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THROUGH  
I T A L Y,  
IN THE YEARS  
1804 AND 1805.

BY  
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

AUTHOR OF  
TRAVELS IN SIBERIA AND IN FRANCE,  
&c. &c.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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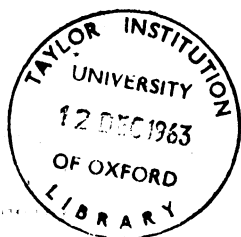
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# CONTENTS

OF THE

## THIRD VOLUME.

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### *The revolution of Naples.*

Scarce Italian work on this subject, *page* 1.—Extracts from it: Passion for imitating the French, 2: First and groundless alarm of Acton, 3: Sanguinary state-tribunal instituted; execution of Emanuel Dedro, 4, 5: Numerous spies and informers, 6: Multitude of imprisonments; conduct of Vaeni, 6, 7: (Two horrid anecdotes, 7:) Change in the popular opinion; disgrace and death of Vaeni, 8, 9: Hardened conduct of the state-inquisitors, 9: Acton opposes the measure of arming the merchant-ships, 9: Mismanagement of the confiscated ecclesiastical estates, 10: Levy *en masse* to oppose the French; the eagerness of the people frustrated by the injudicious conduct of Acton and of the court, 10, 11: The cabinet-courier Ferreri murdered by the populace, 12: Flight of the king, and behaviour of the people thereupon, 13: (Observations on this event, and on the removal of the capital works of art, 14, 16:) Advance of the French to Naples; murders committed by the populace within the city in this crisis, 17: Final success

of the former, 18.—Character of the work from which the foregoing extracts are made, 18.—French work on the same subject; its general purport, 19.—Conclusion from these two books, 19.

*Manuscripts in the royal library at Naples.*

Foundation, and progress, of this establishment, page 20.—Its present state, 21.—Subjects of the eleven rarest manuscripts, 21: One by Tasso, 22.—German M.S. on metallurgy, 24.—English one of poetry, of the fifteenth century, 24.—Greek and Roman M.SS., 25.—Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, and Japanese, 26.—M.SS. relating to historical subjects, 26 to 33.—Poetical, 35.—Miscellaneous subjects, 36.—Manuscripts brought hither from the Vatican library, 39: Curious collection of satirical works, 40: Collection of heroic sentiments, 44: Various other manuscripts, 46.

*Miscellanies.—Detached observations.*

Trade of the Neapolitans, page 59.—Singular custom respecting pecuniary contracts, 60.—Prices of several articles at Naples; lodging, 61; board, provisions, 62; equipage, theatrical amusements, and servants' wages, 63; of female dress: cautions with respect to the purchase of pictures and antiquities, 64.—Quarrel, and fight, of two females in the street, 64.—Dread of rain, 67: Hackney-coaches, 68.—Itinerant bagpipers at the approach of Christmas, 68.—Contested national claims to various inventions, 69.—Lec-

tures of the *patres scolari*, 72.—Philosophical extract respecting religion and irreligion, 74.—Pompous inscriptions on the fountains, statues, &c. 75.—The royal palace at Naples, 81: Character of the queen, 83; of the royal family, 86.—Captive Algerine pirates, 87.—Native galley-slaves, 89.—Resemblance between the Russian and the Italian popular songs, 91.—Scene of the power of hunger, 92.—Inconvenience respecting the coin, 92.—Delightfulness of the climate, 93; more than counterbalanced by the character of the people, 96.—Sanguinary and savage excesses during the revolution, 96.—Presents to servants, burthensome, 98.

### *From Naples to Rome.*

Present state of the Pontine marshes, *page* 99.

### *Gallery of the artists now resident at Rome.*

Character of the landscape-painter Reinhardt, *page* 101.—The historical painter Abel; several of his pieces, 102.—Hayette, a French painter; his picture of Horatius Cocles, 104.—Bossi, an Italian painter, 107; his picture of Parnassus, 108.—The sculptor Schweiklen, 109.—Angelica Kaufman; several of her pieces, 110.—Wagner, an historical painter; his picture of Nestor among the Greek heroes, 113.—Guerin, a French painter; his picture from Gessner, 114.—The historical painter Caylard, 115: his pictures of the Judgment of Minos; and of Belisarius, 116.—Chaunin, a young landscape-painter, 117.—Mademoiselle Bansy,

a Swiss painter, 118.—Pieces of sculpture in the garden of the Villa Medici, 118.—The sculptor Dupaty, 119.—Calamor, his rival, 119.—Milon, 120.—Montony; his piece of Theseus carrying off the Amazonian queen, 120.—Torwalsen, a Danish sculptor, 121.—Pacetti, an Italian sculptor, 122.—The historical painter Landi, 123.—Labruzzi, an Italian landscape-painter; singular custom observed by him in sketching his pictures, 125.—Camuccini, a Roman painter; observations on his capital picture of the Death of Virginia, 126.—Russian artists at Rome: the landscape-painter Feodor Matwiejeff, 132: The historical painter Alexi Jegorieff, 133.—Rhoden, a German landscape-painter, 134.—Wallis, an English landscape-painter, 135.—Koch, a Tyrolese landscape-painter, 135.—Schick, an historical and portrait painter; his picture of Noah's Sacrifice after the Deluge, 137.—Kiesling, a German sculptor, 138.—Gmelin, a German engraver and designer, 138.—Giuntotardi, an Italian landscape-painter, 139.—Keller, a Swiss sculptor, 140.—Aquisti, an Italian sculptor, 140.—Metz, an engraver; his unfinished performance, of the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo, 141.—Kaysermann, a Genoese designer of views, 143.—Maximilian, a sculptor; his unfinished colossal statue of Buonaparte, 145.—Bouquet, a French landscape-painter, 146.—Canova, the sculptor, 146: Several capital figures and groups by him, 149; bas-reliefs, 155.

*St. Peter's church.*

Its origin, and progress, *page* 159.—Its successive alterations, its expence, and dimensions, 160.—Vestibule; statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, 161.—The holy door; bas-reliefs, 162.—Ill effect of the numerous puerile decorations, 163.—Tomb of a pope; statue of St. Peter seated; high altar, 164: Dome; pulpit of St. Peter, 165: Statue of Justitia, 166.—Statues and mosaics, 166: Bas-relief, sepulchral monuments, &c. 166, 167.—Burial-place of the martyrs; sacristy; roof, 168.—Ascent to the lantern, 169.—Place of St. Peter, 170.

*The Vatican palace.*

Raphael's galleries, *page* 172, 173.—The gardens, 174.

*The library in the Vatican.*

This is now, by unjust means, inferior to the Parisian; its origin, *page* 175.—Its construction, &c. 175.—Singular incident during the reign of the Neapolitans at Rome, 176.—Paintings on the walls and pillars of the saloon, 177.—Two marble plates, 178. Pillar; gallery of books; Etruscan vases; marble statues; relics, &c. 179.—Another room, 180.—Other half of the gallery, 180.—Last room; collection of prints, 181.

*The Vatican museum.*

Exclamation of madame Buonaparte senior on visiting it, *page* 181.—The anti-hall: sarcophagus of Cornelius Scipio; gypsum copy of the celebrated *Torso*, 182; fragments of statues, 183.—Another room of statues and groups, 183.—Various galleries and saloons, 184.—Upper story, filled with antiquities, 185.—Papal inscriptions, 186.

*Academy of fine arts.*

The pieces of sculpture, *page* 187.—The paintings, 187 to 189.

*The villa Pamphili.*

Its situation, *page* 189.—Antiques, 190.—Trifling curiosities; gardens of Galba, 190.

*The palace Corsini.*

Purpose to which it is now applied, *page* 191.—Its furniture, 191: Paintings, 191: Library, 192.—Its situation, 192.

*The villa Albani, &c.*

Road hither, *page* 193.—The villa Albani compared with the villa Borghese, 193.—Painting, bas-reliefs, &c. 194.—The villa Aldobrandini; antique painting, 195.—The palace Rospigliosi; its paintings, and garden, 195, 196.

*St. Peter in carcere.*

Its origin, and antiquity, *page* 196.—Its ancient construction, and purpose, 197.—This was the prison in which St. Peter was confined, 198.

*The artist Carluccio.*

Account of his unfinished model of the Coliseum, *page* 198.

*New-invented cannons.*

Their construction, and peculiar advantages, *page* 201.

*The churches at Rome.*

Vast and disproportionate number of religious edifices here, *page* 203.—Their disgusting and intolerable stench from the custom of burying in them, 204.—Their universal grandeur, 204.—Church of St. Martin; its origin and antiquity, paintings, &c. 205. St. Peter *in vincoli*; its origin, 206: A miraculous curiosity here; works of art, &c. 207.—Santa Maria in Trastevere, 207.—St. Cecilia, 208.—St. Sebastian, the entrance to the famous catacombs, 209.—Santa Maria del Palma; pretended impression of our Saviour's foot here, 210.—Santa Maria d'Aracœ'i, 211.—St. Clement; remarkable painting here, 211: Peculiar construction of this church; its rich gilt cieling, 212.—St. Peter in Montono, 213.—St. Nicholas *in carcere*, 213.—Church of the



Apostles, 214.—Church of the Holy Trinity; hospital of the pilgrims, 214.—St. Maria Maggiore; reasons why the interior of a christian church cannot be called charming in the eye of a mere philosophical artist, 215: Miraculous origin of this church, 216; Its construction, works of art, and singularly valuable relics, 217.—Chapel of the family of Borghese, 217.—The Lateran church; its origin, 218: Its high rank; antiquity; distinction; works of art; relics, &c. 219.—Palace contiguous to this last church; very singular curiosity here, two marble chairs, 219.—The *baptisterium* of Constantine, 220.—The holy staircase; abject superstition practised here, 220.—Church of St. Paul: its valuable works of art; its relics, inscriptions, &c. 222.

### *The obelisks.*

Number and appearance of them, page 223.—The highest, 224.—Their original purpose, 225.

### *Excursion to Tivoli.*

Ancient celebrity of Tivoli, page 226.—Distance and way to it; the Salarian road, 226.—Sulphureous fountain and lake, 227.—Tombs of the Plautian family, 228.—Villa of the emperor Adrian; grandeur and beauty of its numerous ruins, 228: Its present state and appearance, 230: Anecdote relative to it, 231.—Tivoli: manners of the inhabitants, 232.—Fall of the river Tiveroni, 232.—Temples of Cy-

bele and Vesta, 233.—Inscription on a wall near Tivoli, 234.—The villa D'Est, 234.—Beautifully picturesque prospect from Tivoli, 236.—Ruined villa of Quintilian Varus, 239.—Numerous paintings of the cascade of Tivoli; a cascade should never be painted, 239.

### *The picture-gallery of Doria.*

Its grandeur, page 239.—Landscapes; and picture of Cain, 241: of the Deluge, 241.—Portraits, 242.—Numerous other paintings, 244 to 248.

### *The villa of Medicis.*

Its origin, and history, page 248.—Present establishment here for the fine arts, 248.—Works of art, 249: Copy of the ancient pillar of Trajan, 250: Statues and bas-reliefs, 250.—Peculiar quality of the Italian clay, 251.

### *The villa Lodovici.*

• Ceremony for obtaining permission to view it, page 251.—The park: a group here, the subject unknown, 252; a second group, in the same circumstances, 253.—Other works of art, 254.—Architecture of this villa, 254.—Petrified skeleton, 254.

### *Monte Cavallo.*

The two colossal hippodami here, page 255.

*The chambers of the dead.*

Description of these singular objects, *page* 257.

*The palace Barberini.*

Its furniture and decorations, *page* 261.—Works of art: antiques, &c. 261.—The library, 263.

# TRAVELS

IN

# I T A L Y.

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## THE REVOLUTION OF NAPLES.

**O**N this subject much has been written in various languages; but the work which is justly esteemed the most *piquant* is entitled: *Saggio istorico della Rivoluzione di Napoli*. It is in three volumes, and is the production of a violent patriot, whose invectives against the queen, &c. are carried to such a length as to be disgusting, and often insufferable. It likewise contains many very shallow observations on military and political subjects; so that I doubt whether the entire work is deserving of the honour of a translation, which a

VOL. III.

B

German sculptor at Rome is at this moment preparing for a bookseller at Berlin. An extract in one volume would have sufficed to give all that is most interesting in it. The translator may, indeed, urge in his excuse the scarcity of the work, only one edition of it having been printed at Milan, the copies of which, in consequence of strict prohibitions, have become extremely scarce. At Naples and Rome it is not allowed to be mentioned. At Bologna, which contains the greatest number of booksellers, one of the principal informed me, that he had commissioned his agent at Milan to purchase the book for him at any price; but the latter replied, that he could not procure it, even for its weight in gold. In consequence of its scarcity, I shall extract some passages which comprize the spirit of the whole first volume.

“ Every nation in its political career gradually prepares the tinder for revolutions; but that nation which too passionately admires strangers, foreigners, augments its

own tinder with that of the foreign nation it admires. How many democrats were there, for no other reason than because the French were democrats? Out of one hundred persons we must reckon fifty women, and forty-eight men who surpass the women in frivolity. All these reason as follows: 'The French excel all other nations in the arts of dress, the kitchen, and conversation: as a proof of this, we imitate them in all these accomplishments; consequently the French must think better and act better.' (Unfortunately conclusions are made in Germany which are not a whit better.)

"A few visionary youths, who had imbibed the new theory from newspapers, conversed together, or, what amounted to the same thing, with their servants and hair-dressers, on the subject. This was their whole crime. Young men, without rank, property, or influence could scarcely be guilty of any other. It was then the *ton* for young men of fashion to take excursions on horseback to Chiaja and Bag-

nuoli : Acton was immediately informed, or, more properly, Acton informed the court, that they had it in contemplation to restore the Olympic games. What, in the name of fortune, have the excursions of our young men to do with the Greek games? But supposing it had been true, what evil, what danger could have resulted from it? Acton so urgently recommended to the police to keep a vigilant eye on these races, that it might have been supposed the question was at least concerning twenty hostile squadrons that threatened to attack the capital.

“ A sanguinary tribunal was instituted by the title of *Giunta di Stato*. In crimes against the state, as they are denominated, the question is in general only about words which are as insignificant as threats, or about ideas that are of still less consequence than words. These things are criminal only as far as the terror of the sovereign renders them so. The queen was greatly alarmed, but not so much as Acton wished her to be. They demanded blood

—and blood they obtained. Three unfortunate men were condemned to die: among them was the resolute Emanuel Dedro, to whom the queen offered a pardon, on condition that he would denounce his associates. Without hesitation he preferred death to infamy. At his execution terror caused precautions to be taken, which were at that time unusual, and even now would be quite unnecessary. Apprehensions were entertained, lest the people should rise to rescue a man whom they scarcely knew: government trembled at the idea of fifty thousand revolutionists, which number at least were said to be at Naples. The troops which surrounded the city, the menacing decrees and declarations of the government, all tended to inflame the imagination of the people. Every trifle, which at any other time would not have been noticed, could not now fail to set them in motion. They were afraid of the seditious, afraid of the government, afraid of every thing; and this tone of mind, in such a vast mass of people, could not but produce



a fermentation. The suspicion of the government excited suspicion among the people. Before, they kept themselves within bounds, almost without any police, but now it became a task of greater difficulty to restrain them. All public functions were performed with increased precaution, but not with increased tranquillity.

“The nation was now beset and watched by numberless spies and informers, who took an account of every step, registered words, observed the colour of the face, and noted down sighs. All security vanished. Private malice found the gates of revenge open; and he who had no enemy was ruined by friends seduced by gold and ambition. The queen is asserted to have said, she should one day be obliged to extirpate the ancient prejudice which covers the informer with infamy.

“All the castles, all the prisons, were crowded with unhappy wretches. They were thrown into dark, dismal dungeons, where they endured the want of every thing, where they languished for years,

without either being condemned or released, and without even being acquainted with the cause of their misery. At length, after a lapse of four years, almost all were declared innocent, and set at liberty. All would have come off in the same manner, had they not been deprived of the means of defending themselves. Vaeni, who was then at the head of affairs, gave himself no concern about those who already languished in chains, but only about such for whom fetters could not yet be forged. He had the temerity to say aloud, that "at least twenty thousand must be arrested. If a father, a son, a brother, a wife, intercedes for any of these wretches, it is a crime."

I cannot forbear introducing in this place two horrible, but, alas! true anecdotes, which were told me by an eye-witness on whose veracity I can rely. The fear of being regarded as accomplices, and (which was daily witnessed) of being dragged as such to execution, had seized with such violence on every mind, that, in order to remove every suspicion, a brother gave a

splendid supper on the day of the execution of his brother; and a father, while his son was bleeding beneath the axe—I shudder while I write—played at the open window on the guitar!

“ People of sense indeed laughed, that after such a severe inquisition of four years, not one crime against the state should have been discovered or proved. The people, at first embittered against the culprits, became cool, and at length pitied the wretched prisoners, whom they were obliged to consider as innocent, because they saw none of them condemned. Whoever raised his voice in the cause of truth was a criminal. The advocates were even menaced when they defended the accused with zeal, though that duty had been assigned them by the government. But these menaces were vain. The nation was oppressed, but not corrupted. It exhibited a great example of patience, and a greater of virtue. Nothing could shake the fortitude of the judges, or the courage of the advocates. Innocence triumphed, and all

the blame fell upon Vaeni. He was disgraced and exiled. Melancholy madness seized his ambitious soul : he put a period to his life shortly before the entrance of the French into Naples : he trembled for fear of them, and on that account requested of the court an asylum in Sicily. This favour was denied. Before he committed the fatal deed he wrote a note, to the following effect: "The ingratitude of the court, the approach of a cruel enemy, the want of an asylum, have determined me to deprive myself of a life which is a burthen to me. Let none be charged with my death; and may my example be a lesson to all inquisitors of state."

"The inquisitors of state, however, laughed at his death, and resigned themselves to all the dictates of their fury, till the arrival of the French at Capua.

"Acton was desirous of giving Naples a marine. Nature had certainly created the nation for a maritime power, but had not made this Acton for the nation. A naval force was necessary, in particular, for the

protection of our trade. Our enemies were the states of Barbary, against whom we did not want large ships, but small privateers, and this class of vessels Acton was assiduous to destroy. The most effectual method of coping with those freebooters would, perhaps, be that adopted by the English under Charles II.; namely, to arm every merchant ship with ten guns, and then to leave each individual to defend his own property. Our mariners had a thousand times requested permission for this purpose, and a thousand times it was denied. They possessed courage and spirit; but that was what Acton could not endure.

“The following is a striking instance of the wretched management of confiscated ecclesiastical estates. When the Jesuits were driven out of Sicily, they left behind them possessions which in the first year produced 150,000 ducats, in the second, only 70,000; in the third, 40,000; and by the latter sum their value, when put up for sale, was calculated.

“When the French proved victorious,

a levy *en masse* was resolved upon, and the people were required by a proclamation to arm in defence of their wives, their children, their property, and their religion. For the first time humbled despotism condescended to remind the Neapolitans that they were the descendants of the Samnites, the Campanians, the Lucanians, and the Greeks. Such a summons could not fail to produce a great fermentation ; particularly at Naples, where an inconceivable number of people, grown up in indolence, lived entirely by the disorders of the government, and the prejudices of religion. Such a spirit would, and must, have saved the kingdom ; but through Acton's mismanagement, and the timidity of the court, it became the cause of its ruin. The people thronged in crowds to the palace to offer their services. The king needed only to have mounted his horse, and taken advantage of the momentary enthusiasm : he would have hastened to certain victory. Acton prevented him. The people desired to see their sovereign : he did not appear, but sent in his stead

general Pignatelli, and the count dell'Accerra. One of the people exclaimed, that the misfortunes of the country were occasioned entirely by foreigners. Acton was informed of this, and hastened the more the departure of the royal family. It was easy to persuade a suspicious queen to such a step, and to inspire the king with the fear of an insurrection of the people. Acton's agents the next morning excited the people to stop a cabinet courier, Alessandro Ferreri, who was charged with dispatches for admiral Nelson. It was generally surmised that this man had long been a devoted victim, because he was acquainted with secrets which the minister wished to confine within his own breast. At the moment when he was about to embark, in order to proceed to the English fleet, he was murdered; his bloody corpse was dragged before the palace, under the very eyes of the king, with exclamations of "Such be the end of traitors! Success to our holy religion! Long live the king!" The latter was in the balcony, beheld the immense concourse of people, despaired

of being able to govern them ; terror seized him, and his departure was resolved upon. The most valuable moveables of the palaces of Naples and Caserta, the principal rarities of the museums of Portici and Capo di Monte, the crown-jewels, and twenty millions, or probably more, partly in specie and partly in bullion, were conveyed on board English and Portuguese vessels. Thus was the nation plundered, and left with extreme misery for its portion. The embarkation took place during the night, as if they were obliged to flee from an enemy who was already at the gates ; and on the morning of the 21st of December bills were seen posted up in the streets of Naples, informing the people that the king was gone for a short period to Sicily, whence he would return with powerful assistance. The people manifested a silent consternation, which was less the effect of fear, than of surprise, at such an unexpected occurrence. In the first days, during contrary winds which obliged the king to remain in the road, the people crowded thither to see him, and to entreat him to



stay. But the English already considered him as their prisoner, and reproached the petitioners as traitors. The king either would not, or durst not appear. This cruel, this unmerited treatment ; the recollection of the past ; the plunder of the national property ; the fear of the present, all together furnished a subject of very serious consideration. On the 23d of December the people beheld the king set sail without any expression either of joy or displeasure."

Here follows a description of the anarchy which prevailed till the arrival of the French, concerning which some yet unpublished anecdotes will be found under the head *Miscellanies*. Here I shall beg leave to make a few observations on the king's flight, as it is termed. This flight, it is true, excited the indignation of every inhabitant of Naples, without exception. I spoke on this subject, among the rest, with an old and very respectable man, who was always a zealous partisan of the court, but who frankly acknowledged that at the sight of the vessels which carried

away the king, he could not help breaking out into violent imprecations; because, by this flight, all Naples, and all the faithful adherents of the court, were left a prey to a rapacious rabble. It is, moreover, true that the shepherd ought never to abandon his flock; and that it is the duty of a king to live and to die with his subjects. Ferdinand might have removed his family to a place of safety; this would have given offence to none; but he himself ought to have remained, to have shared every danger, and risked his life in the cause. But much may be said in justification of the measure he adopted. The events that had occurred in France hovered before his recollection; the breathless body of the courier lay before his eyes; the unbridled populace surrounded the palace:—under such circumstances, he must have been more than Ferdinand to retain his fortitude. It is certainly the duty of the shepherd not to forsake his flock while the wolf threatens an attack: but when the whole flock becomes mad, he is, in my opinion, re-

leased from that obligation. A hero would, indeed, have remained, and perhaps have rescued his country : but Ferdinand is not a hero ; he would most probably have fallen a derided victim, and his death would not have been productive of the smallest benefit. All this was well known to those by whom he was surrounded, and therefore they who counselled this king to flee were not bad advisers. Nor can I consider the removal of the principal works of art, &c. as an unjustifiable step. The consequences have shewn the utility of the measure. Granting that all those treasures are national property (a position that is liable to many objections), the court did nothing more than is done by the physician who directs the costly looking-glasses to be removed from the apartment of a lunatic, because it is extremely probable, that in his fits of insanity he would dash them to pieces with his fist. If the people had even spared those treasures, they would have become the booty of the rapacious French, instead of being preserved for the

nation.—After these observations, dictated by equity and impartiality, I return to the text of the work.

“ The Neapolitans sent deputies to the French camp, to request that the French would not advance to Naples; engaging, on this consideration, to fulfil the promises made during the armistice, and to pay a sum of money besides. The French rejected the proposal. One of our emigrants added menaces and insult, by which the people were still more exasperated. The desire of plunder, common to the populace of every country, occupied their minds; fanatic priests animated their courage by the consecration of their weapons; hope was raised to temerity, and temerity was converted into fury. The people found themselves deserted by all, and now resolved to act for themselves. The city became a wide theatre of conflagration, contention, assassination, and terror. Among those murdered by the people, were the *dùca della Torre*, and his brother, *Clemens Fi-*

lamarino, both distinguished for talents and virtues, victims to the base perfidy of a profligate domestic.

“ Every good and sensible man now wished for the coming of the French. They were already at the gates ; and yet a people ill-armed, and without a leader, still continued to defend themselves with a courage worthy of a better cause. Two days they prevented the entrance of the conqueror into an open town, obstinately contested every inch of ground ; and when they were at length informed that St. Elmo was taken, when they were fired upon from every point, they retreated less disheartened, less humbled by the conqueror, than exasperated against those whom they considered as traitors.”

Thus far the first volume, which sufficiently evinces the spirit of the whole. The author's language is energetic, and his pictures are animated ; but as an historian he is totally destitute of impartiality. He is an enlightened enemy of the court, a furious

partisan of the people, reprobates all the proceedings of the former, and throws a veil over the crimes of the latter.

A Frenchman (likewise an eye-witness) has written much more coolly and impartially on this extraordinary revolution. His book is entitled, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des dernières Révolutions de Naples*. From him we learn that as early as the year 1791, two hardy Frenchmen endeavoured to excite the Neapolitans to insurrection; that the question was not concerning the innocent excursions of a few wild youths who possessed no influence, but that among the conspirators there were people whose rank and property deserved the utmost attention. The conspiracy was detected and frustrated, and the accomplices fled to France. But in the year 1795 the hydra acquired a new head, and nothing but the greatest vigilance could save the kingdom.

It would lead me too far, were I to confront the two eye-witnesses any longer: in the end the usual result is obtained, namely,

that even eye-witnesses may contradict one another, because each sees with different eyes; and that, consequently, historical credibility is a very brittle staff, to which I have long ceased to trust. A survey of past events may now and then lead to probable conclusions, but never affords any certain results. None but a god can pursue the trunk of a tree to the fibres of its roots: we moles indeed burrow in the earth, but we are blind.

THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE ROYAL  
LIBRARY AT NAPLES.

As nothing has yet appeared in print on this subject, and I have enjoyed an opportunity of making myself more intimately acquainted with it, I trust that I shall afford a gratification to all the lovers of science by communicating my observations. According to report, the library itself was founded by Robert of Anjou, and was considerably augmented by his successors, especially on occasion of the conspiracy of the barons, whose estates were afterwards

confiscated, and all their books brought hither. The library was thus rendered extremely valuable : but Charles VIII. king of France removed the best works, as the fruit of his conquest, to Paris ; a proof that in those early times the warlike French did not disregard literary plunder. Much was still left behind ; and the number of manuscripts, amounting to six thousand, has recently been encreased by several hundreds from the Vatican library, which the Neapolitans took from the French at Rome, and retained as a lawful prize. These latter are, however, in great confusion ; the titles of them are scarcely known, and if a stranger wishes to inspect one, it cannot be found without difficulty. The rarest manuscripts, as they are termed, are kept in a distinct case. I shall not dispute their rarity, but they are not distinguished for interest. They are eleven in number, of which five contain the *Officium beatæ Mariæ Virginis*, written in fine characters, with gold letters and small pictures. The sixth manuscript is a *Breviarium Romanum* ;



the seventh is a botanical dictionary, in which the plants are exquisitely drawn with a pen: but it is brought down no lower than the letter C; the author, as it is said, having been overtaken by death. The eighth consists of ascetic writings by St. Francis Borgia. The ninth relates to the literary history of Venice. The tenth contains the exercises of a boy; being translations of the history of France out of French into Latin: but this boy was Charles VIII., at that time infant of Spain, the father of the reigning sovereign. In this circumstance alone consists the value of this manuscript, and to that it is indebted for being the only one of all the manuscripts and books in the whole library which the king has desired to be shewn to him. Excepting in this instance, he has not enjoyed a letter of all the literary treasures he possesses. The eleventh, and last, is Tasso's work, *della Bellezza*, written with his own hand, to which is annexed the remark, *in cui con sorpresa ravvisasi dell'immortale autore il pessimo carattere,*

(in which may be seen with surprise what a vile hand the immortal poet wrote). I cannot refrain from introducing in this place a farther proof of the ignorance of the Italians. The first time I inspected Tasso's manuscript, the sub-librarian assured me that neither this tract (*Minturno della Bellezza*), nor those subjoined to it (*Il Cataneo, delle conclusioni amorose & Il Ficino dell'Arte*), had ever appeared in print. I did not entirely believe him, but enquired of a man of high rank, who himself possesses a very extensive library, and is esteemed one of the first literati at Naples. He confirmed the assertion of the librarian. I now felt an inclination, if possible, to decypher the illegible manuscript, and to give it to the world. With this view I had employed myself a whole morning, when fortunately, as I had still some little doubt on the subject, I requested to look at Tiraboschi and Tasso's works, where, to my mortification and the librarian's astonishment, I found all the above-

mentioned pieces.—There is in this place only a single German manuscript, and that is a work on metallurgy, the separation of gold and silver, the assaying of ores, &c. From me the librarian learned, for the first time, what it contained; for it was described in the catalogue merely by the title of *Codex in the German language*. To my no small surprise, among the Persian and Arabic manuscripts, I unexpectedly met with a codex said to contain poems in German. It may easily be conceived with what eagerness I seized it, but it proved to be English, but written in German characters in the year 1457. The book commenced with a great number of receipts for women in child-birth, and others for various diseases. These are succeeded by a long story in verse of a knight, sir Benys of Hampton, which is followed by a shorter concerning St. Alexius: then comes another long one about Libraz Distonyus; and a poem in five cantos, the subject of which is a lady called Griselda,

concludes the volume. The writer has subjoined to almost every piece a ridiculous verse, as,

Hic pennam fixi  
Pœnitet me si male scripsi.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the ancient literature of England, to know whether this manuscript is of any real value; and have mentioned it only to draw the attention of the English to the subject. On my pointing out the error, the word *German* was altered to *English* poems.—The Greek and Roman authors are found here in great abundance, and most of them are very neatly written: but I must confess that I have no taste for this kind of rarities, and that I should be better pleased with a single one of the last chapters of Livy, though ever so ill written, than with the superb ancient manuscript of the letters of St. Jerome, or the *Epistolæ Basilii magni*, of the eleventh century. A Josephus *de bello Judaico*, very beautifully written, of the year 1403, is worthy of

notice. Among the ancient classics you find almost innumerable copies of Cicero's works. On the whole, this library possesses a great number of duplicates, which it might exchange with other libraries in Europe, both to its own and to their advantage. The Arabic manuscripts are tolerably numerous : among the rest there is an Averroes, a work on astronomy, and several Korans. There is also a collection of the Turkish poets, which I much wished to have understood. Neither is this collection deficient in Chinese and Japanese manuscripts, written on Chinese paper ; nor in the works of the rabbies, and other similar curiosities. But its particular, and perhaps inestimable, value consists in its historical treasures, principally relating, indeed, to the history of Italy, but which is so intimately connected with that of all Europe, that a rich mine must consequently here remain to be explored. For the benefit of the historical enquirer, I shall mention what treasures here await him. He will, in the first place, find many histories

of Italy, or of its separate states, written both in ancient and modern times. Among the most ancient is a *Historia Insulae Siciliae*, of 1318. But complete histories are not so numerous, nor indeed so valuable to the curious, as the works of the second class, which comprises an infinite multitude of small historical tracts, descriptive of detached occurrences, and written principally by eye-witnesses. I shall introduce a few examples: Tiberio Caraffa's history of the war in Italy in 1734, with maps, figures, and plans of cities, all drawn with the pen,—A collection of historical memoirs, in six volumes.—*Borelli apparatus historicus ad antiquos chronologos illustrandos, ex vetustissimis documentis Neapolitanorum Archiviorum collectus, et alphabetico ordine dispositus*, in four volumes.—A collection of various occurrences that happened in the fifteenth century.—Domenico Romano's account of the services rendered by Messina to the emperors and kings to whom it has been subject, from the time of the Roman empire to the year 1671.—

History of the assassination of Alexander de Medici, by his brother Lorenzo;—and a hundred others of the like description. I had not time, as may naturally be supposed, to look through them, and they may differ greatly in value: but I have seen sufficient to assert, that out of three, at least one will compensate the trouble of a minute inspection. I will, for instance, pause a moment at the last-mentioned manuscript. It contains a vindication of the fratricide, written here and there in the style of the jacobins. That obedience is due to princes, is indeed admitted; but it is asked, “Shall we quietly submit to tyrants who themselves violate all laws, and laugh at all established customs? No: in that case it is the duty of men, in spite of all laws and customs, to extirpate the tyrant from the earth; and the sooner they do it, the more meritorious and praiseworthy is the deed.” Another remarkable particular in this manuscript is a letter written soon after the murder, by the fratricide at Venice to a friend. He begins with saying,

that the opinion of his enemies is to him a matter of indifference, and he does not consider it worth his while to defend himself against their accusations: but he would have his friend to know, that he has no reason to be ashamed of him, and that he has only performed a laudable action. After this exordium, he enters into a very ingenious vindication of himself, which manifests his firm conviction that he has done right. A list annexed to this manuscript is likewise worthy of notice, on several accounts. It comprehends the names of all the persons executed at Florence, from the year 1420 to 1600, and specifies their crimes. It bears the stamp of the greatest authenticity, being extracted from the registers of the black friars, who, as is customary over all Italy, prepare the culprits for death, and accompany them to the place of execution. Some singular circumstances are here recorded. For example, in the year 1523, on a vacancy of the papal chair by the death of Adrian VI., a certain Pietro Orlandini laid a wager



of one hundred scudi with a man named Beniventi, that cardinal Medici would not be elected pope. The choice of his colleagues, however, fell on him. When the intelligence was received at Florence, Beniventi meeting Orlandini in the street, called out to him at a distance to acquaint him with the important news, and to remind him of the hundred scudi. "You shall have them," rejoined Orlandini; "but first let us see whether this cardinal ~~can~~ be pope"—alluding to his illegitimacy. Beniventi repeated aloud the word *bastard*. The by-standers overheard the conversation, and reported it: Orlandini was immediately taken into custody, and was scarcely allowed time to provide for the salvation of his soul. An observation which breathes the spirit of the times, is subjoined: it is to this effect. Orlandini once met the celebrated Savanarola at the moment when he was going to prison, and tauntingly called out to him: "You are going to the place where you deserve to be." On which Savanarola replied: "I

shall at least have time for repentance, which is more than you will." A second proof of the sanguinary disposition of the family of Medici is manifested in the wretched fate of one Bernardino Antinori, who merely wrote a letter to Eleonora of Toledo, the wife of Peter de Medici (to what purport is not mentioned, but probably it was of an amorous description), and who was strangled two hours afterwards.

I have purposely been more prolix in my account of this manuscript, to shew, at least in one instance, what a variety of interesting observations may be found, not only by the historian, but likewise by the philosopher and the moralist. I repeat it, that there are hundreds of such collections of small historical tracts, commonly under the title of *Miscellanea*. In particular, there are sure to be several narratives of every commotion and every conspiracy, related by eye-witnesses. The trials of notorious criminals occupy a separate volume. A third very important source for history

are the numerous collections of original manuscript letters, notes, memorials, consultations, notices, instructions, &c. by the greatest and most celebrated statesmen. I shall mention, for instance, the Journal of the duke of Ossuna; Instructions of cardinal Mazarin to French ambassadors at the papal court; Antonii Galatei's letters on the education of Ferdinand of Arragon, &c. I can assure the curious that the collections are very numerous, and that each is extremely copious. One of them, for example, is composed of ten volumes, and includes from the year 1650 to 1720. In the fourth and last place, the historical enquirer will certainly make some interesting discoveries among the vast multitude of family memoirs which are here preserved. There is, perhaps, not a noble family in Italy whose history is not to be found here. Sometimes you likewise stumble unexpectedly on works that would be extremely welcome to an historian of the northern states. Such, for instance, is Alexander Cilli, a narrative of events that

took place in Poland in three successive years, during the reign of Sigismund II. ; written at Cracow in 1609.

To the lover of ecclesiastical history a wide field is likewise open. The works relating to the connection between the papal chair and the European princes are innumerable. Besides these, there are a multitude of processes of canonized saints; many works for and against the introduction of the inquisition; for and against the rights of the clergy; a collection of all the transactions of the Jesuits in China; histories of all heresies (for example, *Remondo Istoria dell'Eresie del Secolo XVI.*); many theologico-philosophical treatises (for instance, on the delicate question, Why God chose rather to produce good from evil, than to prevent the latter entirely?); histories of councils, &c. To this class belongs an ingenious work, written by Sgambati, a Jesuit, to prove that all monastic vows are null and void. As an antidote to the poison of this heretical tract, the observation has been made on the title

that poor Sgambati was deranged when he composed it. It is to be hoped that more valid proofs of his insanity could be produced. Cardinal Seripando, who in his time enjoyed high and universal regard, considerably augmented this class of manuscripts by a great number of his own works. Among these, besides his journal from 1514 to 1562, and his will, there are numerous original letters from men of high rank, princesses, cardinals, monks, &c.; and the answers, in his own hand-writing. The collections of letters written by persons of greater or less celebrity, are, upon the whole, extremely numerous. It appears to have been formerly the custom in Italy, at the death of a person of some consequence, to collect immediately all the letters written to or by him, to make up one or more volumes of them, to annex complete indexes, and to preserve them either in private or in public libraries. It was, without doubt, a laudable custom; for many a fact, which would be distorted by time, or perhaps buried entirely in ob-

livion, is thus preserved for posterity. I shall cite some of the most interesting collections: Nogarola's letters to his friends, and their answers, of the year 1400:—*Epistolarum familiarum Lib. I*; containing two unpublished sonnets, and a song by Petrarch:—Petrarch's Latin epistles:—Letters of celebrated men. Among these there is one from Tasso to Pellegrino: the subject of it is unimportant, but in many of the ideas the genius of Tasso is easily recognized. He says, for example, "I received your book from the Tuscan ambassador, and likewise from signor Attendolo, both of whom are worthy not only to read, but likewise to praise it."—The lovers of poetry will also find Petrarch's *Carmina Latina Bucolica*; a *Liber rerum senilium*, written in 1374; a *Libro de trionfi*, with marginal notes; and a Latin translation of Tasso's Jerusalem, by the same distinguished author. They will, besides, meet with a great number of poems by writers who are entirely unknown, with the exception of the pope Æneas Sylvius, who, to my asto-

ishment, has left behind *Epigrammata de amoribus Pamphyli*. There are poems written as early as the year 1372, by one Antonio Bucza. A manuscript, with poems in the Provençal language, is likewise preserved. A writer, named Bragaccia, conceived the curious idea of delineating, in a series of madrigals, a young female becoming a nun. They commence with her first sentiments on this subject; the last but one, describes her entrance into the convent, and the last is occupied with her thanks to the companion who attended her. Among the vast multitude of dramatic pieces, I met with a *Converted Saxon* and a *Mary Stuart*, by della Valle. To physicians, to whose art I am an utter stranger, I can only say that they will not go away empty-handed. I stumbled on many medical books, and abundance of receipts, in which pearls, coral, amber, dead men's bones, &c. were not spared. The professors of the law will likewise find dry matter enough for their dry amusement. To physiognomists I recommend not only old

Porta on physiognomy (a manuscript which, though imperfect, contains much more than has been printed), but likewise other physiognomical patriarchs; Peter Niptoni's diffuse *Tractatus de Physiognomia*, written in 1488, in characters which I am not sufficiently practised in reading, though many of them are very beautifully executed. On the occult sciences, Porta has left a Hebrew manuscript, written *cum characteribus Theutonicis*, the mysterious appearance of whose outside is a sufficient indication that the art of making gold is doubtless contained within. All financiers should hasten to read a treatise by one Spinola, "on the means of satisfying the wants of the court without laying burdens on the people." If the man actually teaches this art, his work is the most valuable of any in the whole library; but it has never yet been read, at least not at Naples. Antiquarians, among various things belonging to their department of science, will find a work in ten volumes by Ligorio, entitled *Antichità*. It treats of epitaphs,



inscriptions, Greek and Roman coins, weights, measures, &c. A tract by Pontanus, *De Tumulis*, appeared to me to be worthy of notice : for a philosopher who gave an arm of Livy as a relic to a church built by himself, was, in all probability, no despicable writer.

In the present political state of affairs the Russian court would perhaps derive some advantage from a manuscript of the year 1716. It is entitled, *Nouveau traité ou projet sur la defense de Corfou*. It would certainly be worth while to employ a person acquainted with the subject to examine it. Of what use are all the collections of manuscripts, if they are always suffered to lie buried in dust, without being of service to any one? Were I a king, on any political change in Europe, I should order my librarian to point out immediately such manuscripts as my library contained, relative to the subject of the change.

An itinerary *Totius Orbis*, of 1484, will perhaps appear interesting to geographers ;

and to musicians a very ancient *Dialogus de Musica*, by an abbot Oddo, will probably be of some value.

I shall now proceed to those manuscripts belonging to the Vatican library, that have been brought to this place; and which I am the more pleased with having inspected, as the librarian told me in confidence that it was very uncertain whether they would be retained, for it was daily expected that the pope would demand their restitution. This collection is composed of the same kind of works as have been already mentioned; but it has a more papal physiognomy, as it abounds with histories of conclaves, ordinances, &c. Of the latter there is a manuscript of the 15th century, with beautiful embellishments and marginal notes. The Miscellanies are very numerous; but it is necessary that a person should inspect them himself, in order to acquire an idea of their contents: for sometimes the most heterogeneous articles are bound up together; for instance, miracles, remonstrances addressed to the

electors during the thirty years' war, theological disputations, and inscriptions on Austrian emperors. On historical subjects, a collection in ten volumes is worthy of notice. It is entitled, "Political Papers, instructions to nuncios, accounts of various negociations between the court of Rome and the European powers, and other transactions, from the year 1500 to 1600." As it is well known that the court of Rome interfered in every transaction, there is no doubt that this work would afford illustrations of almost every point of the history of the 16th century. Several volumes of annotations to the *Annals of Baronius*, and *Annali Ecclesiastici et Profani*, seem to me likewise to possess some historical value. To relieve the dryness which is unavoidable in an account like the present, I shall beg leave to introduce, rather for pleasure than instruction, a few extracts, if not from the rarest, at least from the most singular manuscripts.

I first lay my hand on a large collection of satirical works, which scarcely any one would

have expected to find in the Vatican library, some of them being extremely severe on the popes and cardinals. Benedict XIII., in particular, is very roughly handled; and his cardinals, for whom there are epitaphs written during their lives, escape no better. Thus, for instance, *Curtio cardinali Origlio, insanissimo senectute puero, quod de justis Dei judiciis nunquam perterritus, pro devoto tamen femineo sexu semper oraverit, ac gallus gallinarius inter gallinas, Sardanapalo sardanapalia, mulierum agminibus stipatus vixit.*—Or, *Nicolaus cardinalis Judice turgidus, inflatus, temerarius, arrogans et superbus, imperitus, indoctus, inscius, ignarus et monogrammus, de sanguinis claritate Adamo antiquior, ob hæc præclarissima merita sacro cardinalium collegio fuit adscriptus.* Cardinal Ottoboni is termed, *unus de grege porcorum, stuprator, adulter, sodomita.* At the conclusion are the following words, *Exonera ventrem viator et abi.* These delicate epitaphs are succeeded by short inscriptions for the cells of the car-

dinals, who assembled in conclave, on the death of Benedict XIII. They consist merely of detached sentences from the Bible: for instance, Pignatelli, *non est sanitas in carne mea*; Albani, *de stercore erigere pauperem*; Lambertini, *delicta juventutis meæ ne memineris domine*; Cybo, *conturbata sunt ossa mea*; Caraffa, *resurrexit, non est hic*; Kereszhegh (a Hungarian), *bestiæ et universa pecora, &c.*—*Le statue parlanti* (the speaking statues), is a good idea, and has some resemblance to the once celebrated Dialogues of the Dead. The author relates, that at the house of a friend in the country, he found a fine collection of statues, which he surveyed with great attention. Having soon afterwards retired to rest, he dreamt that all these statues assembled round him, and began a conversation with each other, which, when he awoke, he committed to writing. Some of these conversable statues are, Julius Cæsar, Henry IV., Richelieu, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Pindar, Tasso, &c. Julius Cæsar first breaks silence in address-

ing Brutus: "Assassin! is this the return thou makest to him who gave thee existence? Brutal Brutus!" Henry IV. immediately reminds him that he not only violated the mother of this Brutus, but likewise his two sisters, a disgrace which no Roman senator could possibly endure. "You have no reason to speak," rejoins Cæsar, "don't you remember how you procured one of your bastards to be recognized as the first prince of the blood?" &c. Hence we see that even potentates in marble do not spare each other.—Gustavus Adolphus begins a second conversation with the exclamation: "I would rather have begotten a monster than a woman!" (alluding to his daughter, queen Christina). Wallenstein very drily replies, "If she is a woman, she must be a monster." Pindar adds, "Euripides says, that a learned woman is doubly foolish." In this manuscript are likewise several satirical poems: but one of a very moral and pious tendency for a cardinal who wishes to become pope, has strayed among them.

I take up another manuscript. It contains several learned dissertations: one on astronomy, a consideration of the virtues and vices of Alexander the Great, a picture of Julius Cæsar, &c.; partly in the hand-writing of the anonymous author. A collection of sentences, under the title of "Heroic Sentiments, of 1680," were probably compiled for the use of a prince, as most of them contain excellent instructions for princes: for example,—“There are people who understand every thing, and may be employed in any business: princes ought only to understand one thing, to govern.”—“If princes knew the duties of their station, nobody would wish to be a prince.” This work also contains a great number of very good maxims for persons of all conditions; for instance, “To be under obligations to a rogue is a great misfortune.”—“Rather than pronounce the brief phrase, *I know not*, men prefer uttering a thousand absurdities.”—“Grandeur resembles perfumes; whoever carries it about him, is no longer sensible to it.”—“The hap-

piest life would be misery if it never had an end.”—“ People are more anxious to appear virtuous than to be so.”—“ Convenience imparts greater happiness than wealth and grandeur.”—“ Little rogues, great fools.”—“ Silent adoration is the only prayer worthy of the Deity.” It is a pity that the moralist is a decided enemy to women. He ludicrously denominates the female sex, “a great perplexity from which an honest man can scarcely extricate himself with honour.” He thinks there are no happy marriages, because love and matrimony are incompatible, and man would enjoy too high felicity if it were otherwise. He nevertheless introduces some very tender sentiments on love. “True love,” says he, “wishes merely to love. Constancy in love is not a merit, but a necessity.” The devotion of his age leads him sometimes into paradoxes, that to me appear to be very rash and very false. For instance, “We ought to live with men, as with sick people, and patiently endure every thing from them:” or, “If God had



created us for no other purpose than to burn like brands to all eternity in hell, he would nevertheless deserve our love and our adoration." Of such pious resignation I must own I feel myself incapable. The work concludes with these words: "Such are the sentiments of one who can deceive no man, and who fears no man." I open another manuscript, and find a play, called St. Boniface, by a cardinal Ruspigliosi. To give an idea of the piece it will be sufficient merely to state the *dramatis personæ*. These are, the Church militant, the Church triumphant, Aglae (a charming association!), St. Boniface, a captain of dragoons, a guardian-angel, the devil, Lucinda, a band of soldiers. It appears that the cardinals are no favourites of Thalia. Many of the poems to be found here are the effusions of fanaticism or insanity. Thus, for example, a man has composed a panegyric on Clement XI. which is elegantly written on parchment, and has been at the uncommon pains to employ

in it nothing but scriptural expressions, so that not a syllable of it is original. He has not, however, taken whole periods or sentences, but only detached phrases or words; and in the margin he quotes the place where each of them is to be found. This may be a laborious compilation, but it cannot be called an ingenious one; for the large volume of the scriptures doubtless contains every phrase that a panegyrist can possibly stand in need of. From this puerile performance I turn to a remarkable manuscript of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, consisting entirely of plans submitted to the popes for the improvement of the fine arts, and other memoirs on antiquities. It begins with several projects for the institution of an academy of painting, which in the sequel was actually effected. The necessity of a good education for a painter is proved, among the rest, by the example of Titian, who turned his colleague Tintoretto out of doors; and of Jean Calvarto, who severely beat the poor Domi-

nichino. These are succeeded by an instructive account how to compose descriptions of pictures for the use of painters. An order issued in 1542, for the free passage of fifty-eight chests of antiquities for the king of France, is no further remarkable than for its being signed by Michael Angelo. From a remonstrance addressed to the pope, we learn that, through the negligence of an inspector, named Bartoli, a great number of antiquities were carried away, and employed in the foundations of new houses, or converted into lime, to the great injury of literature, and the still greater mortification of strangers. The pope is therefore intreated to appoint some new inspectors, who would undertake the duty without salary, and merely for the sake of honour; and, among others, the celebrated Maffei is proposed. His holiness is also requested to appoint a place for the valuable objects that might be found in the vineyards, such as the great corridor in the front of the Vatican library, which would then soon become as celebrated as

the Arundel collection at London. How many of the noblest monuments of antiquity might probably have been converted into lime, before this champion of the arts ventured to present his remonstrance ! Another memoir of the year 1700, signed Montani, points out what repairs would be indispensably necessary to prevent the total ruin of the Coliseum. It likewise treats of the triumphal arches of Constantine, Severus, and Titus ; of the temple of peace, &c. If such repairs should be encouraged, I suppose that in a few centuries the forms of ancient buildings will remain, but they will be entirely composed of new materials. In a bitter complaint against the heads of the church erected in the baths of Dioclesian, it is said, “ They have endeavoured, to the utmost of their power, to deform this noble edifice by their bad taste ; and have besides expended great sums of money to effect that purpose. From a great church they have made it a little one. The walls are white-washed, and the beautiful antique appearance is thereby utterly de-

stroyed. The magnificent capitals of the eight splendid columns of granite have been served in the same manner; and in the windows has been placed stucco-work, such as is seen only in petty village churches." Various proposals are made to remedy this misconduct. A bull of Pius II. of the year 1462, which has strayed into this more modern collection, pronounces anathemas on all those who should injure any works of antiquity; and I was much pleased with the reason assigned by the pope, in the spirit of the times, for this strict prohibition: "Because these ruins preach so loudly the frailty of all human things." This is followed by a long vindication of the above-mentioned Bartoli against the charges of negligence and ignorance; and likewise his complaints of foreigners, especially the English, for purchasing and privately conveying out of the country so many of the best works of art. By the side of each article the pope has written his resolution with his own hand, but so illegibly that I was unable to de-

cypher it. An original manuscript paper of Carlo Maratto, of the year 1706, is worthy of notice. It is addressed to the academy of painting; and in it the author warmly espouses the cause of one Martinelli, whose name the academy was about to erase from the list of its members. A report to the pope, on an ancient wall, which had recently been pulled down, but which was not, strictly speaking, antique, having belonged to a castle erected by Leo IV. in the year 849, against the incursions of the Saracens. Besides the above, this volume contains a list of the premiums distributed by the academy of painting; letters on newly-discovered statues and inscriptions; a catalogue of the statues in the Farnese palace; many papers on the removal of the column of Antoninus Pius; description and drawings of the machines employed on that occasion, &c. —A bulky collection of original letters of great persons in the seventeenth century, principally addressed to cardinal Cybo, is deserving of notice, partly on account of



the subjects of which they treat, and partly for the names of the writers. The latter are, the emperor Leopold, Amadeus king of Sardinia, and John king of Poland; the electors Emanuel and Joseph Clemens of Bavaria, Anselm of Mentz, Philip William of the Palatinate, John Hugo of Triers, the counts palatine of the Rhine, the dukes of Holstein, Parma, &c. the counts Dietrichstein, Harrach, Konigseck, and many others. In a thick volume of poems, by Ottavio Tronsarelli, it is to be hoped that nothing is lost through the illegibility of his hand-writing. Varchi and Giannotti have composed extensive Histories of Florence. A biographical account of Domenico Cecchini is written by himself; and is, for that reason, interesting to me, because I love to observe the anxious efforts of a man to steer in safety between those two rocks, Truth and Vanity. The Life of Dante seemed to contain much that was new.—A manuscript, beginning with unimportant orations of various descriptions, contains a prayer to St. Stroppi-

nus! Who ever heard of this venerable character? and yet he was *confessor*—to whom?—to our Saviour! Whether he received in return the gift of curing the gout I know not; but prayers are addressed to him, in particular, for the relief of that complaint. Interesting letters, and lastly a list of all the passages in Dante which it is dangerous to read, conclude this heterogeneous volume.—Charles V., an heroic poem, by a marchese Santinelli, has twenty cantos, and each canto above one hundred stanzas. Who could ever have the courage to read it?—Philosophic Miscellanies, a thick volume, by Ventuselli, contains among other things a treatise on the soul, of which as little was then known as at present.—Historical Miscellanies, short papers worthy of notice; for example, a narrative of the year 1551, by one Bernardo, who was at that time *bailo* at Constantinople. This volume likewise comprehends many judicial *responsa*, a fresh proof how little the titles of manuscripts can be depended upon.—Political



relations and bulletins of all the principal cities of Europe, for the year 1709. It requires considerable patience to read them, but no where can better materials be found for the history of the times. Among other things is an account of the meeting of the kings of Denmark, Poland, and Prussia, and the elector of Hanover, at Berlin, to consult on the restoration of king Augustus.—In a volume of *Miscellanies*, which commences with the history of the golden rose (a papal solemnity), is a list of the learned men with whom Caspar Scioppius was personally acquainted, and short accounts of them in his own handwriting opposite to each name. Of *Tassoni annales ecclesiastici*, the first part is wanting. The second begins with the year 1201. A large collection of comedies by one Delfini, the plot of many of which appears to be very interesting. A Latin history of the taking of Jerusalem and Antioch, without the name of the author. The miscellanies on political subjects, are in part worthy of attention: for instance,

the votes of two cardinals on the resignation of the imperial dignity by Charles the Fifth; secret capitulations of the duke of Alva; opinion of two physicians on a contagious disease in the district of Trent, denominated *morbis lenticularum*, 1547. It was a pestilential fever, succeeded by an eruption resembling lentiles, and on account of which the council of Trent was removed to Bologna. Would it not be worth while to examine whether this disease had any analogy to the modern yellow fever?—A Latin manuscript, a full span in thickness, and written very small, treats entirely of the abominable customs of heretics, and is dedicated to Paul V. In this work it is clearly demonstrated, that a heretic can neither be valiant in war, nor faithful in peace; that he is unsusceptible of friendship, &c. Sometimes odious vices, at others ludicrous customs, are ascribed to heretics. On one occasion the pious author vents his indignation against the wicked habit of the heretical schools, of proceeding immediately from Æsop's fables

to the study of theology. In one respect the book may still be entitled to our gratitude: for a whole chapter is devoted to the writings of heretics, and mentions the titles of a great number of works which are now scarcely known; among others, satirical letters on the Reformation, which it might perhaps be worth while to seek.—*Histoire de la reine Christine l'Auguste*, appears to be written by the same hand as the above-mentioned Heroic Sentiments. One chapter treats of the antipathy manifested by Christina, while a child, to dwarfs, buffoons, wine, beer, and dolls. Another is occupied with the account of the Amaranthine fraternity, and the splendid festivities she used sometimes to give. On one of these occasions she founded a society of sixteen gentlemen and sixteen ladies, who wore at the breast the cypher A (Amaranth), surrounded with brilliants, and commonly assembled every Saturday at her residence in the country to enjoy unmolested diversion. It is to be regretted that the whole manuscript is written very

illegibly, and abounds too much with panegyric.—Of a political tendency are likewise the following: A volume of extracts of letters, of 1675: A volume of suspected intercepted letters, among others, one from a Neapolitan prince to John of Austria, persuading him to declare himself king of Sicily: *Scritture politiche*, a narrative of proceedings at Madrid, on the imprisonment of the princess of Casignano in 1641: History of Genoa, from 1535 to 1625: The trial of Francesco Borri, for heresy: Constitution of the Jesuits, &c. You then meet with articles of a very different nature; for example, a compendium of chiromancy. The index likewise mentions a collection of confidential letters, which unfortunately have been cut out. A Spanish manuscript, containing a description of the Philippine islands, by an ecclesiastic who resided there eighteen years, may probably be deserving of attention; but the Spanish is a language with which I am not acquainted. Under the title of *Lettre di diversi e notizie* are comprehended things

of a very different kind : for instance, the years 1659 and 1660, extracted from the original manuscript memoirs of James Stuart, duke of York, afterwards James II.; his campaign of 1657, written by himself, translated by him into French in 1696, and presented to the cardinal de Bouillon. This volume also contains a description of a remarkable meteor on the Adriatic Sea; the missions of Padre Kofferer; a private account from Paris of the sickness and death of Louis XIV.; &c.

Shortly before my departure from Naples, there unfortunately happened to be a great number of holidays, on which the library was shut; I was therefore obliged to leave untouched a great number of manuscripts which I had not inspected. I am well aware that my account, which is frequently but a dry catalogue of titles, is of no further utility than to draw the attention of such literary men as may hereafter visit Naples, to many things which they might perhaps otherwise have overlooked. Should

any of my successors find it difficult to obtain permission to inspect the manuscripts, let him only apply directly to the queen, who will not fail to procure him every facility he can desire. I have done as much as the shortness of time would permit; not months, but years would be required to make merely extracts from the most interesting works.

MISCELLANIES—DETACHED  
OBSERVATIONS.

VERY little trade is carried on by the natives of the Neapolitan dominions, though commerce might there be so flourishing. They possess the finest articles for exportation; corn, oil, raisins, figs, silk, wool, wine, &c. They have excellent harbours on the Mediterranean and Adriatic sea; but—they have no credit. They transact business in the same manner as the Russian merchants: they wait for orders from foreigners for their commodities. To make speculations at Naples is extreme-

ly hazardous, excepting you are connected with some good foreign house. The payments are very irregular; and if you send hither a greater quantity of goods than can be disposed of in three months, you are sure to have them returned upon your hands. Foreign commodities are, therefore, very dear, notwithstanding the facility of procuring them on every side. Were but the government disposed to encourage commerce, instead of totally neglecting, or even burthening it with heavy imposts! Heavens! what would Frederic II. have made of this rich country! It would long ago have been the terror of his enemies, the abode of happiness for the natives, and of pleasure to foreigners.

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It is a singular custom, but which places the credit of the Neapolitans in a very unfavourable light, that when you make any agreement with a Neapolitan,—for instance, with a vetturino for the journey to Rome,—

you do not pay him part of the money in advance, as is customary in other countries, but he deposits a sum in your hands. If you omit this precaution, you are not safe. The unknown stranger, therefore, has more credit than the resident native.

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For those who reside at Naples, that city is a cheap place: for nature produces without trouble all the necessaries of life the whole year through, and consequently the price of them is very low. Strangers, indeed, are obliged to pay more for them, and to such Naples is as dear as Paris. This applies in particular to lodging. For a handsome, decorated hall and four apartments, I paid 120 dollars (about twenty guineas) per month; but they were, indeed, in the best part of the town, in the *Largo di Castello*, surrounded by all the theatres, commanding a view of Mount Vesuvius, in a very clean house, called *Albergo del Sole*, which is kept by an amiable Englishwoman, and where the ac-



accommodations are very good. This house I recommend to every traveller, except he would rather choose to have the credit of living at the very first hotel, *la Grande Bretagne*, where the charges are said to be exorbitant. Living is good, but not cheap. The price of ten carolins a-head, for which I bargained, was uncommonly low. In this sum wine was indeed included; but the ordinary table-wine, which is excessively sweet, is not fit to be drunk, so that you must pay extra for *lacrymæ Christi*: but for about nine-pence a bottle you may procure tolerably good wine of that kind. The bread is not extraordinary, and is far inferior to the French. The vegetables are by no means so good as those of more northern countries: the carrots and turnips are scarcely eatable; the cauliflower only is good, and grows to a vast size. Fish and fruits are excellent and abundant; but only those which nature brings forth without the aid of art: on the contrary, pine-apples (though reared here

with very little trouble) are dearer than at Berlin, because there are no hot-houses. A coach is, as in all other countries, one of the most expensive articles for a stranger ; it costs daily four dollars and a half. If you take a coach and four horses for an excursion of a few miles into the country, it is an expence of nine dollars. Boxes at the theatre, as I have already observed, are scarcely to be procured at all. The whole box must be engaged at once, for single places are not to be had; and yet no ladies are permitted to be taken into the pit. It is therefore fortunate for a person if he is not often tempted to go to the play. The ordinary wages of a lacquey are six carolins per day : this, in comparison to other capitals, is not much ; but it is necessary for a stranger to be upon his guard, as these people are real blood-suckers, charging for every thing double what they pay, and thus putting one-half into their own pockets. Besides, among all the indolent animals at Naples these

are the most indolent. The articles of female dress may here be procured handsome and elegant, but at extravagant prices. With pictures and antiquities you are completely overwhelmed. Those who are not connoisseurs should beware of imposition; nor should they suffer themselves to be led, by the price demanded, to believe that the article is at least worth one half. They should offer one third, and that is often too much. At Villa Franca may be purchased copies of the most celebrated paintings, which are, in general, admirably executed in miniature by the young artists there, who are satisfied with a very moderate remuneration. But whoever is desirous to purchase originals, whether pictures, vases, or gems, would do well to consult some connoisseur. Rega, the stone-cutter, is accounted one of the first, and I know that many collectors never make a purchase till they have heard his opinion.

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A scene took place under my window,

which was not calculated to excite any prepossession in favour of the fair-sex of this place. A woman, very decently dressed in black silk, and with a large black hood (which is commonly worn here) over her head, was engaged in a quarrel with another female, who, from her white dress, did not appear, any more than the other, to belong to the lowest class of the people. The dispute continued for some time, with a horrible noise; when the woman in black suddenly gave the other a sound box on the ear, which was immediately repaid in the same coin. She then tore the hood from the head of her antagonist; and, fixing both hands in her hair, dragged her along the market-place, and pulled her with great violence. The white one, spying her advantage, tripped up her opponent, and threw her with such adroitness on the pavement that the light of the sun saluted her bare posteriors, on which she began to hammer away like a cook on a chopping-board. A mob of several hundred persons thronged so closely around

them, that the combatants had scarcely room to move their nervous arms.

The battle was accompanied with howling, shouting, hissing, clapping, but nobody took the trouble to part the frantic females, who might have beaten out each other's brains for what the spectators cared. At length some soldiers came and separated them; but they were not confined. On the contrary, a well-dressed man approached, offered the black lady his arm, and quietly conducted her from the scene of action. No one concerned himself about the white one, who quitted the field of battle as conqueror. These women bit their handkerchiefs for rage, which expression of anger seems to be peculiar to the Neapolitans. On all occasions of a similar nature the people remain quiet spectators; not even considering it their duty to prevent accidents. When boys fight in the streets, a circle is immediately formed, and it is not till blood is drawn that any of the bye-standers attempt to part them.

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The Neapolitans are excessively afraid of rain. No where are so many umbrellas to be seen as at Naples, and in rainy weather it is extremely difficult to avoid the thousands of them which you meet in the many narrow streets. It is diverting to see how the hackney-coachmen in the public places drive off in all directions, on the fall of a sudden shower. At the very moment when there is the greatest occasion for those vehicles, not one of them is to be met with in the streets. This singular fear arises, as I was informed, from the idea, which probably is nothing more than prejudice, that the rain here is highly prejudicial to health.---They have a custom which I never remember to have observed elsewhere, but which is worthy of imitation. When heavy rains have formed streams in the middle of the streets which it would be very inconvenient for pedestrians to wade through, small bridges on wheels are immediately brought out to these places, where they remain till the water has run off.

The common hackney-coaches in Naples are very far from elegant, and are remarkably filthy. Some idea of the inside of one of these vehicles may be formed from the following circumstance. At noon the driver opens both the doors, throws his oats at the bottom of the coach, and places one of his horses at each door; so that the animals feed head-to-head out of the vehicle.

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At the approach of Christmas hundreds of bagpipers are to be seen at Naples; whose dress of sheep-skins, with the wool outwards, forms a singular contrast with the light clothing of the Lazzaroni. They are herdsmen from Apulia and other remote provinces; who consider it as a religious duty to make a pilgrimage at this season, with their bag-pipes, to the metropolis, to entertain the Holy Virgin with their music, in imitation of the shepherds who went to see our Saviour in the manger at Bethlehem. They go from house to house, and from shop to shop; and it is

quite diverting to see with what devotion they stand before the image of the Virgin, and with what pious looks they gaze on the Madonna, while their lungs and fingers are thus busily engaged. I wonder that no painter has yet chosen such a scene as a subject for his pencil. Several weeks before Christmas nothing is to be heard in the streets but this music; which, however, is very harmonious: during the nine days preceding that festival it is said to be the worst. I have been assured that many of these shepherds attend upwards of forty houses daily. As a quarter of an hour at least must be devoted to each Madonna, one of these people consequently plays for ten successive hours on the bag-pipe. What lungs!

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I lately read in an Italian newspaper: "The Germans pretend to be the authors of every discovery and invention, while other nations appropriate the merit of them to themselves: for example, the cow-pox, a German discovery, was first brought into



vogue in England by Dr. Jenner. The French took the same advantage of the invention of the telegraph. The same thing occurred with the air-balloon; the idea of which originated with one Moshof, but in the execution of which he was forestalled by the Italians: (the paper does not mention when and where.) Jelly of bones was made by Ploucquet at Tübingen, but it was cried up by Cadet de Vaux. Harpsichords which of themselves write down the notes that are played, were made by Pfeiffer of Stutgard; but Stanhope in England claimed the honour of the invention, &c. The Italians, however, had much more reason to claim the most important discoveries as the fruit of their genius. That, for example, a magnetic ball floating in quicksilver possesses the property of turning round its axis, and thus shewing the latitude and longitude, was stated by an Englishman to have been discovered by him. "It is false," cried the French; "for it is mentioned in Busch's Geographic Ephemerides for the year 1803." "That may be,"

exultingly exclaim the Italians; "but it was mentioned in the life of one Vico, written and printed so long ago as the year 1730." For my part, they are heartily welcome to this triumph; but with regard to my countrymen I shall only remark, that they are rightly served when other nations run away with the honour and profit they ought to have enjoyed: for they only write, and never act. With them every thing is hypothesis, which makes no impression but on the inventor. Others give no credit to these hypotheses, look upon them only as pleasing illusions, and are apprehensive of incurring ridicule if they should supply the money for making experiments. The inventor himself, being rarely a rich man, is unable to defray the expences of experiments; he is therefore obliged to consign his discovery to a thick tedious volume, which nobody reads, and which in a few years is forgotten, till some speculative foreigner descries the hidden treasures, and gives life to the dead. The Germans then instantly begin to turn over the

leaves, and cry, " Stop ! this is our discovery !" Mean merit ! The honour justly belongs to him who rendered the discovery useful to the world.

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The *Patres Scolari* in the Collegio Caravaggio, announced the commencement of their lectures on the 12th of November. Curiosity led me to the place, though with small hopes of gratification. I found a kind of gallery hung round with geometrical and mechanical figures. On each side were some benches, on which seven young men were seated : at the further end, behind a table, was a man who could scarcely be thirty years of age ; he wore an ecclesiastical habit, and had placed his cap by his side. He was just ready to begin when I entered : he immediately rose, came politely to meet me, and enquired what was my pleasure. It was some time before he could comprehend that I came merely with a view to listen to his discourse : astonishment was legibly imprinted on his countenance at the unexpected visit of a man

with a star at his breast. Instantly collecting himself, he very civilly shewed me a place, seated himself, briefly repeated to me what he had said in the forenoon on the history of philosophy, and then proceeded with a suavity and a choice of expression which astonished me as much as the sound reason that pervaded all his discourse. That he should ground all philosophy on mathematics, as he did, was what I was not prepared to expect. It is true, he advanced nothing but what is perfectly familiar to every German educated in Protestant seminaries; but it afforded me no small pleasure to hear such things, in such a place, and from a person in such a habit. At the conclusion of the lecture I went away, filled with sincere respect for the young man, whose features were as intelligent as his discourse. I am only afraid the seven young persons who gazed at him with open mouths, understood but little of what he said. These were the only philosophical lectures at Naples of which I

heard any tidings. As it contains, according to report, seven hundred thousand inhabitants, it follows that only one out of one hundred thousand feels any inclination to study a little philosophy.

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A philosopher, of a description very different from the preceding, says in a printed advertisement: "There have at all times been many ungodly people, who maintain that the study of nature is prejudicial to revealed religion. This assertion is, however, unfounded: religion is rather a herald of the mysteries of God, and Nature proclaims his omnipotence. Mankind are, notwithstanding, so perverse as to regard religion as an enemy to the progress of the human mind, and to look upon freedom of thought in me or any other as irreligious. To refute this opinion," he continues, "I have written a book entitled, 'Irreligious free-thinking an enemy to the advancement of science;' in which it is proved that all works written by men who were not pious

believers, swarm with errors, that they merely follow the ancients without ever soaring higher than they have done, and that christianity has exercised the most beneficial influence on all modern discoveries." This admirable work may, in a short time, be procured of Messrs. Terres, at Naples, for seven carolins.

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It is impossible to walk twenty paces at Naples, without meeting with some pompous inscription affixed to a fountain, statue, pyramid, &c. Were they all to be copied, I am confident they would fill a thick quarto volume. Where much is written, little is done: many of them contain the most impudent falsehoods. One, for example, begins thus: *Carolus Borbonus, supra omnes retro principes, pacis bellicue artibus clarissimus et felicissimus*; and when you inquire what great achievements were performed by this Charles de Bourbon, who surpasses all princes, you find that not even the most insignificant action can be recorded of the period when this was written,

namely, before he ascended the Spanish throne. But what action is this pompous inscription designed to perpetuate? An action which is indeed praiseworthy, but such as a good king daily performs by dozens : he directed a road that was in bad condition to be repaired. To perpetuate in such a manner in marble, things concerning which a prince, who was rather shaken in his ride, had occasion to speak but two words of the superintendant of highways, is a degradation of the marble, the people, and the prince. But the most ludicrous particular relative to the many thousands of inscriptions at Naples, is, that they are all in Latin. I am well aware, that it is likewise customary in other countries to record in Latin what is intended for the eye of posterity, as though people were apprehensive lest the national language should be lost ; but to me this appears perfectly ridiculous. Did the Romans compose inscriptions in Greek, or the Greeks in the language of Egypt? Should we not laugh at a man who should address every person he

met in Latin? and does not such a stone supply the place of the prince by whom the action was performed? This senseless custom is not to be forgiven even in the middle ages, though in those days every man of rank and education understood Latin; but it is utterly unpardonable now, when among a hundred well-educated and in other respects accomplished men, ninety understand not a syllable of that language, and the other ten have scarcely retained a few words of what they acquired at school. A Latin inscription is now composed merely for half-a-dozen literati by profession, who reside in the city, and pass it perhaps once a year. Nobody now writes Latin, and nobody speaks it: that language has ceased to be the universal language; it has resigned the sceptre to its daughter the French, and it would now be more rational to compose all inscriptions in the latter. I say *more* rational, but rational it would not be; for whatever a nation has to say to posterity, were it even the nation of the Calmucs, should be said in its own language; that the



common people, as well as the men of learning, may be made acquainted with the remarkable events that have taken place in their native country, or the benefactors whom they ought to revere. If an inscription is intended solely for the instruction of the people, it is the highest degree of folly to write it in a foreign, dead language. Among other things of this kind, there is at Naples, I believe in the place called the Little Molo, a pyramid, erected on the execrated spot where the populace planted the tree of liberty. On the four sides are seen medallions, which are good likenesses of the king, the queen, the hereditary prince, and the princess-royal: under each of which is a long Latin inscription, demonstrating to the people the impiety of revolutions, and how necessary it is that only one person should reign. Of all this the honest Neapolitans understand not a single syllable; and for the few who do understand them, these inscriptions were not written. The present generation is indeed acquainted with the occasion of erecting this pyramid,

which is not likely to be forgotten by them : on the contrary, the next will not interest themselves about it; and should circumstances again occur, in which such a warning might produce some effect at least on individuals, it is just as wise as to send a crier to address the people in Hebrew. What a powerful influence might not be exercised on the morals of a nation, by short pertinent inscriptions, composed in the language of the country ! How admirable was the idea of that Greek who engraved on all the figures of Hermes in the public roads, sentences which every traveller read as he passed by, which by degrees he learned by heart and repeated at home to his children, till they were converted into proverbs ! The usual objection made to modern languages is, that they are not suited to the style of the lapidary, and that they do not admit of such brevity of expression as the Latin. Were this even true, yet the principal object should be not to make an inscription concise, but to render it intelligible to every one. The position, however, is not proved;

and many instances might be produced to contradict it.

I beg pardon for this digression.—At Naples not a drop of water flows from a fountain but a pompous inscription announces by whom the expence of the pipes was defrayed. In many instances the pipes alone are to be seen, and they are even unprovided with water. Under most of the many thousand images of saints, it is mentioned by whose piety they were erected; and beneath the statue of St. Januarius on the bridge by which Pater Rocco has perpetuated his memory, half a dozen other great characters have inscribed their names, desirous of purchasing the joys of heaven at as cheap a rate as possible. What mean ideas the Neapolitans entertain of a monument erected for posterity, appears from a ludicrous anecdote related to me by a person on whose veracity I can rely. A stranger will be astonished to see at every step some fountain or other monument devoted to the service of the public, with the inscription, “Erected by Ferdinand

the Fourth" (the present royal sportsman); and will think that great injustice is done to this monarch by those who assert that he gives himself no concern about any thing but hunting and fishing. It is, however, necessary he should be informed that, during the revolution, the names of the sovereigns on the public monuments, whether Charles, Philip, or Ferdinand, were all erased. When the tempest was over, and the throne and the cross were re-established, it was thought necessary to restore these inscriptions; and as the former kings, the Charleses, the Philips, &c. &c. could not take it amiss if they were somewhat slighted, their names were omitted, and that of Ferdinand IV. was every where substituted in their stead.—What can it signify? The honour remains in the family.

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Of the royal palace at Naples I can say nothing further than that it has a handsome and imposing exterior. The interior I saw but once, on being presented, and consequently had but little opportunity

for observation. The apartments through which I was conducted were hung with tapestry, of the manufacture of the country, but which is far inferior to that of the Gobelins. Most of the designs were extremely rude; the colours were lively, and almost glaring. On one of the walls the Graces were holding a medallion, containing the portraits of the king and queen: that of the king in uniform is a striking likeness; but the queen is represented in a dress which was in fashion about twenty years ago, and of course now looks horribly. The Gracés who hold this tasteless medallion, likewise bear a billet on which is written the following sentence from the Proverbs, *Rex sapiens dissipat impios* (A wise king disperses the wicked). It must be acknowledged that no where is such shameless adulation practised as at Naples. I, however, saw two fine marble busts, of the emperor Francis, and the German hero the archduke Charles, whose open and intelligent countenance produces the most favourable impression on the mind of the spectator.

I arrived at Naples with strong prepossessions against the queen, partly derived from books, and partly from verbal information : I left that city convinced of her amiable manners and disposition. I admit that, in these difficult times, she has not always conducted the helm with a steady hand ; that she often adopted measures which she was obliged to retract, as well as others from which it was not in her power to recede : but may not the same be said of almost every prince in Europe ? Extraordinary circumstances require extraordinary measures. He with whom they succeed is denominated great ; but those who are unsuccessful sink in the estimation of mankind. I am certain that the queen always acted for the best ; but when the way to it is enveloped in the thickest mist, the instinct of a Frederic is required to find it. The queen is a most tender and affectionate mother to her children : this maternal heart is likewise a royal heart ; nothing but the worst usage is capable of hardening it against the people, or of

blunting its sensibility. "To make the people happy," said she to me, "we are often obliged, though against our inclinations, to act the despot; and if we do, we are not beloved." I expressed my opinion that this was not always the case, and as an example I mentioned Maria Theresa. "Oh!" replied she, "my mother was nevertheless unhappy towards the conclusion of her life; for the ungrateful people universally wished her death. And why? On account of a paltry impost." Of the illusions of royalty she speaks with an amiable candour and sincerity, which excite irresistible prepossessions in her favour. She longs for the period when general tranquillity shall allow her to resign the burthen of public affairs, and to withdraw, with her husband, into solitude. "Then," said she, "then it will be seen who was attached to Maria Carolina, and who merely paid their court to the queen." Assuredly those who have the happiness to be near her, and to hear her often speak in this manner, must be attached to her.

“The highest felicity on earth is the happiness of being a mother,” said she to my wife, who expected shortly to enjoy it. “I have had seventeen living children; they were my only joy. Nature made me a mother; the queen is only a gala-dress, which I put off and on.” At these words she took her dress between two fingers, and loosed it again almost with an air of contempt. “He who possesses an independence,” said she, with an emphasis that was not affected, “is far more happy than the prince on his throne.” It would be improper to repeat all that she said concerning the present times, the Jesuits, &c. All, however, manifested an enlightened mind; and a heart, filled, indeed, with acrimony, but excellent at the bottom. She is accused of falsehood and artifice; but I really doubt whether it is possible so grossly to deceive one whose principal employment has for thirty years been the observation of mankind. What she said to me, she both thought and felt; nobody shall ever persuade me of the contrary.



Sincerity and good-nature are legibly inscribed on the countenance of the hereditary prince. Prince Leopold and the two princesses appear to be rather bashful. All of them conversed with me in the German language; which the hereditary prince, in particular, speaks very fluently. The reciprocal behaviour of the children to the mother, and the mother to the children, which I had an opportunity of observing, is so tender, so unaffected, as to inspire the bosom of the stranger with the most agreeable sentiments. It is likewise a commendable trait in the character of the queen, that she is still so strongly attached to her native land. On entering her antichamber you hear nothing but German, and honest German faces every where smile upon you. The queen receives every week from Vienna a written account of all occurrences remarkable or not in that city. She calls it her chronicle of lies, but has suffered it to be sent for thirty years without countermanding it.

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As you go to the street St. Lucia, you may look down into an extensive courtyard belonging to one of the buildings of the Admiralty. Here the captive Algerine pirates are permitted to take the air; and I have sometimes observed the half-naked, tawny fellows, with fierce, hideous countenances, amusing themselves with playing at ball, or with folded arms smoking their pipes. They are about forty in number, and were all taken in the same ship. On the contrary, as I was informed, at least four thousand Neapolitans languish in captivity at Algiers; so superior is the marine of his Algerine highness to that of his Sicilian majesty. The pirates, knowing they had no danger to fear, had already become so bold as to land at Castell a Mare, not ten miles from Naples, where they plundered and carried off whatever they pleased. A well-informed man declared, that if these barbarians had sufficient courage and local knowledge, they might land in the night at Portici, and carry the whole royal family into captivity.

Is it not a shame, that not a ship can sail for Sicily without running the risk of being taken as soon as it has quitted the port of Naples?—Now, however, tranquillity is restored at sea for a few weeks: for Micheroux, brother to the secretary of state, who has the command of a squadron, watched for the corsairs, attacked them with great bravery, and handled them very roughly. They were obliged to seek their own ports: so that at present the sea is quite clear of them. I became acquainted with this Neapolitan naval hero, who is as accomplished as he is brave, and speaks with great modesty of his victory. The Algerines received a tremendous fire for a full half-hour before they fled. They were superior in number to the Neapolitans, but their guns were badly served.—Of what advantage is this victory to the four thousand wretches who groan far from their native land in the fetters of slavery, and who are kept incessantly to hard labour? On the other hand, the few Algerines at Naples are well treated, and do nothing at

all. Is it possible that these plunderers should continue to be tolerated by so many naval powers? I know that Louis XIV. once said, "If there were no Algiers, we ought to wish for one:" but how he could reconcile that expression either to sound sense or policy, I cannot comprehend.

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The native galley-slaves at Naples are treated far worse than the Algerine captives. They are not much employed in labour; for as often as I walked along the coast to Portici, I saw them in a castle sitting behind two iron gates, situated at some distance from each other, so that the fresh air had a considerable space to traverse from the outermost gate to the innermost. At the windows women and girls are usually standing, and talking with their husbands and lovers, often weeping, and sometimes laughing; and supplying them with all kinds of eatables. At certain hours they are driven into a small open place, which cannot be more than twenty feet square, and which is surrounded with

high and strong palisades. Besides this, numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry, who surround the place with muskets charged and swords drawn, are commanded to fire and cut them to pieces, if the slaves make the least motion to effect their escape. To this, however, they shew no disposition; but content themselves with thrusting their black (absolutely *black*) linen through the intervals between the palisades to the women who wait for it without. If a prisoner ever escapes at Naples, it is not the fault of the government, which does not fail to provide a sufficient number of guards. In cases where, in other countries, two guards are employed, it allows a dozen. I have several times seen single individuals, who were bound, escorted to prison by ten or twelve well-armed *sbirri*; and when I asked, "Why so many?" I received for answer, "If there were only three, the prisoner, though bound, would overpower them and escape." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that a few unmanacled Frenchmen should so

speedily put to the rout armies of eighty thousand men. State-prisoners are conveyed in well-secured sedan chairs : they are surrounded, besides, by six or eight *sbirri*; and processions of this kind, which I met four or five times, actually excited considerable attention. I wonder that the government does not direct these removals to be made at night. It has a great number of spies in its pay, and among them are people of the highest rank. One of the most notorious is said to be a chevalier R—, who frequents the first companies.

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Whence does it proceed that the popular songs of the Russians and Italians have such an extraordinary resemblance to each other? When, in particular, I hear an Italian singing in the open fields at a distance, I imagine myself suddenly transported into Russia : that is, when I shut my eyes ; for otherwise the olive and lemon trees would destroy the illusion. The popular tunes of both nations are evidently

the ancient Greek, which may instantly be heard by comparing them with the Greek fragments preserved by Winckelmann. People likewise pretend to have discovered a great similarity between the Russian and the Italian nation. It may be so : but the Russians appear to me to be a people of a much more generous organization.

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To express the power of hunger in a manner somewhat disgusting, but extremely energetic, it would be necessary only to copy a scene which I have several times witnessed. A man sells melons, cut into small pieces. A poor devil buys one of these pieces, devours it, bites off the rind with his teeth, and throws it away. A beggar-boy immediately picks it up out of the mud, voraciously gnaws it once more, and does not drop it, with a sigh, till it is as thin as post paper.

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Great inconvenience is experienced at Naples from the cautious suspicion with which they weigh every piastre, a coin

which you are not sure of receiving full weight, even of the bankers; and the worst is, that no person, not even the coffee-house-keeper, dare take a light piece, even at less than its original value. You are therefore obliged to throw away such pieces; or to dispose of them to a particular broker, who is licensed to receive them.

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I have already several times made mention of the delightful climate of Naples, and I must acknowledge that it surpasses every description. I was, at first, apprehensive of the cold: for, thought I, where there are no stoves, where chimneys are but seldom met with, and the floors are of stone, the mildest winter would be more severely felt than the rigours of a Russian season, which by means of proper stoves they know how to overcome. But I was mistaken. In my four or five apartments there was but a single fire-place for cases of necessity; and in this I never had a fire made, though I did not leave Naples till the sixteenth of Decem-



ber. Through the whole of November, the thermometer was generally above twenty degrees : day and night were equally warm. Notwithstanding my custom of sitting down to my writing-table at four o'clock, and sometimes earlier, I never felt the least cold. The people here use a kind of copper pan, with an arched cover, in which myrtle-branches are burned, and diffuse a pleasing warmth: but in houses that face the south these may be dispensed with; for my part, I never had occasion for them. Two days, on which the temperature had fallen about four or five degrees, seemed to the Neapolitans intolerably cold, and they all declared they had never experienced more inclement weather. I naturally laughed at them when I met them with their faces muffled up in their cloaks. The floors are covered with mats made of rushes, which entirely counteract the effect of the cold stones. Scarcely a day passed without much lightning either in the morning or evening: sometimes these storms were extremely violent; and in one of

them, during the last days of my residence at Naples, the lightning killed three men at Castel Nuovo. Had it fallen two or three paces further, it would have set fire to a powder-magazine, and would probably have prevented me from ever describing its operations. It is remarkable that, though thunder-storms are so frequent, not a single lightning-conductor is to be seen at Naples. The circumjacent country is decked with eternal verdure. Few trees entirely lose their leaves, and none of the hedges become quite bare. The sun's rays are often scorching, and almost always too warm. The natives complain of the sea-breeze, called Sirocco, which they imagine relaxes the system, and makes them indolent and ill. With me, however, the Sirocco agreed extremely well. Though its name was before so terrible, I became acquainted with it only as a warm, delightful zephyr, which never produced in me any disagreeable sensation. I revelled in this heavenly climate, amid these enchanting beauties of nature, these monuments of antiquity;

and yet—I candidly acknowledge it—yet did I feel no regret at quitting Naples, but drew my breath more freely when I had turned my back on a city containing half a million of people with none of whom I could contract a friendship. To lead what may with propriety be termed an agreeable life, we must reside among good men. Nature and the climate are of very little consequence. We may accustom ourselves to every thing, but not to people without hearts.—Farewel, proud Parthenope! Never do I wish to behold thee again.

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Among the atrocities of the revolution, every one still relates with horror that the Lazzaroni roasted men in the streets, and begged money of the passengers to purchase bread to their roast meat. Many of them carried in their pockets fingers, ears, &c. which they had cut off; and when they met a person whom they looked upon as a patriot, they triumphantly exhibited their bloody spoils. One of these mur-

derers shewed with exultation a reeking dagger to one of my acquaintance, boasting that he had plunged it into the bosom of a jacobin. The person to whom he was speaking was obliged to feign excessive joy at the account: he inquired who the jacobin was, and heard the name of one of his most intimate friends. On this occasion the women were the most outrageous; it was sufficient to be pointed out by one of these furies as a jacobin, to be instantly sacrificed. All who wore cropped hair were devoted victims. False tails were procured; but the deception being perceived, the people ran behind every one that passed, pulled him by the tail, and if it came off, it was all over with the wearer. Upwards of two thousand houses were completely plundered. The Danish consul was often in danger, because his uniform was mistaken for French. Every thing was done *per la santa fede*, so that *santa fede* is now become an opprobrious term. For three months Ruffo and his Calabrians indulged in these excesses. The French

at length came, and in twenty-four hours tranquillity was restored. Their number did not exceed four thousand, but that was sufficient for such a pusillanimous enemy. The measures they adopted were indeed severe: when, for example, they met a suspected person, all they did was to smelt at his hands; if they smelt of powder, he was cut in pieces without mercy.

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There is at Naples a species of begging more disgusting than that of the street-beggars. On my presentation at court, one of the attendants first appeared in my anti-chamber, and in the name of all his comrades wished me joy on my happy arrival. I shrugged my shoulders, and made him a present. A quarter of an hour afterwards, one of the halberdiers (the guards in the interior apartments of the palace) came with the same compliment. He was followed by several others; and at length the domestics of the master of the horse were announced, though that officer had no concern at all with the presentation.

I had no other alternative than to throw away fifty piastres, or to send them away with as little ceremony as they shewed of modesty. I was assured that a German prince, who had recently visited Naples, had been obliged to give in this manner eighty piastres. This is disgraceful ! The example of the court is followed by the great. If you have dined with any one, you are sure to have one or two of his people with you the next morning, to make you pay for your dinner three times the price for which you might have had it at a tavern. This is truly disgraceful !

## FROM NAPLES TO ROME.

ON my return to Rome I was as little incommoded as before by the noxious exhalations of the Pontine marshes ; on the contrary, I passed some of the most agreeable hours during my residence in Italy on their borders. It was the conclusion of December ; the sky was serene, and the air pure and warm. The veturino baited his mules near the deserted convent of ca-

puchins which I have already had occasion to mention in the first volume. We spread our cloth on the great flight of steps before the church, in the mildest sun-shine, and took our cheerful repast in the open air. After dinner I strayed alone behind the convent, where in silent transport I forgot all Europe, for I was actually in Arcadia. The verdant turf was decorated with innumerable flowers. Long trains of gossamer waved here and there over the plain. The larks, rising from the grass at my feet, chanted strains heard in other countries only in the spring. Tame flocks of ducks, snipes, and lapwings, hovered over the marshes; solitary hawks uttered their harsh cries aloft; buffaloes bellowed; and the tinkling of the bells of pasturing sheep was heard at intervals. Small birds of every kind chirped forth their joy. A shepherd at a distance sung a *Russian* air. On the opposite mountains was situated a town, the faint sound of whose bells, now and then interrupted by the report of a musket at a still greater distance, broke upon the ear. These

various tones, which animated nature, were not, however, when combined, sufficiently strong to form a noise: a melancholy stillness reigned around, and I could hear the rustling of every lizard in the grass. What a contrast with the tumult of Naples, where only two days before I was stunned with the harshest discords! Here all was so tranquil, so innocent; the earth appeared to be a paradise, and the sky an arch of corn-flowers. What a horrible idea I had always entertained of the Pontine marshes, and what an agreeable one I carry away with me from them!

GALLERY OF THE ARTISTS NOW RESIDENT  
AT ROME.

THE landscape-painter Reinhardt is certainly at the head of that department of his profession. It is true, I have seen but little of his performance; he had only one finished piece at home: but if I had read none of Wieland's productions but his *Oberon*, I should still maintain that he is a great poet. Reinhardt's pencil is more



manly and more energetic than Hackert's : whether he is equal to Denis, I will not venture to decide ; if he is not, still we have reason to be proud of our countryman, who is indisputably the first German landscape-painter. It is a pity that this great artist, who appears to be a very worthy jovial character, has bidden adieu to our country for ever, because he imagines that, after an absence of ten years, he shall not be able to endure the rigours of a northern climate.

The historical painter Abel, of Vienna, possesses merit. He is a pupil of the celebrated Füger, and is at present employed on two pictures for count Fries : the parting of Hector and Andromache ; and the moment in which Andromache, shocked at the spectacle of the mangled corpse of Hector, sinks senseless to the ground, and her terrified attendants hasten to her aid. The first appears to me to be rather cold : I do not love to see Grecian females with handkerchiefs at their eyes ; it always reminds me of the tragedy-queens : perhaps, likewise, the whole groupe is too much dis-

persed. The latter, on the contrary, is finely conceived, and the figure of the unhappy and senseless Andromache appears to me to be worthy of the hand of a master. Prometheus chained to the rock is approaching to completion, and will be a very interesting picture. It would scarcely be too much to assert that this Prometheus manifests greater energy than the celebrated performance of his great master. It is a noble scorn, which admirably becomes the great man, though in fetters. And what an intelligent countenance ! It is easy to perceive that it was he, and not the somewhat silly-looking Mercury who stands before him, that stole the fire from heaven. The female figures kneeling near him are exquisitely beautiful and graceful. I think it a merit in Abel that he has not introduced the cursed vulture. He did not want that aid to produce an effect. This artist has completed a very fine picture, representing Antigone seated, silently weeping beside the lifeless body of her lover : a very affecting performance, in which the corpse is ex-

pressed with the utmost truth, and yet with such beauty as not to shock the feelings, but only to excite sincere commiseration. Had Abel lived a century ago, he would certainly have substituted for this figure a dead Christ ; in which the spectator would have been obliged to admire, with horror, the blood streaming from the five wounds, and the drops trickling from the crown of thorns. Abel intends soon to return to Vienna.

Those who wish in the present times to see performances of uncommon boldness, must visit the French artists. Hariette, a pupil of David, and a pensionary of France, is bound as such to send to Paris a picture of a certain size, I believe about eight feet. Hariette, aiming at distinction, does not confine himself to the prescribed dimensions ; but has extended a canvas twenty-two feet in breadth and sixteen in height, on which he means to represent the heroic action of Horatius Cocles, singly defending the bridge which is broken down behind him. The composition is grand and uncommonly bold ; but what, in my opinion,

particularly displays the talents of the artist is, that, notwithstanding the infinite variety, every thing tends only to one point. Upon the bridge, near the brink of the gulph, stands Horatius, with his feet rooted in dead bodies, and brandishing his menacing sword. The courageous youth of the enemy are pressing forward to attack him. The further part of the fore-ground is occupied by the fugitive Romans ; who partly plunge on horseback into the waves of the Tiber, and partly save themselves by swimming or in boats: the victorious enemy pursue them into the current. There are, therefore, two principal actions ; the heroic achievement on the bridge, and the flight through the stream. Hiarlette has combined them with great skill in such a manner that the eye, reposing on the fore-ground, is continually led back to the principal figure. On the right, in a boat which has nearly reached the shore, is seated the wounded consul, supported by his weeping son. Death hovers on his lips, but anxiety for his country absorbs every pain : his blood flows

unstaunched; his breaking eye is fixed only on the hero who is now the last hope of Rome. A centurion, seated beside him, tells him with great animation, what his already dimmed eye but faintly perceives. The manner in which the consul seizes the centurion's hand, proves that he understands him; that grasp plainly says: "Now I die content." The connection with the foreground on the left is effected by means of one of the enemy, who stands on the shore of the Tiber, and is in the act of discharging an arrow at Horatius; but at that moment his neck is pierced by a javelin, winged from the middle of the fore-ground by a Roman youth standing in a boat. Thus the rich fore-ground forms the base of a triangle, of which the hero is the point. Beyond the bridge, on the Roman shore, the people stand and pray to the gods: an old blind man presses forward, that in case of necessity he may be the first to throw himself in the way of the enemy. In the vacancy occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, ancient Rome, with the capitol,

are discovered in the distance. The conception of the whole is truly poetical, and the execution appears worthy of the idea. Each head, each hand, each foot, has the most distinct expression ; and Hariette has, in particular, shewn his judgment in representing the rude boatmen as taking so little interest in the circumstances around them : they are slaves, whose attention is occupied solely by their oars, and their very exertions in rowing are evidently the result of a different kind of energy from that which animates the combatants. It is astonishing that Hariette scarcely sketches any part of his performance with chalk, but finishes every thing at once with the pencil. It is not more than three months since he began this gigantic labour, and in three more he expects to complete it. It is necessary to see his performance in order to be satisfied that this rapidity of execution will not be detrimental to it.

An impression of a very different nature, but equally strong, is made by the sketch of a large picture designed by Bossi, an Ita-

lian artist, who intends to execute it at Milan, where he is secretary to the academy. That he is extremely conversant with the works of the ancients, appears at first sight from his composition. The subject is Parnassus; the principal figure on the summit is Apollo playing upon the lyre, while all around him, in groupes of inexpressible beauty, listen to his notes. Beside him stand the three Graces; and half behind him is Nemesis, the only figure whose eyes are gravely directed towards heaven. The God of Silence holds the extremity of her robe. On the declivity of the hill, on either side, are groupes of Muses, and more graceful figures cannot be imagined. Erato has taken the lyre from Cupid, and plays wantonly with it. At the feet of Apollo you perceive an open cave, in which is the river-god Hippocrene, who smiling holds in his arms sleeping Sleep. In such a charming attitude Sleep only can slumber. The character of the composition is so warm and so pleasing, and the whole so exquisitely combined, that I could almost predict that it

will bear away the prize from Hariette's splendid performance, if Bossi knows how to *paint*; which is certainly but a subordinate art, and in which I have been informed that he does not excel.

The sculptor Schweiklen, a native of Würtenburg, is a young artist of great, indeed I might say of accomplished promise. The specimen which established his claim to the rank of a master was Cupid with a club, the conqueror of Hercules. When it was first exhibited, nothing else was the subject of conversation throughout all Rome, and artists still speak of it with enthusiasm. This Cupid is as yet his only performance. The lion represents a young one, but it is a lion. The brother of the modern Hercules, Lucien Bonaparte, was in treaty for it; but he was disappointed by the electoral prince of Würtenberg, and for that amiable prince Schweiklen is now executing his Cupid in marble. He is a very modest young man: and is therefore not suited to the modern German school, which looks upon modesty as weakness, and imitates exactly the worst



part of Göthe, namely, his imposing tone ; in which, however, he is surpassed by Gamba Curta, on the Molo at Naples.

Angelica Kaufmann has been for many years so justly known, and justly celebrated, that I could not refuse myself the pleasure of going to see her workshop. She is a very friendly, agreeable, old woman, whose countenance expresses no genius, but great good-nature. By indefatigable industry and good fortune she has acquired a property of two hundred thousand dollars, and has sent for a relation from Germany to attend her and to be her heir. Her house displays taste : a hall, which is quite full of statues and busts, conducts to her apartment, where she has a choice little collection of ancient paintings, carefully protected by silk coverings. Among these is a St. Jerome, according to her account, by Leonardo da Vinci ; but I must confess that all I have seen of that master is in a very different style. Among some fine heads by Vandyke and Rembrandt hangs her own portrait by sir Joshua Reynolds, and well known

by the engraving executed by Bartolozzi : at present, however, it is not at all like her. But I must now pass to those performances which the industrious artist still has by her. The best of the historical pieces is, without dispute, the prophet Nathan leading David to express his opinion of the rich man who robbed his poor neighbour of his only sheep, and exclaiming : "Thou art the man !" The figures are as large as life. Nathan's head is, indeed, fine, and replete with manly dignity. The artist has likewise succeeded in giving David a somewhat majestic, but yet ambiguous physiognomy, exactly such as the pious old rogue may be supposed to have had. He starts, and drops with terror the harp on which he was playing, but I should rather call the movement a shrug of the shoulders than a start. For the rest, the picture is in Angelica's ordinary manner ; that is, pleasing, elegant. Her Hagar and Ishmael appear to be far inferior in merit : Hagar seems engaged in a cold and ceremonious conversation with the angel, whose extended arm is evidently faulty.

For heroic subjects the artist is totally destitute of energy. The departure of Coriolanus is a scene from the French tragedy, which is represented with great elegance. On the other hand, three girls singing from notes pleased me much; subjects of that kind seem to suit her talents. Her *forte* appears, however, to lie in portraits: and perhaps females are best adapted to this branch of the art; for they have received from nature a susceptibility to seize and express every trait of the countenance, and every peculiar gesture. It is a gift with which, as the weapon of the weaker sex, nature has eminently provided them. The whole length portrait of a Scotch nobleman in the picturesque habit of his nation, particularly attracts the eye. Beside him is a lovely boy, completely naked, representing Bacchus; and, unfortunately, extremely faulty. In some other portraits, in which she has confined herself to the heads, she has been uncommonly successful. Among the rest there was an unfinished portrait of Canova.

A young historical painter, Wagner of Wurzburg, has for a short time been resident at Rome. I have, indeed, seen nothing of his but the sketch of a picture; but *ex ungue leonem*: this sketch is truly a lion's claw. The choice of the subject from Homer is of such a nature as instantly to betray the man of genius, who out of the simplest materials creates the most enchanting variety without injuring their sublime simplicity. It is the aged Nestor, seated between the Greek heroes in the dawn of the morning, engaged in a narration. The heroes are skilfully grouped around him in the most picturesque, and at the same time the most difficult attitudes; the character of each, while listening, being distinctly expressed. Agamemnon, for example, is, with great art, placed entirely in the shade. The light is exquisitely managed, and will produce a great effect. The goddess of departing Night flies with extended mantle over the heads of the heroes. On her domain borders that of Aurora, but in such a manner that the dawning light falls princi-

pally on old Nestor. I predict an excellent performance if Mr. Wagner executes it in a great style. I shall beg leave to make only two trifling remarks: the first relates to Ulysses returning at a distance from stealing horses. It is true, he is but faintly delineated, but yet I should wish him entirely away, because he destroys the unity of the piece. The second regards the personification of night. I have no particular objection against it, and think that it will rather produce a pleasing effect; only I think that, in this case, Aurora ought likewise to be visible. Perhaps these are hyper-criticisms; but I shall make amends for them by candidly wishing Germany joy of such an artist, who, with a very little seasonable encouragement, will certainly perform greater things than the highly favored French or Spanish pensionaries.

From the French, however, I cannot forbear excepting Guérin; who, for truth and profound sensibility, is unrivalled. It is the same amiable artist who executed the *Marcus Sextus*, which drew from me at Paris

such sweet tears. He is now engaged in the representation of an Idyl of Gessner: Amyntas wished to form beside a rugged, unshadowed road, that led to the temple of Apollo, a place of repose for passengers: he planted trees, and conducted a stream to the spot. Apollo, to reward his pious zeal, caused the trees he had planted in one night to grow up, blossom, and bear fruit. In this spot Amyntas was interred. In Guérin's picture is seen his grave, and the resting place, overshadowed with plane-trees. A travelling shepherd and shepherdess have seated themselves; a grand-daughter of Amyntas stands before them, relating how warm a friend to the gods and men was he against whose tomb they recline. The whole picture breathes exquisite sensibility and delightful repose. It ought not to be suspended in a gallery, but in the apartment of the unhappy; who, agitated by the tempest of the passions, would be calmed by it, as was Saul of old by the harp of David.

The historical painter Caylard seeks to attain reputation by a different path. He

has formed an antique style peculiar to himself, which might be denominated the lapidary style of painting ; which at first sight displeases, but whose novelty makes me mistrust my own judgment. It is, however, a grand and dignified manner, to which the eye must first be accustomed. Caylard is now employed on the judgment of Minos ; the whole picture is truly poetic, and a rich subject for composition. The immoveable gravity in the countenances of the three judges of hell ; the tranquillity in the face and attitude of the farmer who stands next to them ; the philosopher full of confidence in the book in his hand ; the generous warrior with his hand on the wound he received in the cause of his country ; the timid maid ; and last of all, with slow step and dejected head, the tyrant. What contrasts ! In the distance are perceived the Elysian fields, and a child springs over *untried* into the happy plains : a charming idea ! In another finished picture Caylard has represented Belisarius begging at his own triumphal arch ; announcing his achievements, his

victories, and his services to his country. A girl who has been for water to the spring is giving the boy who conducts him a small piece of money. In the distance, beyond the arch, stand two soldiers, contemplating and admiring the monument, but without perceiving the hero whose fame it perpetuates. He is reposing by a fountain, with the inscription *Tandem felix*. Perhaps Caylard is a better poet than a painter. At the competition in Paris, he is said to have exhibited a picture from Ossian, which, probably on account of the unusual style, did not obtain the applause of the public, but was greatly admired by David the connoisseur.

Chaunin is a young landscape-painter of great talents. He resided for some time at Naples, where he studied mount Vesuvius. He too has deviated from the ordinary track; unlike almost all his brethren, he has not horribly illumined a night scene with the flames of Vesuvius, but has attempted to represent the explosion of the volcano in the day-time. For this purpose



he has chosen a very happy situation in a deep valley between rocks, through which a stream winds its silent current, with deer feeding on its banks. Only the smoking summit of Vesuvius is seen towering above the rocks. The clouds of smoke and ashes at the top of the terrific mountain, the tranquillity of the browsing deer in the valley, and the stillness of the whole country, form a fine contrast.

Mademoiselle Bansy draws with admirable skill. She is a native of Switzerland, who resides in the French academy with the director Suvée, and devotes her whole attention to the art. She is now engaged in copying Raphael's paintings in the Farnesina, and intends to have them engraved. It is to be regretted that those pieces possess so little merit as poetic compositions, that it would be impossible to guess what they represent without an explanation. The modest Bansy is likewise said to be very clever in painting portraits.

No stranger will repent taking a walk to the garden of Villa Medicis, even if it should

rain, as on the day when I went to see it; for round it are the workshops of the French sculptors, some of whom are hopeful candidates for the crown of fame. The first place among these is due to Dupaty; brother to the young poet of Paris who recently attracted notice because suspicion, armed with the thunder-bolt, was about to hurl him to St. Domingo on account of a vaudeville. The young artist of whom I am now speaking has produced a colossal Philoctetus, who has wounded himself in the foot. I do not consider his work as absolutely free from faults, but the boldness and the energy in the expression of the whole excite the highest expectations. Besides this, he has executed in marble a bust of the hero of the day, and three others of the mother of that hero.

Dupaty has a rival in Calamor, who is engaged upon a naked statue of Bonaparte, in marble. The emperor holds a sword, on the sheath of which are inscribed the three names of Marengo, Arcoli, and Lodi. This statue, the offspring of adulation, did not

please me by far so much as another representing Innocence cherishing a serpent in her bosom. It is an extremely lovely figure. In a female bust which the artist denominates Sappho, he has likewise displayed his ideas of beauty. He is engaged on a bust of the mother of the modern Charlemagne, who herself wishes to multiply her figure in marble as much as possible. He has adorned her brows with a diadem, on which her son's head is represented in *bas-relief*. She probably wished in this manner to serve as a counterpart to Jupiter with Minerva issuing from his head.

Proceeding farther, we find at Milon's a charming Psyche with a Lamp, somewhat under the natural size, and a sketch of a bas-relief intended for Alfieri's monument. The latter appears to me to be overcharged with allegorical persons, and will produce a confused effect.

The boldest of the French sculptors is, without dispute, Moutony, who has undertaken a colossal group, Theseus carrying off in his arms the vanquished Ama-

zonian queen. At the first sight his work is imposing, but it loses on a second inspection: Theseus grasps the woman in such a strange manner between the legs; she rides so indecorously upon his arm; and besides, her left arm is so extremely faulty! Her martial habit terminates in a lion's head; this head seems to vomit forth her arm from its jaws, or rather to have half-devoured a strange arm not belonging to her. This work will scarcely obtain applause; though it affords hope of the talents of the artist, if he should ever become a little more timid.

The French sculptors at Rome are not only surpassed by the above-mentioned Schweikler: Torwalsen, a Dane, likewise leaves them far behind. He has completed an excellent Jason with the Ram's skin, of colossal size, which he has executed in marble for Hope, the opulent banker. It is a pity that fortune was not propitious to the artist in the choice of the block, which has many blemishes. Besides Jason, I saw at his house an exquisite Ganymed, which

he is executing for a Russian countess. A fine bust of the immortal Bernstorff decorates the workshop of this Dane. Torwalsen does honour to his country; in energy he exceeds even Canova.

The art of executing drapery appears to have been the particular study of Pacetti, an Italian. The principal merit of a sitting Minerva (a colossal statue) breathing the soul into the man standing before her formed by the hand of Prometheus, and at the same time placing a butterfly on his head, consists in the drapery. It is remarkable that the newly created man contracts both his thumbs, like a person in a fit of epilepsy. This the artist justifies on the ground that all new-born children contract their thumbs in the same manner when they come into the world, or even in the womb: I am no *accoucheur*, and am therefore incapable of contradicting him; but Prometheus's man is not a child just out of the womb. In my opinion, what the prince in Emilia Galotti says to the painter Conti will apply to the present occasion:

“Less true would have been more handsome.” Pacetti has been called to Milan as a member of the academy, and intends at that place to execute his Minerva in marble.

The historical painter Landi has finished a fascinating picture representing a beautiful female extended naked on a couch: a sly old woman is lifting up the purple hanging behind her, and softly admitting one of the handsomest of youths, to whom, with her finger on her lips, she recommends silence. This picture is, in every respect, above mediocrity: the artist has emulated the Danae of Titian, but has not, indeed, come up to his model; the greatest merit of his Venus (or by whatever name she may be called) is the animated colouring. It is said, that a lady of great beauty and high rank served the artist as a model for this performance, and I am even assured that vanity often induces handsome Roman females to such an exposure of their charms. How far vanity may lead and mislead on this occasion, is thought of by none but the

husband of the lady, and perhaps not even by him. When he has completed his Venus, Landi intends to paint an Œdipus at the moment he is deprived of his last support, his daughter. I have seen an energetic sketch of this piece. This artist likewise possesses considerable merit as a portrait-painter. Of this a convincing proof was given me by a Polish family; husband, wife, and father-in-law. It appeared to me to be a singular fancy that the father should chuse to be painted in the ancient Roman, the son in the Spanish, and the daughter in the Grecian costume. Landi is sensible of his merits: for a whole-length he charges two hundred ducats; for his Venus he asks five hundred. But he is deserving of money, for he knows how to employ it. When, two years ago, famine and contagious diseases prevailed at Rome, a man lay before a coffee-house expiring of hunger. Accident led Landi that way: he instantly ran into the coffee-house, called for some of the best wine, hastened back, raised the expiring wretch in his arms, administered the

cordial, and fortunately recalled him to life. I was told this anecdote, which does honour to the humane artist, by one of my acquaintance who was an eye-witness of the fact.

The best Italian landscape painter at present at Rome is Labruzzi. Two scenes near Tivoli, painted from nature, are truly admirable. He appears to have been less successful in two others, which he has animated by scenes from the history of Psyche. They were bespoken by the late lord Bristol; an eccentric character, whose loss the artists of this city will long lament. Labruzzi is said never to have risen to the dignity of historical painting, particularly as he turns it into a kind of play. You give him a paper on which there are as many times five points, as you wish to have figures in the picture; namely, one for the head, two for the hands, and two for the feet. You then tell him what subject to represent, and Labruzzi instantly fills up all the points. In this manner the amiable hereditary prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz recently gave him fifteen points, desiring



him to compose for him the choice of Hercules. The painter is actually engaged in executing the subject as large as life for the prince; but it will scarcely serve for any other purpose than to remind him of the joke. This fancy might be denominated a painted *bout rimé*. The English are said to be very fond of it, and Labruzzi has actually had a whole book full of similar compositions engraved. The portion of merit they exhibit is extremely small. The manner in which he vindicates himself is rather self-accusation. He says, that by these prescribed points, that monotony, into which a painter might easily fall in the composition of a group, is avoided. Poor indeed must be the artist who is obliged to guard against that defect by means of points.

I shall now make a few observations on a picture which has made an indelible impression on my mind. It is the death of Virginia by Camuccini, a native of Rome. The picture is thirty-two palms in breadth, and nineteen in height. To the left, at a tribune, sits the voluptuous decemvir Appius

Claudius, surrounded by his lictors. To the right, a lictor is driving back with force the terrified populace. In the middle is the principal group. Every one knows that it was the intention of Appius to tear the chaste Virginia from her father, under the pretext that she was the daughter of a slave, and to dishonour her. Every method for her rescue had been tried in vain ; the indignation of her hoary sire and her betrothed bridegroom was the subject of ridicule to the brutal officer. The moment had arrived in which they were preparing to drag Virginia away. The father suddenly turning to the decemvir—"Stop!" he exclaimed, "but one moment: pardon, Appius, the distress of a father, if I addressed thee with harshness ; permit me only to put a few questions to the girl in the presence of her attendant, to convince myself that I am not her father, and then depart from the place in peace." "Thy request is granted," replied the decemvir. Virginius instantly conducted his daughter to a neighbouring shop, and seizing the knife of a

butcher, plunged it into her bosom, with these words: "This is now the only method of effecting thy deliverance!" Then turning to the tribunal, he extended his bloody fist still holding the reeking blade towards the decemvir, and exclaimed: "*Te, Appi, tuumque caput, hoc sanguine consecro!* This blood, O Appius, be upon thy head!" This is the terrific moment chosen by the artist, and he has represented it with awful truth. The countenance of the father speaks despair and defiance, anguish and indignation, and none of these passions is imperfectly expressed: they are not blended in those soul-harrowing features, their effects are all whole and complete; nay, the artist has besides introduced a smile of the infernals, like the glare of flames over the rugged rocks. You hear the tortured father laugh horribly, but you likewise hear him yell tremendously. The words: "With this blood I devote thy head to death!" only hiss between his teeth: his voice is choaked, but the bloody knife cries aloud. As for Appius he sits thunderstruck; terror and rage

deform his strongly-marked features, his teeth are closely compressed; anger strains the muscles of his arm and closes his fist, and rage contracts his toes on the edge of the tribune. From head to foot, the man is but one single convulsion. And the lovely maid! What spotless innocence! half-dead, she sinks into the arms of the aged Numitorius; her left hand hangs down lifeless, and with her right she attempts, with the last remains of strength, to grasp the garment of her father: her eye breaks, but she is still inexpressibly beautiful; a smile accompanies her departing spirit. The bridegroom kneels beside his lifeless charmer, and endeavours to stop the effusion of blood from her wound. Her nurse, in despair, runs with extended arms, to throw herself upon the corpse. In the rich groups of by-standers sympathy is expressed with the greatest truth and variety. You hear the Roman females who surround the licitors exclaiming: "And is it for this that we bring forth daughters?" The kind of interest which the artist has described in

the countenances of the lictors; announces their slavish souls.

What shall I think of men who can stand before such a picture, and while my breath is suspended, while my eyes are bedimmed with tears, attempt, with cold criticism, to convince me, that the different groups are not sufficiently combined; that the position of Virginia resembles a telegraph; that the whole wants connection; and find many other faults of a similar kind? Oh how sincerely I pity the man who, instead of deriving gratification from such a picture, only torments himself to shew his skill as a connoisseur! I would not for the world possess the gift of discovering at the first sight all the faults of a picture. A *gift* did I call it? Oh! it is a curse that rests upon artists. I only wonder that these unhappy creatures do not make a standard for flowers, and ascertain whether a rose has unfolded its leaves according to the rules of art. If Camuccini's Virginia makes me an eye-witness of the occurrence; if it actually excites in me all the sentiments which at

the moment filled the bosoms of the bystanders ; if, forgetting myself, I weep with the father, shout with the people, and feel an impulse to snatch the reeking knife from Virginius, and plunge it into Appius's bosom ; what more can I require of a work of art ?—But the forms ! the forms !—Away then, ye human beings destitute of hearts ! first seek some Prometheus to introduce a spark into your souls, before you pretend to judge of such a performance. The spirit ! the soul ! I reply to your exclamation. What have I to do with your measured forms ? What is it to me whether Virginia might have fallen in a more picturesque manner ? Why should I ask whether the groups might have been more skilfully combined ? It is not a picture that I see ; I am present at the occurrence itself. There is not a trait in any of those faces which reminds me that it is only illusion. Thus and no otherwise all these passions are expressed ; of this I am deeply sensible, and can I desire more ? The painter, the sculptor, the poet, may all learn the art of expressing

forms, and in this the most moderate genius may acquire a proficiency ; but to represent passions with profound truth is the characteristic of genius. Of this those men of art are likewise sensible : and because Nature has denied them genius, they study only meagre forms, which they also comprehend, which they also can imitate ; and all their criticism is, at the bottom, nothing more than a defence of their own mediocrity and want of talent. But I feel that I am growing too warm—to cool myself I might speak of another picture by Camuccini, a faithless Peter laying his hand in Christ's wounds. But this piece is bespoken for a church, and is to be executed in mosaic. It may very likely possess great beauties, but it cannot be contemplated after Virginia.

Several Russians at present reside at Rome, who evince that Nature has endued them, as well as other nations, with a taste for the arts. The most eminent of them is the landscape-painter Feodor Matwiejeff, who has lived twenty-five years at Rome. He is just finishing a large picture, a view from

Mount Cenis; and in this performance he almost rivals a Reinhardt and a Denis, at least he will not fail to equal them in time. He is not a pensionary of Russia, but the emperor Alexander lately transmitted him a present which afforded him great gratification. It were to be wished that the emperor would recal this distinguished artist, and send him to the Crimea, in order to collect exquisite subjects for his art, in a country so rich in beauties, and where the pencil so seldom borrows the charms of Nature. I saw at Matwiejeff's two other landscapes, which confirm my first opinion; a view of Naples and one of Tivoli, both intended for the Russian count Panin.

Alexi Jegorieff, an historical painter, possesses talents of great promise, but not so highly cultivated as Matwiejeff's. The management of his colours is admirable, and his designs are tolerably correct, but the muse of poesy has not yet impressed her stamp on his works. The *Decision of Hercules* is a picture distinguished for fine forms and painting; but his *Virtue* is not



virtuous, his Pleasure is not voluptuous. Equally cold are the adúlteress standing abashed before Christ; the daughter giving suck to her imprisoned father; and even a Christ with the blood clotted upon him, though the latter is his most finished piece, and with respect to colour is as perfect as can be expected. The fugitive fratricide Cain was only sketched, and the idea appeared to be very good; but God cursing him in the clouds is borne by angels who support his arms as if to prevent him from falling. I know that the same idea is to be found in many great masters, but in them the absurd notions of their age can alone excuse it; at the present day it is unpardonably ridiculous. Jegorieff exhibits the most talent in his sketch of the massacre of the children of Bethlehem. It is a pity the subject is so horrible.

Rhoden, a German landscape-painter, possesses real merit. He too, like all his brethren, riots in the inexhaustible charms of Tivoli. His pictures are almost too highly finished; they might even be consi-

dered as miniature paintings, and I wonder that this method is not prejudicial to their effect when beheld at a distance.

Wallis, a native of England, is likewise a landscape-painter, and the only one of his nation who deserves to be mentioned: but his style is rather hard, and his colouring too grey. The figures with which he animates his landscapes are bad: he in general chooses subjects from Ossian. The idea of a Cincinnatus was almost dramatic. What appeared to me the most singular was, a number of souls, in another picture, plunging into the waves of Lethe. They did not hover but flew close to the ground; and as they all wore the same habits as in the upper regions, this flying squadron made a very puerile appearance.

Koch, a landscape and historical painter, is a native genius, but not a polished one. Charles duke of Würtemberg, travelling through Tyrol, saw him when a shepherd's boy, engaged in tending his cattle and drawing at the same time. This naturally struck the duke; he took the boy along

with him, and placed him in his celebrated academy at Stutgard. Here he soon manifested a highly satirical genius. The director of the academy had two daughters who were very plain, and these he painted to the life as scare-crows in a cherry-tree. He drew the director himself, who, from a principle of economy, used to smoke the worst kind of tobacco, with a pipe in his mouth, and the birds dropping down dead, suffocated with the horrible stench. Nor did his satirical humour spare persons in a higher sphere. When the French revolution broke out, he became a violent republican, went to Strasburg, and made an extravagant but energetic speech in the Jacobin club, at the same time cutting off his queue which he inclosed in a cover and sent to Stutgard. He has resided for a considerable time at Rome. A landscape in which Noah is offering the first sacrifice after the deluge, and some scenes at Tivoli, evince his ability in that department of the art. On the contrary, an historical piece from Ossian was very far from satisfactory.

Schick, an historical and portrait-painter, was perhaps born only for the latter; at least, the only large picture of his which I have seen of the former description, leads me to suppose that he is totally destitute of the animating fire of poesy. The subject is Noah's Sacrifice after the Deluge: the groups are so widely dispersed, that the eye cannot embrace them all at once. He likewise paints the Almighty borne by angels descending from the clouds; and the celestial group darts down with such excessive rapidity, and is already so near the head of Noah, that it must either crush the family of mortals, or, in case the nod of divine omnipotence should suddenly keep it stationary, it must remain in a situation distressing to the eye. Some historical objections might even be made against the sacrifice itself. The fruits which Noah took with him into the ark, could scarcely have kept during such a length of time, so as to be fit for a sacrifice; and others were not to be procured on the deluged earth. It can likewise scarcely be supposed that Noah

killed a sheep, for we are told that he took only one pair of each kind of animals into the ark; had he, therefore, devoted one of the sheep for a sacrifice, the other could not have propagated.

Kiesling, the sculptor, a pensionary of the court of Vienna, is an artist of great modesty and considerable merit. His Ganymed and his Hymen are exquisite figures. For the Imperial ambassador count Kavenhüller, he has composed a group representing Mercury conducting Psyche to Olympus; which, with farther study, promises great things. He intends soon to return to Vienna, and there to execute the three above-mentioned works in marble. He appears to be so entirely devoted to his art, and wishes so sincerely to procure works of criticism and instruction, that even on this account he deserves honourable distinction.

Gmelin is already known in Germany as an excellent engraver; I found too in him one of the best designers at Rome. Many charming views of Tivoli and its noble ruins decorate the walls of his apartment. He is

at present engaged on a Claude Lorrain from the Doria gallery, as a companion to another landscape of the same master.

Giuntotardi, an Italian, likewise passes for a landscape-painter; but I should rather call him a good designer of situations. Those who wish to possess pleasing and animated recollections of what they have seen, may purchase of him beautiful coloured drawings, which are correct representations of the most interesting objects. He has executed, for example, an admirable drawing of the *Forum Romanum* (*Campo Vaccino*) with all that I have described in my walk through Rome. To give animation to the picture, a group of modern Romans are dancing in the fore-ground the celebrated Saltarello. As a companion to the above, I should wish for the same *Forum Romanum* as it once appeared, with Cicero at the rostrum surrounded by the people. A view of Pompeii representing the street of that recovered town, will give an accurate idea of it to him who has never been so fortunate as to see this curiosity, which is

*unique* in its kind. The same may be said of the ruins of Pæstum, and many others.

Keller, a sculptor from Zurich, has formed an Atalanta, which he was about to execute in marble for lord Bristol ; but death, swifter than Atalanta, outstripped him, and at the same time that it deprived the arts of a patron, crippled the hand of the artist, whose work still remains unfinished. Critics assert that very little will be lost if he never proceeds any farther. Keller employs himself and his pupils in making miniature representations of the most celebrated works of art ; which are beautiful, indeed, but much dearer than those made at Florence. Among these I found a charming idea of his own invention ; a Venus who has just opened her muscle, and is still kneeling on the lower shell, while she holds the upper over her head. In miniature it appears extremely well ; but if executed on a large scale, the shell would be too heavy for the figure.

Aquisti, an Italian sculptor, was likewise engaged on a group for lord Bristol. The death of his Mæcenæ did not wrest the

chisel from his hand ; he intends to execute it in marble, though he would perhaps do better to destroy his model : it represents the God of War in the embrace of the Goddess of Love, larger than life. His Mars is not without merit, but his Venus with her broad belly evidently belongs to the Dutch school. In another of his works, likewise a Venus, crowning herself with roses, he has been more successful.

Metz is an able engraver, who resided a long time in England. He is engaged in a great work, for which posterity will feel more gratitude towards him than his contemporaries ; namely, the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo. This irregular production of genius in the chapel of Sextus, is gradually falling to decay ; and even now many parts are very difficult to be traced. The artist is obliged to climb upon a ladder quite close to the figures, in order to decypher them. With many of the groups I was not acquainted till I saw Metz's drawing. This rich picture of three hundred figures will be comprised by Metz in twelve



plates, which may either be preserved single, or united to form a whole. I should prefer the latter, because it is only thus that an accurate idea can be formed of this gigantic production of Michael Angelo. When detached, the different groups must of course be broken; the imagination cannot so quickly unite them again, and the picture is disjointed. The twelve plates, when combined, will certainly occupy a considerable space; there is no glass case which would be large enough to cover them, so that it would be necessary to have one made for the purpose. A coat of varnish would likewise contribute greatly to their preservation. The subscription to this work is ten louis-d'ors, which appears to me to be a low price. In a few years people will be glad to give three times that sum. The artist hopes to finish it in about a twelve-month. Half of the subscription is paid in advance. Several plates are completed, and are admirably executed. For all artists, both young and old, it is a classical work which each ought to possess; for there is

not an attitude or position which may not here be found. In this respect the performance will be invaluable. On the contrary, it cannot be recommended as a model of correctness of design : it abounds in gross errors ; here a leg too long, there an arm too short, here a man's arm to a woman's body, and there the reverse. It is diverting to hear how artists palliate all these defects ; for it is well known that during the life-time of a great man he is accused of faults of which he was not guilty, but after his death he is vindicated from those which he actually committed. That the whole composition would be a thousand times more interesting and ingenious if it represented a pagan Last Judgment, will be allowed by every one who knows how unpoetical our religion is : two blacks, for example, drawn up to heaven by a rosary, to signify that they owed their salvation to their conversion to christianity, must appear extremely ridiculous.

Kaysermann, a Genoese and a designer of views. The expression seems to betray

a mean opinion of his talents : but this they do not deserve, for many of his views might be placed in competition with handsome landscapes ; and in those where he has confined himself to buildings, ruins, &c. the fidelity of his designs excites very agreeable and lively impressions, which receive additional embellishments from an able pencil. His Coliseum, and the tomb of the family of Plautia, are pieces of distinguished merit. Cascades are, indeed, subjects in which he totally fails : but on the other hand, he has executed a great number of charming views of Tivoli, and has enlivened them by national dances and occupations.—I cannot forbear mentioning here a singular phenomenon in the history of artists. Kaysermann is at the same time a painter and a dealer in pigs. He is accustomed in spring to purchase many thousand swine, which he keeps till they are full grown, and sells again to great advantage. He is likewise the proprietor of many of the goats which are driven about at Rome from house to house to be milked.

Maximilian is a tolerable sculptor, and I am curious to know how he obtained the honourable commission to execute a colossal statue of the French emperor, for the hall in which the senate or tribunate assembles. It is almost finished, but is overloaded with drapery, by which the hero is almost entirely concealed. He himself, it is true, seems partial to wide garments ; for his imperial mantle was, if I am not mistaken, eight ells wide, and the artist appears to have taken it for the model of this endless drapery. The folds are mostly very fine, excepting at the knee, where they are too numerous and confused. The hands are very indifferent, and the head is borrowed from Canova's colossus, of which I shall presently speak. In the figure of a Roman consul stands Napoleon, his head encircled with a laurel-branch, holding in his right hand a rudder, which reposes against a globe. What excessive adulation ! In his left is the celebrated concordat, by which the French solemnly deposed their Goddess of Reason. As a support to the statue the artist has in-

troduced a kind of wine-cask, which he says was employed by the ancients to keep the fasces in. I know nothing of it, and therefore am unable to contradict him; but this I know, that this wine-cask beside the hero has a very singular appearance. Now for the pedestal: it appears to me to be too small for the statue, and it is mean that it was not made of a single block: there is no want of adulation upon it; the four sides are decorated with bas-reliefs; here a genius crowning Youth, there Prudence and Victory exchanging their crowns; on the third, Prudence taking a serpent from the hands of Swiftmess; and the fourth, and perhaps the most significant, is Victory seizing Fortune rather roughly by the hair. Indeed it looks as if poor Fortune was going to have all the hair pulled off her head.

Bouquet or Boquet, a French landscape-painter, is said to possess great merit; but I did not see him, his wife being at the time dangerously ill.

This gallery of artists shall be closed with the inimitable Canova. In mentioning him

I pronounce the name of the greatest sculptor that has existed since the days of Phidias. I am aware that connoisseurs will sneer at this opinion; I am aware that it has become the fashion at Rome to decry Canova, and to say that he is deficient in energy, and dares not venture upon great subjects; that his figures are not always perfectly correct, that he has no taste for bas-reliefs, and other ridiculous objections which one repeats after the other, and which have only been invented as a wretched consolation by those envious of Canova's extended fame. The manufacturers of just proportions despair of rivalling the poetic artist, shrug their shoulders, at first breathe forth their calumnies in whispers, and at length repeat them aloud. They have a patron of high rank, whose plain physiognomy they have, perhaps, improved in plaister, who joins the cry; or they pay their court to some handsome female, who possesses influence in the world of fashion. Their object is then accomplished, and the great truth is discovered, that Canova will never attain to

the highest point of perfection in his art. But why has he extended his fame over all Europe? and why is he so presumptuous as still to live? Does he not know that a person must be dead, to be forgiven for talents which operated powerfully on his cotemporaries? Does he not know that dull formal merit is by some valued much more highly than genius, because they know no other method of ridding themselves of the oppressive burthen of esteem? They are so fond of sacrificing to their own idols, only because the want of public approbation keeps the latter more humble, and renders them more grateful to the few who persuade them that they likewise are great men. Some, besides, think to acquire importance by differing in opinion from many thousands of men possessing talents and taste. He who finds so much to blame in that which all praise, with which all are fascinated, must be a consummate connoisseur. But I have dwelt much too long on these ridiculous creatures; let me return to the admirable Ca-

nova, who inherited the chisel of Phidias, which he entwined with the ever-verdant laurels of poesy, and around which, while he works, the Graces incessantly sport. I shall not wait till he is no more before I acknowledge that his performances have ravished, have enchanted me. But where shall I begin? His workshop is the richest in Rome, and this very fecundity is made a new subject of detraction. 1. Psyche affectionately reclining against Cupid. Were it possible that love should once disappear from the earth, that lust only should be left behind, and cheerless posterity should be obliged to enquire, "What then was love?" let but a youth and a maiden be placed before this group; with dewy eyes and smiling solicitude their looks will be fixed upon it, their arms will involuntarily open; without desire the youth will press the maid to his bosom, and love will again be born. 2. Hebe. An angel! a maid from the world of spirits! a delicate, supernatural being, who, like the zephyr of spring, hovers around thee. Some have found fault with the marble clouds



under her feet, but these I never saw at all. The gold cord with which the light garment is fastened round the virgin's waist, has likewise been criticised, and perhaps not unjustly. This was the only object which drew me down to earth: when I saw the cord, I could have clasped the maiden in my arms. Hebe, as well as Cupid and Psyche, was the property of an opulent Englishman (according to Canova's account), and had already arrived in England when the empress of the French sent to Canova for some of his workmanship. He had nothing finished, and he feared that for years he should not be able to comply with the empress's desire. He therefore sent a letter to the Englishman, requesting him to return the two statues on the repayment of the purchase money. The proud Briton refused the money, but sent back the statues, on the condition that the artist, when he had more leisure, should execute for him some other work in their stead. I am pleased to find that the Englishman was sensible of the merit of Canova's productions. 3. Her-

cules throwing Antæus into the sea ; a colossal group which is boldly imagined, and produces a powerful effect. Antæus in despair is still clinging to the lion's skin. Here the critics again exclaim : " Hercules exerts too much strength ; half of it would be enough to rid himself of his feeble antagonist." Poor Canova can never please these whimsical gentry ; sometimes he has too much strength, and sometimes too little.

4. Palamedes, his latest performance, executed in marble. A finished piece in every respect. 5. The monument of the archduchess Christina. I congratulate the imperial metropolis on this noble and in its kind unique work of art, which it will soon have within its walls. It is to be wished that it may only be placed to advantage. I am unable to judge of the effect of the whole, as I have only seen the figures singly ; but I prophesy that it will be great. On the upper step of the open tomb on the left stands Virtue, holding the urn, encircled with garlands ; whose extremities, hanging down in a picturesque manner, are support-

ed by two beautiful female figures. A few steps lower stands an old man conducted by Benevolence. On the right the genius of the husband supports himself upon a lion, to obtain strength to endure his anguish. Another hovering genius holds a portrait of the deceased. Perhaps the whole is rather too far-fetched and not sufficiently simple, but the execution is inimitable. The only thing which will certainly injure the group is the arch-ducal arms; by which, rank, which is here quite unnecessary, is associated with virtue and benevolence. Such, likewise, was the sentiment of the artist himself, but such were the express orders he received. 6. Bonaparte, of colossal dimensions (bespoken) as Mars, quite naked, excepting the military mantle thrown negligently over one shoulder. In his right hand he carries a little Victory blowing a trumpet. It is worthy of remark that the artist had, at first, turned Victory with her face towards the hero, so that she almost resembled a little bird that had tamely flown upon his hand. But whether it appeared unbecom-

ing that the hero should hear his own victories proclaimed, or it might thence have been concluded that his conquests were at an end, Victory is now turned the contrary way, announcing to the world her darling's greatness, and flying eagerly forward to new triumphs. Resemblance must not be looked for in this colossal head. The emperor of the French is so short in stature, and the features of his face are so compressed, that whoever has once seen him will scarcely recognise him in this mass. The object, it is true, was, to leave a great, though an illusive idea to posterity. Such was likewise the practice of the ancients. Pliny relates that the temple of the Muses at Rome was highly celebrated for the numerous statues of men of letters. Among the rest it contained a colossal *Ætius Plautius*. The original was remarkably low in stature. Fortune has even on this occasion been favourable to her darling, for she has furnished for this statue a perfect block of Carrara marble, which can seldom be procured of this magnitude without ble-

mish. 7. A ridiculous contrast to the preceding is formed by a statue of the king of Naples, likewise of colossal size, in a helmet and martial habit. It is impossible to see his good-natured face in this disguise without a smile. 8. The princess Borghese, reclined, all but perfectly naked, on a couch, with an apple in her hand. If this figure be not too decent, it is, however, in the antique taste ; but I must confess that if I had the honour of being the husband of the princess, I would not thus expose my naked wife for a shew. 9. The mother of the French emperor, as a sitting Agrippina, with her arm negligently thrown over that of her chair. The attitude and drapery are masterly. 10. A Venus modestly covering herself with a light robe. It may be said that the artist has to a certain degree imitated the position of the Medicean Venus ; but I think his performance in this respect far superior to the latter, for this Venus cannot be charged with that confoundedly stiff position of the arms which the other appears to have learnt of a dancing-master.—I now come

to the bas-reliefs, for which the artist is said to have no talent, but in which he appears to me to be still greater than in his statues. The first that I shall mention is the Raving Hercules, a powerfully impressive masterpiece. Hercules, in his insanity, mistaking his own children for those of his enemy, aims an arrow at his wife. The aged father with feeble strength endeavours to stay his murderous arm. His wife, standing at a distance, with a most affectionate look presents her bosom, and only seeks to protect with her body her youngest infant in her arms. Another child at her feet conceals himself in her garment. A third lies dead before her. A fourth has taken refuge behind a blazing altar, where it kneels and holds both its little hands to its ears. How true ! how natural ! A daughter kneels with uplifted hands before her father ; a little naked boy firmly grasps his leg, and seems to be imploring mercy for his mother. Others, with arrows in their breast, lie lifeless around. The whole is a heart-rending performance. The mind of the

spectator is occupied with the subject long after he has quitted it. The idea perpetually recurs: "How wretched must he be when he awakes from his madness!" 2. Alfieri's monument. The idea is rather stale. A portrait, a lyre, a genius of tragedy, a weeping Italy, have all been employed a hundred times on similar occasions. The same observation will apply to, 3, the monument of Volpato, a friend of Canova. It is, indeed, extremely difficult always to appear new on such subjects. The best poet can scarcely produce a good elegy. The execution is worthy of Canova. 4. Venus descending to the lifeless Adonis. Here Canova is again the poet of profound sensibility. Venus is accompanied by all her Cupids, and all these lovely children weep so charmingly! 5. Socrates defending Alcibiades in battle, a bas-relief, which obtained Canova a prize from the academy. 6. Socrates in prison. He has just taken leave of his disconsolate family, and accompanies them to the door, where he finds the philosophers who had come to hear him for

the last time. The composition is exceedingly ingenious. 7. Socrates drinking the bowl of poison. The expression in the heads of the surrounding philosophers is as true as it is various. 8. Socrates before his judges pleased me the least of any. 9. A young and lovely woman with a child on her arm. She is giving a boy bread for an aged beggar who stands behind him. A charming and affecting group. 10. Achilles killing Priam at the altar. To see a helpless old man so cruelly murdered does too much violence to my feelings, even when represented by the masterly hand of Canova. Were Achilles mad, like Hercules, in that case compassion for his misfortune would pacify the revolted feelings; but as it is we quickly turn away from such a vile abuse of power. Besides the above, the artist has half-a-dozen other bas-reliefs, of which I have but a confused recollection, because they made a less profound impression on my mind. It were to be wished that some opulent man would conceive the happy idea



of having them all executed in marble: they would form a gallery truly inimitable, particularly as Canova possesses the secret of converting marble into living flesh, by means of a varnish or infusion, whose presence is not in the least suspected. Let this suffice concerning the great man of whom posterity will be proud. Were he desirous of obtaining the applause of his contemporaries, I could give him a piece of advice how to attain that aim very soon. He need but privately to execute a couple of new works, and as privately bury them in the baths of Caracalla or the villa of Adrian, and then cause them to be discovered as if by accident; he would then witness such exultation as would afford him much diversion. "A Phidias!" would be the exclamation; "a genuine antique! What modern artist can presume to rival this?" Instead of his merits being decried as at present, he would then enjoy the pleasure of hearing new talents ascribed to him in addition to those which he possesses. It is,

however, doubtful whether this would be doing him a service, for he is a very modest and a very amiable man.

#### ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

THIS building is esteemed a wonder of the world by every one: but my usual fate at the sight of wonders attended me here also; I felt no sensation of satisfaction in beholding it. I did not find it elegant, nor even imposing: for its immense size is lost in endless little decorations.—But I must describe it with regularity:

The church is built on a spot which formerly made part of the circus and the gardens of Nero. Its ground, however, has been consecrated by the blood of martyrs. Its origin is dated more than three centuries ago; but it has been frequently altered, and at times entirely neglected by one pope or zealously pursued by another. Bramante, the celebrated architect, took it into his head to put an immense dome on it; yet, dying soon after, he could only erect the four capital pillars, which were subsequently

found too slender by Raphael Urbino, and therefore better secured in their foundation. The church was to be built in the form of a Latin cross at one time, and like a Greek one at another: yet this unfortunate cross was adhered to by every one, even by Michel Angelo Bonarotti; and this is the cause why all endeavours at producing a grand effect have proved abortive. Michel Angelo took the famous Pantheon as a pattern for the dome: he intended to copy its front also, but he died too soon. James de la Porte finished the dome, and Charles Maderno the rest of the building. Bernini (who acquired his fame, nobody knows how) has been pleased to put a steeple on it; but he was compelled to take it down again, as the walls began to burst in several places. During the pontificate of Pius the Sixth a sacristy was added.

More than a dozen popes, and several dozens of architects, have been busy at the building; mending, ornamenting, and spoiling it. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the expences already amounted to

seventy millions of Roman dollars; and they now perhaps exceed twice that sum. The front is grand; yet the last pope took a fancy to modernise it, and placed there two dials which have spoilt the whole. Every writer gives an account of its dimensions; yet to furnish an idea of its magnitude I shall only mention that the height of the body of the church from the ground to the upper part of its cieling is 432 feet, and that sixteen persons may find sufficient room for themselves in the globular top over the dome. On the 29th of June annually the dome is lighted by four thousand lamps and two thousand fire-pots: this must be a fine spectacle. The pope also bestows his blessing annually, on Maundy Thursday, from the middle balcony.

The vestibule of the church is grand and beautiful. Over the second entrance we admire a mosaic from Giotto, executed in the year 1303. At the corners to the right and left we see the statues of Charlemagne and Constantine on horseback. We, however, need not approach them; for neither



of them is worth examining. Charlemagne appears in the act of riding through a triumphal arch, from which *a curtain* descends. What an idea! to treat a triumphal arch like an alcove. Yet this invention of Comarchini delighted the pliant Bernini in such a manner, that he has made his Constantine in the act of riding through a sort of *tent*, where the horse must necessarily be entangled at the first step.

Of the five doors leading to the church itself, one is generally shut up by brickwork. This is called the holy door; and is opened only at a jubilee, and not then till the pope has knocked at it with a hammer. The middle gate is of bronze, with *bas-reliefs*; which do not add to the true dignity of a temple, but shew the vanity of the popes. Among other subjects represented in these, we find the ceremony of an audience which was given by some pope to the ambassadors of several nations. The absurdity is made complete by the heathenish decorations of these pieces of workmanship.

I expected to find the church more nar-

row at first sight than from its outside it appears to be ; yet I doubt whether the great art of keeping up due proportions be, as is said, the cause of this. I rather ascribe the effect to the childish theatrical decoration at the high altar, where the Holy Ghost waves in a transparent glory ; and especially to the accumulation of ornaments of every kind. If nothing were to be seen within the church but the white marble sparingly decorated with bronze, the eye would ease itself by an involuntary tear of admiration : but these angels with holy-water pots ; these marble flourishes of every colour ; these tombs every where interspersed like swallows' nests ; this gaudy gilt cieling ; these escutcheons of the popes without number, the marks of their vanity ;—are together sufficient to destroy all the grandeur : and this famous church now appears like a handsome woman of the seventeenth century, who has taken all possible care to counteract her charms by a hoop-petticoat and a preposterous head-dress. Such, at

least, was the impression which it made upon me.

I shall speak, however, of its different parts.—The tomb of a pope, by Canova, ought to be particularly noticed. Religion is certainly represented here as a very formal lady, though indeed that may be its genuine yet displeasing character: but the Genius on the opposite side makes amends; it is of unspeakable mildness, and the two majestic lions refute the envious calumny which accuses Canova's chisel of wanting energy.—A statue of St. Peter, seated, is said to have been re-cast from a bronze Jupiter Capitolinus. The pious catholics take every possible pains to kiss away its feet. A hundred and twelve lamps are burning continually round the tomb of this saint; and this is the most important remark I can make on it.—The high altar close to it, on which nobody reads mass but the pope, is overshadowed by a cieling which exceeds that of any palace of Rome in loftiness. This, however, might pass;

but the act of disfiguring the Pantheon by taking away nearly two thousand pounds weight of bronze, for the sake of this pitiful work of Bernini, is a disgrace to the memory of Urban the Eighth.—The great and truly awful dome is only two feet less in diameter than that of the Pantheon, being 137 : but it exceeds the latter in height by twenty feet ; being 159 besides the lantern, the basis pedestal of the top, the globular top itself, and the cross above it, which measure together about 120. Notwithstanding all this, no pleasing nor grand impression is made like that we irresistibly feel in the Pantheon ; yet, to compensate for this deficiency, a remnant of the holy cross, and another of the spear that pierced the side of Christ, with many more relics, are preserved here, and locked up within pillars. An immense cross is suspended under the dome every Good Friday, and lighted up by above three hundred lamps. ---In the back-ground of the church we ascend on steps of porphyry to the altar, over which the pretended pulpit of St. Peter



presents itself. This we may easily suppose to have been in reality nothing but a sorry wooden chair ; we see, however, a large bronze arm-chair, surrounded by indifferent colossal pillars of the same metal. ---Quite close to it, on a papal tomb, is the famous statue of Justitia, done by James de la Porte.

Of the hundred and thirty statues placed in this church, there is none which I should be inclined to take particular notice of. Its greatest ornaments are the excellent mosaics ; all copied from the most renowned pictures, which thus are guarded against oblivion. Most of the originals are now at Paris. It seems as if the Romans had felt a presentiment of their loss, and taken every means to prepare for it.--- A bas-relief by Algarde, representing pope Leo the Great in the act of forbidding Attila king of the Huns to approach Rome, is particularly remarkable.—Among the sepulchral monuments I saw one by Bernini, which, like many other works, betrays the utterly unpoetical mind of the artist. A colossal skeleton is raising a marble cur-

tain, having caught it with a hand like an eagle's claw.—Another is erected in honour of the Swedish queen Christina. On a bas-relief we see this strange woman renouncing Lutheranism. The nose and the hands are mutilated; which may perhaps be the effect of the just indignation of her countrymen who have travelled hither.---One should do the same to the scene which is represented on the sarcophagus of the famous countess Matilda. We cannot help recollecting how the emperor Henry IV. has been abused in her presence. The sovereign pontiffs should tear out the leaves from their history on which such transactions are recorded; but they endeavour to eternize them by marble.—There is but one monument in the church that represents a sensible action of a pope; it is the correction of the calendar by Gregory XIII.: the rest are devoted to remind us only of wonders or revolting cruelties.---I could certainly fill a much greater space by descriptions of the contents of this church: but at every new visit to it

I felt as if I saw only a collection of goods and articles of inferior workmanship brought together without regularity for some future sale ; and I heartily wished they were disposed of, that I might be permitted to admire the building itself.

Underneath is the spot where the martyrs were interred formerly, and which has been carefully preserved with the new splendid temple. It contains so little deserving of notice, and exhaled so foul an air, that I thought better not to descend into it. Several emperors, kings, and popes, lie buried here: and many inscriptions, paintings, and mosaics, of the primitive church; some of which may be sufficiently interesting.—The splendid sacristy was built under Pius VI.: and as it is of so recent a date, the critics have a great deal to say against it; for with them nothing can be good but what is ancient.—We ascend the roof of the church by easy steps, and the delicate ladies may even be carried up by asses. We here seem to have entered a small town; for we suddenly find our-

selves among a number of houses which either serve as repositories of implements and materials for repairing the church, or are inhabited by the workmen. The dome, at the foot of which we now arrive, seems to be the parish-church of this town; and the inferior domes appear as if intended only for ornaments, to fill up the vacuities. Add to this, that we cannot see the streets of Rome, on account of the high gallery surrounding and its colossal statues, and a stranger may easily conceive how singular such a scene must be. I was assured besides that sometimes there is a market here of provisions for these aerial inhabitants.

Though we are now on the roof, we have still a great height to ascend before we reach the summit of the dome. Previously to entering on this adventurous enterprise, we are conducted to the inside gallery of the dome. From this spot the people within the body of the church appear like children. The higher we go, the more uncomfortable we find it, on account of

the oblique walls over the narrow staircase ; and are often compelled to lean with our whole body quite to one side. Several marble plates are affixed in these walls, informing us that some persons of distinction have had the courage to mount this dome, or even to climb up to the lantern and the top. The emperor Joseph II. is mentioned twice ; and Paul I. as grand-duke. A some places, where the stairs are too steep, more commodious steps of wood have been prepared for the king of Naples : by these we can walk to the lantern with greater ease. The view which awaits us there, may be imagined without the help of description. It is an immense panorama bounded by the sea. The storm that always blows in these high regions, spoils this grand scene. I advise every one to guard against taking cold, though the air may be ever so warm and mild below. I have found the necessity of this caution, from my own experience.

I must say a few words respecting the noble Place of St. Peter, which in my

opinion exceeds in beauty the church and all its appendages. It is elliptic. The church appears in the back-ground ; and on both sides we see a row of quadruple arches resting on two hundred and eighty-four pillars and eighty-eight pilasters : the arches support a hundred and ninety-two statues, each twelve feet high, representing (to my sorrow) nothing but saints. For the sake of this Place, I can pardon Bernini many incongruities. Two noble fountains throwing a mass of water to a height of nine feet, from which it falls in a very picturesque manner, add to the beauty of the whole in a very great degree.---Those who consider the obelisk in the middle as an ornament, do wrong in my opinion. It is nothing to me that it was transported by the emperor Caligula from Heliopolis in Egypt to Rome ; that its removal to this place by Fontana, at the command of Sixtus the Fifth, is an astonishing exertion of mechanism ; that its erection cost nearly seventy thousand dollars : I insist that its massy greatness hurts the effect of the noble

front of the church. Any one who will try by forgetting for a moment the obelisk, will instantly find the whole improved, and much grander than before. We are disgusted too at the pitiful inscriptions by which this monument of remote antiquity is profaned, informing us that a papal blessing has cleansed it from all its impurity. But I have done with these insipidities, which disgrace all the pillars and obelisks here.

#### THE VATICAN PALACE.

Who was the founder of this palace, is still a matter of dispute: to me this is quite indifferent; but that Charlemagne inhabited it a thousand years since, when he crowned himself emperor, is not so. Pope Julius the Second presented it with its greatest ornaments by means of Raphael's pencil. This divine painter's galleries, as they are called, are so well known, and their cartoons and arabesks so frequently copied and multiplied, that I have no need to speak on the subject. Yet I cannot

omit to observe, that those which have been finished by his pupils are of very different degrees of merit, and that some of them have greatly suffered by their exposure to the weather: fifty or a hundred years hence, there will be hardly any trace left of them.

These galleries are not painted by Raphael exclusively. One whole upper story is executed by less celebrated masters. We even find here geographical charts daubed on the walls by some friar, which betray their performer's ridiculous ignorance. Along these galleries are the chambers in which the cardinals are shut up when the election of a new pope takes place: they are very small and narrow.—The four saloons of Raphael, with their invaluable paintings *al fresco*, do not require my description. They have been so frequently drawn on paper, canvas, and tapestry, as to be familiar to every class of lovers of the arts. The mere mention of the Battles of Constantine, the School of Athens, and the Parnassus, will be sufficient.



If the weather is fair, we may take a walk through the garden ; but we may also omit this without much loss.—Here we see a vast pine-apple of gilded bronze, which formerly closed the top of a mausoleum of the emperor Adrian.—The pedestal of the pillar of Antonine, with its inscriptions and mutilated bas-reliefs, is remarkable. On the front, the apotheoses of Antonine and of Faustina his consort are represented. The winged Genius is not badly done, but it is by no means of Grecian workmanship. On both sides are seen soldiers on horseback, who used to ride round the funeral piles of the Roman emperors. They are riding in files one above the other ; an idea which no Grecian artist would have admitted.---We may stop also, if the sun should happen to shine, to behold a great plaything ---a ship with three masts, of metal, on a bason. By means of water-works it ejects water from its masts and guns ; and a fine rainbow is produced over it by the reflection of the sun.

## THE LIBRARY IN THE VATICAN.

MY pen is certainly not wanted, to add to its fame. We have been accustomed for centuries to look upon this as the most valuable collection of literary treasures. A few years since, it contained nearly three thousand manuscripts. The Parisian library has now certainly the preference, but only by having robbed its rival. The former possesses above eighty thousand manuscripts, yet the most valuable among them have been carried away from the Vatican by the goddess of war as the prize of victory. The French would have liked, no doubt, to transplant that noble edifice also ; which still serves here as a temple of science, and is indeed worthy of harbouring the effusions of genius and wisdom at all times. It was built under Sixtus the Fifth :—who could have foretold this when the poor boy had the care of a drove of swine ?

The portraits of the cardinals who have been the principal trustees of the library, are hung up in the anti-room. They are

but indifferently painted in general, and their clerical red uniform hurts the eye. A grand saloon more than two hundred feet in length, and divided by a row of seven pillars, does not announce a library, for we see not a single book. The books and manuscripts are kept in large cases, which are shut to preserve them from dust.

During the short period of the Neapolitans having possession of Rome, a notice was fixed up on the door of the library, by order of general Mack, threatening death to any one who should attempt to steal any of its contents. This, however, served only as a greater temptation. Some Neapolitan soldiers broke into the rooms, took from a shelf the oldest manuscript (being attracted by its gilt covering, which they mistook for pure gold), broke off the supposed gold in the street, and ignorantly threw away the real treasure. An honest gardener, passing that way, discovered the manuscript; and thinking the book of some value still, carried it to his master,

who happily proved to be a tolerably well informed abbot. By him it was delivered to the librarian in the Vatican palace, who had shed many tears on account of its loss.

The paintings *al fresco* on the walls of the saloon are too much checkered, though they are from the principal masters of that time ; and their subjects are besides often insignificant. They were meant to represent the achievements of Sixtus the Fifth : but his having ordered the erection of four obelisks, his having placed on the pillar of Trajan a statue of St. Peter, and on that of Marcus Aurelius another of St. Paul, are set down here as exploits of this pope. — On the right hand we see, between the windows, paintings of the first eight councils. The pictures on the left are said to represent the most ancient libraries : among which are the Athenian library, founded by Pisistratus ; the ill-fated Alexandrian, by Ptolemeus Philadelphus ; and the Palatine, by the emperor Augustus ; then follow the holy libraries of Jerusalem,

of Cesarea, and of Rome ; which latter is pretended to have been founded in the time of St. Peter.—On the seven pillars are represented the sages who have taught their countrymen the art of writing, or have added new letters to the existing alphabets. By reflecting how much room all these pictures must take up, it may be easily conceived that little is left for books in this saloon. Book-cases indeed cover the sides, but they are very low. The Vatican library is the only one where we have no need of steps.

Two very fine marble plates are fixed up here, with frames of gilt bronze in bas-reliefs representing the achievements of Pius the Sixth ; for instance, his journey to Vienna, &c. I should not have mentioned this but to add that the Neapolitans greatly damaged the bronze by breaking it off, thinking it to be gold. “ The French respected these plates,” said the librarian ; “ but our friends, as they were called, the Neapolitans, did not.”—“ Indeed,” I replied, “ if it had been real gold, the Neapolitans would not have found any thing left.”

---A pillar somewhat bent, made of a single piece of Oriental alabaster ; and a sarcophagus of white marble, in which a piece of abestos was found, which is still shewn ; are worthy of remark.

We now enter a gallery of four hundred yards in length. The cases on both sides contain the most scarce editions of books. ---A great number of Etruscan vases, which are said to be very fine, but in which I did not perceive any beauty, stand on the top of these book-cases. I would not give a handsome set of Berlin or Dresden china for the whole of them.---The marble statues of Aristippus and of saint Hippolitus stand opposite each other. If they were alive they would be at a loss how to converse together. Multitudes of relics are likewise shewn ; instruments of torture used for the first christians ; little images saved from the fury of the Grecian iconoclasts ; carved work, medals, and other rarities of this sort. In the walls we discover some indifferent bas-reliefs, from the ancient sarco-phagi of christians.

This gallery leads, on the left, to a handsome room, the walls of which are covered by manuscripts on Egyptian paper, instead of tapestry-hangings. Though these refer only to some donations formerly made to the church, and therefore are of no value at present, they are still venerable on account of their great antiquity, for they all are of the date of the fifth and sixth centuries.---This room boasts also of a noble performance by Raphael Mengs, representing History recording the most remarkable events in a large book, which is supported by Time on his back. This allegory, however, is very exceptionable. To represent Time in the attitude of repose, and even on his knees, is something more than a boldness.

We now turn from this room to the other half of the gallery. Here we find a number of open book-cases, containing about seventeen thousand volumes, which have been collected from convents and communities lately abolished. "Thus," said the keeper, "the great loss of the Vatican

library has been fully repaired ;” but this is to be understood with regard to number alone.—The gallery ends here again in a handsome room ; which is called the profane museum, from its containing only heathen antiquities. Among these are a very ancient heathen idol of the Hetrurians, which does not reflect dishonour upon their unpolished taste ; and also some pretty mosaics.

The collection of prints, in a side room, is not very great for such a library. Of the books and manuscripts I do not say a word, as the printed catalogues are in the hands of the learned.

#### THE VATICAN MUSEUM.

THIS is undoubtedly the noblest object in the palace ; and at the same time a temple of the muses, as there exists no other any where. The mother of the new French emperor, when she visited it, is said to have exclaimed : “ I thought we had something at Paris, but I see we have no-



thing yet." It is certain, she could not find any thing like it either at Paris or in Corsica. Even now, after its having been robbed of many ornaments by the French, it is and will ever be the first museum in the world. Whatever was produced when the Grecian and Roman arts were in their highest perfection; whatever adorned their temples, baths, palaces, tombs, market-places, and circuses; is collected here. I cannot recollect all, but I will briefly mention what made the strongest impressions upon me.

In the noble anti-hall is the sarcophagus of Cornelius Scipio, an ancestor of Scipio Africanus; venerable by its remote antiquity; for this Scipio was consul in the year 466 A. U. C. two hundred and eighty-seven years before the christian era. It is not above twenty years since this was discovered in a vineyard; with many stone tables containing inscriptions and verses to the praise of his family, which have also found a place here.----The celebrated *torso* is only to be seen here in a gypsum copy. I

saw the marble at Paris, but I felt there the same indifference. He must absolutely be a connoisseur like Michael Angelo, who can discover the perfection of art in a statue wanting a head, legs, and arms.--- I hurry through this handsome room, as it contains only fragments of statues. I have no objection to believe that they are all precious fragments ; but I think that the Greeks and Romans would laugh heartily if they saw us anxiously displaying every broken puppet of theirs, which most likely they would have thrown away.

In another room there is a beautiful group of Bacchus leaning on a Faun. In the octagon colonnade of the yard are seen, besides a multitude of remarkable sarcophagi, *bas-reliefs*, &c. the celebrated Mercury (otherwise Antinous) of Belvidere ; and (which was Poussin's study of beauty) a Venus with a Cupid, the former being a portrait of the wife of Alexander Severus ; a gypsum copy of the Apollo of Belvidere, and another of the Laocoon ; and lastly a capital statue of Perseus by

Canova, which in my opinion makes up for a great deal of what has been taken away, and may boldly assert its place among the best works of antiquity.

One gallery is principally filled with animals excellently copied from nature. Here we find lions, wolves, tigers, wild cats, eagles, owls, &c.; with the colossal statue of the Nile, surrounded by sixteen children, for this river must rise about sixteen inches to produce a sufficient inundation. In a second gallery, also containing animals, is a statue of the Tiber, which corresponds to that of the Nile. In both these galleries are some handsome fragments of antique flooring.---Then follows a long gallery richly stocked with excellent statues. Some of them seated, are (as the Greek inscription informs us) portraits of the two Greek poets Menander and Polydippus.---Of three saloons filled with busts, I say nothing but that the Gladiator, a master-piece of Canova, may be found in one of them; and in another a majestic Jupiter seated on an eagle.---A saloon built under Pius the Sixth has an an-

tique floor, that was found in Adrian's villa. It frequently draws the eye from the statues of the tender Ganymede and of the beautiful Venus, and several other enchanting master-pieces here.---The saloon of the muses is magnificent, but the muses have changed themselves into gypsum. Yet we willingly stay to examine the busts of celebrated orators, philosophers, and poets, which surround them.---The adjoining saloon, a handsome structure likewise of Pius the Sixth, strikes us by the appearance of ten colossal busts, and an immense cup of porphyry in the middle. This latter is forty-one feet in circumference, and has nothing like an equal in the world.---A saloon<sup>t</sup> built in the form of a Grecian cross, with a most beautiful door, is crowded with monuments of ancient art.

We now ascend to the upper story by a noble stair-case; and find there, to our astonishment, another range of saloons, chambers, and galleries, filled with antiquities. Here are a valuable collection of Egyptian curiosities; and an antique car

entirely of bronze, and the best preserved of any that exist at present: it has but lately been discovered.

All these treasures are daily augmented in number; and a rich collection of antiques dug up at Ostia awaits only the careful hand of an artist for arrangement, to be set up. I have been brief; for I am sensible how tiresome a mere description will always be, and how unable it is even to give a shadow of the reality. No traveller can ever go through the examination of all that is remarkable here; for if he should even stay for several months, he would have nothing to do but daily to visit the Vatican museum, in order to impress his mind with every beauty he meets. Pius the Sixth had done a great deal for this museum; but he did not fail to attach the words, *Munificentia Pii VI.* ("By the munificence of Pius the Sixth") to every monument erected by his order. The present pope shews a little more modesty; for he writes only *Cura Pii VII.* ("By the care of Pius the Seventh"); but it would be better to omit these inscriptions entirely.

### THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

**ST. LUKE** is the patron of this academy; and of the church contiguous to the assembly-room, which belongs to it. The works of its pupils (sculptors, painters, and architects) are dispersed in the two stories.

The sculptors have the first place allotted to them. The stair-case and the anti-chamber are crowded with bas-reliefs, in burnt clay. I felt as if I were entering a modern exhibition-room, so indifferent were they in general. One single piece, the work of Canova, stands like a pine above the yews.

Of the paintings in the first story there are some that bespeak a rising genius. One room is hung with drawings in architecture, which I do not understand.—The most interesting place is the upper story; where a large saloon, divided by arched pillars tastefully adapted for the reception of the works belonging to the academy, presents

itself. The most valuable of all curiosities, is the skull of Raphael, under a covering of glass; by the side of which are several inscriptions on marble, which are too pompous and verbose for such a genius. The few words, "Raphael, the painter," would, in my opinion, be far better to express the majestic, noble, divine simplicity of this great artist, than all the hyperboles wasted here. How exquisite are the feelings which rise while we stand before a skull that once embraced a whole world, of which it drew the picture!--Over the skull of Raphael, hangs a performance which I should not have taken for one of his. It is St. Luke painting the Madonna.—A rich assemblage of portraits of former and present members of the academy (I think there are some hundreds) form a very fit ornament of this room, but they hang too high. The intelligent looks and generally spare faces of the first, are strikingly contrasted with the plump and stupid-looking heads of our own day. The saints reputed as painters have a separate corner of honour allotted them.

Among the paintings from celebrated academicians which cover the walls, I found an Iris of unspeakable loveliness: it is from the pencil of either an Englishman or a German; I could not learn the name. There are also some copies of antiques shewn here, of which the originals are now in England. How many treasures of antiquity are locked up in that country! I say *locked up*, for who can enjoy them there? as they are either concealed, or dispersed at different country-seats; where they are as generally inaccessible as if they were still under ground.

## THE VILLA PAMPHILI.

WE must here drive a great way in our carriage to see very little. This villa is renowned on account of its extent of nearly five miles. A great deal also is said of its grand view on the sea; but when I visited it the atmosphere was very hazy.

Here is a Faunus playing on the flute by means of water-works, but these are spoilt.



I should be tempted to call this villa a lazaretto of antiques ; for, like the villa Ludovisi, it is filled with nothing but fragments. The palace contains some good things ; but nothing very remarkable, unless we reckon the bust of the famous donna Olympia so. The marks of avarice and pride are legibly written in her countenance.—Several of the best paintings were stolen from hence some time ago, by means of a curious stratagem. One evening during the revolutionary times, there appeared five French hussars at the gate, who shewed an order for quarters. They were admitted, and took possession of the palace ; but the next morning they were gone, and the finest paintings were discovered to be missing.

Many things exhibited in this villa, would be admired any where else but at Rome, where there is too much of such articles. The numerous trifles, such as corals, Chinese and other foreign porcelain, little curious drawers, &c. shewn here, would only attract the notice of children in other countries. The gardens of Galba

are said to have been on the site of this villa, which belongs to the family of Doria.

## THE PALACE CORSINI.

THIS palace seems to be intended for a retreat of pious old ladies. It is now inhabited by a pious-arch-duchess of Austria, who has increased the great number of useless convents by a new one ; and this is all that I can say of her. Clement the Twelfth, a descendant of the family of Corsini, has added several splendid apartments to the building, and entirely new-furnished them.

If we wish to have an idea of what is called the latest fashion in furniture at Rome, we must come to this place ; where we see dark heavy velvets woven with silk, old-fashioned chairs with leather coverings, and costly marble tables on slender twisted feet.

The collection of paintings is tolerably numerous : and usurps, of course, a great many celebrated names ; some, however,

may really be the production of Andre del Sarto and Titian. One picture of a Madonna is distinguished by a peculiar character of energy. On inquiry, I found it was the work of a Spaniard named Morillos. He has established the Spanish school still more firmly in my esteem. Their pencil bespeaks an ardent genius analogous to their climate.

The library of this palace fills eight large rooms, and is of the first rank. There are a great number of manuscripts of the fifteenth century ; and it has also a collection of prints amounting to four hundred volumes.

The villa stands on a declivity of the ancient mount Janiculus. The gardens of a cousin of Martial are said to have been here ; which is proved by the following quotation from that poet ; *Hinc septem dominos videre montes, et totam licet estimare Romam* : but the same may be said of many other spots near the city.

## THE VILLA ALBANI, &amp;c.

To this we must pass through the Salarian gate; close by the Field of Vice, or *Campus Sceleratus*, where the poor vestals were burnt alive who had nourished in their bosom the flame of a sensual passion. The villa of Atticus, the friend of Cicero, was also in this neighbourhood; but the sighs of unhappy love, and the cheering voice of friendship, are heard no more.

Winkelman has arranged the treasures assembled here, and his discerning hand is visible every where. Nobody would have been able to dispose this invaluable collection in a better manner. If we compare this villa with that of Borghese, the latter appears like a beautiful lady in a court dress loaded with diamonds, and the former like a handsome woman in a tasteful *dishubille*. The eye is here not displeased by a multitude of glittering objects, nor the mind offended by an evident desire of shew. Every antique we find is of value, either

in point of history or for the excellence of its workmanship.

We must not overlook a painting of Livia and Octavia offering to Mars. Though it was not done by an eminent master, it is of value; for the paintings of the ancients are very scarce.---Two bacchanalian women on the bas-reliefs of the staircase are remarkable on account of their grace and activity: but the stiff Greek drapery round them I cannot pass in silence; if we were to look at it separately, it would appear like a shrivelled muscle-shell, or any thing but what it is intended for.---For the sake of curiosity I mention a female Satyr, as I do not recollect to have seen elsewhere any but males.---A bas-relief representing Zethus, Amphion, and Antiope, is placed over a chimney that it may be better seen. If not a work of Phidias himself, it is at least in his best style.---The Choice of Hercules, an antique group, struck me as very remarkable on account of the composition. Hercules is seated under an apple-tree, round which a snake

winds itself. Pleasure stands before him, and offers the fruit which she has picked. Hercules has turned from Virtue, who stands in the back-ground. The partial resemblance of this piece to the history of our first parents in Paradise is curious.—A marble sculpture in the chapel, representing the dead body of Christ, by a modern artist, reflects honour upon the new school.

On our return from this temple of art, we must visit the villa of Aldobrandini. Among its curiosities we notice a grand and well-preserved antique painting, on the subject of the ceremonies formerly usual at marriages. It is under glass, to prevent the fading of the colours, which have already lost much of their lustre. It gives the best idea of the painting of the ancients. Poussin copied it for the collection of prince Doria.

The palace Rospigliosi is not far distant. Its collection of paintings is valuable, and we may see them all in half an hour. The palace is built upon the site of the ancient bath of Constantine. The celebrated Aurora of Guido Reni is the most remarkable

picture here.---An Adam climbing a tree to pluck a fig-leaf for his bashful Eve, a painting of Dominichino in a side-room, is worth notice, and is an idea which I never before heard of, though the scene may have been very picturesque.---The heads of the twelve apostles in this palace are excellently painted; but why are they not placed in a group? the diversity of expression in their countenance might thus be much better observed.---In the garden I found, on the third of January, a great quantity of yellow fruit, and roses and geraniums in flower. The northern traveller may be forgiven for mentioning these pleasing phenomena so frequently.

## ST. PETER IN CARCERE.

THIS building is one of the oldest monuments of antiquity: Ancus Martius, the fourth Roman king, was its founder; and Servius Tullius completed it, from which it bore the name of *Tullianum*. Its strength has preserved it hitherto, and will yet for several thousands of years; for its walls are

composed of thick quadrangular stony masses, each eight feet thick. It formerly consisted of three divisions, or vaults, of great depth. A passage lined with strong planks of oak, thence acquiring the name of *Robur*, communicated with the lowest of these : which was intended for the most atrocious criminals ; who, after having been condemned to death, were locked up in chests and precipitated into this passage ; where they were either killed by the fall, or had to meet the more terrible death of hunger. Hence the ancient phrase *Ex robore, de robore, præcipitare*. One staircase, leading to the market-place, was called the stair-case of sighs (*Scalæ gemoniæ*), probably on account of the sighs uttered by the prisoners who entered through it. The naked bodies of the executed criminals were publicly exhibited on the steps of this building ; and were afterwards dragged through the streets of Rome, and thrown into the Tiber. Christian writers have called this prison *Carcer Mamertinus* ; but I do not know why.



Saint Peter lingered in this jail above nine months during the reign of Nero. He has left the marks of his presence here ; for in descending the stair-case with a flam-beau, we discover, on the right-hand, under a grating, an excavation of the size of a man's head, which is said to have been made by St. Peter's head striking against it on his receiving a violent box on the ear from the jailer ! There is also a spot near the pillar of this jail where, according to report, a fountain instantly appeared at the command of St. Peter, to baptize the jailer on his conversion.

#### THE ARTIST CARLUCCIO.

THIS man has by his own genius raised himself from obscurity, and deserves a place among the artists. His business, which is that of cutting models in cork, is one which seems to require very little genius ; but when I mention that he has spent twelve years already in building a diminutive Coliseum, sparing neither pains nor expence to render it a correct copy of the original in its perfect state, he will be

allowed to be something more than a mere mechanic.

His model, which is at once his pride and his highest pleasure, is about thirteen feet in length, and eleven in width. Though a man of mean birth, he has studied the classics with the greatest zeal; to make himself intimately acquainted with the nature of the ancient Coliseum; and has taken these instructions, with the existing remains of the building, for his guides. He has discovered the mechanism by which the ancients were able to cover their amphitheatres with sail-cloth; and has furnished his model with two hundred and forty different little sails, which can be lowered and hoisted in a moment. He is of opinion, however, that only the seats of the people were covered, and not the *arena*.

He complains greatly of the modern antiquaries having misled him by their descriptions of the original structure; for, after having nearly completed the inside according to the dimensions pointed out by them, he examined the place himself, and found

great variations. The seats were deeper, and much lower, in order to give to those who were on the upper ones a full sight of the combat when it happened to be near the walls.

His joy at this discovery almost made him forget the displeasing necessity of destroying so much of his work ; and we found him at this ungrateful task in good-humour. His highest wish is, to be permitted to dig every where : but he has in vain applied for such a liberty ; for the most important spot (which has never been examined in this manner) is occupied by a chapel, and is therefore holy ground which must not be touched.

But it may be asked, what has the poor man for all his labour through thirteen years (for another year is requisite to complete his work) ? Alas ! not even his daily subsistence. Happily, he has at last found a Venetian nobleman who has promised him three thousand *coudi* (750*l.* sterling) for his model when completed ; but how small a compensation is this for the time and expence

that have been bestowed upon it ! After all, if the good man should receive this money, and sees his precious model taken away from him, will he not feel like one parting with the darling of his soul ? Unless he has courage enough left to begin another work, I fear he will die broken-hearted.

At his house I saw also a copy of the existing remains of the Coliseum. Nothing can be more accurate. He has noticed every stone, and faithfully copied it. I might almost say that he has counted the leaves or pieces of grass that grow on these ruins ; and wherever time or force has made the least impression, his model has it also. Nothing has slipped him : but I was still more surprised at his having escaped breaking his neck in climbing the ruins of the Coliseum so often.

#### NEW-INVENTED CANNONS.

A MECHANIC at Rome boasts to have made the discovery of a new sort of cannon, which can be loaded from behind.

He says the mechanism is simple and infallible. The construction is quite different from that of the guns now in use ; but his are not less solid, and may be discharged with greater security. This cannon has neither screw, nor pan, nor lever. By a single motion the breech opens, and in a moment the charge is put in. The inventor offers to make a trial as often as required, but demands the previous deposit of a certain sum as a reward of his pains. He also promises to found cannon after this model, and to point out an infallible preventive of all dangers arising from the heating of the guns in firing. He recommends his method particularly for its utility in men of war ; and ascertains that a gun of his invention will do twice as much execution (and when served by only three men) as a common one. More frequent discharges, and greater security in loading, are therefore the result of this invention ; which deserves a curse from mankind, as hundreds may thus fall who would have escaped death by a slower process in load-

ing, and by an artillerist who may himself be saved by it.

## THE CHURCHES AT ROME.

THE reader must not expect a catalogue of the churches at Rome, and their peculiarities. Not less than two hundred and fifty are counted here ; besides thirteen principal churches (*basilica*), seven chapels, fifteen clerical colleges, five nunneries, seven oratories, one church for baptisms alone, and I know not how many spiritual establishments. If we consider the population of Rome, which does not exceed one hundred and twenty thousand souls at present, we shall find that (according to the usual proportion of the ages and sexes) about two hundred and fifty grown men on an average, have each a large church allotted to them, of which they cannot fill even the eighth part were they all assembled there. Thus we see that the modern Romans do not want food for their souls ; but it is not very light food, like the manna in the desert.

It is true, every church has something worthy of remark ; but were they all filled with wonders from top to bottom, we could not visit them without disgust, unless we were gifted with a Roman or Neapolitan nose ; for, in spite of the frankincense burning in them continually, there is a stench of putrid bodies in every one, from the horrid custom of burying the dead in churches, which prevails here to excess. Add to this, that the scarcity of wood actually causes the bodies to be frequently interred even without a coffin. They are thrown headlong into the vault, on a heap, and the mouth of it is closed with merely a loose stone ; and thus the survivors are contented to inhale the fumes of putrefaction quietly. I have been assured that it is impossible to stay five minutes, during the summer, in the most populous churches, without growing sick ; and I advise every one to provide himself with a preservative against this accident.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the Roman churches surpass all others in gran-

deur, magnificence, and beauty ; and boast of the most costly columns, which were the ornaments of ancient pagan temples.

The church of St. Martin dates its foundation from the first century. The persecuted christians chose a subterranean part of the bath of Titus, which was situated here, for their oratory. This now serves as a burial-vault. Among others interred here, is a cardinal : and, to mark this great circumstance, the people have hung up on the wall his red cap ; which forms the most ludicrous contrast with the venerable remains of the ancient building, where we walk on a fine antique mosaic flooring. Here I saw a large new pot which is called an urn : the bowels of one Tomasi, whose beatification was then at hand, were said to be contained in it.--When Constantine established christianity, the subterraneous cavern was suffered to remain ; and St. Silvester built this church above it, in which a council of two hundred and thirty bishops was held in the year 324. Poussin once sought a re-



treat here while the plague raged in Rome : and, to amuse himself, daubed several landscapes on the walls ; thus giving it an ornament not to be found in any other church in the world, for I never heard of landscapes in a church.—A painting by Cavaluri, representing purgatory, greatly entertained me. The angels draw forth the purified sinners from the flames, as usual ; but the heads of the latter are all of great beauty and expression. A lovely woman, with marks of long sorrow in her countenance, has crossed her arms, and waits the releasing hand of the angel with an inexpressible look of devotion, humility, and hope, which quite enchanted me.

The church of St. Peter *in vincoli* is very ancient. That saint himself is reputed to be its founder. The conflagration of Nero destroyed it ; but pope Leo the Great rebuilt it in commemoration of a miracle that happened here. The Greek empress Eudoxia made Leo a present of the identical chain by which Herod ordered St. Peter to be bound. The pope was struck with the noble idea of

comparing this invaluable chain with another that had been worn by St. Peter while at Rome. He did so; but, strange to tell! the two chains had hardly touched each other when they joined in a fraternal embrace, and stuck so closely together that it was found impossible to part them again. Could the pope do otherwise on such an occasion than build a church? Two-and-twenty excellent antique pillars of Greek marble, seven feet in circumference, were purified for this purpose.--A colossal statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, erected near the tomb of pope Julius the Second, is also much admired; yet I did not find any thing remarkable in it but the size. No Grecian artist would have produced such a small-shouldered and large-bellied figure; with a disagreeable marble beard hanging down to the navel, which makes it look still worse. —Behind the altar stands an antique chair of white marble.

The church of Santa Maria in Transtevere, on the other side of the Tiber, was formerly an hospital for old Roman soldiers,

but afterwards dedicated to the holy Virgin. It stands on more than twenty handsome antique columns, for at Rome we meet with none but antique. The emperor Alexander Severus has rendered it celebrated by a decision on the claims between the primitive christians and some inn-keepers of Rome, on this spot. He determined in favour of the christians; saying that he would prefer having a deity worshipped, whoever it might be, to seeing the business of inn-keepers carried on here. Would a pope, in a similar case, make a corresponding award between Chinese worshippers of their God, and christian inn-keepers?

The church of the martyr and musician St. Cecilia, stands on the exact spot where her dwelling-house formerly was. We saw her bathing-room, with all the water-pipes completely preserved. If the present portrait of this saint at all resembled her, I should wish to have been one of her listeners. The bones of her husband St. Valerian are also preserved in this church: for though St. Cecilia died a virgin, she never-

theless was married ; which is nothing uncommon in the legends of the Roman-catholic church.

The church of St. Sebastian is remarkable for being the entrance to the famous catacombs of Rome ; which, however, are not to be compared with those of Naples. We are frequently compelled either to creep or to climb, or to stoop, in order to get through the narrow passages, in which two men cannot walk abreast. Some adventurous persons, unacquainted with this place, have lost their way here, and met an untimely end. To prevent the repetition of such accidents, several side-passages have been shut up by brick-work.---An inscription on the walls of the church informs us of the number of martyrs buried here ; which is estimated at seventeen thousand four hundred common martyrs, besides forty-six martyred popes. It also threatens excommunication to every one who shall dare to purloin any of the holy bones resting here ; but we ventured to incur this danger, though we suffered for it in some

respect; as we were compelled to go a good distance into the vaults, and to take great pains in searching, in order to find even some splinters. How indeed could it be otherwise? for not only had preceding popes provided all Christendom with relics from this rich treasury for centuries back; but the present one had got together whatever could be found, and, loading a waggon with them, had sent them as a coronation-present to the newly converted Frenchmen. He duly christened these bones with all sorts of names; but it is ludicrous, that many of the skeletons discovered here have unquestionably belonged to heathens, as the inscriptions found on their tombs prove.

If the traveller should happen to pass the church Santa Maria del Palma, and have a moment's leisure, he may enter it; and see, for the sake of curiosity, how large a foot our Saviour must have had if (as we are told) the marks in a stone preserved here are really his.

The church of Santa Maria d'Araceli stands on the spot of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; and its twenty-two pillars of Egyptian granite are reputed the same which sustained that celebrated temple. That supposition rests on the authority of the words "*A cubiculo Augustorum*," which are still legible on the third pillar; but I think this is not at all convincing. The emperor Augustus is reported to have erected an altar to "the first-born of God" in this temple, which was called *Ara primogeniti Dei*; but the inventor of this absurd story is unknown. St. Luke has immortalized himself here by a portrait of a Madonna that is gifted with miraculous powers, and thus stands in no need of those merits of art by which the other paintings of this church are distinguished.

The church of St. Clement ought to be mentioned for two reasons:—First, on account of a painting *al fresco* in the chapel, done by Masaccio, representing the sufferings of St. Catherine. The heads of this picture have served as a study to Raphael:

but the republicans, to whom nothing is sacred, have left here the marks of their barbarity ; and this painting has shared a similar fate with that of the Last Supper by Da Vinci at Milan, which, as it could not be taken away, they therefore defaced.—The second thing remarkable in this church is the construction of its inside. It is of the most ancient Gothic style, and quite peculiar to itself. In the middle of the church are seen two pulpits, connected by means of a circular gallery, and surrounded by two circular rows of benches, all of Grecian marble. The convent belongs to Irish friars ; and one of them, our guide, distinguished himself from the common sort of his class by the urbanity of his manners, which would have proved his having been a chaplain to an embassy even if he had not informed us of this circumstance.---The rich gilt ceiling of the church had been bought by some Jews during the revolution ; and they had already begun to break it down, when happily a French officer entered, who drove them away

with his sword.—This indeed was in every respect a *Jewish* speculation.

The renowned painting of the Transfiguration, by Raphael, formerly in the church of St. Peter in Montono, has travelled to Paris; and nothing worthy of notice is left here, unless we feel satisfaction at seeing an empty spot where St. Peter suffered death.

The church of St. Nicholas *in carcere* is only remarkable for being built on the subterraneous jails of Appius Claudius the decemvir. Here it was that an affectionate daughter once saved her father from the death of hunger (to which he had been condemned) by offering him her breast to draw his nourishment from. This heroic act of virtue has been often recorded. On its discovery, the father was pardoned. A column was erected by the Romans in commemoration of it, which received the name *Columna caltaria*. A temple to Filial Love was built on the occasion by the consuls C. Quintus and M. Attilius. This spot is



now called, in honour of the daughter, *Carita Romana*.

I cannot leave unnoticed the church of the Apostles, as it contains the tomb of Clement the Fourteenth, which is the master-piece of Canova ; and particularly on account of its being the rendezvous of all the handsome and pious Roman ladies, who assemble here every day between twelve and one o'clock. Here we may see them continually moving their lips and turning their eyes ; the former for the sake of decency, and the latter for the sake of their lovers.

I have visited the hospital of the pilgrims, which belongs to the church of the Holy Trinity. In Easter-week they arrive there in great numbers ; and in the year 1775 five thousand guests were counted during this week alone. None but catholics are admitted. They dine, according to their sex, in separate rooms, on long tables ; and sleep in corridors, where I counted fifty-eight beds. A certain association which boasts of princes and cardinals among its members, is obliged to wash the

feet of the pilgrims on the evening of their arrival, and to wait upon them at table. Convalescent persons, who have been discharged from hospitals, are received here to complete their recovery, and to provide for their maintenance in the mean time. I found about twenty such persons, who looked all very well. Philip Neri was the founder of this useful institution; which has existed from the middle of the sixteenth century, and has often been enriched by the legacies of the pious.

If the interior of any christian church could, in the eye of a mere philosophical artist, be called charming, I should apply this epithet to the church of St. Maria Maggiori; which appears like a temple of the chaste Diana, from the thirty-six white marble pillars on which it rests.---Many of my readers will startle at my asserting that no christian church can be called charming, and will think it arises from an impious prejudice. But this is not the fact. The christian religion distinguishes itself from the heathen by one great characteristic: the records of the former detail no-

thing but punishments and sufferings ; while in the latter every noble and heroic achievement is presented. In the former, the Saviour suffers death ; as do likewise all the martyrs. Every good christian hopes to be cleansed from all his sins by the sufferings of others, and is persuaded that the gates of heaven will be opened to him by the same means. Can the most elegant building make a pleasing impression upon me if all these endless sufferings disfigure it ? if my eye, wherever it turns, sees in marble, in bronze, in wood, on canvas, nothing but these sufferings ? if an instrument of torture, and even the gallows of the Jews (the cross), are exhibited as objects of veneration ? But this would lead too far.

The church of St. Maria Maggiore is beautiful. It stands on the ruins of an ancient temple in honour of Juno Lucina. The Virgin Mary, who must have been a great lover of churches, intimated to some pope in a dream that she wished this church built exactly here ; directing him to look out for the spot, which he would find co-

vered with snow on the next morning. The pope rose early in consequence; but, as it was in the middle of the dog-days, he could not find any mark of snow till he came to this place; where it lay several feet high, covering the exact dimensions of the present church, which is therefore surnamed *Maria in Neve*, or *St. Mary in the Snow*. Its front is elegant: it has also a balcony from which to bestow the papal blessing; and a door closed up by brickwork, exactly like that in *St. Peter's church*. It is crowded with statues and paintings; but its most valuable possession is reckoned to be some hay on which the new-born Saviour was laid in the stable, and his first swaddling-clothes, which are preserved under the altar.

Opposite this church is the chapel of the family of *Borghese*. which is esteemed the most magnificent at Rome. Its columns rest on a pedestal of agate. A portrait of the Madonna painted by *St. Luke*, is set in diamonds and *lapis lazuli*. *Guido Reni* has adorned it with many paintings. The chief altar is a large urn of porphyry, and its

baldachin of gilt metal rests on porphyry columns. The king of Spain is protector of this church, and a cardinal is always chosen precentor. We should not visit this chapel on great holidays; for then its finest ornaments, the white marble pillars, are wrapped up in red damask.

I have not yet said a word of the Lateran church, though it is here called the principal christian church in the world. The origin of its name ought to be mentioned. Once there lived a noble Roman family of Laterani, of great riches, who possessed a palace here. The last of them, Plautinus Lateranus, was appointed consul by Nero; but preferred to become the leader of the conspiracy against that tyrant's life. He resolved to throw himself on a solemn day at the feet of the emperor, as if to supplicate him; then to take him by his legs, to throw him down, and to assassinate him with the assistance of the other conspirators. The plot, however, being betrayed, he died by the hand of the executioner, and his property was confiscated. Constantine gave his

palace to pope Silvester, who built a church on the spot. It is in rank the first church of Rome; and the pope, after his election, takes possession of it with great solemnity. It had stood a thousand years when it was destroyed by fire in 1308. It was then rebuilt: but was shortly after destroyed by a dreadful earthquake in the year 1349, and was rebuilt a second time.—Twelve councils have been held in this church. It stands on more than three hundred pillars, and boasts of many monuments of antiquity and art. The skulls of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved here, and also some planks of the ark of the covenant. Confessional chairs for all nations are to be seen here, the inscriptions of which invite foreigners in their native language.

The palace contiguous to this church formerly served for a habitation of the popes; but was at last converted into an asylum for orphans, who are to spin silk. Whether they do this now, I cannot tell: the building even wanted windows when I saw it. A couple of red marble chairs were here

shewn to us, which looked like close-stools: this our conductors accounted for, by saying that after the *infallible* Roman-catholic church had the great misfortune to fall under the command of a petticoat in pope Joan, it had been a custom to seat the new-elected pope on one of these chairs, in order to ascertain his real sex. They, however, have probably been found in the bath of Caracalla. The last pope has prudently ordered their removal.—Another curiosity contiguous to this church, is the *baptisterium* of Constantine, a rotunda resting on eight most beautiful porphyry pillars: but I doubt of Constantine's having been baptized here, as he always delayed his christening in order to be baptized in the Jordan. An antique urn of green marble serves as a baptistery. Annually on the Saturday before Easter, a solemn baptism of Jews and Turks is to take place here, if there are any candidates.

A third curiosity near this church is the holy staircase (*Scala Santa*); consisting of twenty-eight marble steps, which have been brought hither from the house of Pilate on

account of our Saviour's having ascended and descended them. It is only on our knees that we dare go up them; and if we have a mind to see a proof how far mankind can be degraded by superstition, we have only to stay a quarter of an hour here. Not the rabble alone, but well-drest women, reasonable-looking men, approach with the deepest awe, fall down on the ground, kiss a round green stone on which our Saviour is reported to have fallen for the first time when he bore his cross, and afterwards commence this pilgrimage on their knees. On every step they remain to count their beads. The steps are worn in such a manner as to have been obliged to be lined with wood.—On the top of the staircase is an altar where not even the pope dares presume to say mass. The indifferent altar-piece represents Jesus Christ. The evangelist Luke began, and the angels finished it; but the latter should have previously consulted a drawing-master.—Near it is a profane staircase, which those who are not devotees may make use of.



The church of St. Paul is indeed at some distance from the gates of the city ; but we should not neglect visiting it, for it is a real storehouse of valuable pillars. Some pope, finding a multitude of them and of antiques, and probably not knowing what to do with them, put them together here, and threw a roof over them. Indeed there is but a small corner allotted for divine service ; the remainder being crowded with a promiscuous assemblage of antiques, and pillars of Parisian marble, Egyptian copollin, and porphyry. The body of St. Paul is preserved here, with many other holy remnants, as may easily be guessed ; and there is such a quantity of phials with holy blood hanging in some parts, as to make the church look like an apothecary's shop.—A far more wonderful object here, however, is a crucifix that condescended to enter into a conversation with St. Bridget. It was locked up, and is not allowed to be shewn to a *heretic* like me.—In the Gothic cross-walks of the convent belonging to the church, there are in the wall some inscriptions from the earliest

christian epochs. Both the church and the convent stand for a great part of the year under water; a proof of the sapient choice of the situation: they are deserted then, of course.

There are several hundreds of other churches, but I was not disposed to purchase the pleasure of seeing them with the necessary loss of time.

#### THE OBELISKS.

THERE are no less than ten obelisks at Rome. Whatever street we look into, we generally see one of these objects at its end. I confess, this manner of beautifying a town does not please me at all. To set up a huge Egyptian stone, covered with characters of an unknown language—(for we understand nothing of it, but that a sparrow-hawk signifies celerity; a crocodile, evil; an eye, justice; an open hand, liberality; and so forth)—to erect it, I say, in a christian city like Rome, appears to me

whimsical. If they really served for ornament, I could forgive it; but their form is without taste, and we see too well that they were an invention of uncultivated Egyptian art during the age of Semiramis, a period of twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ. They always detract from the effect of noble buildings.

The highest obelisk at Rome, is that before the Lateran church: it measures 115 feet from the ground. Some king of Egypt, of whom nobody knows any thing, is said to have dedicated it to the Sun at Thebes. A son of Constantine ordered its removal to Rome, for the purpose of erecting it in the grand circus, the only proper place for such an object. In the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, it had sunk into the ground sixteen feet, and was broken into three pieces; but it was dug out, and its parts were re-united. The holy cross on its top forms a curious contrast with the ibis and the other Egyptian hieroglyphics. That pope also erected an obelisk before the church of Maria Maggiore, and another on the mount Cavallo:

they formerly served to mark the mausoleum of the emperor Augustus. Two other obelisks, now before the church of St. Mary Minerva, and on the place of the Rotunda, anciently adorned a temple of Isis. The obelisk which was erected by the emperor Augustus, on the Field of Mars, to support a sun-dial, has descended from the time of Sesostris, and now stands on the Monte Vibario.—It ought to be observed that it was never the intention of the Roman emperors to *beautify* the city by these objects. They brought them from Egypt to adorn their race-grounds. Had the popes, who do not want them for a catholic race-ground, placed them on the road leading to Rome instead of milestones, they would prepare the traveller for entrance into the first city in the world ; of the ancient splendour of which as little will soon be guessed by means of its existing ruins, as now can be traced of the original intention of these obelisks from their hieroglyphics

## EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

WE cannot enjoy the pleasure of an excursion to Tivoli without undergoing much trouble. We should not, however, leave Rome without having visited that place anciently the celebrated Tibur; which was anterior to Rome by five centuries, and the most pleasurable place of retirement when the fortune, power, and luxury of Rome, were at the highest pitch. It stands at a distance of eighteen miles from the capital: but the road is very bad; and in winter we cannot return the same evening without the hazard of breaking our neck, or falling into the hands of the banditti inhabiting the *Campagna Romana*.

We proceed on what was anciently called the Salarian road; which has been mentioned so early as the year 359 before Christ, at which time the Gauls encamped near the third milestone on this road. Now and then we still discover the ancient pavement. It is very inconvenient, for horses with shoes

can hardly stand on its large and flat stones ; but (as I have said before) I think the Romans did not shoe theirs. We also pass some bridges resting on antique pilastres. If it should be the traveller's misfortune to have the wind against him, and if he is of a delicate sense of smelling, he will suffer greatly by a stench that begins close to the gates of Rome, and, increasing by degrees, will almost take away his breath when he approaches the sulphur stream, as it is called. I advise every one to provide himself with spirit of vinegar ; for it is much worse here than in the Pontine marshes.---Not far from the road we discover a lake formed by this adjacent sulphurous fountain. The lake continually throws up bubbles, and little islands swim on its surface. The water looks like thin and indifferent milk, but the ancients ascribed great sanative powers to it. It was formerly surrounded by a grove, the residence of an oracle that was consulted by king Latinus on the marriage of his daughter Lavinia with Eneas.

After having passed this lake, we meet the tombs of the Plautian family; a most noble monument of antiquity, and not much decayed though it once served as a fort to the Goths. In the walls of this building we see a great number of holes, the origin of which cannot be explained. My guide assured me that they had been made by persons seeking for the iron or other metal by which the stones are cemented; but nobody knew of any being found.

The villa of the emperor Adrian lies near. We must now leave the road, and go a bye-way; but we shall be rewarded for our pains. We walk, if I may use this expression, in a forest of ruins. Rome itself cannot boast of greater riches. Adrian intended to assemble here whatever might be found beautiful or curious in Greece, Egypt, and Asia. He realised his gigantic designs; but a torrent of barbarians, worse than the torrent of ashes that buried Pompeii, has destroyed these excellences, yet could not annihilate them. How magnificent are these remains of antiquity

that defied the fury of the Goths ! How many noble ruins are still left ! Here we see a theatre, the interior of which now serves for an orchard ; but the situations of the seats, the stage, and the orchestra, are still distinguishable. In another place we discover a circus, enclosed by long walls and arched walks. In a third, a temple of Wisdom, where the statues of the seven sages of Greece probably once adorned the empty niches which are still visible. There are a naumachia (a theatre for representing sea-fights), and a room which served as a library, on the summit of a rock : several temples of Apollo, Diana, and Venus : the imperial palace itself ; the lower halls of which I should have wandered through with awe, if the names of a thousand travellers scrawled on the walls had not interrupted the pleasing illusion : the quarters of the imperial guards, now called the hundred chambers : grottoes, which are now mistaken for prisons : bathing-rooms : a temple of the Egyptian god Canopus : and numberless ruins, the ancient use of which



nobody can ascertain :—this multitude of objects offer themselves at once to our view. They are interspersed with trees and shrubberies in so picturesque a manner, that we are tempted to stop every moment to take a drawing of them. On many arches we still discern the ancient decorations in stucco ; so well preserved and so neat, that they seem to have been finished by the hand of the artist only the day before.

These ruins now serve as a retreat for innumerable blackbirds, whose chatter in their flight disturbs and greatly enlivens this solitary spot. No human voice is heard here: huntsmen alone steal through the thickets in silence, and by the report of their guns suddenly awake the wanderer from his melancholy dreams. The naumachia now serves for a vineyard, the circus is covered by a forest of olives, and the entrance to the remainder of these ruins is mostly shut up by thorns.

Many noble monuments of antiquity which are now the ornaments of different museums, have formerly been found here.

An anecdote of a person who was walking through these ruins one day; I cannot omit reporting :---Some of the arches having fallen, from the effects of a torrent of rain, he discovered a small opening in the ground, looked into it, and saw a grotto filled with statues. He closed the aperture instantly, marked the spot, and purchased it for a vineyard. As the Italian law now enacts, that the half of whatever may be found on a newly-bought ground shall belong to the seller, he had the patience to wait above a twelvemonth. At the expiration of that period, he feigned a design of building; and in digging on the well-known spot for a foundation, he drew up, among other valuable things, the nine Muses which are now the principal ornament of the museum at Paris, and which repaid him ten times the sum expended for the purchase.

After passing a few hours in viewing these remains of ancient magnificence, we take leave of the vine-gardener, the only solitary human being that dwells here. His

pale cheeks, and his melancholy account of an illness which he has to go through every summer, may serve as a commentary on the pernicious effects of the vapours exhaled by the neglected Campagna Romana.

Arriving at Tivoli, a tolerably large yet very dirty town though on a hill, we must have as little connection as possible with its inhabitants ; for they are either the most impudent beggars, or bold and blood-thirsty miscreants. On our asking them, half in jest, whether many had been assassinated during the last Christmas, they answered in earnest, *only one* person had been stabbed.

We hasten to the cascade, as it is called ; and here discover the fall of the river Tiveroni, anciently called Anius. It is as high as that of the Rhine near Schafhausen ; but not so large by far, nor interspersed by small rocks in so picturesque a manner. The bottom of the bason consists of rocks deeply excavated by the torrent precipitating itself with a howling noise into it, and throwing up a foam which wets us thoroughly at a considerable distance. The

aspect of this fall is still more magnificent from the grotto of Neptune, but we must climb a very difficult footpath for this purpose. Here the torrent appears to be engaged in a dreadful conflict with the cliffs : and the deep furrows of the latter evince that they have not resisted its fury without a great loss ; which, daily increasing, predicts their future dissolution. In one of the rocks we discover the marks of a large wheel, formerly hemmed in here. I doubt its antiquity. An earthquake happening here of late, some buildings on the hills were destroyed or swallowed up. A wheel from a water-mill was surrounded, when probably the water of this river incrusting it (such being a well-known effect), the wood decayed, and the marks remained. In the same manner we may explain the many holes visible in the cliffs : they are most likely the traces of trees inclosed between the rocks, and decaying afterwards. ---On the summit of the rock we see two well-preserved temples of Cybele and Vesta. The view from one of them (a rotunda with Corinthian pillars) is particularly grand

and picturesque : but its walls are soiled, as usual, by the scrawls of those who think to immortalize their unknown names by joining them to these proud remains of antiquity, which loudly pronounce the instability of the most magnificent works of man.

The antiquarian ought to visit, on his return to the city, a house which is remarkable on account of the walls of its yard. They are covered with fragments of bas-reliefs and inscriptions, found near Tivoli. The learned will be puzzled to discover the sense of some of the latter. I have copied one for the sake of trial, which runs thus :—

TREPTO  
IMORECTORUM. ME  
OAPOLLINIS ADIECTO  
ONIA. DAPHNE  
OPTIMO.

Should he still have an hour left, he may visit the villa D'Est, which does not at all bespeak its having cost its constructor three millions of scudi. It looks quite empty

and deserted inside. The grand view from the balcony, and a tradition that Ariosto composed his *Orlando Furioso* here, are all that can interest us. The want of taste in the first proprietor of this villa is visible every where, and betrays itself particularly by one object which we meet in the garden. This is a collection of all the beautiful remains of ancient Rome, of the Pantheon, of several ancient temples, &c. in diminutive copies; not above five feet six inches high. It looks like a toy-shop, or a set of antique little figures placed on a table for the sake of shew. The duke D'Est has spent several thousand scudi in the purchase of these trifles, has often repaired them, and always shewn the greatest predilection for this plaything. The lofty cypresses overshadowing the uncultivated part of the villa, the oldest trees now to be found near Rome, pleased me much more.

If our excursion to Tivoli happens to be made in winter, we must delay the view of the remaining curiosities till the next morning; when, should the sun shine, we shall

be gloriously repaid for our trouble. Ladies generally make use of asses, to ride ; but the company of these animals is never agreeable, and the road is not very difficult. An easy walk of an hour and a half will agree with the most tender constitution, and even paint roses on the pale cheeks.—The road encircles the narrow deep valley into which the Anius precipitates itself. A steep footpath to the grotto of the syrens, close to the fall of the river, from which we might have looked down the precipice into the bason, has been closed by the fall of some excavated rocks ; but though denied admittance here, we find ample amends in the rich treasures which Nature has spread before us. The rock crowned with two temples, at the feet of which the foaming Anius darts into a cavern of rocks ; on the ridge of the mount, a city ; the narrow valley, and the steep ascent covered with hanging vineyards and olives ; enlivened by cheerful children climbing to gather the fruit, and with smiles looking after the small stone, loosened by

their footstep, which darts into the precipice ; on the right-hand, a grotto formed by rocks, shaded with ivy, and immense aloe-trees planted here and there on eminences : these are the objects which present themselves till we reach the cascades concealed hitherto by a thick cloud of water proceeding from the fall. Sportive nymphs seem to have chosen here their seats : some are discovered higher, some lower ; some here, some there ; but they all have thrown down their urn. Streams and rivulets falling from precipice to precipice ; either angrily embracing a small piece of rock that opposes their course, or gliding over it, and in their sudden fall spreading a fan painted with rainbows by the reflection of the sun ; such are the pleasing scenes of this beautiful spot. I shall not attempt to describe the whole of it : this would be impossible, on account of its varying at every step. Now we have a full view ; then we see only the silver stream stealing from behind some pale green olive-trees : now we discover, between the crooked branches of



a tree, the water falling, with a fleecy appearance, from a hill; or view the combat of the waves with the rocks in the abyss. We should proceed but slowly here, for by every step we lose an enjoyment. Some of the nymphs seem to have quarrelled with their sisters, and have chosen a distant and more sequestered spot. One of them opens her fountain near the villa of Mecnas, on the ridge of the mount.—We are tempted continually to exclaim: “Oh, that we could fix our habitation here!” But what pleasure would even a palace afford, if destitute of good and worthy companions or neighbours? for I cannot let it pass unnoticed, that, while enjoying these scenes, we are continually pestered by the odious *Date me qualchi cosa* (“Give me something”). They are not beggars in rags that assail us: no; the decent labourers in the field, as soon as they see a stranger, instantly leave their work, and surrounded by their healthy well-fed children (that have also quitted their play), pursue him with shameless impudence.

On our return we pass the ruins of the ancient villa of Quintilius Varus, and a temple which is a well-preserved rotunda. Some bigot had painted a Madonna on its walls. I hastened away, and returned to the humbled capital of the world.

All the painters of landscapes who travel to Italy, seem to have agreed in copying the cascade of Tivoli. I had seen a hundred of these copies before I arrived there, and was sorry for it, for I feared it would take away from the surprise at viewing the scene itself: but I was greatly mistaken. No pencil will attain the beauty of nature; and I have been confirmed in my former opinion, that a landscape-painter may be able to paint a calm at sea, or a quiet river, but will never succeed in a waterfall, in which he can express neither the noise nor the continual motion, which are its greatest beauties.

#### THE PICTURE GALLERY OF DORIA.

A SOVEREIGN prince might be proud of this collection; which does not yield to any

in Europe in point of number or value, if we may rely on the celebrated names to which the cicerone so frequently attributes the paintings. A long gallery, ornamented in the taste of the sixteenth century, forming a regular square, and twelve or thirteen rooms adjoining it, contain above a thousand pictures. None of them are described as possessing mediocrity only : they are *stupendous* and *wonderful* without exception ; but we must not attach implicit belief to these epithets. The family of Doria, highly renowned in history, has been long in collecting them. Clauses of wills, and hereditary compacts, have prevented their being sold.—The whole of the palace, its marble flooring, and its heavy velvet curtains, are marks of its real antique magnificence ; yet many of the rooms want light. My readers will not refuse to take a cursory view of its treasures ; as I shall only stop, according to my custom, where sound imagination joined with art excites my admiration, or raises my sympathy.

The first and second saloon are filled with

landscapes, mostly by Poussin. A lover of these objects will find great satisfaction here; but I prefer the landscapes spread before our eyes by Nature, and will only cast one look upon these treasures, which frequently boast of black trees and indigo-blue skies, that are esteemed vastly beautiful. Poussin has enlivened some of them by figures, but his choice has not been very happy.—The fratricide Cain, a painting by Gasparo, of the natural size, is beautiful: but the ass's jaw-bone (or whatever other bone it may be) in Cain's hand is faulty; for the Scripture mentions a club as his weapon, nor was any animal found dead on the earth in these times. Besides, the bone in Cain's hand has the same effect as a dog tied to a triumphal car would produce.

In the third room hangs a painting of the Deluge, by an artist of the Venetian school. The subject is not well chosen. We see a crowd of sufferers confusedly dispersed, and the eye wishes in vain to assemble them in order to form a connected

scene. We only feel that the subject is above the powers of painting. I recollect having seen it at Paris done by Poussin; but the whole interest was there concentrated in a single group, which had a good effect on this account. What I said of the Deluge equally applies to battles; for who can find any connection in the confused mixture which these generally represent? A single combat may be painted, but not a battle.

The gallery is very rich in portraits from the hand of celebrated masters; as Titian, Rubens, the unequalled Vandyke, and several others. We stop with pleasure to behold these portraits; they seem to live, to speak, to move.---A Machiavel, by Andrea del Sarto, is a most expressive countenance. This must have been the very look of that penetrating man; whom fools alone call wicked, because he has taught princes how to govern fools.---Bartolus and Baldus, two famous lawyers, are painted by Raphael. How different are their countenances from that of the penetrating

Machiavel ! We cannot mistake in them the vigorous disputants.---A Jansen, by Titian. I should not have expected such marks of mildness and calm reflection in the leader of a sect.---The beloved Wife of Rubens, painted by himself, is very beautiful. Her eyes bespeak her affectionate and intelligent mind.---Holbein and his Wife, done by himself. He seems to have been fond both of flowers and of money ; for he has put into one of his hands a pink, and in the other a purse.---The Confessor of Rubens, painted by that master, will serve, if the orders of monks should become extinct, to give posterity an idea of how these men looked.---Pope Pamfili, by Diego Velasquez, is an admirable picture, of great effect. The head, body, and limbs, are wrapt up in purple, and every thing is purple ; even the face is of a reddish tint. Yet, in spite of this uniformity, the countenance has a power and energy which bespeak the great talent of the painter.---Leonardo da Vinci has painted a charming woman. Her eyes speak love : she breathes

love. But nature is often deceitful in the female countenance. This is queen Johanna of Naples; the impure murderer of her husband, and a disgrace to her sex. Why did Leonardo, the friend of the good Francis the First, profane his pencil by this portrait?---Let us hasten to that of an elderly lady by Vandyke. She seems to be one of our old acquaintances: she is a chattering good old woman, and wishes to converse with us. She waits eagerly for an opportunity to do so. Let us speak to her: she will certainly answer us; and every thing she says will be so good-natured, that we shall hardly leave her.---These are the principal portraits. A head of Christ bearing the Cross, by Franzi Pani, is among the best of them. I never saw pious submission so well expressed. The same may be said of saint Veronica. Many portraits of ancient masters are assembled here, which shew the endeavours of art to overstep its childhood.

The Visit of the Holy Virgin to Elizabeth, by Benvenuto Garafolo, reflects ho-

hour upon this master ; bnt how was it possible for Mary to walk so far in so heavy a dress?---A Magdalen, by Titian, is beautiful. The artist was enchanted with his own picture, and copied it frequently. One of these copies is shewn here.---A Saint Rochus, as a sick pilgrim, by Schidone, distinguishes itself ; but the greatest genius is too often fettered in its performances by the little symbols of the Roman-catholic religion.---A Woman catching Flies by the light of a Lamp, is very curious ; but how an artist could paint such a scene *con amore*, I cannot conceive. The flies are of a preposterous size.---A Neapolitan Lazarone selling Melons, by Caravaggio, is a fine picture.--The Repentant Prodigal, by Guercino, is very expressive ; but the head of the father is insignificant.---An Agnes, by the same master, deserves praise ; but an athletic Samson drinking water from the jaw-bone of the ass, is a repugnant idea.---A Madonna reclining on her Sleeping Infant, by Guido, is extolled beyond bounds. The posture is certainly beauti-



ful : but I should prefer a Holy Family, by Sasso Ferrato ; for the expression of maternal tenderness in the Virgin pressing the child to her bosom, and of piety in the look of Joseph, is exquisite. Sasso Ferrato painted only Madonnas ; and succeeded in every one of them so well, that a stranger would almost suspect the painter to have been a woman and a mother.---A Bathsheba bathing, having just received a love-letter from David, painted by a German artist, is much criticized, but I think the hands and feet of the woman are very pretty.---I mention a Judith, by Guido, in order to protest against the horrid custom of putting a bloody head into the hands of a beautiful woman, and of representing her with triumphant looks, which must disgust every feeling heart. No woman, not even a Charlotte Corday, could bear in her countenance the marks of so much female composure after performing such an unwomanish deed.---One of the principal paintings is an Abraham sacrificing his Son. After once seeing the head of the

old patriarch and this youth almost expiring, we shall never forget them.—If we wish to quit this gallery in a cheerful humour, we may view the Peasant's Marriage Feast by Teniers, and the Four Misers by Mareschalco D'Anversa. The ladies will certainly be much pleased with this latter picture, as it owes its origin to the power of love, to which the fair ones were never inimical. The author was a farrier; but fell in love with the daughter of a painter, who refused the poor mechanic, saying that he would bestow the hand of his daughter upon nobody but a painter. To turn a farrier into a painter, is no great task for love: it has effected far greater miracles. The farrier (D'Anversa) exchanged his iron hammer for a pencil, and soon surpassed his father-in-law, of whom nothing has remained but the remembrance of his pride.

I have now mentioned what pleased me most in this gallery. There are a multitude of exquisite paintings besides, which may give the highest satisfaction to others: at

least the names of Annibal Caracci, Paul Veronese, Lantranco, Vasari, Spagnoletti, and several more mentioned as their authors, give room for that expectation.

#### · THE VILLA OF MEDICIS.

THIS villa was built by pope Leo the Eleventh, of the family of Medicis. It formerly boasted of the most capital monuments of art, but these are now removed to Florence. The excellent view of the city and of the neighbouring country, however, which it commands, could not be taken away ; and it received new lustre by the French academy of the fine arts, founded in 1666 by Lewis the Fourteenth, now established here.

This institution consists of sixteen pensionaries (either painters, sculptors, or architects) who have obtained prizes, and who, in further reward of their merit, are then maintained five years in Italy at the expence of the French government. Every one of them has given proofs of his genius :

and they will not disappoint the great hopes of their country, unless they are snatched away by a premature death; the frequent consequence of the situation of the villa, which in summer receives the pernicious exhalations of the Campagna Romana in full force.

The president, who was formerly a pupil, is M. Suvée, a gentleman of knowledge, taste, and politeness. When he took possession of this palace, about eighteen months ago, it was without either doors or windows; but in that short period he has made it into a new and comfortable dwelling, though it is not quite finished yet. He has ornamented the long gallery with excellent copies of the most celebrated antiques; some of which have duplicates, on account of their originals being in foreign countries, and it being therefore difficult to repair an accident or loss of them. By a secret chemical process he has taken from these copies the yellowish dirty colour, and has rendered them so white that they can hardly be distinguish-

ed from marble. The statue of Minerva lately discovered at Velletri, is set up here ; but it does not deserve all the praises which have been bestowed upon it.

The copies of the ancient pillar of Trajan, made by order of the king of France, broken in pieces, were once dispersed here, and nobody took any notice of them. When the Neapolitans got possession of Rome, they threw them on waggons like old rubbish, and removed them to Naples. On the representation of monsieur Suvée they have been delivered up again, but in what state the reader may easily guess. Suvée has fastened the fragments on the walls by means of brickwork ; and has thus preserved a noble monument of antiquity, which, by being daily exposed to the changes of weather, will soon decay. It does not exist any where else in a copy.

Several apartments are filled with statues and bas-reliefs. One of them contains only sculptures of the new school ; from Michael Angelo, Bernini, &c. : but they lose greatly in a comparison with the masterly works of

**Grecian artists.**—The pensionaries have very comfortable chambers allotted them in the upper story. Those of the pupils in architecture command the view of the city; and those of the painters, the view of the country.

I must mention here a particular quality of the Italian clay, which will give great trouble to artists unacquainted with it. This clay is easily moulded; but when dry is very brittle, and does not join well. The smallest model, therefore, must be secured inside by wire, or it will suddenly come to pieces. An artist having finished a large group one day, was nearly killed by its sudden fall on his passing it.

#### THE VILLA LODOVICI.

THE proprietor of this villa is somewhat difficult in granting permission to view it. We must pay him a visit, and leave a card, which will be returned with something indifferently written on it that contains a permission.

We repent of having taken so much pains, when we see the park ; for, as I have observed before, it is a true lazaretto of antiques. We shall, however, be somewhat reconciled with a group of Menelaus (as the Greek inscription calls it). The connoisseurs differ in the explanation of its historical subject. It represents a handsome but middle-aged woman, looking with tenderness on a youth, and flinging her arm round his neck while he gazes on her with filial love. Some call them Electra and Orestes ; but this is not the look of a sister, nor is there a single mark of revenge visible in the countenance of the woman. Others take it for a Papirius betraying to his mother the secrets of the state ; yet this is not the look of a person listening to such a discovery. Others call them Phædra and Hippolitus ; but this eye bespeaks maternal love alone, no impure thought is impressed on it. I think all these hypotheses erroneous, but do not know a better one to substitute for them.

A second group, representing a man who has stabbed a young female, and now raises his arm to stab himself, is called Pætus and Arria. But why should Pætus turn his countenance from his dying wife, and look on some distant object as if in expectation? — Another hypothesis concerning this group is at least more consistent. It supposes the female figure to represent a princess in a castle besieged by enemies. A faithful slave was charged to stab her in case of the castle-walls being sealed, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy. He executes the charge; and stabs himself to escape the approaching conquerors, whom he discovers on the walls. The attitude of the slave is distorted, and we do not discover any wound on the female; a few drops of blood only are visible on the drapery near her shoulder. The connoisseurs esteem this a proof of great delicacy in the artist, for thus intimating that the slave has not dared to pierce the chaste bosom of his mistress. I think this very ridiculous. I suppose some historical fact is alluded to.



Besides these principal works, we also meet with a gladiator seated, of capital workmanship; and a fine head of Juno. A small building in the middle of the park contains several excellent fresco paintings by Guercino, in which I particularly distinguished an Aurora strewing flowers. Two landscapes by Dominichino do not evince great talents.

The architecture of the villa is bad and old-fashioned, like the houses of the Italian nobility in general. They do not know how to join comfort and taste in their furniture, &c. but always shew their ridiculous vanity instead, for they put up their arms and titles in every corner. Over every door of this palace we find the name of the cardinal Lodovici, at full length, with all his titles annexed.

A petrified human skeleton is preserved here in a drawer; but it is only encrusted with stone.

## MONTE CAVALLLO.

THE principal ornaments of this public place are the two colossal hippodami ; for so I should call them without troubling myself whether they are Castor and Pollux, or Alexander the Great breaking in his Bucephalus. This latter idea is inconsistent ; as the work is the performance of Phidias, who had immortalized himself long before the time of that hero. Its style and execution are exactly the same with that of the bas-reliefs copied at Athens by Choiseul ; the originals of which have been carried to England by lord Elgin, if I do not mistake. The pedestal of the other piece bears the name of Praxiteles ; which has been engraved, I suppose, for want of another worthy of standing near that of Phidias.

Both these groups have been removed from Alexandria to Rome by Nero or Constantine, if report speaks true. They are excellent monuments of antiquity ; yet we may discover some apparent faults.

The right hand of the statue by Phidias, for instance, is much bigger than the left, and the left eye lies deeper in the socket than the right. But we do not observe this when looking from below, and the perspective rendered these disproportions necessary.

On the shoulders of these figures we perceive a large hole, now filled up. Some iron bars supporting a thatch were probably fastened there to shelter the statues against the rain ; a custom which was very common among the ancients, but must have produced a curious appearance. Being now bereft of this covering, they suffer greatly by the weather, and will in a few centuries offer only shapeless fragments ; yet no one thinks of copying them. An Englishman alone has done so ; but he took the copies to England, and thus they are lost to this country.

Why the artist should have made the horses so small, I cannot understand. If their leaders should mount them, their feet would touch the ground.

The figures do not appear so colossal from below as they really are ; for a man of middle size reaches only up to their knees.—The good people of Rome have placed an obelisk of red granite between these groups, which does not accord with them by any means.

## THE CHAMBERS OF THE DEAD.

I WENT into the church of the Capuchins, to see a painting of Guido representing the archangel Michael holding one of the devils by a chain. My pleasure was greatly interrupted by the Capuchins assembled here. A lay-brother, the valet of cardinal Bernis, had just died, leaving a considerable property. The monks, after having put the body into a *capouche* and carried it hither, stood now round the bier, with a number of ridiculous ceremonies.

My guide having mentioned the burial-place of the Capuchins as something very extraordinary, this raised my curiosity. Yet I never thought of meeting with a scene like that which struck me there. I

shall never forget the impression which it made on me. The reader must expect neither church-yard, nor vault, nor cellar, nor cavern. In a lower story of the convent, not quite under ground, there is a range of arched chambers, with several windows looking into the garden of the convent, and all opened. I never breathed a purer air than here ; and certainly I was in need of it, for the aspect was of itself sufficiently oppressive. A passage running down close under the windows, is allotted for the living that may wander here ; and is separated by a small balustrade from the lower vaults, the quiet regions of death. Every arched room beyond this balustrade, appears like a grotto ; and each is laid out with human bones, and provided with niches. In every one of these niches we discover a dead Capuchin, dressed in his capouche, and with a long beard ; for the dead bodies buried here do not suffer putrefaction, but only dry up. The best-preserved are placed in these niches. On each of the skinny carcasses there is a ticket,

bearing the name, and the hour of death, of its possessor.

The apartments for this purpose are very small, yet harbour hundreds of such tenants. They lie here till they are dried up ; when they are brought to light again, in order to yield their former spaces to their successors. A small plain black cross marks every grave. The ceiling is ornamented with arabesks consisting of human bones. A pretty large cross is composed entirely of the small bones under the throat. Several girandoles with long branches, and lamps of different sizes, all hang down. Sconces of the same composition decorate the passage running along these places.

These chambers are all set out in different styles. One was decorated with skulls only, another with hip-bones, and so on. We raised the *capouche* of one of the corpses, and discovered underneath it a skin very much like yellow parchment. Each of them carries a light in its hand, and every girandole and sconce is provided in the same manner ; which must have a

strange and solemn effect at night. No foreigner should neglect to visit these last retreats of humanity, where thousands of his fellow-creatures peacefully dwell near or above each other. The emperor Joseph has been here ; and I wish every prince who visits Rome would do the same.

From the fourth grotto a door opens into a small chapel, where mass for the dead is said. It is laid out like the the other rooms, but with a more sparing hand. The reflections of the stranger are here interrupted by the discovery of some very indifferent sonnets on the frailty of human life, inscribed on the walls.

On leaving the chambers of the dead, we may cast a look on some fine paintings by Peter of Cortona and Dominichino Lanfranco in the church, to dispel our gloom ; and may view the altar containing the remains of Justinus, a saint who is reported to have been at once a christian martyr and a philosopher.

## THE PALACE BARBERINI.

THE portrait, the arms, and the cypher, of Urban the Eighth, appear in every corner of this palace ; and every room reminds the visitor that a Barberini has been a pope. The palace is rich in paintings, statues, and bad old-fashioned furniture as usual. Peter of Cortona has daubed his masterpiece on the ceiling of a large saloon : this is, the arms of the family Barberini carried up by the Virtues to heaven. What a miserable idea !

I should tire the reader by a circumstantial account of what I saw here. A beautiful antique lion in marble, on the grand stair-case ; a painting by Da Vinci, representing Vanity and Modesty, two beautiful figures without a grain of either modesty or vanity in their features ; a Magdalen, by Guido ; the young Baker's Daughter ; Raphael's favourite Maid, painted by himself ; and some others ; will in-



terest the friend of the arts. The walls of the room are indeed covered with pictures; but we must expect a great deal of trash among them, for the great families here are contented with one or two good pieces in a room, and are indifferent as to all the rest.

The collection of antiques boasts of a Faun, the only one which is known to have served as an ornament to the tomb of Adrian (now the citadel of St. Michael). Notwithstanding its indecent attitude, it is esteemed a masterpiece of a Grecian artist, inferior to none. It was sold during the revolution to the sculptor Pavetti for a trifle, who has restored it. A lawsuit had been instituted by the Roman government in order to have the bargain annulled; but Pavetti, to escape trouble, addressed himself to the brother of the new French emperor, who was inclined to purchase it. The pope, however, threatened Pavetti that the lawsuit should be decided against him, and by this art of despotism one of the most beautiful remains of Greek sculpture

has been preserved within the walls of Rome. A portrait of this pope (Barberini) in one of the rooms does not belie the meanness of the man.—Another antique statue, though of less value, is remarkable for the peculiarity of the subject. It is Brutus bearing the heads of his two decapitated sons in his arms. The whole is very displeasing, and on this account the ancients have probably not repeated the subject in sculpture.

The library of the palace is said to contain fifty thousand volumes, and several thousands of manuscripts. It is open for public inspection every Monday and Thursday, but nobody visits it.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury-square.

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