ordered by queen *Anne*, intended as a present to his grace, but a change in the ministry intervening, they were countermanded, and still remain at *Florence*. The earl of *Macclesfield* also, at *Sherborn* castle, has admirable copies of the *Venus* and *Faun*, cast for the late earl by Signor *Pietro Cipriani*.



vant, who, by listening and continuing his work, discovered *Catiline's* conspiracy. Others think it the statue of *Accius Navius*, the famous *Roman* augur, who, being challenged by *Tarquinius Priscus* to give a proof of his art, cut a stone in two with a razor. The learned have objections to this latter explanation. I have neither knowledge, time, nor inclination to answer them: but I could not observe in the figure the least symptoms of a listener. It seems to be a person whetting his knife, as if for some great and mighty purpose\*, and at the same time looking up to heaven to implore assistance, or to attend the approach of a good omen. The *Wrestlers* (*Pancrati-*

\* His lordship's conjecture is well founded. On the reverse of a coin of the *Antonine* family, in the great duke's collection, this figure appears to be the slayer of *Marfyas*, who is represented hanging on a tree, while this butcher is "whetting his knife," and receiving directions from *Apello*.

*astæ*) is the work of a *Grecian* statuary, his name unknown. It may well be supposed the admirable performance of *Myron*, the disciple of *Ageladas*, among whose works *Pliny* mentions,

*Delphicos pentatblos, Pancratiastas* \*.

But beyond them all is the *Venus*. There I saw *artis summum opus*. Human power can go no further. Her head, as you may remember by the copies, turns a little towards the left shoulder. Her hands are placed, as modesty would place them: her body inclines, and her right leg advances forward. But the proportion and symmetry of body, legs,

\* *Lib. xxxiv. cap. 8.* “ The statue of the wrestlers, or boxers, who had been victors in the “ five games or sports.”

The works of *Myron* are celebrated for their tenderness and delicacy by *Quintilian*, (*B. xiii. C. 10.*) and on his brazen cow, in particular, there are near forty epigrams in the *Anthologia*.

G

hands,

hands, and head\*, are just and delicate to the utmost degree of perfection†. I will leave her with you; and retire, till next post assures you that I am, dear sir,

your true and faithful

humble servant,

C O R K E.

\* “Mr. *Richardson* thinks the head somewhat too little for the body. See his *Travels*, p. 55.”

† This inimitable statue, which was found at *Tivoli*, formerly stood in the *Medici* palace on mount *Pincio* at *Rome*, from whence, together with the *Whetter* above-mentioned, it was brought to *Florence* by order of duke *Cosmo* III. The inscription on the base shews it to be the work of *Cleomenes*, the son of *Apollodorus*. Mr. *Addison* says, “he had several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue.”

## L E T T E R VIII.

*Florence, October 30th, 1754.*

I Have given you time enough, dear Sir, to consider the beauties of *Venus*. Let us quit the *Tribune*, and look into the other six rooms, that are adjoining to different parts of the gallery. They are not all equally valuable, but each room contains various curiosities, not to be found in *England*, nor in any other part of *Italy*. *Florence* seems to have engrossed the treasures of the whole earth. She is, what the old poet says of *Great Britain*,

A world within herself, with wonders  
blest.

One of the largest rooms within the gallery is now almost entirely filled with portraits of eminent painters, all drawn

by themselves\*. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* is placed on high. He looks fierce, and by his dress and posture, seems fitter to hold a truncheon than a pencil. I smiled to see *Liotard* there, in his *Turkish* habit; a dress which has imposed upon many *English* christians, who thought him an excellent painter, because he appeared to be a *Turk*. He has exhibited himself in crayons, and in remarkable disproportion. The immortal *Raphael d'Urbino* in some measure keeps the pretended *Mahometan* in countenance, by having left a representation of his own person, far short of that exquisite power and perfection, to which he afterwards attained†. On reviewing the whole collection, that trite but applicable line in *Martial* immediately occurred,

\* There were a hundred and thirty-seven when Mr. *Misson* was at *Florence* in 1688.

† *Raphael's* portrait makes no great figure, and he must certainly have been very young at the time of this performance. *Keyser*.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt  
mala plura\*.*

In the same room, between the windows, is placed a magnificent statue of cardinal *Leopold de' Medici*†. It is to him that the *Florentine* gallery is indebted for its greatest and rarest curiosities. He was the son of *Cosmo II*, and the brother of *Ferdinand II*, successive grand dukes of *Tuscany*. He had judgment and knowledge to direct, and, at the same time, fortune and power to assist his taste. He was, as the inscription on the pedestal of his statue justly describes him, *Omnis eruditionis et elegantie assertor*.

The other rooms are different scenes of the power of art. Various pieces of the whitest ivory, turned in the nicest

\* Some good, some middling, but far more are bad.

† This statue is of white marble, and finely executed by *Giov. Battista Foggini*. The cardinal is in a sitting attitude, and over him this inscription, *Semper rectus, semper idem*. “Always just, and  
“always the same.” *Keyser*.

manner; many of them the works of the grand dukes, and the princes of the house of *Medici*\*. Amber cabinets, oriental alabaster, precious stones, *lapis lazuli*, inlaid tables, porcelain, crystal, every species of *virtù*. Three representations in coloured wax-work will for ever strike my memory with horror and admiration. One is the different progress of decay upon human bodies after death, from the moment they are laid into their dismal receptacle, to the last abolition of the flesh, a skeleton. The second is a most melancholy representation of the state of persons either dead, or dying, of the plague. These are, both, in glass cabinets, preserved with the utmost nicety. They were executed during the reign of *Ferdinand I*†, while the plague raged in *Florence*. The operator lived

\* A round box here was turned by the Czar *Peter the Great*, a pair of chandeliers by Prince *Theodore of Bavaria*, &c.

† He died in 1609.



only to finish his work, and then fell a victim to the cruel pestilence, which he had represented\*. The third (the first performance of the same author) is an head. The skin from the scull is turned down from one side of the face, and the glands are plainly, too plainly, discovered. In viewing these pieces, each spectator endeavours to fly, but cannot. He tries to turn away his eyes, but cannot. He stays against his will, and is chained against his inclination. "Now get you  
 "to my lady's chamber, and tell her,  
 "let her paint an inch thick, to this fa-  
 "vour she must come."

I have omitted to tell you, that the walls of several of the seven rooms, particularly of the *Tribune*, are covered with the works of *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, *Vandyck*, and the finest

\* These admirable pieces were the workmanship of *Crijetano Julio Zummo*, a *Sicilian* ecclesiastic, whose picture hangs near them. *Keysser*.

performances of the finest masters. Some *English* portraits, particularly the earl of *Ossory* and general *Monck*, reminded me of my distant country. An head in wax of *Oliver Cromwell*\* carries on it all the marks of “a great wicked man.” It bears the strongest characteristics of boldness, steadiness, sense, penetration, and pride. It is said to have been taken off from his face after his death. I cannot yield to that assertion. The muscles are strong and lively; the look is fierce and commanding. Death sinks the features, renders all the muscles languid, and flattens every nerve. I dare say, the duke of *Tuscany* then reigning [*Ferdi-*

\* It is well known that the grand duke of *Tuscany* gave 500*l.* to a relation of *Cromwell* for his picture by *Walker*. This portrait is now in the palace *Pitti* at *Florence*, where there is a celebrated cast of his face. *Granger's Biographical History*, vol. ii. part. 1. p. 6.

The cast (mentioned above) is in the gallery of the *Old Palace*.

*nand* II.] thought it an honour to ask, and receive so valuable a present \*. The face was certainly finished *durante vitâ*: the succeeding times rendered the avowal of such a gift impolitic, and the instance of so strict a personal friendship shameful.

The antiquities of *Rome* have filled another chamber. The eye is lost and confounded amidst *sellæ*, *θῦραι*, *lucernæ*, *claves*, *vasa*, *mensæ et culinæ instrumenta*, *cochlearia*, *patellæ* †, *et cætera*, *et cætera*, *et cætera*.

\* In *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 147, is a letter from the great duke's principal secretary to his resident *Salvatti* in *England*, (dated *Florence*, *Feb.* 20, 1654, offering "to the lord protector's highness a present of twenty-four chests of several sorts of wines, a sign of the great duke's most obsequious service to his highness, &c. beseeching him to be pleased to judge (even by such a small toy) the true intention and desire he hath and ever will have to serve his highness in greater matters."

† Chairs, boxes, lamps, keys, vessels, table and kitchen utensils, spoons, dishes, &c. &c. &c.

Let

Let me again recollect myself to say, that the inlaid tables in the several rooms consist of jasper, topazes, agates, and all kinds of coloured marble so nicely put together, as to form the most beautiful figures, and the most natural representations of towns \*, woods, rocks, rivers, cattle, and people; not to mention a certain broken pearl necklace, the beads of which my daughter † tried in vain to take up in her hand. It would be worth the trouble of travelling twelve hundred miles, the distance which I now compute myself from you, to behold any one of these rooms; but most especially the *Tribune*. You see the roof, height, and shape of it, not the size, in the late lord *Burlington's* saloon at *Chiswick*.

The gallery itself seems entirely re-

\* One of these mosaïc stone tables represents the town and port of *Leghorn*, *lapis lazuli* being laid for the sea. *Skippon*.

† Lady *Lucy Boyle*, now viscountess *Torrington*.

served

served for antique busts and statues. Of the former is a series of the emperors of *Rome*\*, and some of the empresses, from the first *Cæsar* down to *Galienus*. You will find an exact catalogue of them, if my memory serves me, in *Wright's Travels* †.

Among the statues, scarce any one has struck me more than the figure, or rather the face, of *Marfyas*, flayed by *Apollo*, and tied to a tree. It is a masterpiece in its kind. Rage, pain, and disappointment appear most strongly in the countenance; and poor *Marfyas* seems to answer the description of the damned, by weeping, wailing, and gnashing his teeth ‡.

Strangers are admitted to walk in the gallery all the morning, and to converse

\* All except about six.

† Vol. ii. p. 397.

‡ A print of this statue, engraved by *Boitard*, is inserted as an ornamental piece, in Mr. *Spence's Polymetis*, p. 301.

with marble gods and petrified emperors as freely as they please. The rooms within the gallery are kept under lock and key; no person is permitted to remain alone in any one of them, even for a moment. Such a precaution, without doubt, is necessary, as they contain millions of little curiosities, that might be easily filched by that kind of pick-pocket, who entitles himself a *Virtuoso*.

To-morrow we go to *Pisa*, with an intention of settling there during the winter-season. When we have taken a sufficient view of that university, so as to give you some little account of it, you shall hear again from

your very faithful

obedient servant,

C O R K E.

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R IX.

*Pisa, November 7th, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

**I**N my last I told you, that we had thoughts of settling here. It is impossible. If either house, victuals, or even necessaries were to be had in *Pisa*, we should be glad to remain in this city; but in its present state, camelions only can inhabit it. Horses indeed may graze and fatten in the streets. Human creatures, unless they are *Italians*, cannot find lodgings or subsistence. It is the second town in *Tuscany*; it is an archbishopric, and an university. Pompous titles! but titles only. Under the house of *Medici*, *Pisa* may have been in vigour and prosperity; yet I remember, *Misson* mentions the circumstance I just now hinted,  
of



of grafs growing in the streets\*. *Misson* wrote in the year 1688†, in the reign of *Cosmo III*, who almost constantly resided in this city during the depth of winter; yet its atrophy was then begun, and now, I own, it appears in the last stage of a consumption.

*Pisa*, divided like *Florence* by the *Arno*, is situated in a fine open country. A broad magnificent quay with houses on each side of the river, various statues, convents, and churches, the cathedral, the baptistery, the bridge, the town-house, and the hanging tower, are ornamental edifices, that, in defiance of poverty and desolation, give an air of grandeur to *Pisa*, and make it appear like a

\* This circumstance is also mentioned by *Keyser*, who was at *Pisa* in 1730, and *Dr. Smollet*, who was there in 1765.

† *Mr. Misson* travelled with the earl of *Arran*, brother to the duke of *Ormond*. His travels were published (in *French*) in 3 vols. 12<sup>m</sup>, in 1691.

fair city, which some furious pestilence has lately depopulated\*.

The pensile tower, built with so much exactness from the top to the base, as to appear a kind of miracle to the ignorant†, is of a round cylindrical form, com-

\* In like manner Dr. *Smollet*: “*Pisa* is a fine old city, that strikes you with the same veneration you would feel at the sight of a temple which bears the marks of decay, without being absolutely in ruins.”

† M. *de la Condamine* found by measurement that a plumb-line let down from the top, touches the ground at the distance of thirteen feet from the bottom of the tower. Most writers are of opinion, that this inclination is accidental, not designed, as the pedestals of the pillars, which are under ground, are in the same inclined position with those above, and even the scaffold-holes, which remain unfilled, are all sloping.

This tower was completed in the year 1174, by one *William*, a *German*, perhaps the same *William* who from 1175 to 1179 was employed in rebuilding the choir of *Canterbury*, where, it is observable, the capitals of the pillars are very similar to those of *Pisa*, approaching nearly to the *Corinthian*.

posed

posed of eight stories of the whitest marble, an hundred and eighty feet high.

The cathedral is dark and gloomy, large and magnificent; a *Gothic* building; something singular, and not easily described, is disgusting to the eye upon the first entrance into it: I believe, from the confusion of orders; *Gothic* arches being mixed with *Corinthian* pillars \*. The ceiling is gilt, and divided into compartments. A monument of an archbishop of *Pisa* is very fine, especially as supported by two statues of CHARITY and RELIGION. The pillars of the whole church are all of marble and granite: different in their colours, not beautiful

\* These pillars, however, are not *Grecian*, but that light, neat, modern *Gothic*, (just mentioned) more properly stiled *Arabesque*, or *Saracenic*, from its being first introduced, in the tenth century, by the *Arabians*, or *Saracens*. See *Riou's Grecian Orders of Architecture*, p. 9. and *Bentham's History of Ely Cathedral*, p. 36. where the reader will find a more accurate account of *Gothic* architecture than any yet published.

in

in their arrangement. The pavement is *Mosaic*. The gates are of brass †, exquisitely wrought; they represent in small figures, the whole history of the bible.

On the outside of this cathedral, I took particular notice of a *sarcophagus*, stuck up awkwardly enough, against the wall. It represents in the true antique manner the story of *Venus*, *Adonis*, and the boar. At a corner I observed a stone, accidentally thrust in by the workmen, not at the original building, but to supply some vacancy made either by time or accident, and so little conspicuous, that I had gone twice round the cathedral before I perceived it. Part of the inscription is broken off; the remainder is

L A E L I O · H A D R I A N O · A N -  
T O N I N O · A V G · P I O · P O N T ·  
M A X · T R I B · P O T E S T ·  
I I I P P N D V I C E N .

† “ They are the work of *Bonano Pisano*, made  
“ in the year 1180. See *Richardsen's Travels*,  
“ p. 44.”

I shall not trouble you with many more quotations of this sort. *Grævius*, *Gronovius*, *Gruter*, *Montfaucon*, and many other authors, being so amply filled with inscriptions, that scarce the minutest scrap can have escaped them. As yet, to my great surprise and disappointment, I have found few footsteps of ancient *Rome*; not a portico, not an arch, not a column, to be seen. The *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Guelphs* and *Gibbelines* \*, the more modern, but continued wars in *Tuscany*, must have occasioned this great dearth of heathenish reliques, which, if they are not so sacred as the thumbs of saints, or the thigh-bones of martyrs, are at least, as satisfactory, and much more instructive.

\* The factions of the popes and the emperors: the first so called from *Guelph* duke of *Bavaria*, in the xith century; the other from a village in *Suabia* given as a watch word to the army of *Conrad* III. in the xiith century, by *Frederick* his brother, who had been educated there.

Yesterday,

Yesterday, we went to view a city of the greatest traffic in *Italy*, *Leghorn* [*Livorno*]. It is a free port, belonging to the dukes of *Tuscany*, on the *Mediterranean*, which, however boisterous and passionate at some times, appeared to us placid, and smooth as glass. The streets of *Leghorn* are strait; the chief street is very broad, and proportionably long. The square is very spacious and handsome, not regular, but originally intended to have had buildings in every one of the four sides, exactly answerable to each other. The great church, which constitutes part of the square, is magnificent; the ceiling of it is finely painted. The houses were originally built low and regular. As the inhabitants have increased, they have added story upon story, and have entirely broken in upon the uniformity. Paintings in fresco have formerly decorated the outside of every house in the great street. Time, weather, and alterations have al-



most quite defaced the paintings. *Leghorn*, before the rise of the house of *Medici*, belonged to the republic of *Genoa*, who exchanged it with *Cosmo*, the first great duke of *Tuscany*, for *Sarzana*\*. Both parties had their advantage in the exchange. *Sarzana* lay on the borders of *Genoa*, *Leghorn* on those of *Tuscany*; but *Cosmo*, and his two sons *Francis* and *Ferdinand*, who, in their turns, were his successors, judiciously foresaw the advantage that might be made of its situation. They built walls round the city. They

\* The writers of the *Universal Modern History* (vol. x. 570. and xiii. 386.) say, that "*Leghorn* was sold to the *Florentines* for 120,000 ducats by *Thomas Fregoso*, doge of *Genoa*, in 1420," about a hundred years before *Cosmo*, the first great duke, was born. Other writers affirm, that *Charles VIII.* took *Leghorn* from the *Genoese*, and gave it to the *Florentines*, in 1495. *Keysser* agrees with our author, and even the *Modern Historians*, in a subsequent part of their work, (vol. xvi. p. 216.) say also, that "*Leghorn* was obtained in exchange for *Sarzana*."

fenced



fenced those walls with forts. They cleared and drained the marshes, that had long rendered the place unwholesome and uninhabited\*. They established the freedom of the port, and formed two most commodious harbours, the one for larger, the other for smaller vessels. They made the city an asylum against arrests for debt. You will allow

\* In the reign of the grand-duke *Ferdinand II.* Sir *Robert Dudley*, son of the earl of *Leicester*, who assumed his grandfather's title of duke of *Northumberland*, and resided at *Florence*, became famous on account of that great project, which he formed, of draining a vast tract of morasses between *Pisa* and the sea, and raising *Leghorn*, which was then a mean and pitiful place, into a large and beautiful town, improving the haven by a mole, &c. and having engaged his serene highness to declare it a free port, he, by his influence and correspondences, drew many *English* merchants to settle and set up houses there. For these and other great services, the grand-duke settled on him a pension of 2000 sequins, [900 l. sterling] and gave him the castle of *Corbello*, &c. *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 1812.

this to be a refinement upon the scheme of *Romulus*. Every point of policy, omitted or uncompleted by the first great-duke, and his eldest son, was supplied by the wisdom of *Ferdinand*, who confirmed and secured the wealth and trade of this new mercantile world. *Pisa* only suffered by the completion of so wise a scheme. She soon became a deserted city: her inhabitants left her. They hastened to meet that amazing concourse of merchants, who swarmed every day to *Leghorn*. Unhappy *Pisa*! once a powerful republic, afterwards enslaved by many masters, now, as I before remarked, *una città, università, et niente* \*.

Neither the christian piety of *Cosmo*, nor of *Francis*, nor even of *Ferdinand*, who had been a cardinal, hindered them from establishing in *Leghorn*, those necessary instruments of trade, the *Jews*. The thriving sons of *Israel* have a particular quarter of the town assigned for

\* A city, an university, and nothing."

their

their abode. At present their number is fourteen thousand. All religions are exercised peaceably by the *Livornians*, who appear, as a modern author expresses himself, “like a hive of bees without “one sting of devotion.” The inhabitants of *Leghorn* ebb and flow, from three to five and forty thousand people, composed of every nation under the sun.

Let us return, through a very delightful forest, from *Leghorn* to *Pisa*, the distance only fourteen miles.

Antiquarians affirm, not without some degree of probability, that *Pisa* was originally built by a *Grecian* colony, who settling in *Etruria*, denominated their new town, the same as that which they had quitted in *Peloponnesus*. *Virgil* is brought as a witness to this assertion :

*Hos parere jubent Alphea ab origine Pisæ,  
Urbs Etrusca solo\*.*

\* *Æneid.* x. ver. 179.

*Pisa*, a *Tuscan* town, supplies these bands,

*Pisa*, first founded by *Alpbean* hands.

*Wright.*

H 4

*Virgil,*

*Virgil*, throughout his *Æneid*, has studiously taken care to celebrate the places of most notoriety in his own time. I cannot therefore avoid indulging myself in the thought, that I am now treading on classic ground. The situation of the city, on a fine river, in a plain, fertile, champaign country, the approach on every side easy and delightful, the air as healthy and as warm as that of *Naples*, were circumstances adapted to *Grecian* luxury, and such as left no perceptible alteration in the exchange of *Peloponnesus* for *Etruria*.

I am just returned from viewing the great-duke's palace. It is rather an excellent house than a royal dwelling. It is situated on one of the quays, and commands a prospect of the *Arno*.

The burying-place [*Il campo santo*] is encompassed by a *Gothic* cloister, like that of *Westminster*, but in an oblong square\*. Miracles attend every inch of  
the

\* Its inner area is filled with earth which was brought

*the sacred ground.* They are undoubtedly recorded by many legendary writers. I will not add to the number.

Around the walks of the cloister, are ranged many *sarcophagi*, some very fine, in *alto relievo*. They were found in different parts of *Europe*, and brought hither, as to a repository, by the purchase and command of the former great-dukes of *Tuscany*.

The aqueduct, which supplies the inhabitants with water, is a plain noble fabric. It is built on large brick arches four miles in length. I beheld with astonishment so expensive, and so beneficial a public work. Two large reservoirs receive the water, and supply two

brought from *Jerusalem*, in 1228, as ballast, in the galleys of the *Pisans* when they returned from warring with the *Turks*, and from thence takes its name: it was begun to be built in the year 1200, and was finished in 1278. It is the property, they say, of *Jerusalem-earth* to reduce a body to a skeleton in twenty-four hours. *Wright*.

perpetual

perpetual fountains, that are at once an ornament, a refreshment, a convenience, and an advantage to the city. I blushed to think, that I had ever seen *Cheapside*-conduit, and that I shall probably see again, in various parts of *London*, the letters F. P. to notify water, and a *Fire-Plug*, somewhere or other to be found, if diligently sought for upon very emergent occasions. The grand-duke *Ferdinand* has many statues, and many pompous inscriptions, throughout *Tuscany*, to his honour. His *AQUEDUCT* at *Pisa* records his praises with greater truth, and more justice, than all his other monuments.

If you are not tired, permit me to conduct you to the baths of *Pisa*, which are two miles distant from the town. They are large, handsome, and convenient, far more commodiously contrived than the baths in *Somersetshire*. Any person may occupy a single room, in which he will find a bath, a fire-place, and



and sufficient space for a bed\*. The waters are as hot as those of the *Queen's bath*, and much of the same nature. The lodgings (part of the great-duke's revenue) are dear in respect of *Italy*, cheap in respect of *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, and *Bristol*. All provisions are brought in from the neighbouring common-wealth of *Lucca*. The city of *Pisa* cannot afford meat, or even greens or garden-fruits of any kind. The buildings are new. A rocky romantic hill rises close behind them, of which the greatest part is covered by a wood of shrubs consisting of juniper and myrtles. The buildings, the hill, the rocks, and the wood, afford a most pleasing prospect to the eye—

*Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis†.*

In the season, which is the midst of summer, great numbers of people resort

\* *Dr. Dominiceti's* baths, &c. at *Chelsea*, seem, in some measure, formed on this model.

† *Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 1. ver. 83.*

No bay with pleasant *Baiæ* can compare.



to these baths, more for the benefit of bathing than of drinking the waters \*. When the company is absent, I have seldom seen a place more suitably adapted to study and contemplation.

My next shall be from *Florence*; we are determined to winter there. I have been so long in my visit, that I must hasten to take leave. Adieu.

C O R K E.

\* The hot springs of *Tuscany* were choaked up by the barbarians. The famous countess *Matilda*, in 1113, repaired and made use of them; but the succeeding ages of barbarism again choaked them, till about the year 1743 they were discovered at the foot of mount *St. Giuliano*, not far from *Pisa*, and being again rebuilt, they are at this time [1763] vastly frequented for their medicinal virtues. *Univ. Mod. Hist.* vol. xiii. p. 269.

In *Montfaucon's Antiquities* is an inner view of that part of the ancient baths of *Pisa* called *Laconicum*, taken from a design of Cardinal *Noris*.

LETTER

## L E T T E R X.

*Florence, November 29th, 1754.*

**B**EHOLD me, “ would thou couldst,” as *Shakespear* says, again situated and fixed among all the rarities of the *European* world; again, my valuable friend, in the neighbourhood of *Venus*; again near *il ponte della Trinità*; again under the protection, and often under the roof, of a gentleman who studies to make us happy, *Heratio Man*, esq; his Majesty’s minister to the emperor as duke of *Tuscany*. I wish you knew him; I wish he knew you. He does honour to our nation. He lives elegantly and generously. He never fails in any point of civility and kindness to his countrymen. The politeness of his manners. and the prudence of his conduct, are  
shining

shining examples both to the *Britons* and *Italians*. He is the only person I have ever known, whom all *Englishmen* agree in praising. He has the art of conquering our prejudices, and taming our fierceness. Sigh with me, that such a man should be subject to perpetual head-achs, and to that delicate frame of constitution, which is so often, and so easily, dislocated; even to a degree, that almost unhinges life itself, or at least weakens and renders it difficult to repair. He is fortunate in the friendship, skill, and care of his physician doctor *Cochi*, who has formerly been in *England* with the late lord *Huntingdon*. The doctor is much prejudiced in favour of the *English*, though he resided some years among us. He is a man of most extensive learning; understands, reads, and speaks, all the *European* languages, is studious, polite, modest, humane, and instructive. He will always be admired and beloved by all who know him, Could I live with  
these

these two gentlemen only, and converse with few or none others, I should scarce desire to return to *England* in many years\*. Foreigners, at my time of life, are not so relishable perhaps as they ought to be. Perhaps I carry with me the *maladie du païs*, a distemper, to which most men are liable. Be that as it may, it is irksome to begin to form new acquaintance in a distant world, where the customs, the religion, the hours, the dispositions, and all appearances, are different from what we have

\* In another letter his lordship mentions the Abbé *Nicolini*, (who had also been in *England*) as “ a man of great family, of excellent sense, “ thorough knowledge of books, persons, and “ things, and particularly obliging and attached “ to the *English* ;” and the Abbé *Buondelmonte*, “ superior to most and inferior in learning to “ none.” The Abbé *Nicolini* is also celebrated by Mr. *Sharp*. This literary triumvirate, not easily to be matched, is now no more. Dr. *Cocchi*’s son is one of the present *literati* of *Florence*.

experienced

experienced before. I have not sojourned long enough among the *Florentines* to form any exact judgment of the people. What as yet I have been able to observe, I will tell you.

The inhabitants of the higher sort are civil, grave, and abstemious. Even an *Englishman*, conquered by example, drinks no bumpers here. The common people are lazy, proud, and cowardly. Not a grain of *Roman* spirit remains throughout *Tuscany*. You know the general attachment which is inherent to names. The *Florentines* languish after the house of *Medici*; yet by that family they were first enslaved. That they should wish their prince to reside among them\*, is consonant to nature and to reason. They dream of antient liberty; their dreams

\* They have now their wish. The late emperor not long before his death (which happened in 1765) resigned his *Tuscan* dominions to his second son *Peter-Leopold*, who now with his dutchess (an infant of *Spain*) resides at *Florence*.

have a gloomy effect upon their waking hours; they appear melancholy. “ We  
“ are a people,” say they, “ who are  
“ tied by the leg. We wish to fly, but  
“ we are detained by iron chains.”  
Whither would they fly? Undoubtedly  
to their ancient republic.

Their good breeding runs into the  
stiffness of ceremony. They are offend-  
ed at the least defect in decorum \*. There  
are certain established laws in going into  
a coach, that still puzzle me, and often  
make me study very heartily which is  
my right, and which is my left hand.

\* Thus also Mr. *Misson*: “ Notwithstanding  
“ its beauty and the fineness of its situation,  
“ the residing in *Florence* is very melancholy to  
“ those who are accustomed to taste the sweets  
“ of society. The chevalier *D.* who has lived  
“ there some years, cannot sufficiently express his  
“ chagrin at the troublesome customs and eternal  
“ ceremonies of the *Florentines*, as well as the in-  
“ visibility of the women. Without being born  
“ among these customs, one cannot but think  
“ them extremely strange.” *Letter xxxi.*

No *Florentine* ever appears in an undress. The fiddlers, the taylor, and the barbers all wear swords. The noblemen (*la nobilità*) stir not to the next door without a numerous attendance of lacqueys, among whom is always a running footman. They are strangers to what the *French* call EASE; in which point that nation deviates into an extreme, particularly by avoiding cleanliness, and forgetting decorum.

The *Florentines* affect, and almost reach magnificence. Their equipages are fine, their coaches large, their horses lean; their palaces truly sumptuous. They make few or no entertainments. Neither their dispositions nor revenues will allow of hospitality. They have card-assemblies, in which formality, rather than dignity, or gaiety, presides. I am told they are satyrical. It is certain they are nice observers, and neither defective in judgment or understanding; yet their public amusements and diversions,



sions, especially those of the theatre, are the amusements and diversions of children. The practice of religion is outwardly acted by their priests, and indeed by the laity in the churches. Few traces of it (I speak not of the clergy) are perceptible in their conduct. Not half an hour ago, a solemn procession passed under our windows. The persons, who attended it, shewed by their behaviour their private opinion of the scenery. No heretics could have conducted themselves in a more indecent manner. The customs and external forms of religion are continued; the reverence and devotion of it are neglected. Prudence (by an inviolable taciturnity on certain points) added to a most constant attendance at mass, defend the *Florentines* from the tyranny of the inquisition; which exists, but triumphs not, in this city.

How shall I spell, how shall I paint, how shall I describe, the animal known by the title of a *Chichibee*? [*Cicisbeo*].

You will not find the word in any dictionary. The etymology is not as yet made known to me. It so totally abrogates one of the chief characteristics of the *Italians*, jealousy, that, unless I had seen innumerable instances of its power in that particular, scarce your own testimony could have found credit with me. The *Chickisbee* is a man with many of the privileges of a husband, and all the virtues of an eunuch. He is an appendix to matrimony. Within a week after her nuptials, a young lady makes choice of her *Chickisbee*. From that moment she never appears in public with her husband, nor is ever imprudent enough to be seen without her *Chickisbee*. He is her guardian, her friend, and her gentleman-usher. He attends her in a morning as soon as she is awake. He presents to her chocolate before she rises. He sets her slippers; and, as soon as his morning visit is over, he withdraws where he pleases. The lady admits him  
not

not to dinner. The husband only has that honour. In the afternoon he returns to attend her in her visits. His assiduity must be remarkable; his punctuality must never waver. When she sees company at home, he is to hand her from one end of the room to the other, from chair to chair, and from side to side. If she enters into a particular discourse with another person, the *Chichisbee* retires into a corner of the room with the lap-dog, or sits in the window teaching the macaw to speak *Italian*. If the lady sits down to play, it is the duty of the *Chichisbee* to sort her cards. The husband (believe me, I entreat you, if you can,) beholds their familiarities, not only contentedly, but with pleasure. He himself has the honourable employment of a *Chichisbee* in another house; and in both situations, as *husband* and *chichisbee*, neither gives, nor receives, the least tinct of jealousy \*.

Methinks

\* Mr. *Shard* says, " In *Florence*, the generality  
I 3 " of

Methinks I see you dubious and startled at this account. Be assured, it is not exaggerated, nor have I extracted a tittle from the scandalous chronicle, which says, that *Chichisbees* are often *elected* before marriage, and *instituted* after; adding farther, that the name of the *Chichis-*

“ of ladies have three *Cicisbeos*; the first is the  
 “ *Cicisbeo* of dignity; the second is the *Cicis-*  
 “ *beo* who picks up the glove, gives the fan, and  
 “ pulls off or puts on the cloak, &c. the third *Ci-*  
 “ *cisbeo* is by the wags deemed the substantial *Ci-*  
 “ *cisbee*, or lover.” *Letter* xlviii.

Instead of annexing (with Mr. *Sharp*) to the word *Cicisbeo* the idea of an adulterer, Mr. *Baretti* says, that, “ it originally signified no more than  
 “ a *whisperer*; and at present means only a *Pla-*  
 “ *tonic* adorer of either sex, without conveying  
 “ the least disparaging reflection.” See his *Account*  
*of the Manners and Customs of Italy, Chap. viii.*

M. *de la Lande* also pretends, that “ a *Cicisbeo*  
 “ and his lady, in *Italy*, regard each other just as  
 “ a brother and sister do in *France*, in conse-  
 “ quence of the same force of habit;” though he acknowledges, that, “ there are *Cicisbeos* of  
 “ love as well as of convenience.” See *Voyage*  
*d'un François en Italie fait dans les années 1765, 1766.*

*bee,*

*bee*, and the definition of his employment, are frequently inserted in marriage-settlements, to secure him against the too great power of a whimsical husband, or a watchful mother-in-law. Many other sinister comments may be found in that voluminous chronicle. How can it be otherwise? The appearance of the breach of virtue is always treated by the world, as the breach itself. Give obloquy a foundation-stone, she will soon raise a superstructure, that shall reach the skies. Upon the whole, we may pronounce equitably this sentence, that if the *Lady* is chaste, she has great virtue; if the *Chickisbee* is chaste, he has greater\*.

I am, dearest sir,

ever yours,

CORKE.

\* *Martiniere*, under the article *Italie*, concludes the character of the *Italians* thus; "They are very jealous of their women, who are well-made, sprightly, witty; and they allow them little liberty."

## L E T T E R XI.

*Florence, December 31st, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you last, my books are arrived. They will be of use, not so much to teach me what to say, as what not to say; and they have already taught me, not to be at any extraordinary pains in describing statues, palaces, and pictures. You will find many of them in that phoenix of our *English* writers Mr. *Addison* \*. Such as

\* Mr. *Addison* travelled into *Italy*, &c. in 1700, by the favour of lord *Somers* (who procured him a pension for that purpose of 300l. a year). He was abroad three years, and published his *Remarks*, soon after his return.

In another letter, mentioning these *Travels*, his lordship says, “I read them long ago; they disappointed me then: they disappoint me still. The style is stiff, disagreeable, and tame. They were written in his early days. I wish he had polished them in his latest. He was the glory of our *English* writers; but there are specks in the sun.”

have



have escaped Mr. *Addison* are amply and most judiciously supplied by Mr. *Wright*†, the best author who has traversed *Italian* ground\*, and Mr. *Richardson* the younger‡. To tell you the truth, tho' I relish *Virtù* to a much greater degree

† *Edward Wright*, Esq; travelled with the late earl of *Macclesfield* (then lord *Parker*) in the years 1720, 1721, and 1722. His *Observations* were published in two volumes 4<sup>to</sup>, 1730. "His style is not good in prose; it is worse in rhyme; but his matter and remarks are judicious and improving."

\* Mr. *Keyssler*, a German, was in *Italy*, &c. with the two young barons *Bernstorff* of *Denmark* in 1730. His *Travels* were published (in German) soon after his death, which happened in 1743, and were translated into *English* in 1756, in four volumes 4<sup>to</sup>.

Messrs. *de la Condamine*, *Smollett*, *Sharp*, *Baretti*, *de la Lande*, &c. have travelled and published since this letter was written.

‡ "Mr. *Richardson* entitles his work, "An account of some of the statues, bas-reliefs, drawings, and pictures in *Italy*, with remarks." His account is short, but full, and well-digested. The knowledge and skill of his father must have been very advantageous to him."

than



than I understand it, letting my eyes and fancy implicitly command my judgment, yet the trade, the constitution, the climate, the inhabitants of a country, appear to me the much more advantageous study of the two; especially as an examination of that kind cannot fail of comprehending both the ornamental and the mercantile riches of the state.

The present government of *Florence* is under the name of the emperor. The immediate exercise of the government is under count *Richecourt* \*, who lives in the *Old Palace* [*Palazzo vecchio*] and has all the authority he can desire, and as the *Florentines* think, much more than he deserves. He is of a chearful aspect, and of a most princely personage; yet something sinister and obscure may be perceived in his countenance. He seems little inclined to the *English*; less indeed

\* The *Modern History* calls him (by mistake) *M. Richard*.

than is consistent with politeness. He is severe, just, and regular in his administration; rather inexorable than indulgent; a man of business; of a clear, comprehensive understanding, proud, and as the *Florentines* affirm, lucrative and tyrannical. Great allowances must be made for their prejudices against him. He is a *Lorraine*; the shadow, not the substance of a sovereign; and he succeeds a man of a much milder, and more obsequious disposition, the prince *de Craon*, who resigned the reins of power unwillingly, and did not long survive the resignation\*.

The present frame of government is supported by a regency, which consists of a *Triumvirate*. Count *Richecourt* has no other title than “the first of the regency.” The other two† are not of

\* For farther particulars of this unfortunate prince, see Letter xx.

† “The Abbate *Tornaquinci*, secretary of state, and signor *Antenori*, secretary of war.”

the least consequence. They answer their destination, by filling up the complement of regents, and confirming the edicts of their chief. They are both *Italians*: *Adepti sunt nomen honoris, non honorem.*

Having named the *Palazzo vecchio*, it is requisite that I should give you some account of it. The building is *Gothicly* antique; lofty, gloomy, and venerable. In this palace were kept the courts of justice during the times of the republic. It was the dwelling of the *Gonfalonier*\*, and, 'till the purchase of the palace *Pitti*†, was the residence of the dukes

\* A magistrate first chosen in the year 1287, whose office it was to bear the gonfalon (or standard) of justice, and to call the people out to attend his standard, in all cases of the breach of the peace, which could not be remedied in the ordinary court of justice. Being a post of great power, its duration was limited to two months, and (like the *Roman Tribunes*) it could only be held by a plebeian.

† For a description of the palace see the next letter. *Uno de piu maestosi edifizzi, che si veggano in tutta l'Italia.* p. 129. di *Ristrelto*.

of *Tuscany*. Two strange historical anecdotes made me particularly curious in viewing it. The first was an archbishop of *Pisa* hanged out of one of the chamber windows. The other was the fable of *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, transacted in the great hall.

The plotting prelate was *Francesco Salviati*. Three of the confederates, two of whom were namesakes and kinsmen to the archbishop, were hanged at the same instant, and from the same window. The narrative would run beyond the bounds of a letter \*. A chain, in memory of the fact,

\* Pope *Sixtus IV.* [in 1477] was desirous of stripping the lords of *Imola* and *Friuli* of their possessions, to enrich *Jerom Riario*. The two brothers *Medici* supported these princes with money and troops. The pope thought he could not maintain his authority in *Italy*, but by the ruin of the *Medici* family. *Francis Pazzi*, a banker of *Florence*, who had settled at *Rome*, and who was an enemy to the two brothers, offered his service to the pope to get them assassinated. Cardinal *Raphael Riario*, *Jerom's* brother, was sent to *Florence*

fact, remained pendent from the time of the execution, as an emblem of terror to all future conspirators against the state. Policy has since directed the restless.

*rence* to manage the plot, of which *Salviati*, archbishop of *Pisa*, had already formed the plan; and *Stephano*, a dependant of the archbishop, undertook to execute it. The conspirators fixed on a day in which a grand festival was to be held in the church of *St. Reparata*, for the massacre of the *Medici* and their friends, in the same manner that the assassins of *Galeas Sforza* had made choice of the cathedral of *Milan*, and the festival of *St. Stephen*, to murder that prince at the foot of the altar. The instant of the elevation of the host was the time fixed to strike the blow, as then, the people being prostrate, and attentive to the appearance of their God, were not in a condition to obstruct the execution. Accordingly at that very moment, *Julian de Medici* was stabbed by a brother of *Pazzi*, and others of the conspirators. *Lorenzo de Medici* was wounded by *Stephano*, but not so mortally but that he had strength enough to take refuge in the vestry.

The people of *Florence*, who loved the family of *Medici*, revenged this assassination with interest on the bloody perpetrators. The archbishop was  
hanged

less sons of ambition to undermine by artifice, not to attack by violence, such governments, as they seek to destroy. But here the hydra of faction is long since subdued. The *Florentine* heads are seared, and now the chain appears no more.

hanged at one of the windows of the public palace. *Lorenzo* had the generosity, or prudence, to save the life of the cardinal, whom the enraged people were going to put to death, at the foot of that very altar, which he had himself stained with blood, and to which he now fled for safety.

*Voltaire's additions to General History.*

*Julian* left a posthumous son, afterwards pope *Clement VII.*

*M. de Voltaire* has in another place justly observed, that “if pope *Sixtus IV.* had not been an  
“infidel, he would not have engaged in the con-  
“spiracy of the *Pazzi*, for which the archbishop  
“of *Pisa* was hanged in his pontifical habit at the  
“windows of the town-house. The assassins of  
“the *Medici*, who perpetrated their parricide in  
“the cathedral, at the instant when the priest  
“shewed the Eucharist to the people, could not  
“believe in the Eucharist.”

The



The *Cinyras* was *Cosmo*, the first great duke of *Tuscany*; (his predecessor *Alexander de Medici* \*, not being to be numbered, I think, in the series of those princes.) The *Myrrha* was *Isabella*, his eldest daughter †.

The fact was discovered by *Giorgio Vasari* ‡, a painter, whom *Cosmo* had ap-

\* “*Alexander de Medici* was supposed to be a natural son of the duke d’*Urbino*. (See the first note on letter xx.) He was murdered by his kinsman, *Lorenzo de Medici*, January 6, 1537. He died without children by his wife *Margaret of Austria*, natural daughter of the emperor *Charles V.* He was entitled only duke of *Tuscany*. See his article in *Moreri* and other dictionaries.”

† “*Cosmo I.* had two daughters. *Isabella* was his eldest: the other was *Lucretia*, married to the duke of *Ferrara*, who was born in 1542.”

‡ Born at *Arezzo* in *Tuscany* in 1514, a disciple of *Michael Angelo* and *Andrea del Sarto*, equally famous for his pen and pencil, and as eminent for his skill in architecture. His *History of the Lives of the Painters* was first published at *Florence* in 1550, and in the opinion of *Annibal Caro*, is written with great veracity and judgment.

pointed



pointed to paint the walls and ceiling of the great hall. *Vasari*, one day, had lain down on the scaffold to rest himself after his labour; when, in the dusk of the evening, the great duke and his daughter, imagining no person in the room, came into the hall. They had precautionously locked the doors, but the witness of their incest was locked on the inside. *Cosmo*, as he was returning, imagined he saw the scaffold stir. He was alarmed, and hastened up the ladder, fully determined to stab the person whom he should find. The painter, conscious of his impending fate, appeared lying at full length and fast asleep; a presence of mind equal to the sleeping clerk in *Thurloe's* office. The great duke and *Isabella*, supposing the crime undiscovered, immediately separated, and went to their respective apartments. *Vasari*, till he had finished his work and quitted the *Tuscan* territories, locked up his danger-

ous secret within his breast. As soon as he found himself at a distance, and in safety, he published it in all its blackest colours. During the interval of the commission and the publication of the horrid fact, *Isabella* was married to the duke of *Bracciano*, a small duchy under the jurisdiction of the pope. The misconduct of the dutchess, whose want of nuptial chastity began to be notorious, had already kindled the latent fire of jealousy in the uneasy mind of the duke her husband. The painter's story added fuel to the flame. *Bracciano*, under pretence of hunting, retired to one of his country-seats. The next day he sent for his wife to come to him. The manner, in which the message was sent, had in it so mysterious and doubtful an appearance, from former circumstances, that the female confidants of the dutchess advised her not to obey the summons. For some time she hesitated. At last, over-

coming

coming her suspicions, she went; and, in less than half an hour after her arrival, was strangled. This happened in the year 1578\*.

The

\* *Thuanus's* account of this catastrophe is as follows. " In this year [1578] a conspiracy was detected at *Florence*, which defiled a principal family with two murders. *Lecnora* of *Toledo*, daughter of *Garcias*, viceroy of *Naples*, who was married to *Peter*, brother to *Francis*, great-duke of *Tuscany*, and *Isabella* their sister, the wife of *Paul-Jordano d' Orsini*, duke of *Bracciano*, being both deserted by their husbands, men of dissolute and abandoned lives, were thought to have criminal connection with some of the nobles of that court. *Francis*, from that intercourse, had a suspicion, that the paramours had conspired against him; therefore to remove his private dangers, lest it might be necessary for him to imbrue his own hands with the blood of his relations, being desirous to employ those of others, he sent for his brother and his brother-in-law, and gave them proofs of the adultery, allowing each of them full liberty to revenge their private injuries, and at the same time to free a most illustrious family from this scandal and disgrace. Of this they readily availed

The works of *Giorgio Vasari*, in the ceiling and on the sides of the great hall  
at

themselves, that the infamy of their own lives, of which they both were conscious, might not be retorted upon them. *Leonora* therefore and *Isabella* were both strangled the same night, and it was reported that their deaths were owing to a quinsy contracted by eating too many mushrooms. Their gallants were tortured and put to death. At the heinousness of this fact, *Joan of Austria*, the wife of *Francis*, was so shocked, fearing that the like might be her own fate, though for a very different reason, as she had long been apprised of the frantic passion of her husband for *Bianca Capello*, that through grief and anxiety she expired with great pain in child-bed, the son, of whom she was pregnant, being suffocated before she could be delivered; which many considered as an evident instance of God's wrath, which soon revenged the death of the duke's strangled sisters by depriving him of his son, the much desired heir of his dominions, by the same kind of death, and also by the loss of his wife, a most deserving woman." See *Thuani Historia*, Lib. lxxv. Sect. 20. among the *Variae Lectiones*.

*Isabella de Medici* is said to have been a great patroness of *Socinus*, and, during her life, all the  
endea-

at *Florence*, are finely executed in fresco. The room itself is less than our wild hall at *Westminster*, but of a much more pleasing proportion; especially as it is ornamented by painting and gilding in a most magnificent princely manner.

The *Old Palace* stands in a corner of a large irregular square, in which are fixed many celebrated statues, productions of the best modern hands. Most of them, particularly that of *David* and *Goliath*\*, are much injured, notwithstanding the fineness of the weather. If marble statues receive damage in *Italy*, what must they suffer in *England*? Yet we laugh at ourselves for placing leaden figures in our gardens. Either place leaden figures there, or none.

I have seen the famous library of man-  
deavours of the inquisition to confiscate his estate were ineffectual. See *Bayle's* dictionary, article *Socinus*.

\* By *Michael Angelo*.

manuscripts, *Libreria Laurenziana*†. It is a large, and, I believe, a most rare and well chosen collection. The benefactors formerly have been many; of late years very few. The variety of bibles, at least by their number, may be called valuable. I dare say, you have seen a copy of the *Virgil*\* in *England*. Here, you would see an original *Livy*, finely preserved, and finely written. The proportion of the room strikes every eye. It is the architecture of *Michael Angelo*. A modern *Italian* author, who has writ-

† This library belongs to the convent of St. *Laurence*, and was partly collected by *Lorenzo de Medici*; and partly by pope *Clement VII.* and the great-duke *Cosmo I.* It is said to contain 14,800 manuscripts.

\* This, the most curious manuscript in the library, is supposed to have been written in the fifth century. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty-two lines in the 2d *Æneid*, which relate the interview of *Æneas* with *Helen*, and which, Mr. *Addison* thinks, were very judiciously expunged by *Tucca* and *Varius*.

ten an account of the library, speaks of the room in these words, *è così nobile, e maestoso, e di sì rara, e perfetta architettura, che lingua umana non ha lode bastevole per commendarla\**.

Here you have the style of modern *Italy*. How different from the *Ciceronian*, or even the later ages of *Rome*! The *Italian* language seems adapted to flattery and high-flown thoughts. It has the honour to have arisen out of the ashes of the *Latin* tongue, which subsisted, and was generally spoken in *Italy*, impure indeed, till the time of *St. Bernard*, and the emperor *Frederic Barbarossa*. After the twelfth century, it was entirely lost in conversation, and remained only in public acts, and public prayers; and even in them, mixed, confounded, and scarce intelligible.

\* “It is of such noble, majestic, and perfect architecture, that human language has not praises sufficient to commend it.”



Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, such base coin being of no currency, some ingenious men, particularly *Brunetti*, and afterwards his disciple *Dantè*, the three *Villani*, and others, began to form a new language, a more sweet-sounding, softer kind of *Latin*, which they appropriated to the use and benefit of their own country. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century appeared *Petrarch*. The *Italians* justly call the fourteenth century, the “age of purity,” as their language flourished very particularly in that æra. *Petrarch* was the *Waller* of his day.

In the fifteenth century the correctness and encouragement of *Greck* and *Latin* was revived throughout *Italy*, and especially in *Florence*, under the influence of the house of *Medici*. The *Italian* language remained in equilibrium till it was raised again by *Politianus*\*, and farther increased

\* “*Angelus Politianus* was a native of *Tuscany*,  
born

increased in purity and simplicity by *Sannazarius*\*.

In the sixteenth century appeared cardinal *Bembo's*† remarks on the *Italian*

born 1474. He was a priest and a canon of *Florence*, preceptor to the children of *Lorenzo de Medici*. See in *Bayle's Dictionary* a long and very particular account of him."

\* "*Actius Syncerus Sannazarius* was a *Napolitan*, born in 1458, a man of great wit and extensive learning, famous by his *Latin* and *Italian* works. In a dispute one day before *Frederic*, king of *Naples*, concerning what was best to improve the eye-sight, "Nothing is so good for it," said *Sannazarius*, "as envy, because it makes all objects "appear greater." He was a great epigrammatist. One of his epigrams on the city of *Venice* is well known. He died in the year 1530."

† "Cardinal *Peter Bembo* was a *Venetian*, born in 1470, of a family particularly famous for men of letters and figure in the republic. He was secretary to *Leo X.* and was made a cardinal by *Paul III.* He died in 1547 by his horse jostling and bruising him against a wall. His *Latin* works, especially his history of *Venice*, are much esteemed for their purity."

language,

language, a book at that time much applauded.

In the beginning of that century, an academy was established in *Florence* for arts and sciences, particularly for languages. In the year 1580, it had the authority of regular statutes. It was begun, instituted, and patronised by the princes of the house of *Medici*. The dictionary *della Crusca*†, a most perfect work in its kind, was forty years in compiling.

The *Italian* language lies under the imputation of weakness and effeminacy.

† The *Accademia della Crusca* have for their emblem, or device, a *Mill*: They take the title of *Crusca*, or *Bran*, as professing themselves to separate and clear the fine flower from it; that is, the useful and valuable from that which is not so; as there are some other academies in *Italy* which take their title from some defect or imperfection, which it is their endeavour to deliver themselves from, and study its opposite; as *Otiosi*, *Oscuri*, *Ostinati*, &c. *Wright*.

On

On a thorough and candid inquisition, it will be acknowledged soft, but strong, gentle, but expressive; fit indeed for love and compliments. Too much of it has been applied in that strain; but look into the historians, I mean those of real worth, you will find nervous sense, decorated with forcible words, and supported by judicious observations. For a moment let me play the part of a grammarian, and say, that the *diminutives* and *augmentatives* are to be envied by every *English* writer. The *gerunds* and *infinitive* moods, when turned, as frequently, into substantives, are sufficient to wipe away all aspersions of imbecillity. Whence then, you say, arise these suggestions? I believe, I can account for them.

They arise from a singular fashion, deemed politeness, of speaking to *men* in the *feminine* gender; a method, which, however established by custom, must always appear to strangers, unnatural and absurd. It is not sufficient to banish the

words *thou* and *thee* in the *second* person, which are universally understood as vulgarisms, but *you* must be excluded, and the *third person feminine* introduced into the place. *Signore ella è malcreato*, would scarce be translated by a novice in the language, “Sir, you are uncivil.” It is difficult to guess from whence this odd piece of good-breeding and courtliness could arise. Surely not in complacency to the *Welch*, who in the very depth of blundering make use of *she* and *her* instead of *he* and *him*; little imagining that they may be said to draw their muddy water from the pure fountain of *La Crusca*.

Before we shut our grammar, let us try a sentence of *Florentine* elegance, in the rough plain *English* tongue. “Sir, “ as I have the honour to speak to *her*, “ and as I find *she* is general of our army, “ I hope *she* will permit me to ask my “ orders from *her*, as upon *her* courage, “ strength, and bravery depends the success of the day.” With full as much propriety

propriety the *Amazons* might have assumed the appellative *he*; and *Acca* might have mourned over her mistress *Camilla*, by exclaiming, “ Ah! *he* was a dear and excellent lady, nor would *he* have expired in my arms by any incident less embarrassing, than *his* petticoats being in *his* way.” The confusion of sexes must produce absurdity and seeming weakness in any language whatever. Good night to you, and farewell to the year 1754!

CORKE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R XII.

*Florence, January 23d, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,

I Resolved to fix myself in *Italy* to hear music and to see paintings. How are human hopes frustrated! how is human foresight deceived! Music there is, but drowned in the more powerful sounds of *Chichisbees*. Paintings there are, but some of the best of them hang in the dark. I have seen an opera: literally seen it; to hear it was impossible. The *Florentines* pay and repay visits during the sweetest songs. From the beginning to the end of the representation, doors are opening, compliments are returning, and a variety of persons of both sexes are passing from box to box, and from side to side of the theatre. If any attention is raised, or even any  
look



look directed towards the stage, it is neither extorted by the action of the drama, nor by the voice of the singer. The dancers, the dancers only, command the ears and eyes of the audience. But what are these dancers? Such as we have seen of late years in *England*, and such as we could wish not to have seen any where. No graceful attitude, no gentle alluring motions, no soft symptoms of love; no shepherdesses skimming over the plain; no goddesses gliding through the air: the women hop, and the men jump, as high as they can. We come to behold the dance of giants; boisterous, tempestuous trials of strength; the fury, not the sprightliness, of motion; the feats of robust pantomines, and the dreadful distortion of legs and arms. Are these scenes fights of pleasure? Most certainly they are. *Bravi!* and *Bravissimi!* re-echo at every caper. Strange amusement! Is this *Italy*? Look at the stage,

you

you will imagine it *Russia*. Hear the orchestra—No, you cannot.

Think not, I intreat you, that what I say arises from a censorious disposition, or from that low mean desire of exposing and deriding foreigners, only because they were not born within the precincts of *Old England*. I have no such prejudices; my reflections are merely the result of my senses. I see, I hear, and then I candidly express to you my thoughts; well knowing what great allowances are to be made for the customs and habits of every particular country; and how eagerly we criticise the imperfections of our neighbours, seeming absolutely to forget that we have any of our own. The *English* aversion to foreigners is in opposition to reason, judgment, and politeness. Because we are islanders, the happiest circumstance in some respects belonging to us; are our manners more refined, or are our customs nearer perfection, than the customs and manners of other people?

I fear

I fear the contrary. Our separation from the continent gives us peculiarities, which other nations have not. It gives us that shyness, that obstinate, silent, rude reserve, which we practise towards ourselves and all the rest of the world. The sneer, that proud, vain, cowardly sneer, which supplies the want of wit, and discovers the abundance of ill-nature, is entirely and shamefully our own; so that, if we find faults in others, how many faults may others find in us? At least, an equal, if not a superior quantity. The *Italians*, by perverting pleasures, or not enjoying them, do no more than the rest of the human species. We should all be easier, healthier, and happier, could we adapt ourselves to those things only, which are fitted for us, and for which we only are fit.

The opera lasts five hours: towards the latter end, it becomes a greater fatigue to the spectator than to the actor. Formerly the ladies supped in their boxes.

I.

That

That custom is entirely abolished. The fumes of meat, added to the fumes of lamps and candles, must have been too suffocating. Their present custom, in summer, of refreshments in ice, and in winter, of sweetmeats, is much more eligible. The theatre is large, not an absolute oval, but contracted at the end: by which means every box in the house is situated most advantageously for sight. None but the lower set of people go into the pit. All the *Florentines* of rank have distinct boxes to themselves.

I hinted to you, that some of the choicest pictures were in the dark. There are strong examples of this in the palace *Pitti*, where, in the great apartment, crowded as it is with innumerable fine pieces, many of them are lost for want of a proper degree of light. The rooms are spacious, seldom more than one window in a room, and an equal quantity of wall on each side that window. Let me tell you the occasion of this strange dis-

disproportion. *Luca Pitti*, a *Florentine* gentleman, more rich than wise, more envious than prudent, heard with great uneasiness the palace of the famous *Philippo Strozzi*\* much commended and admired. It was the largest palace at that time in *Florence*. “It shall be so no longer,” exclaimed *Luca Pitti*; “I will build a larger. The palace of *Strozzi* shall be measured to stand within my court. Every one of my windows shall be as large as his por-

\* *John Baptist Strozzi*, surnamed *Philip*, a constant enemy of the *Medici*, endeavouring with others, after the death of *Clement VII.* to deliver themselves from the exorbitant power of *Alexander de Medici*, procured him to be assassinated in 1536. *Strozzi*, being afterwards defeated by *Cosmo I.* killed himself in prison, in 1538, leaving behind him, on his chimney-piece, engraved by his dagger, this line in *Virgil*,

“*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor !*”

Æn. iv. 625.

May some avenger from my ashes rise !

The palace of *Strozzi* is noticed by Sir *Henry Wotton*.

“ tal.” *Luca Pitti* verified his boast, but ruined his fortune. He built his palace, and he erected a most magnificent front on the outside, magnificent, but heavy; truly *Tuscan*, durable as the world itself. By which design, the great arch of each window is, on the outside, noble: on the inside, six parts in seven of it are bricked up, to adapt the windows to the size of the rooms; nor are the chambers divided with the least attention to regularity. On the contrary, a window is often in the corner of a room. The chimneys, few and small as they are, have been placed still more irregularly; very different from our modern *English* edifices; where false doors, and even false chimneys, appear answering each other, with an exactness, that is not borrowed from any house, that I have yet seen in *Italy*. Is not this then an improvement upon the *Italians*? The *English*, you know, are said to be better improvers than inventors: but the truth is, the  
*Italians*

*Italians* have deviated from the rules of *Palladio*; and the *English*, under the conduct of the late lord *Burlington*, have adhered to those rules. When I say “the  
“ *Italians* have deviated from *Palladio*,” I mean only in the inside of their houses, and perhaps more particularly in chimney-pieces, than in any other instances. But pray tell me, are not we apt to exceed in the ornaments of our chimneys? The most sumptuous marble monuments in *Westminster-abbey* cost little more than the modern receptacles of coals and faggots. We bold *Britons* seldom come near perfection without hurrying beyond it.

*Cosmo* I. whose riches and grandeur were boundless, bought the palace *Pitti*, which, from his time till the total extinction of his family, has been receiving additional ornaments of every kind that can be named. Behind the palace is a large garden, called *Boboli*, laid out in what is now deemed the old-fashioned



taste. I mean statues, fountains, long strait alleys, and clipt hedges, or at least what were clipt hedges, the garden being at present in a desolate, and almost a ruinous state. Heretofore crowds of people have enlivened *Baboli*: of late it is totally deserted. An amphitheatre of evergreens, formed and fitted exactly to the garden-front of the palace, has a charming effect, especially at this dead time of the year: they rise naturally, gradually, and in variety of pleasing shades, one above another. They are absolutely beyond the power of description. On the top of one part of the garden is the great fort which defends the town. In another part a gentle ascent leads to a banqueting-house, which commands a view of the whole city. The banqueting-house is the plainest building imaginable. Such an edifice would not be permitted to hold scythes or shovels, in the gardens of *Stow*, *Chiswick*, or *Claremont*. I often walk amidst the novelty

of this old taste. Now and then I light on some of my own countrymen, but seldom or never meet a *Florentine*. They are too lazy and too tender to walk in cold weather, and too polite, or rather of too *chichibéan* a turn, to appear publicly without ladies.

The lower apartments, in the palace *Pitti*, which were only used during the heats of summer, are arched for coolness: so indeed they are in all the great houses of *Italy*. The walls of a vast hall, and other pompous rooms of audience, are painted in fresco by the most eminent painters of the times. The hall, in particular, represents the person, and the most noted actions of *Lorenzo de Medici*, surnamed *the magnificent*\*, “ the gravity of whose life,” says *Machiavel*, “ if compared with its levity, must make him appear a composition of two different persons, each incompatible,

\* Born 1448, died 1498.

“and, as it were, impossible to be joined  
 “with the other.” Paradoxical as this  
 may seem, it is no uncommon character.

The great stair-case is not equal to the noble grandeur of those rooms, to which it leads; and which are divided, on the right, and on the left hand, by the guard-chamber. Those on the right, were possessed by the great-duke, *Cosmo III.* Those on the left, by his eldest son, *Ferdinand*, great prince of *Tuscany*\*, who died in the life-time of his father, a martyr to *Venus*; and a disciple of the *Graces*. The ceilings of both these apartments are adorned by gilding, stucco, and paintings. The hand of *Pietro Berrettini da Cortona* is much signalized: *più d'ogni altro s'immortalo*†! The pictures, vases, cabinets, bronzes, and other rarities, which the two apartments engross, are, I believe, innumerable, but certainly invaluable; especially those be-

\* Born 1663, died 1713.

† More than any other, he immortalised himself.

longing to prince *Ferdinand*, whose personal accomplishments, and high taste in the arts and sciences, were remarkably excellent. The whole house is royal and splendid. One room, the bed-chamber of the late princess *Anna de Medici*, electress palatine\*, only daughter of *Cosmo III.* has chairs, tables, stools, and screens of solid silver; not so handsome, perhaps, as rich, singular, and extraordinary†.

I confess, when I gaze on such profusion of wealth, so judiciously collected, and so carefully placed, now lying in empty rooms, and spread over desolated palaces, the sight strikes me rather with melancholy than pleasure. The dutchy of *Tuscany* and the city of *Florence* are of no more immediate consequence to me than the province of *Tangut*‡ or the me-

\* Born 1667, died 1743.

† This palace is now the residence of the great-duke *Peter Leopold*.

‡ “A province in *Asia*, of *Chinese Tartary*.”

metropolis of *Huquang*†, yet still I must be grieved to behold a state, that has once been glorious, once happy, once powerful, now mouldering away, panting its last, and sinking into nothing.

— — — *Fuit Ilium, et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum.* — — —

Arts and sciences weep at the extinction of the house of *Medici*. The princes of that house were many of them learned; all of them encouragers of learning. “*Tuscany* was to *Italy*,” says monsieur *de Voltaire*, “what *Athens* was to *Greece*‡.”

† The first in rank of the inland provinces of *China*. Its metropolis is *Vu-chang*.

‡ Thus also Mr. *Baretti*: “*Florence* was deservedly celebrated for having been, during the whole xvith century, so eminent a seat of literature, as to be scarcely equalled by any other in *Europe*. *Florence* was in that century called the *Athens* of *Italy*.” And again: “*Tuscany* was the mistress of politeness to *France*, as *France* has since been to all the western world; and this little province may justly boast of having produced (and nearly at one time) a greater number of extraordinary men than perhaps any of the most extensive *European* kingdoms.”

What

What *Greece* is, *Tuscany* possibly may be, perhaps *Italy*, perhaps *Europe*. The ball of empire may hereafter roll westward, and may stop in *America*; a world, unknown when *Greece* was in its meridian glory; a world, that may save the tears of some future *Alexander*.

I am, dear sir,

most truly your's,

C O R K E.

## L E T T E R XIII.

*Florence, January 31st, 1755.*

THE news-papers, and every vehicle of information, talk to us of approaching war. They sing, or rather croak, of *French* depredations in *North-America*. They call aloud for arms, justice, reprisals. I believe, I know your sentiments, my dear friend, upon these tumultuous outcries.

Peace is your dear delight, not *Fleury's* more.

I own, I dread a war with *France*. My eyes have so lately beheld their strength, their troops, and their fortresses, that the sight alone has convinced me, how very disadvantageously we must engage with a people so superior to us in numbers, territories,



territories, and domestic union. In former letters\* I have hinted to you thoughts of this kind. I cannot avoid repeating them, not from cowardice, but conviction, not from the vapours of timidity, but the result of reason. The late Lord *Orford* declared to me that he always had been, and was resolved ever to be, against a war with *France*. “We are not able,” added he, “to cope with them. They are too powerful for us, and such a war must end in a submission to what terms they shall please to impose upon us.” The prediction was plain and intelligible. I remember, and I believe, the oracle †.

The *French* know their own superiority, and they know our difficulties and delays at home, which always must have a

\* See particularly Letter III. p. 29.

† This oracle, however, like all others, has proved fallible: Lord *Orford* prophesied, and lord *Corke* wrote, before the last war.

baneful influence upon our operations abroad. I cannot avoid being well versed in the true disposition of many, perhaps not all, of our countrymen. They are raised to the height of heaven by the least success, and, like the timorous *Ovid* in his ship, they think themselves sinking to the depth of *Tartarus* on the least appearance of adversity.

Nature has not made war our province. She has stationed us for commerce entirely. We seem not yet to have discovered our natural situation. If we ever have, it was towards the latter end of queen *Anne's* wars. And what effect had the discovery? An impolitic peace, which has entailed upon us embarrassments and dangers, that will scarce be surmounted in the eighteenth century\*. Yet we still remain a courageous,

\* How much heavier is the burthen, how much greater is the embarrassment, since this letter was written!

if not a warlike, people. All that we can do, I am certain, we shall do by the force of arms; but that all must be inferior to what the *French* will infallibly atchieve, in defiance of our utmost bravery.

The ridiculous notion that one *Englishman* can always beat three *Frenchmen*, is now lately indeed exploded, with many other absurdities worse than vulgar errors; I say, worse, because they were first propagated by knaves, and afterwards believed by fools, nor even quite rejected by wise men. The *French* are a very different people from their ancestors the ancient *Gauls*, “who,” *Florus* says, “were at the beginning of a battle  
“more than men, at the latter end less  
“than women\*.” I hope the present

\* “*Sed experimento deprehensum est, quippe sicut primus impetus eis major quam virorum est, ita sequens minor quam fœminarum. Lib. ii. cap. 4. See the variorum notes on this passage.*”

*Gauls* will not fulfil the first part of that character; I am sure they will not the last.

It is more than probable, that the approaching war will not be confined within the lists of combat at present marked out for *France* and *England* \*. When the torch of *Bellona* is lighted up in any part of *Europe*, the flames of it are apt to kindle a general conflagration. I dread *Ucalegon* †. That we may not draw him towards us, as we are proverbially said to draw the devil, by talking of him, let us take a short turn or two in the gallery.

\* This prediction was fatally accomplished. The contest which began in *America* ended in *Germany*, and the flames of war, which were lighted by *France* and *England*, extended to *Russia*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, &c. “So complicated,” says *Voltaire*, “are the political interests of the present time, that a shot fired in *America* is a signal for setting all *Europe* together by the ears.”

† — — — — *Proximus ardet*

*Ucalegon*:      *Virg. Æn. ii. ver. 312.*

My

My present desire of walking in the gallery, is to examine particularly a bust of *Alexander*, which stands in a corner to the right hand of the entrance. Mr. *Addison*, whose *Travels* are not the most shining and accurate part of his works, takes notice of this exquisite piece of workmanship. His observation runs thus, “ There is in the same gallery a  
 “ very beautiful bust of *Alexander* the  
 “ great, casting up his face to heaven,  
 “ with a noble air of grief or discontent-  
 “ edness 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 in his history\*.” I pre-  
 M fume

\* Dr. *Smollett* describes this head as “ turn-  
 “ ed on one side, with an expression of languish-  
 “ ment and anxiety in the countenance,” and  
 adds, “ The virtuosi are not agreed about the  
 “ cir-

fume to say, there is an excess of sorrow, and no other mark of “discontentedness,” in the countenance of *Alexander*\*. That he wept for new worlds to conquer, is an anecdote universally recorded. But that species of grief could neither be long nor violent. It was much the same as the grief of *Julius Cæsar*, who by a deep sigh, when he beheld *Alexander*’s statue in the temple of *Hercules*†, discovered himself sorry and ashamed, that he had not yet signalized his own character, at a time of life, when the son of *Philip* had subdued the world. Mr. *Addison*’s phrase of “some other the like circum-

“circumstance in which he is represented; whether fainting with the loss of blood which he suffered in his adventure at *Oxydrace*; or languishing with the fever contracted by bathing in the *Cydnus*; or, finally, complaining to his father *Jove*, that there were no other worlds for him to conquer. Letter xxviii.

\* Mr. *Richardson* calls this statue “*Alexander the Great dying*.” See his *Travels*, p. 47.

† See *Suetonius*, *Lib. 1. cap. 7.*

“ stance in his history” is extremely vague and uncertain. I do not remember any “ like circumstance” in the history of *Alexander*. But there are circumstances in which the *Macedonian* conqueror is represented by his biographers as labouring under the most violent emotions of sorrow. Two very notorious. The murder of *Clitus* †, and the death of *Hephestion*. He killed *Clitus* in a furious gust of rage. His grief for that rash action is so fully described by *Q. Curtius*, that I am determined to extract such parts of the account as seem to permit a great probability, that all the busts of *Alexander* expressive of grief, are in memory, and indeed in honour, of so remarkable a contrition :

“ *Hastam ex corpore jacentis evulsam  
“ retorfit in semet ; jamque admoverat pec-*

† “ *Clitus* had given great provocation to his royal master by vain indecent expressions. Both were deeply intoxicated with liquor. See *Q. Curtius*, *Lib. viii. Cap. 1.*”



“ tori; quum advolant vigiles, et repug-  
 “ nanti e manibus extorquent, adlevatumque  
 “ in tabernaculum deferunt. Ille humi pro-  
 “ straverat corpus, gemitu ejulatuque mise-  
 “ rabili totâ personante regiâ. Laniare  
 “ deinde os unguibus, et circumstantes ro-  
 “ gare, ne se tanto dedecori superstitem  
 “ esse paterentur.—

“ Primâ deinde luce tabernaculo corpus,  
 “ sicut adhuc cruentum erat, jussit inferri.  
 “ Quo posito ante ipsum, lacrymis obortis,  
 “ hanc, inquit, nutrici meæ gratiam re-  
 “ tuli. \* \* \* \* Ec.

“ Et cum finis lacrymis querelisque non fie-  
 “ ret; jussu amicorum corpus ablatum est.  
 “ Rex triduum jacuit inclusus; quem ut ar-  
 “ migeri corporisque custodes ad moriendum  
 “ obstinatum esse cognoverunt; universi in  
 “ tabernaculum irrumpunt, diuque precibus  
 “ ipsorum reluctatum ægrè vicerunt, ut cibum  
 “ caperet \*.”

His

\* Lib. viii. Cap. 2.

“ The spear drawn from the body of the de-  
 ceased

His lamentations for the death of *Hephestion*\* were great, but are never ceased he aimed at himself; and had now applied it to his bosom, when the centinels ran to him, and wresting it by force from his hands, took up the body, and carried it into a tent. He had thrown himself prostrate on the ground, the whole palace resounding with his cries and groans. He then began to tear his face with his nails, and to intreat those who stood by, not to suffer him to survive so much disgrace.

“ Early in the morning, he ordered the body, bloody as it still was, to be brought out of the tent. Which being placed before him, bursting into tears, “ This,” cried he, “ is the return “ that I have made to my nurse. \* \* \* \* &c.

“ And when there was no end of his tears and complaints, the body, by the direction of his friends, was removed. The king continued three days shut up. As soon as his esquires and bodyguards found that he was obstinately bent on dying, they all rushed into the tent, and, long obdurate to their prayers, they with difficulty prevailed on him to take sustenance.”

\* “ Whom beyond the bounds of royal decorum *Alexander* long bewailed; erecting a tomb for him at the expence of twelve thousand talents, and commanding him, after his death, to be worshipped as a god.” *Justin*, B. xii. Chap. 12.

mentioned to his honour†. I am inclined therefore to pronounce the melancholy *Alexander* in the *Florentine* gallery, a personal memorial of the rash destruction of *Clitus*, and of the terrible effects of intemperance and midnight-hours. The head of the bust is thrown back, a posture naturally expressive of grief; the throat swelled, despair in all the muscles of the face. Art cannot go higher in its progress, or marble more strikingly exhibit sorrow\*.

I am, dear sir, with great truth,

Your's,

C O R K E.

† “ On which occasion, *Alexander*, oppressed with incredible grief, is said to have been betrayed into many things unbecoming the majesty of a king.” *Q. Curtius*, B. x. Chap 4.

\* A bust of *Alexander*, in bronze, equally excellent, and not unworthy the hand even of *Lyfippus*, is in the collection of *Thomas Barrett*, Esq; at *Lee*, near *Canterbury*.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XIV.

*Florence, February 12th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,

I Imagine you will be inquisitive after the *Italian* weather\*, and I have been resident here long enough to form some judgment of the winter. It began late, but willing to repair lost time, it has pinched *Tuscany*, by a severe frost, attended with most intense cold, from the middle of *December* till within this week. *Italy* has extremely the advantage of *England* in point of climate. No damps, no fogs, no vapours, no gloomy

\* “ The perspiration in *Italy* (says a friend of mine in one of his letters to me) as it has been  
“ confirmed by exact and repeated experiments,  
“ exceeds considerably that in these islands. It is  
“ superior to all other discharges, being  $\frac{5}{8}$  of  
“ the whole in *England* and *Ireland*.”

suicide-weather, which never fails to render us miserable and melancholy ; and for which, (*eloquar an fileam ?*) our chief *panacea* is wine.

The sun appears at noon constantly, and has as much influence in *Florence* at this time of the year, as he has in *London* in the celebrated month of *May* ; but the frost has been so powerful, that the Metropolitan of this city obtained, about a fortnight ago, a licence from the pope for the common people to eat eggs during the remainder of *Lent*, the frost having consumed all the garden-stuff. The *Italians* say, it is a harder winter than they have remembered many years.

“ What art thou, Frost ? and whence

“ are thy keen stores

“ Deriv’d, thou secret all-invading

“ power,

“ Whom even th’ illusive fluid can-

“ not fly \* ? ”

\* “ From Mr. *Thompson’s Seasons*, and, I think, the best, at least the boldest of them, *Winter*.”

Till the middle of *November*, we scarce wanted or desired a fire. Since that time, scarce any fire has been sufficient to warm us. Wood is the only fuel we can purchase. It is very dear; which accounts for the few chimneys that are to be found in this city. The *Italians* enjoy the sun in such perfection during three parts of the year, that, during the fourth, they scorn artificial heat, or at least they make use of no more than what is contained in small brazen stoves, that are portable.

I think I ought to add that the weather in *Tuscany* is almost as uncertain as in *England*. Even the frost has been interrupted twice or thrice by a sudden thaw; but the difference of the change is much less noxious to the human body with them, than with us; and I must farther say, on this occasion, that the *Italians* are either not melancholy, or so very grave, that the distinction is not perceptible.

The Carnival, which begins the day  
after

after *Christmas*-day, and lasts till *Ash-wednesday*, ended two days ago, *February* the 10th. With it, has ceased a strange scene of *Italian* mirth and gaiety. I know not well how to describe it; nor do I think it very material to describe. I believe it the dregs of the ancient *Saturnalia*. Feasts, balls, operas, comedies, reign, and roll by turns, throughout the whole licentious season; but the chief joy consists in the liberty of going masked, of which the consequences are so easily guessed, that they need no recital. At noon, during the three last days of the Carnival, there is a masked assembly in the piazza under the gallery, where, for the space of two hours, the highest nobility, and the lowest mechanics, meet and jostle each other, keeping all distinction and pride closely sealed up under their masks. Upon the whole, the public diversions of the *Florentines* are either childish or insipid, to a surprising degree\*.

Do

\* “ Among other childish diversions of the  
Carnival



Do not misapprehend me in point of *Italian* gravity; it borders not on moroseness, nor stupidity. It is a composure, to which the *French* are strangers by nature, and the *English* by imitation. The *Italians* are by no means defective in a kind of hilarity peculiar to themselves. The women appear much more lively than the men: their black eyes are very bright and piercing. Both sexes are unanimously civil to strangers, if you allow a perpetual flow of bows, courtesies, and smiles, to be branches, as they certainly are, of civility. All foreigners, even heretics, may live unmolested, and with tranquillity, in the states of *Italy*, especially in *Florence*.

Two former characteristics of the *Ita-*

Carnival is the *Befana*, which *Altieri*, in his dictionary, thus explains: *Fantoccio di cenci che la sera dell' Epifania i fanciulli e le femine pongono alla finestra.*" A puppet made of rags, which on the eve of the *Epiphany*, the women and children hang out at the windows.

*lians* are entirely worn out ; Cruelty and Jealousy. The stiletto is sheathed for ever. The poisonous bowl is dashed to pieces. The “ suspicious husband ” is totally unknown. Even religion excites no thirst for blood : yet in point of jealousy, I must say,

*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim* \*.

Within these last two days, have begun penitence and abstinence for the sins of the Carnival. Now monkish severity presides. Now priestly power exerts itself, and calls forth its best allies, the pope, the devil, excommunication, and hell-firebrands. Some of my countrymen, curious to see popery in its utmost rigour, made an excursion lately to *La Trappe*, no great distance from *Florence*, where reside the most severe set of

\* He shuns *Charybdis* ; but on *Scylla* falls.

A monkish proverb.

monks in the christian church†. The account which these gentlemen have given me is much the same that I have formerly read. The highest diet of those anchorets amounts not even to the luxurious delicacy of an egg. Their constant food is herbs and roots. Their drink is water. They wear no linen. They lie on straw. They rise at midnight. They speak not to each other. They live in a continual state of misery. Yet they appear decently chearful, and particularly courteous and obliging to all strangers. I am always struck with amazement on reflecting how men could at first be brought to these kind of self-punishments as the only means to obtain an inheritance in heaven; or how they can possibly imagine, that such sort of institutions must be acceptable to that great and bountiful Being, who created the earth, and filled it with inhabitants,

† “ They were invited to reside in *Tuscany* by *Cosmo III.* See *Les Memoires de Florence*, p. 60.”

to be a mutual benefit and comfort to each other; giving us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

The original of monastical orders is, as I remember, generally deduced from *Paul of Thebes*; whose solitary life reached one hundred and thirteen years, having passed ninety of them, from the age of twenty-three, praying in a desert. He was born in the year of *Christ* 228, and he died, (as he had foretold to *St. Anthony*, who, by the inspiration of a dream had discovered, and visited him,) in the year 341. His disciples of *La Trappe* make me recollect the *Selli*, whom *Homer* mentions as religious priests of *Jupiter*;

— — — — ἀμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ  
Σοὶ ναῖουσ' ὑποφῆται, ἀριπλόωδες, χα-  
μαιεύεσσι\*. *Iliad.* Π. ver. 234.

\* Whose groves the *Selli*, race austere! surround,  
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the  
ground. *Pope.*

*Paul*

*Paul* of *Thebes* and his disciples were of modern growth in comparison of the monks of *Dodona*. You find, from the authority of *Homer*, how very early this particular mode of religion took place in the world. The Almighty has permitted himself to be worshipped in so many various ways, that we may rest assured, a remnant of all religions will be saved. I must go farther, and presume to hope, that, in due time, that remnant may become the whole.

I have seen the famous mausoleum of the seven late dukes of *Tuscany* \*. At present, their bodies lie in a little dark chapel belonging to the church of *St. Lorenzo* : but are, or rather were, intended to be removed to a much more noble adjoining repository, adorned, as much of it as is compleated, with jasper, agate, *lapis lazuli*, and various coloured

\* Viz. *Cosmo* I. *Francis*, *Ferdinand* I. *Cosmo* II. *Ferdinand* II. *Cosmo* III. and *John Gaston*. See their genealogy in the appendix. This mausoleum was begun in the year 1604.

marbles,

marbles, clear and reflecting as looking-glass, and impenetrable to scratches by the sharpest iron instrument. Mr. *Addison*, who was at *Florence* in the reign of *Cosmo III.* says, that “the house of *Medici* will probably be extinct, before their burial-place is finished.” His opinion is verified: they are extinct, and the burial-place is unfinished. Whoever is determined to be perfectly secure, that a monument shall be built to his memory, should follow the example of a certain *Italian* knight and doctor, whose distrust of his heirs made him erect a monument to himself during his own life-time. He placed it in the cathedral-church of *Parma*. The epitaph is too curious not to recollect.

*Jo. Martinus Mairacca,*

*I. V. Doctor et Eques, nolens discretioni  
Hæredum stare, Vivus posuit \*.*

\* *Jo. Martin Mairacca,*

An honest man, doctor and knight,  
Unwilling to abide by the discretion of his heirs,  
Placed it in his life-time.

Throughout

Throughout *Florence* the thirst of magnificence seems to have exceeded the power of execution. No public building is finished. The cathedral [*Il Duomo*] has a wooden front, painted in such a manner as to shew the intended design, if executed in marble\*. Many of the other churches are still farther from completion. This defect diminishes the beauty of the city, which otherwise would appear to excess: but with all its imperfections, it is justly called *Florence the fair* †.

I am, dear sir,

ever your's,

C O R K E.

\* The dome (or cathedral) was thus adorned with painting instead of porphyry, at the marriage of prince *Ferdinand*, elder brother of *John Gaston*, the last great-duke of the family of *Medici*.

† In like manner our author's great relation, Mr. *Robert Boyle*, who was at *Florence* in the year 1641, expresses his opinion of it as follows: "*Flo-*

N

" *rence*



“*rence* is a city, to which nature has not grudging a pleasing situation, and in which architecture has been no niggard either of cost or skill, but has so industriously and sumptuously improved the advantages liberally conferred by nature, that both the seat and buildings of the town abundantly justify the title the *Italians* have given it of *Fair*.” *Mr. Boyle’s Memoirs of his own life during his minority.*

While *Mr. Boyle* resided in that city, the famous *Galileo*, whose new paradoxes he studied, died within a league of it.

The reputation of *Mr. Boyle* was so well established at *Florence* (as well as in *England*) in 1660, that *Mr. Robert Southwell* (afterwards knighted, and president of the Royal Society) wrote to him from that city, to inform him that the great-duke (*Ferdinand II.*) who was not only a patron of learning, but a master of it himself, was extremely desirous of a correspondence with him. See *Boyle’s Works*, vol. v. p. 403, 404.

## L E T T E R XV.

*Florence, February 27th, 1755.*

**A**T length my old enemy has overtaken me in *Italy*. The gout, that hereditary legacy entailed upon me by my ancestors, confines me to my bed. The truth is, I have felt some threats from it, during the greatest part of the winter. Neither the way of life, nor the climate, agrees with me. The slow approaches of my distemper are always worse than the distemper itself; as the apparatus is often worse than the incision. The sharp stings of gouty pains are more tolerable than the lingering teasing complaints, which precede this invincible disease. The paroxysm over, we seem to renew life again. We presume, that we have taken a new lease, and with great joy cancel the old one;

but alas! the terms and clauses grow less and less advantageous to the poor tenant. May you, my dear friend, descend the hill of life, and enter into the vale of eternity, by gentle and imperceptible degrees, without finding the least stone, or bramble, in your way!

Imprison'd thus within the narrow limits of my curtains, I have no better amusement, no surer incitement to patience, than what must arise from books. The few volumes, which I brought from *England*, I have long since read over and over. A speculative mind is always in search of novelty. With this view, I have deeply immersed myself in the *Florentine* history; and, from time to time, have epitomised as much of it, as to me appears most remarkable\*. As  
there

\* This epitome of the revolutions of *Tuscany*, in a series of letters, of which twelve were finished, which brought it down from the year 1215 to the birth of *Alexander*, afterwards duke of *Florence*, in 1510, (whom, by a quotation from *Scipio Ammirato*,

there are many anecdotes in the latter part of it, which the historians, either from prudence, or some other cause, have not inserted ; and as I have learned those anecdotes from the conversation of such *Florentines*, as are best versed in the story of their own country ; I shall not scruple to recite to you certain facts, which, at least, bear a great semblance to truth, and probably have been suppressed during the power and reigns of the *Medici*, for reasons easily conjectured.

I have already suggested to you, perhaps not in a manner sufficiently explicit, that if you take a view of the princes of *Medici* in a group, you will feel reverence and respect at one part of the picture, and be struck with amazement and horror at the remainder.

*mirato*, the author proved to be the illegitimate son of pope *Clement VII.* and not the son of *Lorenzo* duke of *Urbino*, as generally supposed) not being completed in the manner his lordship intended, still remains in manuscript ; though, unfinished as it is, it would be a very acceptable present to the public.

To revere and honour them, you must consider their generosity, their benefactions to men of learning, their policy, and their scientific institutions. To view them with horror and amazement, you need only listen to the undoubted outrages of their private lives, by which you will be convinced, that few or none of the whole race were endued with the softer passions of the human soul. I wish that, in many of their group, their love was not lust, their good-nature, ostentation, their dignity, pride, and their sense, cunning.

I have already told you a shocking story of *Cosmo I* \*. Let me mention another, of the same prince, if possible, still more horrid.

*Cosmo de' Medici*, the son of *John de' Medici*, had two wives, *Leonora* of *Toledo*, and *Camilla Martelli* †. By the first,

\* In letter XI, p. 126.

† " This lady was a *Florentine*. She bore no children,

first, he had two daughters, and several sons. His son (*John*) was, by the singular and extraordinary favour of pope *Pius IV.* created a cardinal in the year 1560, when he was only seventeen years of age. He was killed, in hunting, by his next brother, *Garcias*, a youth, who had always discovered an untoward and barbarous disposition. Whether the young cardinal was killed purposely, or by chance, remains uncertain. He was the favourite of the great-duke his father, who had observed in his second son as great an inclination to wickedness, as in his eldest to piety. *Cosmo's* anger on the occasion was outrageous. He ordered *Garcias* never to appear before him: he positively accused him of wil-

children, at least none that lived. See *Scip. Ammirato, Lib. xxxv, Ann. 1570. pag. 550.*"

*Thuanus*, however, and *Moreri*, both mention her having a daughter, *Virginia*, who married *Cæsar d'Este*, duke of *Modena*.

ful murder. He would hear no mitigating circumstance or excuse in his favour. In this wrathful disposition the great-duke continued some months, till by the repeated intreaties of the grand-dutcheſs *Leonora*, he at laſt conſented, that his ſon might throw himſelf accidentally, as it were, at his feet.

The time choſen for this interview was on *Eaſter*-day, at the great-duke's return from church; the tender mother imagining, that, at ſuch a ſeaſon, all former reſentment muſt be buried, and paternal affection reſtored. *Garcias* preſented himſelf before his father in the manner intended; when, in a moment, without the leaſt hesitation, *Cosmo* drew a dagger, (which he had concealed on purpoſe) and ſtabbed *Garcias* to the heart.

Reſlect on every circumſtance, the time, the manner, and the object,—you will ſcarce remember ſo ſtrong an inſtance



stance of nature starting from her course, and divesting herself of every spark of humanity.

None of the *Italian* historians have dared to mention this horrible catastrophe\*. I have seen the monuments of the two youths among the ducal family, in a small burying-place within the sacristy of St. *Lorenzo*. What cannot power do, when it could conceal and efface so atrocious a murder?

The general character to be formed of *Cosmo* I. seems to be the same, as that given by lord *Clarendon* of *Oliver Cromwell*, "A great wicked man†." The parallel might still be carried farther: he was courageous and successful; he lived in bloody tempestuous times; he had skill, activity, and strength, both of

\* "I have read it in manuscript, but it was shewn to me with the utmost caution, even now, when the house of *Medici* is no more."

† Lord *Clarendon*'s words are "a *brave* wicked man."

body and mind, to buffet the storms. His sense, or rather his cunning, directed him when to yield properly, not timidly, to the fiercest winds, that could blow. He put an end to the commonwealth. He wished and endeavoured to be king of *Tuscany*: finding that point impossible to be carried, he contented himself with the title of great-duke, which comprised the regal power. Thus far the parallel holds. It will go no farther. *Cosmo* was learned and vicious: *Cromwell* was neither.

What faith can be given to historians\*, when *Scipio Ammirato*, who carries

\* *Moreri* says, that “ M. de Thou relates  
 “ this history in the xxxist book of the *History of*  
 “ *his own times*; but as it is not in the first edi-  
 “ tion of his work, and only in the edition of  
 “ *Geneva*, published after his death, many authors  
 “ have doubted the fact; and suppose that both  
 “ the brothers died of the plague, which was at  
 “ the time publickly asserted by the great-duke.”

See the Letters of M. de Lansac, ambassador from

*Charles*

ries down his history to the death of *Cosmo* I, gives an account of cardinal *John* and his brother *Garcias de Medici*, in the following manner :

“ This year [1562] a domestic calamity afflicted the family of *Cosmo*, who had been kept long at *Sienna* settling the affairs of that state, and afterwards had been engaged in designing a fortification at *Grosseto*, where the air is extremely unwholesome. This possibly might be the occasion, [*ò per che così alla divina bontà fusse piaciuto*] or because it so pleased the divine goodness, that cardinal *John*, and afterwards *Garcias* his brother, notwith-

*Charles IX.* to the council of *Trent*; and *Moreri*, *Tome vi.* p. 242.

The story is told with many circumstances and great formality by *M. de Thou*, who endeavours to justify *Cosmo* in murdering his son, “ concealing,” he says, “ and revenging this domestic wound with equal prudence and severity.” See *Thuani Historia*, *Lib. xxxii. sect. 3.*

“ standing

“ standing the utmost skill of their physi-  
 “ cians, died, and occasioned the death of  
 “ their mother, who, having been long ill  
 “ of a complaint in her stomach, was not  
 “ able to support this fresh affliction.”

By killing his own son, *Cosmo* killed the mother of that son, his wife. What an agonising sight must it be to her, to behold her child, whose forgiveness she thought established, weltering in his blood? that blood spilt by her husband, his father; that father just returned from the altar! But what shall we say for *Ammirato*, who conceals one certain, and one supposed, murder, or places them to the account of divine impulse? “ It pleased the divine goodness,” that a brother should destroy a brother, and a father murder his son. To the same account, by this way of reasoning, may be placed every wickedness that can be perpetrated. The historian cannot plead ignorance. He betrays his conscious knowledge at the  
 end

end of his work, where, after summing up the praises of the grand-duke, perhaps not very much in too exalted a strain, he concludes the character\* by saying, that “if *Cosmo* had not sullied “the brightness of his virtues by two “bad actions, the one of incontinence,” [with his own daughter] “the other of “cruelty,” [the murder of his own son] “very few of the most renowned princes “of any age could have been compared “to him †.”

Ill or well,

I must be always yours,

CORKE. .

\* “It is the last sentence in his history.”

† Thus also he is styled by *Thuanus*, “A “prince endowed with singular accomplishments, “natural and acquired, and in whom the greatest prosperity united with singular prudence.”

## L E T T E R XVI.

*Florence, March 30th, 1755.*

**I** Was determined not to write to you, till I could say, that I was again crawling up hill, and leaving my gout behind me. This day I have dined in our saloon, and, by the help of two sticks, I walked thither. By the time you receive this letter, conclude me dancing, or rather basking in the sun.

I am now, my dear friend, notwithstanding my gout, travelling apace through the *Florentine* historians. In history, as in personal commerce with mankind, we cannot be too diffident of first impressions. They are apt to sink deep, and are not easily erased.

There is no finished history of *Florence*. I mean none that brings us to modern times,

times, or that goes through the seven reigns of the *Medici*.

*Machiavel*\* commences very early. The ruin of the *Roman* empire, and the consequences of it, fill his first book. In his second book begins the history of *Tuscany*. It is carried down, in the succeeding books, to the year 1492. By his address to pope *Clement VII*†, he appears to have intended a longer work. The lower he had gone, the more partial he must have been, as he wrote under the eye and influence of the pope.

*Varchi*‡, I think, confines himself to the history of his own times. I have

\* *Machiavel*'s history is in eight books, dedicated to pope *Clement VII*. "at whose command," he says, "he undertook it."

A new edition of all the works of *Machiavel* has lately been published by Mr. *Baretti*, in three volumes, quarto.

† Illegitimate son of *Julian de Medici*, who was killed by the *Pazzi*.

‡ "Of this historian there is a very full account in *Moreri*'s dictionary."



only used him as a dictionary to particular passages.

*Segni* \* begins in 1527, and proceeds as far as the papal accession of *Paul* IV. in the year 1555 †.

*Scipio Ammirato*, who in exactness exceeds them all, commences the thread of his narration in the very earliest times, and brings his readers from the seventeenth year of the christian æra to the death of *Cosmo* the first great-duke of

\* “ The name of *Segni* does not occur in *Moreri*, *Bayle*, or *Collier*.”

† Two other historians, both citizens of *Florence*, deserve to be mentioned: 1. *Francis Guicciardini*, equally eminent as a general and a writer, who wrote the history of *Italy*, in twenty books, from 1494 to 1532, which has been translated into six different languages. He died in 1540. His work was continued, in twenty-two books, by *John-Baptist Adriani*, his friend and fellow-citizen. 2. *Leonard Aretin*, chancellor of *Florence*, who wrote the history of his own times, and also that of *Florence* in particular; who may be considered as the great reviver of classical *Latin* in *Europe*. He died in 1444.

*Tuscany,*

*Tuscany*, which happened in the year 1574, in the 55th year of his age, of which he had reigned 38 ‡.

No later histories of *Tuscany* are extant\*. Of the four historians whom I have mentioned, and to mention more to you would be to little purpose, *Machiavel* is the most tempting and the most dangerous. His speeches are the speeches of *Livy*; fit and proper for the person to speak, who never spoke them: Give me leave, however, to send you one, which perhaps is genuine; at least, it has captivated me so much, that I could not resist the pleasure of trying how it would appear in *English*. The occa-

‡ *Ammirato* was canon of *Florence*, and died there in 1603. "His works are in three vols. folio, the first and second bound together, printed at *Florence* 1647."

\* "There is a later, but it is so wretched a performance, that it ought never to be named or called a history. It is a vast folio, printed at *Venice*, 1741, the composition of *Giuseppe Bianchini*."

sion of it is memorable. It is the speech of *Lorenzo de Medici* to his fellow-citizens, on his escape from the *Pazzi* conspiracy, in which his brother *Julian* was killed, in the cathedral, at the beginning of high mass, on *Sunday, April 26th, 1478* \*.

“ The

\* See p. 125. note.

In his *M. S. Revolutions of Tuscany* (See p. 180, note) lord *Corke*, describing the cathedral of *Florence*, mentions this conspiracy in the following manner :

“ You will probably think of *Lorenzo de Medici*, whenever you enter the cathedral of *Florence*. The church appears like a vast gloomy vault, fit for assassinations and deeds of horror. Twinkling lamps glimmer, half-extinguished, before the altar, and rather excite the ideas of a prison than represent the glories of the house of prayer. You will behold space without grandeur, magnificence without brightness, and splendor without light. The marble pavement is beautiful. Here and there a statue demands observation. The cupola, which is octogonal, has a fine effect. The church itself is of a size to suit a larger city. The outside is impannelled with various-coloured marble, expressive rather of neatness than of grandeur.

“ The events which have happened  
 “ leave me in doubt, most noble  
 “ lords, and most magnificent citizens,  
 “ whether I ought at present to condole  
 “ or to rejoice with you. When I re-  
 “ flect indeed with how much treachery  
 “ I have been attacked and my brother  
 “ murdered, the part I am to assume is  
 “ sorrow; my heart, my very soul, must  
 “ be absorbed in affliction. But when I  
 “ consider with how much alacrity,  
 “ with how much care, with how much  
 “ affection, and with what universal  
 “ concurrence, my brother has been  
 “ revenged, and myself defended, I  
 “ must necessarily feel in my own heart,  
 “ not only joy, but exultation and glory.  
 “ If I am taught by experience, that I  
 “ have more enemies than I could have

Many of the churches in *Florence* contain greater  
 curiosities, while *Santa Reparata* remains for ever  
 distinguished as the spot where the *Pazzi* incom-  
 pletely performed their bloody tragedy.”

“ supposed, the same experience teaches  
 “ me, that I have more zealous and  
 “ more ardent friends than I could  
 “ have imagined. I am to condole  
 “ with you on the injuries done to  
 “ others : I am to congratulate you, on  
 “ your good offices and kind behaviour  
 “ to me. But still I am constrained  
 “ to express my grief, as the injuries  
 “ which I and my brother have received  
 “ have been extraordinary, unexampled,  
 “ and undeserved.

“ Consider, most honourable citizens,  
 “ in what a situation we have been placed.  
 “ We were not safe amidst our friends,  
 “ our relations \*, nor even in the church  
 “ itself. Those, who think themselves  
 “ in immediate danger of death, never  
 “ fail to apply to their friends and their  
 “ relations for succour. We found ours  
 “ armed for our destruction. Those,

\* “ The *Pazzi* and the *Medici* were related by  
 “ inter-marriages.”

“ who

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“ who are under any public or private  
 “ persecution, fly for refuge to churches.  
 “ In the place where others are defended,  
 “ our family is to be destroyed. Where  
 “ parricides and assassins are secure, the  
 “ *Medici* find their murderers. But  
 “ God, (who heretofore has been  
 “ pleased never to abandon our house)  
 “ has still saved us, and has undertaken  
 “ the defence of our cause.

“ What injury have we ever done to  
 “ any man, that can have excited so  
 “ great a thirst of revenge? We have  
 “ given no offence even to those, who  
 “ have shewn themselves so inveterately  
 “ our enemies. If we had, they could  
 “ not now have hurt us. If they attri-  
 “ bute to us any public grievance, if  
 “ that be their pretence, (I know not  
 “ that it is) the offence which they have  
 “ taken is against you, not against us.  
 “ It is against this palace, against this go-  
 “ vernment, not against our family. To  
 “ think that your citizens are injured in



“ our favour, is far from truth. If you  
“ would have suffered it, we would not  
“ have done it.

“ But whoever will thoroughly exa-  
“ mine the truth of facts will find, that  
“ our family has been raised by you,  
“ for acts of humanity, liberality, and  
“ generosity. Is it possible then that  
“ we, who have honoured strangers,  
“ should injure our own relations?

“ If these tumults have been raised  
“ from a thirst of dominion (and that  
“ they have been so, the seizure of the  
“ palace, and the armed men in the pi-  
“ azza, are a demonstration) so black,  
“ so ambitious, and so vile an intention,  
“ need only be seen to be detested.

“ If they have done this from a mo-  
“ tive of hatred to our authority, they  
“ offend not us: they offend you, who  
“ have given us that authority. An au-  
“ thority usurped ought indeed to be  
“ held in detestation; not an autho-  
“ rity, which has been acquired by acts  
“ of



“ of humanity, and munificence. It is  
 “ well known to you all, that our fami-  
 “ ly never rose to any degree of gran-  
 “ deur, unless summoned to it by this  
 “ palace, and your united voices.

“ My grand-father *Cosmo* \* returned  
 “ not from exile by arms or violence;  
 “ he returned by your consent. My  
 “ father †, old and infirm, could not be  
 “ said to defend the state against its nu-  
 “ merous enemies, but you yourselves,  
 “ by your authority and your benevo-  
 “ lence, defended it. Nor, after the  
 “ death of my father, could I (being at  
 “ that time only a child ‡) have main-  
 “ tained the authority of our house, but

\* “ *Cosmo de Medici*, who was surnamed *Pater Patriæ*, was exiled, and retired to *Venice*, in the year 1433. He and his relations returned to *Florence* in 1434. He died in 1464, aged 75.”

† “ *Peter de Medici*, his son, was born in 1416, and died in 1472. He was gonfalonier in 1460.”

‡ *Lorenzo* was at that time 24 years of age, he being born in 1448, and his father dying in 1472.

“ by your counsels and your favour.  
 “ Nor could our house ever have go-  
 “ verned the state, if you had not join-  
 “ ed us in directing and governing it.

“ I cannot see therefore any motive  
 “ they have to hate, or any just cause  
 “ to envy us. Let them carry their ha-  
 “ tred against their own ancestors, who  
 “ by pride and avarice, have lost that  
 “ high reputation, which our ancestors  
 “ knew wisely by contrary methods to  
 “ maintain.

“ But let us suppose, that the injuries  
 “ which they have received from us  
 “ have been great, and that their desire  
 “ of our ruin was just: wherefore have  
 “ they come with offensive weapons  
 “ to this palace? Why have they  
 “ made a league with the pope\* and  
 “ the † king of *Naples* against the liberty  
 “ of this republic? Why have they  
 “ infringed upon the long peace of *Italy*?

\* *Sixtus IV.*

† *Ferdinand II.*

“ For this they have no excuse. Let  
 “ them injure those only, from whom  
 “ they have received injuries; but let  
 “ them not blend private enmities and  
 “ public offences. It is from hence  
 “ that our misfortunes are augmented;  
 “ because the pope and the king of *Na-*  
 “ *ples* are coming hither armed, and  
 “ affirm that they wage war against me  
 “ and my family. Would to God, it  
 “ were true! the remedy would not  
 “ only be immediate, but certain; for I  
 “ am not so bad a citizen, as to regard  
 “ my own safety more than your secu-  
 “ rity. No, I would most willingly pre-  
 “ vent your ruin by my own.

“ The powerful never fail to gloss the  
 “ wrongs which they have perpetrated  
 “ by some specious pretext. This is the  
 “ method they have taken to cover their  
 “ most dishonourable actions.

“ Nevertheless, should you be of an-  
 “ other opinion, I am entirely at your  
 “ disposal; behold me here ready to be

“ directed,

“ directed, or deserted, by you. You  
 “ are my fathers, you are my defenders.  
 “ Whatever you command, I shall most  
 “ chearfully obey. Nor will I refuse,  
 “ if you desire it, to terminate by my  
 “ own blood, a war thus begun by the  
 “ blood of my brother \*.”

Here you see the power and eloquence of *Machiavel*. He was a man of great strength of body and mind. As an instance of the first, we are told, that he underwent the torture of *the Question* †,

\* “ This speech,” say the writers of the *Universal Modern History*, “ if it has not been embellished by *Machiavel*, shews *Lorenzo* to have “ been one of the greatest orators that ever lived.” It is inserted, together with a full account of the conspiracy, in *Machiavel*’s eighth book.

† He was put to the torture by the *Medici*, on a suspicion of his being an accomplice in the machinations of the *Soderini* against their house. He bore it without confessing any thing. To pacify him, the *Medici* procured for him the post of historiographer. See *Moreri*. “ He was unsteady and unfaithful, being void of all religion.”

and

and lived many years after it. His works are instances of the latter, but they are, at the same time, examples of his want of truth, exactness, and religion. All historians are naturally biaſſed, but to be purpoſely biaſſed is unpardonable. I believe, the opinion which *Ammirato* entertains of *Machiavel*, and the criticiſm which he paſſes on his works, are juſt. They are to this purpoſe, “ He  
“ [*Machiavel*] miſtakes years, changes  
“ names, alters facts, confounds cauſes,  
“ increaſes, joins, deprives, diminifhes,  
“ and ſets down all that comes into his  
“ fancy,—without any regard to the  
“ laws of conduct and moderation; and  
“ what appears ſtill more diſagreeable, is,  
“ that, in many places, he writes art-  
“ fully, either becauſe he chuſes to err,  
“ or becauſe he does not know, that  
“ affairs have been tranſacted in a dif-  
“ ferent manner, or that his writings  
“ may appear more beautiful and leſs  
“ dry,

“dry, than they would have done, if  
 “he had adhered to time and facts, or  
 “if he had not accommodated facts to  
 “the style, and not the style to facts\*.”  
 I send you this, as counter-poison against  
*Machiavel’s* golden pills. He lived as  
 far in the sixteenth century as the year  
 1530. He was by birth a *Florentine*, much  
 encouraged, if not trusted, by the house  
 of *Medici*; who procured for him consi-  
 derable employments in the state, but  
 to no purpose; his blasphemous † and  
 immoral behaviour ruined him. He  
 died in great indigence; and, with all  
 moral men, in great contempt. No ge-  
 nius, no abilities, how great soever, will  
 support a man against his God, who in-  
 spired that genius, and gave those abi-  
 lities.

\* “This criticism on *Machiavel* is in the xxiiiid  
 book of *Scipio Ammirato*, under the year 1466.”

† “It is said, by *Binet* and others, that he  
 died blaspheming,”



The *Florentine* history of *Benedetto Varchi*\*, who was himself a *Florentine*, is contained in sixteen books. It is indeed the history of the house of *Medici*. His writings are many and unequal. Those towards the latter end of his life are inferior to his earlier works. He died, at the age of sixty-three, in the year 1566.

The history written by *Bernardo Segni*† is more estimable than famous. The time which it comprises, is a short period; but the apparent veracity of the author is much to his honour. He was

\* "See his article in *Moreri*."

† "He was the son of *Lorenzo Segni*, and was lineally descended from ——— *Segni*, who was chancellor of the *Florentine* republic in the year 1287. His mother was *Ginevra*, daughter of *Piero*, and sister of *Nicolo Capponi*. See *Notizie intorno alla vita di B. Segni*, placed before his history. Prefixed to it is a kind of comparison between him and *Varchi*, in an anonymous address to the reader."



a native of *Florence*. By his mother he was nearly allied to the family of *Capponi*. This alliance gave him great advantages in composing his history; his uncle *Nicolo Capponi*, whose life he has written, having been gonfalonier of the republic in the years 1527 and 1528. From the year 1513, *Bernardo* was employed in many negociations and magistracies, in all which, as in every part of life, he is said to have behaved himself with integrity and candour; virtues undoubtedly calculated to form an historian.

*Scipio Ammirato*, a *Neapolitan*, but of a *Florentine* family, is more diffuse than *Varchi*, or *Segni*, and much more faithful and exact than *Machiavel*. His history consists of thirty-five books. He has judiciously stopped at the death of the first great-duke of *Tuscany*, for reasons, which I must defer to my next letter. I will not, I ought not, to extend  
this

L E T T E R XVI. 207

this any farther, than to assure you, that I yield to none of your friends, in affection to you, and your very worthy son ; to whom I write, jointly as to yourself, such speculations, as occur, by reading or observation, to

Your own,

CORKE.

•  
L E T T E R

## L E T T E R XVII.

*Florence, April 13th, 1755.*

DEAR SIR,

I Am upon the wing towards a little country-house which we have taken within two miles of *Florence*, in one of the pleasantest, among the many charming, situations which the environs of this city afford: but lest the pleasures of a new scene may make me delay the promise of my last, I am determined to perform it this instant, being destined to-morrow to commence *Italian* country-gentleman.

The prudence of *Ammirato* † is very

† *Moreri* says, “ He had already retired to  
“ *Florence*, where, not to mention a canonry  
“ that was procured for him, he found himself  
“ detained by the favours of the great-duke.”

apparent,

apparent, in not carrying on his history farther than he has done. He composed it, at least he finished it, in the reign of *Ferdinand I.* a jealous prince, of great acuteness and penetration, who knew how to reward and punish, and who would have been inexorable at any praises bestowed upon his brother *Francis*, or any true account given of his sudden death. It is that catastrophe, which I will take permission to relate to you, as it is not to be found in any printed historian.

*Francis*, the eldest surviving son of *Cosmo I.* succeeded his father in the dukedom of *Tuscany* in 1574. He had two wives, the first was *Joan of Austria*, daughter of the emperor *Ferdinand I.* consequently niece of the illustrious *Charles V.* His second wife was *Bianca Capello*, widow of a person of mean birth, whose name was *Buonsignori*\*.

\* "I never could learn his christian name." The authors of the *Modern History* style him "a gentleman of the house of *Salviati*."

The great-duke had only two daughters, no sons, by his first wife. His eldest daughter was *Leonora*, married to *Vincent*, duke of *Mantua*; his youngest was the famous *Mary de' Medici*, wife of *Henry IV.* and mother of *Lewis XIII.*

*Bianca Capello* was a *Venetian* lady, not of a noble, rather of a low\*, extraction. The great-duke had seen her in his travels. He was enamoured of her beauty, and captivated by her behaviour. He invited her and her husband to his capital. They accepted the invitation, and settled in *Florence*. They appeared at the court of *Francis*, whose amorous inclinations increased every time he saw *Bianca*. He hoped, and imagined, that he might purchase her of her husband. He loaded him with presents and with honours. On the other

\* “Comparatively speaking, *Bianca* was a citizen. The *Venetians* have only nobles and citizens.”

hand, he solicited the wife not only by presents and blandishments, but almost by violence. His attempts and stratagems were many and various; but every stratagem, and every attempt was ineffectual: her virtue was impregnable.

In the mean time, her husband, unused to the gifts of fortune, and giddy with unexpected honours and acquisitions, grew insolent, rude, and arrogant to the *Florentine* nobility. Complaints were made to the great-duke of the outrages, vanity, and haughtiness of this petulant intruder. “Since he is grown intolerable,” answered *Francis*, “why does he not receive the punishment he deserves\*?” The hint was sufficient; and the next evening, as he was passing along, *Buonsignori* was stabbed, and left dead upon *Il Ponte à santa Trinita*.

\* “In the same style, and with the same effect, as our king *Henry II.* spoke of *Thomas of Canterbury*.”

*Bianca*, in a few days, came forth in the melancholy pomp of mourning, and threw herself at the great-duke's feet, to implore justice on her husband's murderers. "The best justice I can grant you," said the great-duke, "is to marry you myself †."

"What a falling off was here!"—From a match with an emperor's daughter, to nuptials with *Buonsignori's* widow! All *Tuscany* was offended at it. None looked upon the alliance with a more disdainful eye, than cardinal *Ferdinand* ‡, the

† *Thuanus* mentions her being "adopted, on this occasion, by the senate of *Venice*;" which the *Modern History* explains by saying that "when the grand-duke declared his intention of marrying her, the senate, out of regard to her father's family, declared her the daughter of their republic, and made her a present of a ducal crown." Vol. xiii. p. 539.

‡ "He was created a cardinal, when very young, in his father's life-time, probably against his own inclination.—*Verso il fine del primo mese del*



the great-duke's only brother. He saw the honour of the house of *Medici* injured, and the dignity of their pride offended, by such a marriage. To behold *Bianca Capello* raised to the high station of great-dutcheſs of *Tuſcany*, was to him as odious an incident as could happen. His rage, which at firſt was ſmothered in ſilence, at length broke out into fury. He frequently treated her with rudeneſs and diſreſpect. The acrimony increaſed on both ſides. Their hatred became mutual. They wiſhed each other dead, and they lived in times to accompliſh their wiſhes. The art of poiſoning was then a ſcience, in which the greateſt and the meaneſt of the *Italians* were perfectly well verſed. The great-dutcheſs, according to the manuſcript account which I have read; put poiſon into a ſort of tart,

*del anno 1563, non avendo anche i ſedeci anni della ſua età finiti, il promoffe al Cardinalato. See Ammirato, Lib. xxxv. p. 534."*

of which she had observed the cardinal particularly fond. She invited him, being then seemingly reconciled, to breakfast one morning, before he was to go out on a hunting-party with his brother. She placed his favourite dish before him. *Ferdinand* either suspected, or had secretly discovered, her design. He declined tasting the tart. The great-dutchess still continued to press him with some degree of earnestness. The more she pressed, the more he excused himself. "He had eaten enough; he wished the duke and dutchess would taste it; he was sure it was good; but, for his own part, he could not possibly eat any more." *Francis*, hearing the tart so much commended, ate of it plentifully. *Bianca*, seeing her plot take a wrong turn, and well knowing the consequences that must ensue, if she survived her husband, ate up the remainder. The poison soon began to take effect. Convulsions seized the great-duke and dutchess,

dutchess, and they were carried immediately into an adjoining bed-chamber, and placed together on the same bed, where they soon expired in the utmost agonies. Then the doors, which had been kept shut, were thrown open. All persons were permitted to come in, and behold them lying dead, and, like true lovers, clasped in each other's arms.

The scene of this dismal transaction was *Poggio à Caiano*, a country-seat belonging to the great-dukes of *Tuscany* \*. The bed-chamber, where *Francis* and *Bianca* breathed their last, is shewn to all strangers. It is dark and dismal; a fit receptacle for murdered bodies! The sight of it, by the idea of the catastrophe, struck us with horror. All the other parts of the house are not only magnificent, but chearful, and most

\* In the mid-way between *Florence* and *Pistoia*. The foundation of it was laid by pope *Leo X*.

royally furnished. The situation is particularly fine.

*Francis* was buried with the utmost funeral magnificence in the chapel of *St. Lorenzo*. *Bianca*, the unfortunate *Bianca*, was carried openly upon mens shoulders, and thrown, scarce with decency, into a deep cavern at the bottom of the church, allotted as a burial-place for the meanest and the vilest of the people.

You will be surpris'd that I call her "unfortunate," when I have given you an account, which makes her guilty of murder. That account, though the only one extant, is undoubtedly false. *Bianca* was innocent. The death of her and of her husband was contrived and perpetrated by the cardinal. He poisoned the tart, and they ate of it\*. To  
clear

\* *Thuanus* says, "The great-duke *Francis* dying suddenly on the 9th of October, 1587,"  
"his

clear himself to the world, he invented the story, which I have recited; by which means he concealed his wickedness, and saved his honour. If he had been asked, “ why were the doors locked, and no person admitted to assist a brother and sister in their last moments?” he must have answered, (had he told the truth) that “ he apprehended “ left in their last convulsive pangs, they “ might have been able to utter words sufficient to make the strongest appearances, if not an absolute discovery, of “ the murder.” Again he dreaded, lest they might have received such assistance, from proper medicines and applications, as might have prolonged, perhaps totally restored, their lives.

It is scarce possible to suppose, that *Bianca* should suffer her husband, by

“ his wife *Bianca* followed her husband within “ five hours; her death being hastened either by “ fate or by grief.” B. lxxxviii. *sect.* 3.

whose life she held her exaltation and happiness, to eat indiscriminately of a poisoned tart ; but it may easily be imagined, that the next heir to the dukedom should be impatient to get rid of a brother, whom he scarce loved (fraternal affection was little known in that family) and a sister-in-law, whom he despised and detested. By the death of *Francis*, the ambitious *Ferdinand* gained all the acquisitions he could desire : an exalted station, great riches, and immediate freedom from an ecclesiastical life. By the death of *Bianca*, he gained, what is unspeakably acceptable to a proud mind, REVENGE. Pride was the constant characteristic of the house of *Medici*. Whilst the cardinal lived, and indeed whilst any of his successors remained in possession of the dutchy of *Tuscany*, the name of *Bianca Capello* was never mentioned\*, not even in common discourse.

Two

\* “ As an instance of this, see that late wretched



Two ends were answered by this conduct; the dignity of the family was preserved sacred, and the particulars of the murder, by not being discussed, had a chance of being forgotten for ever.

Some pictures are still to be found in *Florence* of *Bianca Capello*, by which she appears, for now she may appear, extremely handsome: and surely the virtuous resistance which she maintained, against the diversified, and repeated attempts of *Francis*, at that time her sovereign, entitled her to a better fate,

I am, dear sir,

entirely your's,

CORKE.

wretched writer *Giuseppe Bianchini*, whose account of the death of *Francis* is as follows: *Mori' il gran ducà Francesco nel mese d' Ottobre del anno 1587, senza aver lasciato di se, e della gran duchessa, Giovanna d' Austria, alcuno figliulo maschio.* "The  
" great-duke *Francis* died in the month of October of the year 1587, without leaving, by the  
" great dutchess, *Joan of Austria*, any son."

LETTER



## L E T T E R XVIII.

Marignolle, May 1st, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OU see by my date, that I am settled in my country-house. This is a great holiday in *Tuscany*, the feast of *St. Philip*. There are vast rejoicings in *Florence*. Methinks I had rather see the chimney-sweeper's garland at *Charing-Cross*. I laugh at myself for sighing after my native country. I endeavour to conquer my prejudices by reason: all in vain!

—— *hæret lateri letbalis arundo* \*.

Whilst I remain here, that my hours

\* *Æn.* iv. ver. 73.

— — — — the fatal dart

Sticks in my side, and rankles in my heart.

may

may not be totally unprofitable, and that I may render my correspondence in some measure worthy of your attention, suffer me, from time to time, to make additions to the accounts, which I have already sent you of the state, the metropolis, and the people: but remember that I neither aim at the exactness of the historian, nor the minuteness of the biographer. Compositions of that kind demand another form. Yet to me the difficulty seems disagreeably great to write by rule, or to preclude myself from that ease and familiarity, which constantly flow in an epistolary intercourse from one friend to another; and though I think I have materials sufficient to send you a regular account of *Florence*, from the interesting æra of its destiny \*, yet I shall scarce

\* “ Viz. from the beginning of the xiiiith century, the year 1215,” when the imprudent marriage of signor *Buondelmonte* occasioned the first division in *Florence*. See p. 180. note.

ever be tempted to place those materials in any digested method, or order.

I am always delighted with dipping into history. Each country affords a characteristical distinction in the manners of its inhabitants, and a kind of philosophical improvement in the variety of its events. The virulence of party appears every where, but not in the same shape. The change of dress in the goddess of discord still furnishes fresh scope for speculation; and still, in my opinion, renders privacy and retirement, the most eligible state of life, that can be pursued. *Suave mari magno*, &c. sings *Lucretius*, and we all join in the song. What is it then that excites any man to quit the shore, and voluntarily plunge into the deep? "*Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same*†. It

† "Psalm xlv. 3. See the whole psalm, which is poetically nervous."

sometimes proceeds from the irresistible love of our country ; more frequently from a factious disposition ; but much more frequently still from a thirst of power, opulence, and fame. There are so many examples of every one of these motives, that they abound in the shortest historical accounts of every dominion, be it principality or republic, be it larger or less. To name such as happen this moment to occur to me, *Lucca* has had her *Castruccio Castracani* \* ; the *Netherlands* have had their counts *Egmont*, and *Horne* † ; *Ireland* has had her  
*O'Neils*.

\* A foundling, who became one of the greatest generals in the xivth century, making himself master of *Lucca*, *Pistoia*, and many other towns. He died in 1326. “ See his life written by *Machiavel*, but do not depend on the veracity of that historian. It is an entertaining, not an exact, piece of biography.”

† *L'Amorat*, count of *Egmont*, and *Philip de Montmorenci*, count *Horne*, were the two chief opposers of the tyranny of *Philip II.* and the establishment

O'Neils † and Tyrone ||; and to come nearer to the present times, few years are past, since we have seen *Theodore de Neubolff*, acknowledged king of *Corfica*. Unfortunate *Theodore*! His majesty, I hear, is at this day a close prisoner for debt, in the king's bench prison of our metropolis\*. Let him write on the

blishment of the inquisition in the *Netherlands*, for which being apprehended by the duke of *Alva*, they were both publicly beheaded at *Brussels* in 1567. See *Thuanus*, *Strada*, &c.

† *Shan O'Neil*, called by the *Irish* the great O'Neil, who assumed the title of king of *Ulster*, a rebel in *Ireland* in 1560 and 1567.

|| *Hugh* earl of *Tyrone*, nephew of the former, a rebel also against the *English* government in *Ireland* in 1599.

\* He died *December* 11, 1756, in an obscure lodging in *Chapel - Street*, *Soho*, immediately after his enlargement from that prison, by the benefit of the act of insolvency, in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of *Corfica* for the use of his creditors, as is mentioned on a marble erected to his memory in *St. Anne's* church-yard. See "a humorous but true account

the walls of his royal bed-chamber these lines of an anonymous author :

Ambition is a weed, that's always found  
To spread the farthest in the richest ground :  
Fair to the eye the fragrant blossoms rise,  
But he, who plucks the fruit, and tastes it, dies.

Few outrageous heroes, thank heaven, have arisen of late years to ravage the earth. The *Goths* and *Vandals* are long since tamed and civilized. The pope is become a pacific christian. Still indeed different states have different quarrels; but they quarrel with a degree of policy and politeness unknown to the *Guelfs* and *Ghibellines* of former days. The fate of *Tuscany* has been as material a change, as any that has happened of late years. It was assigned to the present emperor as duke of *Lorrain*, by the treaty of *Vienna* in the year 1736,

count of king *Theodore*, in *the World*, No. 8. Feb. 22, 1753," written by Mr. *Horace Walpole*.

Q

in



in exchange for *Lorrain* given to *France*. There is no sort of appearance, at present, that it will again change its master. Should the revolutions of *Europe* hereafter require a new disposition of *Tuscany*, and were that disposition to be made by force, no great time would probably be consumed in effecting it. The troops of the great-duke amount not to three thousand men. *Leghorn* indeed appears strongly fortified after the modern manner. The other cities are but slightly defended against an enemy. *Florence* has three fortresses, ill supplied with cannon, and rather formed to annoy the town, and keep it in subjection, than to resist a foreign force. *Florence* is encompassed on three sides with high hills, from whence, by the present engines of war, the city might soon be reduced to an heap of rubbish. The hearts of the *Tuscans* pant after a resident grand-duke. They have great reason, their state being much impoverished since the death of

John



*John Gaston*, the last of the house of *Medici*. In his reign the inhabitants of *Florence* were an hundred thousand souls; they are now reduced to less than four-score thousand\*. Can there be a greater instance of a state-atrophy? you will ask, where are these people gone? To *Naples*. Who were they? Not beggars; artificers.

The forces of the great-duke by sea, are very inconsiderable. Some years ago, he laid aside his galleys, and purchased three old *English* merchant-ships, to execute a project, which had count *Richecourt* for its author. The scheme was this: the three vessels were to be amply provided with cannon, and well manned with soldiers. They were to

\* Having now a resident great-duke, it may be presumed this atrophy will cease; and accordingly Mr. *Baretti* tells us, "that "*Florence* and "*Leghorn* increase both in buildings and inhabitants since their sovereign resides no more at "*Vienna*."

seize by surprise the treasures of the emperor of *Morocco*\*; to carry off those treasures, and to return to *Tuscany*;

\* A similar project, in which the *Turks* might retaliate on the catholics by attacking the treasury of *Loretto*, it lying so near the sea-shore, and being so weakly guarded, has been mentioned, as very feasible, by Mr. *Addison*; and he adds, that, "it would be an easy thing for a christian prince to surprise it, who has ships passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims, to secure a gate for him." Mr. *Sharp* also wonders, "that some corsair, with a hundred and fifty or two hundred men, should not attempt to surprise and plunder that church," and thinks "a *coup de main* well managed would succeed." But the difficulties of such an enterprize, as well as the treachery and inhumanity of it, have been justly ridiculed and exposed by Mr. *Baretti*, in his *Account of Italy*, chap. iii. Though at the same time, however unjustifiable it might be in a christian prince, the catholics must allow that the *Moors*, if an opportunity should offer, have just as much right to plunder the treasures of *Loretto*, as count *Richecourt* and the *Tuscans* had to seize the treasures of *Morocco*.

from whence the capture was to be transported to *Vienna*. The design was discovered, and must have proved in itself of such pernicious consequence to the *English* commerce in those parts, that the prudence and vigilance of Sir *Horace Mann*, (he is made a baronet since I named him to you) were judiciously exerted on the occasion, and put an effectual stop to it. The disappointment of count *Richecourt* has disgusted him against the *English* minister, and against our whole nation. I have been assured the design was feasible; the greater then, the disappointment.

The conquest of *Tuscany* would still be rendered more easy by the tacit inclinations of the inhabitants to change their master. They would meet the conqueror with joy, if he intended to seat himself for life in the ducal throne. He would find no resistance from the *Tuscans* themselves; perhaps little or none from the *Italian* troops in pay of the emperor.

Nothing is more irksome to the *Flo-*

*rentines*, than to see every vacant post and employment filled up by *Lorraineſe*. Not an houſekeeper belonging to any of the palaces is an *Italian*. All ſwarm from *Lorrain*, drawn to this hive by the tinkling of count *Richecourt*'s bell. Moſt of them, his relations; all, his dependents. Hence ariſe hatred, diſlike, and ſilent murmurs againſt him and his maſter; but as theſe unhappy people are ſubdued, yoked, and impoveriſhed, they may hang up their harps, and ſit down, and weep by the waters of the *Arno*.

The annual revenue of the ſtate is ſaid to be about five hundred thouſand pounds ſterling; the annual expences of the government are about half that ſum. The reſt is carried out of the dutchy, and centers in *Vienna*. The ſtatues and pictures remain; but the plate, jewels, and other portable treaſures have all tended to the ſame center; in particular, the famous diamond *de' Medici* \*, a *Venus* in  
its

\* This diamond, according to *Tavernier*, weighs  
one

its kind, which the emperor, on days of festival and parade, wears in his hat.

Comparisons continually arise in my mind, when I behold these despotic states, and consider my own country. Heaven has placed us in so advantageous a situation, that, unless we are divided at home, attacks from abroad may molest, but cannot ruin us. Our laws are the laws of freedom; our merchandise the traffic of opulence. Our constitution is framed and joined together by the choicest parts, picked and

one hundred and forty carrats and a half, and was the largest in *Europe*, till Mr. *Pitt* brought from the *East-Indies* a diamond which weighed three carrats and a half more, and had besides, a finer water. The great-duke is said to have bought his of a *Jesuit* for about 18,750 l. sterling: The father gave only a single *Paolo* for it, (6d. sterling) it being offered to sale as a bit of crystal. Mr. *Pitt* received from the regent of *France* for his diamond, about 67,000 l. sterling.

extracted from aristocracies, democracies, and sovereignties. We have a naval force able to defend, and maintain the empire of the seas. We enjoy wealth and possessions in both the *Indies*. We boast a regular, choice, and singular system of parliamentary government, so nicely calculated, as to be at once the defence and support of the king and the people. Our sovereign has the power, but the parliament has still the law of that power\*. What people upon earth can say the same? Can the republics of *Venice* and *Holland* (if the latter may still be called a republic) boast of any liberty, equal to that of *England*? Most assuredly, they cannot. In what then do the *Venetians* excel us? In the great œconomy and frugality of their private families; in their temperance; in the inviolable secrecy of public and private affairs; in a

\* " See *Bacon* on government."



certain steadiness and serenity, to which we are utterly strangers. In what instances has *Holland* the advantage over us? In their industry, their vigilance, and their wariness. They exert these to an excess; by which means, they turn their virtues into vices. Their industry becomes rapine; their vigilance, fraud; their wariness, cunning. The government of *Switzerland* is democratical, and by no means to be compared with those, which I have already mentioned. So that, take us all in all, if our steadiness was not too often obstinacy, our strength fullness, our exultations madness, our depressions timidity, and our hatred and prejudices to each other, invincible, unreasonable, and absurd, we might be happy at home, and revered abroad. As things are, our neighbours see and take advantage of our private dissensions. They rejoice to perceive us agreeing in no one point so unanimously, as in a constant,



constant, and indeed a regular system of luxury and licentiousness, which, sooner or later, they justly imagine, must debilitate us as much as they can wish.

I am, dear sir,

ever your's,

C O R K E.

P. S. In my several descriptive sketches of *Florence*, I omitted one circumstance, which surprised me, as it must all strangers, to a great degree. At one of the windows of every great palace constantly hangs out an empty flask, to shew that the master sells wine. The *Florentine* nobility receive the produce of their lands in kind \*.

\* Dr. *Smollett* has also mentioned this circumstance in the following manner: "with all their  
 " pride, the nobles of *Florence* are humble enough  
 " to enter into partnership with shop-keep-  
 " ers, and even to sell wine by retail. It is an  
 " undoubted

“undoubted fact, that in every palace, or great  
 “house, in this city, there is a little window  
 “fronting the street, provided with an iron  
 “knocker, and over it hangs an empty flask, by  
 “way of sign-post. Thither you send your ser-  
 “vant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at  
 “the little wicket, which is opened immediately  
 “by a domestic, who supplies him with what he  
 “wants, and receives the money, like the waiter  
 “at any other cabaret.” *Letter xxvii.*

This custom is also described in much the same  
 manner, by Mr. *Skippon*, who was at *Florence* in the  
 year 1664. See *Churchill's Collection of Voy-*  
*ages*, vol. vi. p. 641.

## L E T T E R XIX.

*Marignolle, May 5th, 1755.*

**M**ETHINKS I took my leave of my dear friend, last *Thursday*, in a dejected mood. I seemed to croak the approaching ruin of my country. I recall my prophecy. I retract my words. 'Though we are sick, we are not dying; 'though we are losing, we are not ruined; 'though we are short-sighted, we are not blind. Some noble spirits are still left. Lord *Huntingdon*\* is one. He has passed the winter in *Florence*, with great honour to himself, and with just admiration from the *Florentines*. He has fortunate advantages; high nobility; politeness from observa-

\* Now groom of the stole to his Majesty.

tion ;

tion; quickness from parts. If he goes on as he begins, he will be an ornament and a defence to his country. His friendship with lord *Stormont* †, who has lately been here, and whose abilities are undoubted, will render them both, in every sense, *Par nobile fratrum*.

But hold—either I am deceived, or I hear you say, whisperingly to yourself “Why so much of our own country? why sketches of lord *Huntingdon*, and lord *Stormont*, whose characters I know? why not more particulars of *Florence*? why am I not told, whether the *Italian* spring produces that delightful verdure, so acceptable to the eye, and so ornamental to the *British* islands?” No, no, my dear Mr. *Duncombe*, *Italy* produces no such green. Enjoy the beauty, my friend, where you are. Be assured, you

† At present his Majesty's ambassador to the court of *France*.

possess it in a degree superior to most, I believe to all other, *European* nations. The temperature of the spring is as various here, as in *England*; now warm, now cold; now calm, now stormy: the rains here are remarkably heavier. Since I have been accustomed to the *Italian* rains, I think the clouds only drop in *England*. They melt in instantaneous cascades in *Italy*. With you, they only produce showers; with us, they pour down cataracts. In truth, the difference is amazing.

Some of the windows of the house, in which we are situated, command a view of the ancient *Fiezole*, the remains of which moulder on the summit of a very high hill; inconvenient for want of water; most beautiful in point of prospect. I view the place with particular pleasure. It is classic ground. That *Etrurian* city was enlarged by *Sylla* the dictator. The renowned *Triumvirate*, *Octavius*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*, improved

ed it. It was then called *Florentia*; and when removed for the acquisition of water, *Fluentia*, *quod ad Arni fluentia extructa sit*.

The sight of *Fiezole* reminds me of an instance in *Pliny* of *Etrurian* luxury, on which account you will not be sorry perhaps that I should recite it. “*Cras-*  
 “*sus dives, primus argento auroque folia*  
 “*imitatus, ludis suis coronas dedit. Ac-*  
 “*cesseruntque et lemnisci, quos adjici ip-*  
 “*sarum coronarum honos erat propter E-*  
 “*truscas, quibus jungi nisi aurei non de-*  
 “*bebant* \*. If the ancient *Etrusci* were  
 luxurious, the modern *Tuscans* have fol-  
 lowed their footsteps. The palaces of

\* *Nat. Hist. Lib. xxi. Cap. 3.*

“*Craſſus* the rich was the first who gave away  
 “at his games chaplets of gold and silver resem-  
 “bling leaves. Ribbons also were afterwards  
 “added as appendages, for more honour and  
 “state, a device respecting those *Tuscan* crowns  
 “which were allowed to have no ribbands or  
 “laces hanging to them but of gold.”

the



the *Strozzi*, *Medici*, *Corfini*, *Capponi*, &c. are strong examples of it. If the old *Etrurians* were superstitious, the present *Etrurians* are no less so. The former burned incense to their nymph *Bygoe*†; the latter say masses in honour of *Santa Reparata*. The forefathers worshipped *Pomona*; their sons adore the virgin *Mary*. In these points there is no degeneracy. Nor are dreams and omens less efficacious at this day in *Tuscany*, than they were at *Rome* in the reign of *Numa*.

Since I have attempted to draw some kind of comparison between the ancient and modern inhabitants of *Tuscany*, I must add, that, as far as I can observe, the hereditary fire and spirit of the ancient *Etrurians* have not descended in any great degree to their *Tuscan* poste-

† A nymph much revered in *Etruria*, who was supposed to have written a book concerning the manner of expiating thunder. "See *Museum Etruscum*, vol. ii. p. 49."



city. *Virgil*, who often mentions the *Etrusci*, constantly represents them as a warlike people. You remember, when the venerable and experienced king *Evander* speaks of them, he says,

— — — *ubi Lydia quondam*  
*Gens bello præclara, jugis insedit E-*  
*truscis* \*.

And again,

*Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria*  
*justis* †.

Courage is by no means at present the characteristic of the *Tuscans*. Their bravery has been so little tried of late years, that their behaviour in battle is unknown. Superstition, turned into en-

\* *Æneid.* viii. ver. 479.

Torn from the *Tuscans*, by the *Lydian* race,  
 In warlike people strong.

† — — — ver. 494.

By just revenge the *Tuscans* set on fire.

*Dryden.*

thufiafm, will make cowards brave. The *Florentines* are fuperftitious, not enthufiafts. They tremble at thunder: they hear groans in church-yards: they fee horfes without heads. They attribute every untoward accident to the devil. They are pinched by evil fpirits. Deceased faints and martyrs appear to their fancy, fometimes in an angry, fometimes in a placid, difpofition. What *augures* and *arufpices* began, christian priefts have continued. But nothing, not even prieftcraft, keeps up the vein of fuperftition in *Florence* fo effectually, as a certain lottery, intituted by the government for gain to the prince, and ruin to the people. I will endeavour to explain it to you.

There are ninety numbers. You write on a blank ticket, any five numbers you please, contained within the ninety. Few purchafers go beyond the renowned lucky number, three. The loweft price is a *paolo*, (fix pence) a ticket.

ticket. You may go as much higher as you please. You will be paid according to the price at which you purchase. Let us suppose you purchase five numbers for a *paolo*. If one only of your five numbers be drawn a prize, it is of no consequence; for it sinks into the other four, if blanks; as a drop of water is lost in the sea. If two are drawn prizes, you are entitled to twenty *paolos*; if three, you are to receive four and twenty crowns; if four, twenty-five *zecheens*. A *zecheen* is something less than ten shillings. If all your five numbers are prizes, you are entitled to an hundred *zecheens*. I have already said, that if you had bought at an higher price, your payment would be proportionably equivalent to the sum you paid in.

These lotteries, (there are two, one at *Leghorn*, the other at *Florence*,) are drawn once a month, at different times; so that destruction comes round once in a fortnight.

No instance has been, or probably ever will be, known of five numbers arising prizes to the same person.

Every poor wretch, who can command two or three *paolos*, drowns them most eagerly in this ocean of imposition. The miserable experience of ill success has no effect on the minds of the vulgar. They pawn their cloaths to procure money for tickets. One of the officers of the revenue received a large sum of money belonging to the great-duke. He put it privately into the lottery, lost it, and was hanged. After his death several hundred tickets were found in his bureau.

The superstitious part of the imposition is this: The purchasers of tickets, in order to be successful, must fast, during six and thirty hours; must repeat a certain number of *Ave Marias*, &c. must not speak to any living creature during the whole time; must not go to bed; must continue in prayer to the virgin  
and

and the saints, till some propitious saint or prophet not only appears, but declares the several numbers destined for success. The watchers tired out by expectation, fasting, and prayer, fall asleep, see the saint, hear and forget the numbers, acknowledge their forgetfulness, own the goodness of the holy vision, and remain thoroughly convinced, that the oracle must be infallible. Again they buy tickets, again fall asleep, again see prophets, and at last are ruined.

Two months ago a maid-servant purchased five numbers. Three came up prizes. She was paid twenty-four crowns. She declared, that the prophet *Jeremiah*, in the dress of a *Capuchin*, had named to her the numbers. *Jeremiah* is at present the saint in vogue. The lottery fills more and more, in honour and confidence of that son of *Hilkiab*, who had less influence, living, in the land of *Anathoth*, than he has, dead, in the land of *Tuscany*.

We heretics suspect, that the real prophet was the farmer of this branch of the public revenue, who, finding his lottery decreasing, discovered, at the expence of four and twenty crowns, an effectual method of raising it again to its former baneful influence.

I have been particularly desirous to set before you an exact detail of these monthly lotteries, as they are glaring examples of the method made use of, to carry on and support the present government of *Florence*. They are let out to farmers, as are all the other branches of the grand-duke's revenue.

It is true, none of the nobility are presumed to throw away *paolos*, or *zecheens*, in so low a manner. Perhaps they do not. Be it so. Their servants and their tradesmen do; and the ill consequences of the vices in the lower people, will be felt, sooner or later, by the higher.

A government subsisting by artifice, and by oppressive schemes, is a tyranny



of the worst sort. Yet, bad as it is, the *Florentines* dare not complain. Where the will of the prince is absolute, the complaints of the people are ineffectual. Whither can they fly for redress? Vain is the appeal to a judge against his own decree.

During the commonwealth, the city was governed by eight and forty senators, who had the direction of public affairs, and the power to hear and relieve grievances. These senators were a barrier even against any injustice that might proceed from the individual members of their own body. Their number was not lessened during the reigns of the *Medici*; but their authority was much relaxed, and by degrees became little more than nominal. Since the present emperor's accession, many of the senators are dead, and the whole complement is reduced to fifteen, or sixteen. No vacancy is ever filled up; and, I am told, that the ceremony of assembling those few who remain is entirely omitted.



When you consider this fact, and recollect the situation of the present triumvirate council \*, you will agree with me, that *Florence* is absolutely governed by a single vice-roy, a *Lorraineſe*.

The *Engliſh* are a happy people, if they were truly conſcious, or could in any degree convince themſelves, of their own felicity. They are the *fortunatimum*. Let them travel abroad, not to ſee faſhions, but ſtates ; not to taſte different wines, but different governments ; not to compare laces and velvets, but laws and politics ; they will then return home perfectly convinced, that *England* is poſſeſſed of more freedom, juſtice, and happineſs, than any other nation under heaven. With theſe advantages, it will be our own fault if we ſink into deſolation and ruin.

I am, dear ſir,

your ever faithful,

C O R K E .

\* See Letter XI. p. 123.

## L E T T E R    XX.

*Marignolle, May 31st, 1755.*

**I**NSTEAD of those grave political reflections, with which my late letters have been filled, this shall convey to you, dear sir, some anecdotes from the *Court of Love*. They begin in *Lorrain*, and, after a pretty long journey, will bring us back into *Tuscany*. If they amuse you, my end is answered. It is of no consequence from what quarter of the globe the amusement comes.

*Leopold*\*, late duke of *Lorrain*, father  
of

\* “ His names were *Leopold-Joseph-Charles*. He was born *September 11, 1679*, and died *March 27, 1729*. He was restored to his dominions, by the treaty of *Ryswick*, in 1698. He was the son of *Charles-Leopold*, called *Charles IV.* and *Eleonora*,

of *Francis*, the present emperor of *Germany* †, was a prince of a very amorous constitution, and, though married to an amiable and most deserving princess ‡, by whom he had several children ||, he lavished his time, and the revenues of

*nora*, daughter of the emperor *Ferdinand III.*" The present emperor and the great-duke of *Tuscany* are his grandsons.

† He died since this letter was written, *August* 18, 1765, aged 56.

‡ "*Elizabeth de Bourbon*, daughter of *Philip* duke of *Orleans*, (brother of *Lewis XIV.*) by his second wife *Charlotte-Elizabeth*, daughter of *Charles-Lewis*, elector-palatine. She was born in 1676, and married in 1698. Before her marriage she was styled "*Mademoiselle de Chartres.*" See *Les Souverains du monde*, Tome iii. p. 327."

"She owed her marriage," says Mr. *Keyser*, "to baron *Lilienroth*, the *Swedish* envoy, who, "at the peace of *Ryswick*, proposed it to the "house of *Lorraine*, as a means for creating a "better harmony between this court and that of "*France.*" *Keyser's Travels*, vol. iv. p. 277.

|| Viz. the late emperor *Francis*, prince *Charles* of *Lorraine*, and two princesses.

his

his dutchy, on his mistresses, his illegitimate offspring, and the sycophantic ministers of his private pleasures, leaving his dutchess, and his lawful heirs, almost in want of the necessaries of life. In this dissolute manner he had mortgaged, or given away, so many different branches of his revenue, that one of his counsellors of state, an old *Lorraine*, of great worth and honour, resolved to withdraw the duke from the brink of ruin by the following method. “Be pleased, sir,” said he, “to reward the affiduity of my long and faithful services by a grant of the whole revenue of your salt-works.” *Leopold*, amazed at so exorbitant a demand from one who had constantly endeavoured to retard and stop the lavish gifts, that had been granted to other courtiers, asked him what inducement he had to require so profuse a gratuity? “Sir,” said he, “I do not make this request to your royal highness, for my own sake, but for  
“ yours.

“yours. If you grant it, you will be  
 “obliged, merely for subsistence, to re-  
 “call the grant, and with it, I hope  
 “you will recall all those exorbitant  
 “gifts and alienations, that have been  
 “disperfed among the most worthless,  
 “the most diffolute, and the most un-  
 “grateful of your fubjects.”

This anecdote will represent to you that part of duke *Leopold's* character arifing from his amours. I will now exhibit to you one or two of the amours themfelves.

In the duke of *Lorrain's* army was a general-officer, a *Milanefe*, the marquis of \* \* \* \* \*, who had married a lady of his own country. The hufband and the wife were much efteemed and diftinguifhed. He for his conduct in the field, and his underftanding in the cabinet: ſhe, for her beauty, her virtue, and her prudence. The perpetual wars of duke *Leopold* frequently called the hufband to a confiderable diftance, and left the

the wife near the person of her sovereign, fully exposed to all his attempts and solicitations. She resisted them with true female heroism. They were repeated in various shapes ; in presents, in sighs, in entertainments, in adoration. They were continued by a perseverance of several years. At length the lady entertained within herself some sensations in his favour. Her virtue was alarmed at the discovery ; her fears were awakened. Conscience and honour prepared themselves to fight against love, pleasure, and ambition. Lest the combat might prove unequal, she thus addressed herself to her husband : “ You have been,” said she, “ most constantly and most faithfully informed by me of the duke of *Lorrain*’s courtship : I have not concealed from you a single circumstance of its progress. Your fortune and your interest made me suffer it. I sustained his addresses with resistance ;

“ I re-

“ I repulsed his ardour by disdain.  
 “ That time is now no more. I can no  
 “ longer look upon my royal master  
 “ with indifference. He lays riches,  
 “ honours, and power at my feet. Va-  
 “ nity and ambition, not to mention  
 “ desire, tempt me to stoop, and seize  
 “ the proffered treasures. As yet, I am  
 “ innocent: as yet, I am worthy of be-  
 “ ing your wife. But that innocence  
 “ stands tottering on the brink of a pre-  
 “ cipice. On my knees I beg you to  
 “ deliver me from the horrid dangers  
 “ that surround me. Save me, ere I  
 “ fall. Let us fly to *Milan*. Let us  
 “ take refuge in our own native country.  
 “ My soul, in spite of all temptation,  
 “ still prefers poverty with innocence to  
 “ opulence with guilt. Let us go in-  
 “ stantly, and live within the bounds of  
 “ our own little fortune in the *Milanese*.  
 “ Let us at once break loose from the  
 “ dangers of a luxurious court. Let us  
 “ seek



“ seek the happiness arising from true  
“ love ; and taste the joys of uninter-  
“ rupted affection.”

The Marquess, who had attentively listened to the noble confession of his wife, embraced the Marchioness with tenderness and tears, declaring, that he thought her equal, if not superior, to the most virtuous and the most prudent of her sex. He concurred with her in thinking, that an immediate flight was necessary. In a few hours after this remarkable scene had passed, they quitted the court of *Lorrain* with the utmost secrecy ; and soon reached their own estate in *Milan*, where they resided during the remainder of their lives.

*Leopold* was in the same situation as *Henry IV.* at the sudden departure of the prince and princess of *Condé*\*. He was  
struck

\* See Mrs. Scott's *Life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné* (late published) p. 376. This lady justly thinks that the passion of *Henry IV.* for the princess

struck with the utmost anguish and astonishment at the loss of a charming mistress, whom he imagined he had almost conquered.

To banish melancholy, and to solace himself under this disappointment, *Leopold* retired into the country, and sought relief from rural diversions. He rose early, for he slept little. Shooting and hunting were his daily exercise. The nights were passed in gloomy remembrance of the Marchioness. One morning, as he was in pursuit of his game, he

princess of *Condé* (which occasioned the flight above mentioned) “ may be considered as the  
 “ most criminal and most dishonourable action  
 “ in his life: the fire of youth, though it can  
 “ never excuse a crime, may be urged as some  
 “ palliation; but *Henry* had no longer this to  
 “ plead, for he was fifty-seven years of age when  
 “ he died; and every circumstance through the  
 “ whole proceeding was of so black a dye, that  
 “ it must remain an indelible stain on his  
 “ memory.”

accidentally met a girl, about fifteen years of age, watching in a field a large drove of turkeys. The sun had not injured her complexion. She was fair as *Venus*. She had in her countenance the bloom of health, the sprightliness of youth, and the blush of innocence. Such an object at once effaced the virtuous *Milanesa*. The duke of *Lorrain* made immediate enquiries after his new *Dulcinea*. He received information, that her birth was noble; but that the poverty of her father was so great, that he was obliged to employ his own children in looking after his poultry, by the sale of which he procured great part of his subsistence. This circumstance gave immediate hopes to the duke's desires. He invited the impoverished nobleman to court; he loaded him with honours and preferments. His highness desired, or rather commanded him immediately to bring his family, and settle himself with them at *Nancy*. The royal orders were obeyed.

*Leopold* was happy in the compliance of his new mistress; who only insisted on an husband, to screen the honour of her father's house. On such occasions, husbands are seldom difficult to be found. A young officer of high birth, the prince *de Craon*, was chosen for her consort; he received her with all the ardour of love, and with an implicit obedience to his master's commands. His obedience made his fortune. The prince and princess *de Craon* shone with the utmost splendor, that the court of *Lorraine* could produce\*. She was agreeable to the highest

\* Of this prince and his family the following account is given by *Keyser*. “ In the late duke  
 “ of *Lorraine's* time, the prince *de Craon*, of the  
 “ house of *Beauvau*, was in great favour, and  
 “ the duke omitted no means of enriching him :  
 “ for he not only bestowed the lordship of *Craon*  
 “ upon him, and the post of master of the horse,  
 “ but likewise other rich presents; and often  
 “ suffered him to win from him at billiards, and  
 “ other games, thirty thousand livres at a time.  
 “ The

highest point of admiration. She was expensive to the highest point of excess. Less endued with sense than adorned with beauty, she was inconsiderate and profuse; not absolutely without judgment; she was generous and good-natured. Her thoughts (if she ever thought) were entirely employed on her own person. She bore seventeen children\*; yet by incessant care of her health,  
and

“The father of this nobleman styles himself  
“count *de Marfan*, and his mother was countess  
“of *Matignon*. *Keyser's Travels*, vol. iv. p. 278.  
The reason of this extraordinary favour is not mentioned, and perhaps was not known to this writer.

\* *M. de Voltaire* says, that “a son of this  
“prince, a hopeful youth, colonel of the regiment of *Hainault*, in the *French* service, was  
“killed at the head of his troop at the battle of  
“*Fontenoy* in 1745. The father served in the  
“enemy's army, and his sons in the king's.”  
*History of the War of 1741*. “His lady,”  
says *Keyser*, “may still be reckoned a beauty,  
“though she has had three and twenty children.  
“Her eldest daughter is co-adjutress at  
“*Remiremont*, and her youngest is married to the  
S 2 prince

and by the strictest attention to the preservation of her beauty, on which her whole power depended, she preserved the freshness of her complexion, and the fineness of her shape, not only during the duke of *Lorrain's* life, but to the day of her own death, many years afterwards. Though she had an absolute ascendant over the duke's mind, and could turn and dispose his resolutions as she pleased, she never made an ill use of her power: on the contrary, she delighted in doing beneficent actions, in obliging the nobility, in paying a profound duty and respect to the dutchess of *Lorrain*. Alas! in one instance she wanted virtue; in all others she had it in the greatest perfection. Her husband was of the same disposition. Both were humane, liberal, easy, polite, and con-

“ prince of *Lixin*.” This letter is dated in 1731. The prince of *Lixin* being killed in the year 1734, in a duel with the duke (now marshal) *de Richelieu*, near the *Rhine*, his widow, in 1739, married the marquis (afterwards duke) *de Mirepoix*, then ambassador from *France* to *Vienna*, and since to *London*,

descending ;



descending; so that, after the death of *Leopold*, when the present emperor exchanged *Lorraine* for *Tuscany*, in the year 1737, he appointed the prince *de Craon* sole regent of his *Etrurian* territories.

Here the princess *de Craon* began a second reign of splendor. Accustomed to magnificence, and born to be near, though not to fill, a throne, her actions were such, as became royalty and imperial power: they were, at the same time, accompanied by so disinterested a generosity, and such an engaging sweetness, that she attracted the love of the *Tuscans* to the highest degree. She soothed the pride of the *Florentine* nobility, but never departed from her own exaltation, as the regent's wife. Her court was crowded by noble ladies, who felt no envy, though they beheld superiority. In her countenance appeared neither the marks of age, nor the least traces of haughtiness: her friendships were not particular, but universal: she was in *Tuscany*, as in *Lorraine*, beloved and esteemed



esteemed by the women, admired and revered by the men.

The excellent disposition of her husband was no less engaging. He was the soldier and the courtier, but not the man of business : he wanted the talents essential to a minister of state. He was embarrassed and overburdened by his dignity. He could face dangers in the field, but could not withstand attacks in the cabinet : he knew how to command an army, but could not guide a common-wealth. He soon became conscious of his own defects, and hourly began to find the want of an assistant. He recollected the abilities of monsieur *de Richecourt*, who was the son of a *Lorraine* advocate, and who had also been bred to the law. He fixed upon this man for his coadjutor ; and, in a letter to the emperor, in which he acknowledged his own incapacity, he earnestly intreated that his friend *Richecourt* might be sent to *Florence*, with full and adequate power with himself in the government of *Tuscany*,

*cany*, but without any particular denomination, or title. The request was granted; and, when the prince *de Craon* found himself indulged in it, he acquainted the princess his wife with what he had done. "You have ruined us," then," exclaimed the princess, with some emotion; "I know *Richecourt*; I know his ambition; I know his cunning. While you were his superior, he was your friend. When he becomes your equal, he will be your enemy. Many months will not pass after his arrival, ere we are little better than his slaves." *Richecourt* arrived, and the prediction of the princess was fulfilled. By a superiority of genius, and an address more adapted to manage and turn the weighty and intricate wheels of government, the aspiring count *Richecourt* arose to the highest eminence of authority, in the same degree that the lost prince *de Craon* sunk into disregard and contempt. Unable to support daily insults, the natural consequence of so ab-  
ject

ject a situation, the prince desired to be recalled, and be permitted to end his days in *Lorraine*. The emperor allowed him to return, and resolved to change the single regency into a triumvirate council of state; the particulars of which are inserted in one of my former letters\*.

The prince *de Craon* had contracted great debts in *Tuscany*. He had lived far beyond his income. Before he could quit the *Florentine* dominions, he was obliged to sell his plate, and the jewels of the princess, his wife. Old and poor, the melancholy pair returned to *Lorraine*. He died a few months after his arrival: She survived him but a few years.

I am, dear sir,

ever your's,

C O R K E.

\* See Letter XI, p. 123.

# The GENEALOGY of the House of MEDICI.

## JOHN DE MEDICI,

The wisest, richest, and most popular Nobleman in Florence,  
died 1415.

<sup>1</sup>  
Cosmo,  
Father of his country,  
reviver of arts, &c.  
born 1389  
banished 1433  
recalled 1434  
died 1464 (See Letter xvi)

<sup>2</sup>  
Lorenzo,  
born 1395  
died 1440.

☞ See his descendants  
over leaf

Peter,  
unpopular, resolute, and vindictive.  
born 1416  
died 1472 (See Letter xvi)

<sup>1</sup>  
Lorenzo  
the Magnificent,  
Father of the Muses,  
born 1448  
died 1492 (See Let. xii & xvi)

<sup>2</sup>  
Julian,  
born 1453  
killed by the Pazzi 1478.  
(See Let. xii & xvi)

<sup>1</sup>  
Peter  
the Exile,  
a traitor  
to his country,  
born 1471  
banished 1494  
drowned  
in the river  
Garigliano  
1503

<sup>2</sup>  
John,  
afterwards  
Pope Leo X.  
remarkable  
for his abilities  
and his vices,  
born 1476  
died 1513

<sup>3</sup>  
Julian,  
D. of Nemours, &c.  
born 1478  
died 1516

Hippolito,  
illegitimate,  
afterwards Cardinal  
born 1511  
died 1535

Julio,  
posthumous and illegitimate,  
afterwards Pope Clement VII.  
avaricious and deceitful,  
born 1478  
died 1534

Alexander,  
illegitimate,  
the first D. of Florence,  
so made by Charles V. 1531  
born 1510  
killed 1536  
succeeded by Cosimo I.

\* Lorenzo,  
Duke of Urbino,  
born 1492  
died 1519

(See Letters xi & xv)

Catherine,  
infamous for her cruelty,  
married to Henry II.  
King of France,  
by whom she had three  
succeeding Kings.

\* This Duke of URBINO is generally  
supposed to have been the father  
of ALEXANDER the first Duke of  
FLORENCE.

# L O R E N Z O,

b. 1395—d. 1440

Peter Francis,  
b. 1431—killed 1477

Lorenzo  
born 1463  
died 1486

Peter Francis,  
born 1486  
died 1525

Lorenzo the Popular,  
who assassinated Alexander  
the first Duke of Florence  
born 1514  
died 1547 without issue.

John

Lewis,  
called John the Popular  
died 1526

Cosmo I.  
the first Grand D. of Tuscany,  
a great wicked man,  
born 1519  
died 1574  
(See Let. xi & xv)

1 John, Cardinal, born 1543 killed by his brother Garcias 1562 (See Letter xv)	2 Garcias, born 1557 killed by his fa- ther in revenge 1562 (See Letter xv)	3 FRANCIS, 2d Grand Duke born 1541 poisoned by his brother Ferdi- nand 1587 (See Let. xvii)	4 FERDINAND I. Cardinal, and afterwards 3d Grand Duke born 1549 died 1609 (See Let. ix & xvii)	5 Isabella, married to the Duke of Bracciano, strangled 1578 (See Let. xi)
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1 Leonora, married to Vincent, D. of Mantua.	2 Mary, married to Henry IV. King of France, by whom she had Lewis XIII.
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Cosmo II.  
4th Gr. Duke  
born 1591  
died 1621

1 FERDINAND II. 5th Gr. Duke born 1610 died 1670	2 Leopold, Cardinal, a patron of arts. (See Let. viii)
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Margaret Louisa,  
d. to Gaston D. of Orleans,  
gay and licentious, sepa-  
rated from her husband.

1 Cosmo III. 6th Gr. D. & Canon of St. Peter's born 1641 died 1723	2 Francis Maria, Cardinal, died 1710.
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1 Ferdinand, Grand Prince,  
born 1663,  
died 1713,  
a martyr to Venus,  
and a disciple of the Graces.  
(See Letter xii)

2 JOHN GASTON,  
7th and last Gr. Duke of this family,  
born 1671  
died 1737  
succeeded by Francis Duke of Lorraine,  
afterwards Emperor, and father of the present  
Grand Duke PETER LEOPOLD.

Charles Earl of Middlesex (afterwards Duke of Dorset) being at Florence in the Year 1737, when the House of Medici became extinct, composed, on that occasion, the celebrated elegiac ballad called ARNO'S VALE, which, by having the good fortune to be set by the late Mr. Holcombe with a plaintive sweetness that does honour to his taste and justice to the subject, is as well known to our musicians as it is to our poets. However, as it cannot be more properly introduced, the reader will not be displeased with my inserting it.

## I.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!  
Content inspir'd each rural lay:  
The birds in livelier concerts sung,  
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
All look'd as joy could never fail  
Among the sweets of ARNO'S VALE.

## II.

But now, since good Palemon died,  
The chief of shepherds and the pride,  
Old Arno's sons must all give place  
To Northern swains, an iron race!  
The taste of pleasure now is o'er,  
Thy notes, Lucinda, charm no more,  
The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;  
Adieu the sweets of ARNO'S VALE!



“ His (*Machiavel's*) blasphemous and immoral behaviour ruined him. It is said by “ *Binet* and others, that he died blaspheming.” Impartiality obliges the editor to add, that the following very different account has been given by the late editor of *Machiavel's* works, Mr. *Baretti*: “ He died on the 22d day of *June*, “ 1527, in the 58th year of his age. In his “ last moments he evinced the most friendly “ dispositions to the christian faith, without “ murmuring against heaven or its decrees, as “ has been insinuated by the lying *Lucchesini*, “ and his abettors; which may be incontestibly “ proved by a letter written by one of his sons “ to a near relation of his father's. The original “ is still preserved, and is to the following purport:”

“ Most dear *Francis*,

“ I cannot refrain from tears, in telling you “ that my father died the 22d of this month, of “ a cholic, occasioned by a medicine which he “ had taken two days before. He confessed his “ sins to father *Matteo*, who continued with him “ till his death. Our father has left us in great “ poverty, as you shall know. When you return hither, I shall tell you every thing. “ I am, &c.

“ *Pietro Machiavelli.*”

*June, 1527.*

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# ERRATA.

- P. 77, l. 2, } for *Trinita*, read *Trinità*.  
 P. 211, l. ult. }  
 P. 137, note, l. 1, for 1474, read 1454.  
 P. 187, l. 12, for *ò*, read *o*.







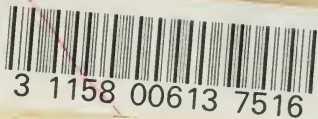


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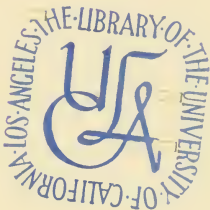
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