

A CLASSICAL TOUR THROUGH
ITALY.

CLASSICAL TOUR THROUGH ITALY.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE;

SEVENTH EDITION,

WITH AN ADDITIONAL PREFACE, AND TRANSLATIONS OF THE VARIOUS
QUOTATIONS FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH PLANS OF CHURCHES, AN INDEX, &c.

Hæc est Italia diis sacra, hæ gentis ejus, hæc oppid' & populorum.

PLIN. Nat. Hist. iii. 29.

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A

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CHAPTER I,

The Basilica Vaticana, or St. Peter's,

To the Vatican we shall now turn and close our account of Roman churches, by a faint and imperfect description of some of the glories of this unrivalled fabric, the boast of modern skill and trophy of the united arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The Basilica of St. Peter was the first and noblest religious edifice erected by Constantine. It stood on part of the circus of Nero, and was supposed to occupy a spot consecrated by the blood of numberless martyrs exposed or slaughtered in that place of public amusement by order of the tyrant*.

* This supposition is far from being groundless, as appears from the words of Tacitus speaking of the persecutions of Nero:—Ergo abolendo rumori (jussu incendio Romæ) Nero subdidit reos et, quæsitissimis penis adfecit, quos per flagitia invisos, vulgus Christianos appellabat. * * * Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contacti laniatu canum interirant aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur. *Hortus suos* ei spectaculo Nero obtulerat et *circense* ludicrum edebat, habitu aurigæ permixtus plebi, vel curriculo insistens.—TACIT. ANN. xv. 44.

Therefore, in order to do away the report (of the city having

But its principal and exclusive advantage was the possession of the body of St. Peter; a circumstance which raised it in credit and consideration above the Basilica Lateranensis, dignified its threshold with the honourable appellation of the *Limina Apostolorum* (the Threshold of the Apostles), and secured to it the first place in the affection and reverence of the Christian world. Not only monks and bishops, but princes and emperors visited its sanctuary with devotion, and even kissed as they approached the marble steps that led to its portal. Nor was this reverence confined to the orthodox monarchs who sat on the throne of the founder; it extended to barbarians, and more than once converted a cruel invader into a suppliant votary. The Vandal Genseric, whose heart seldom felt emotions of mercy, while he plundered every house and temple with unrelenting fury, spared the treasures deposited under the roof of the Vatican Basilica, and even allowed the plate of the churches to be carried in solemn pomp to its inviolable altars. Totila, who in a moment of vengeance had sworn that he would bury the glory and the memory of Rome in its ashes, listened to the admonitions of the pontiff, and resigned his fury at the tomb of the Apostles.

Every age, as it passed over the Vatican, seemed to add to its holiness and its dignity; and the coronation of an emperor, or the installation of a pope,

been set fire to by his orders), Nero accused, and inflicted the most exquisite punishments upon a set of people, odious on account of their crimes, whom the vulgar called Christians. * * * Mockery was added to the torments of the dying, for they were covered with the skins of wild beasts that they might be torn in pieces by dogs, or were nailed to crosses or set on fire, that when daylight disappeared they might serve instead of lamps. Nero lent his gardens for the spectacle, and gave a show of Circensian games, mixing with the mob, or standing on his chariot, in the habit of a charioteer.

the deposition of the remains of a prince, or the enshrinement of the reliques of a saint, appeared as so many tributes paid to its supereminence, and gave it so many new claims to the veneration of the Christian world. At length, however, after eleven centuries of glory, the walls of the ancient Basilica began to give way, and symptoms of approaching ruin were become so visible about the year 1450, that Nicholas V. conceived the project of taking down the old church, and erecting in its stead a new and more extensive structure. However, though the work was begun, yet it was carried on with feebleness and uncertainty during more than half a century, till Julius II. ascended the papal throne, and resumed the great undertaking with that spirit and decision which distinguished all the measures of his active pontificate. Great princes generally find or create the talents requisite for their purposes, and Julius discovered in Bramante an architect capable of comprehending and executing his grandest conceptions. A plan was presented and approved. The walls of the ancient Basilica were taken down, and on the 18th of April 1508, the foundation-stone of one of the vast pillars that support the dome was laid by Julius, with all the pomp and ceremony that became such an interesting occurrence. From that period the work, though carried on with ardour and perseverance, yet continued during the space of one hundred years to occupy the attention and absorb the income of eighteen pontiffs. I might have augmented this number by the addition of the names of Urban VIII., Alexander VII., and their successors down to Benedict XIII., who all contributed to the erection, embellishment, and completion, of the superb colonnade that opens before the church, and adds so much to its majesty. The popes who have

since followed have not been entirely inactive, but have endeavoured, each according to his ability, to acquire a share in the glory and duration of this edifice by some decoration or improvement. In fine, the late Pious VI. built the sacristy, and by this necessary appendage, which had till then been wanting, may be considered as having accomplished the grand undertaking, and given the Basilica Vaticana its full perfection.

Of the whole, it would not be exaggeration to assert, that nearly three hundred years elapsed, and five-and-thirty pontiffs reigned, from the period of the commencement to that of the termination of this stupendous fabric. The most celebrated architects of modern times had an opportunity of displaying their talents and immortalising their names in the prosecution of the work; and Bramante, Raffaele, San Gallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Carlo Maderno, and Bernini, not to speak of others of less reputation, laboured successively in its promotion or consummation.

To calculate the expense with any great precision would be difficult; but from the best information that has been collected on the subject, we may venture to state, that, however enormous the sum may appear, the expediture must have amounted to at least twelve millions sterling; and when we consider that the marbles, bronze, and other valuable materials employed in its decoration, are not only uncommon, but scarcely known out of Rome, we may add that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital. From the latter observation we may infer, that if a convulsion of nature, or what is still more to be dreaded, an explosion of human malignity, should shatter or destroy this admirable fabric, many ages must elapse, and

numberless generations pass away, before means could be collected, or talents found to restore it, or to erect another of equal magnificence.

What then will be the astonishment, or rather the horror of my reader, when I inform him that this unrivalled temple, the triumph and masterpiece of modern skill, the noblest specimen of the genius and the powers of man, was, during the late French invasion, made an object of rapacious speculation, and doomed to ruin. Yet such is the fact. When the exhausted income of the state, and the plunder of all the public establishments, were found unequal to the avarice of the generals, and to the increasing wants of the soldiers, the French committee turned its attention to St. Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze, that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside. The interior ornaments might perhaps have been removed without any essential or irreparable damage to the body of the fabric; but to strip it of its external covering was to expose it to the injuries of the weather, and to devote it to certain destruction; especially as the papal government, when restored, had not the means of repairing the mischief. But Providence interposed, and the hand of the Omnipotent was extended to protect his temple. Before the work of sacrilege and barbarism could be commenced, the French army, alarmed by the approach of the allies, retired with precipitation, and St. Peter stands!

From the bridge and Castel de St. Angelo, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court or portico, and part of the Basilica*. When the spectator approaches

* The late pope had some thoughts of widening this street, and giving it throughout an expansion equal to the entrance of the

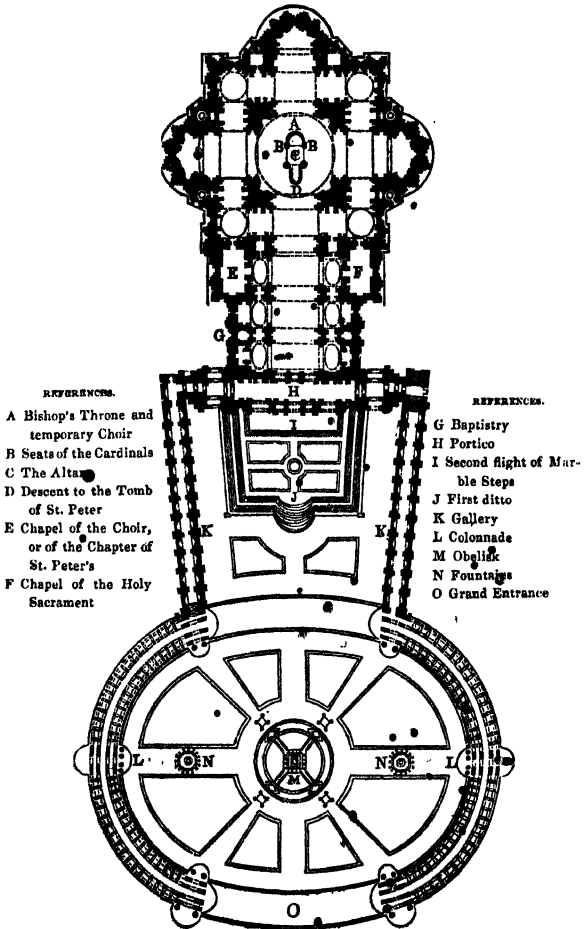
At the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars, *sweeping* off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade*, an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of one hundred and thirty feet; two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the basins of porphyry that receive them. Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps†, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind and above it rises the matchless Dome, the justly celebrated *wonder of Rome* and *of the world*. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two less cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty, of the principal dome.

portico, so that the colonnade, fountains, obelisk, and church would thus burst at once upon the eye of the spectator when he turned from the bridge. Though the approach to St. Peter's is already sufficiently noble, yet this alteration would without doubt have added much to its magnificence. The invasion of the French, and the consequent distressing events, suspended the execution of this and many similar plans of improvement,

* This colonnade, with its entablature, balustrade, and statues, is seventy feet in height.

† [These steps are only *partly* of marble.—Ed.]

BASILICA VATICANA, OR ST. PETER'S.



The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which such an approach must naturally have raised*. Five lofty portals open into the portico or vestibulum, a gallery in dimensions and decorations equal to the most spacious cathedrals. It is four hundred feet in length, seventy in height, and forty in breadth, paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault, adorned with pillars, pilasters, mosaic and basso relievos, and terminated at both ends by equestrian statues, one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne. A fountain at each extremity supplies a stream sufficient to keep a reservoir always full, in order to carry off every unseemly object, and perpetually refresh and purify the air and the pavement. Opposite the five portals of the vestibule are the five doors of the church; three are adorned with pillars of the finest marble; that in the middle has valves of bronze.

As you enter, you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you; advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splendour of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arcades with

* "Ad Basilicæ Vaticanæ vestibulum subsistimus; neque audeamus tam divinæ fabricæ majestatem rudi calamo violare. Sunt enim nonnulla, quæ nullo melius modo, quam stupore et silentio laudantur," says the learned Mabillon.—*Iter Italicum*.

We stopped at the vestibule of St. Peter's church; nor dare we with unhallowed pen violate the majesty of so divine a structure: for there are some things which are never more adequately praised than by amazement and silence.

"I saw St. Peter's," says Gray, "and was struck dumb with astonishment."

the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and standing in the centre of the church, contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you ; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of four hundred feet, extended like a firmament over your head, and presenting, in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose " throne high raised above all height " crowns the awful scene.

When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole, you will turn to the parts, the ornaments, and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed when compared to its stupendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately : six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the aisles, and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels, or, to speak more properly, as many churches. All these inferior cupolas are, like the grand dome itself, lined with mosaics ; many indeed of the masterpieces of painting which formerly graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals, impressed on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all around, and form a secondary and subservient order. The variegated walls are, in many places, ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions, repre-

venting the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church; but, in their size and accompaniments, so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan, than posterior additions. Some of these are much admired for their groups and exquisite sculpture, and form very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this noble temple.

The high altar stands under the dome, and thus as it is the most important, so it becomes the most striking object. In order to add to its relief and give it all its majesty, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome and in most of the cathedrals in Italy, a lofty canopy rises above it, and forms an intermediate break or repose for the eye between it and the immensity of the dome above. The form, materials, and magnitude of this decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar, and of course some distance from it, at the corners on four massive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars fifty feet in height, and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross. The whole soars to the elevation of one hundred and thirty-two feet from the pavement, and excepting the pedestals, is of Corinthian brass! the most lofty massive work of that or of any other metal now known. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel, and veiling the *Cathedral* or *Chair* of St. Peter. The ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal doctors of the

Greek and Latin churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne elevated to the height of seventy feet from the pavement; a circular window tinged with yellow throws from above a milder splendour around it, so that the whole not unfitly represents the pre-eminence of the apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples.

When I have added that every part and every ornament is kept, in the most perfect repair, that the most exact neatness and cleanliness is observable on all sides; that the windows are so managed as to throw over the whole a light, clear and distinct, yet soft and gentle, I shall leave the reader to imagine what an impression the contemplation of an edifice so glorious must make on the mind of a youthful or enthusiastic traveller.

Under the high altar of St. Peter's is the tomb of that apostle, formerly called the *Confession of St. Peter*, an appellation which it has communicated to the altar and its canopy. The descent to it is before, that is, to the west of the altar, where a large open space leaves room for a double flight of steps, and for an area before two brass folding-doors that admit into a vault, whose grated floor is directly over the tomb. The rails that surround this space above are adorned with one hundred and twelve bronze cornucopiæ, which serve as supporters to as many* silver lamps that burn perpetually in honour of the Apostle. The staircase, with its balustrade, the pavement of the little area, and the walls around, are all lined with alabaster, *lapis lazuli*, *verde antico*, and other kinds of the most beautiful marble. The pavement

[This is slightly inaccurate, as there are only *eighty-eight*, lamps.—Ed.]

Of the area is upon a level with the *Sacre Grotte* (Sacred grottos, or caves), though the regular entrance into those subterranean recesses is under one of the great pillars that support the dome.

The *Sacre Grotte* are the remains of the ancient church built by Constantine, the pavement of which was respected and preserved with all possible care during the demolition of the old and the construction of the new Basilica. They consist of several long winding galleries extending in various directions under the present building. They are venerable for their antiquity and contents; and if Addison never visited Westminster Abbey, or trod its gloomy cloisters without strong impressions of religious awe, I may be pardoned when I acknowledge that I felt myself penetrated with holy terror while, conducted by a priest in his surplice with a lighted torch in his hand, I ranged through these dormitories of the dead, lined with the urns of emperors and pontiffs, and almost paved with the remains of saints and martyrs. The intrepid Otho, the turbulent Alexander, and the polished Christina, lie mouldering near the hallowed ashes of the apostles Peter and Paul, of the holy pontiffs Linus, Silvester, and Adrian. The low vault closes over their porphyry tombs, and silence and darkness brood uninterrupted around them.

My awe increased as I approached the monument of the apostles themselves. Others may behold the mausoleum of an emperor, or of a consul, of a poet, or of an orator, with enthusiasm; for my part, I contemplated the sepulchre of these Christian heroes with heart-felt veneration. What, if a bold achievement, a useful invention, a well-fought battle, or a well-told tale, can entitle a man to the admiration of posterity, and shed a blaze of glory over his remains,

surely the courage, the constancy, the cruel sufferings, the triumphant death of these holy champions, must excite our admiration and our gratitude, ennoble the spot where their relics repose, and sanctify the very dust that imbibed their sacred blood. By sacrificing their lives to the propagation of truth, and to the reformation of mankind, they are become the patriots of the world at large, the common benefactors of their species, and in the truest and noblest sense, heroes and conquerors. How natural then for a Christian not only to cherish their names but to extend his grateful attention to their ashes, and his veneration even to their tombs.

Superba sordent Cæsares cadavera
 Quæcis urbis litaba: impii cultus ferax :
 Apostolorum gloriatur ossibus
 Fixamque adorat collibus suis crucep.
 Nunc, O cruore purpurata nobili
 Novisque felix Roma conditoribus,
 Horum tropæis aucta quanto, verius
 Regina fulges orbe toto civitas * !

Brev. Par.

Unnoticed dust, the Cæsars now are laid,
 To whom Rome's impious homage once was paid :
 But of the Apostles' tombs she proudly boasts,
 And vaunts the Cross, that towers through all her coasts.
 Now Rome, of many a martyr's blood possesser,
 And in thy second founders doubly blest,
 Enrich'd, ennobled by such spoils divine,
 The sceptre of the world is truly thine.

St. John Chrysostom makes an eloquent allusion to this tomb, when, speaking of the last day, he exclaims—*Ἐκεῖθεν ἀρπαγήσεται Παῦλος, ἐκεῖθεν Πέτρος. Ἐννοήσατε, καὶ φρίξατε, ὅσον ὄψεται θέαμα Ρώμῃ τὸν Παῦλον ἐξαίφνης ἄνιστάμενον ἀπὸ τῆς θήκης ἐκείνης μετὰ Πέτρου, καὶ αἰρόμενον εἰς τὴν ἀπάντησιν τοῦ Κυρίου.*
 ... And again, *Ἐγὼ καὶ τὴν Ρώμην διὰ τοῖσδε φιλῶ καὶ τοί γε αὐτὴν καὶ ἐτέρωθεν ἔχων ἐπαινεῖν, καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ μεγέθους, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρχαιότητος, καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ κάλλους, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς δυναστείας, καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ πλοῦτου, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν κατορθωμάτων τῶν ἐν πολέμῳ, ἀλλὰ πάντα ταῦτα ἀφείλ, διὰ τοῦτο αὐτὴν μακαρίζω, ὅτι (Παῦλος) καὶ ζῶν αὐτοῖς ἔγραφε, καὶ οὕτως αἰθεροὺς ἐφίλει, καὶ παρὼν αὐτοῖς*

The vestry or sacristy of St. Peter's is a most magnificent edifice, connected with the church by a long gallery, and adorned with numberless pillars,

διελέχθη, καὶ τὸν βίον ἐκεῖ κατέλυσε· διὸ καὶ ἐπίσημος ἡ πόλις ἐντεῦθεν μᾶλλον ἢ ἀπὸ τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάντων—διὰ ταῦτα θαυμάζει τὴν πόλιν, οὐ διὰ τὸν χρύσον τὸν πολὺν, οὐ διὰ τοὺς κίονας, οὐ διὰ τὴν ἄλλην φαντασίαν.—Τίς μὲν νῦν ἔβωκε περιχυθῆναι τῷ σώματι Παύλου, καὶ προσηλωθῆναι τῷ τάφῳ, καὶ τὴν κόνιν ἰδεῖν τοῦ στόματος ἐκείνου;—τὴν κόνιν τοῦ στόματος,—δι' οὗ ἐλάλει ἐναντίῳ βασιλέων, καὶ οὐκ ἠσχύνετο,—τυράννου ἐπεστόμισε,—τὴν οἰκουμένην τῷ Θεῷ προσήγαγε.—τὴν κόνιν τῆς καρδίας, ἣ οὕτω πλατεία ἦν ὡς καὶ πόλεις ολοκλήρους δέχεσθαι, καὶ δήμιους καὶ ἔθνη—τὴν καρδίαν ἐκείνην πυρουμένην καθ' ἕκαστον τῶν ἀπολλυμένων,—τὴν καινὴν ζήσασαν ζῶην, οὐ ταύτην τὴν ἡμέτεραν. Ζῶ γὰρ οὐκέτι ἐγὼ, ζῆ δὲ ἐν ἐμοί, φησὶν, ὁ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ.—Ἐβουλόμην τὴν κόνιν ἰδεῖν τῶν χειρῶν, ἧν ἐν ἀλύσει,—δι' ὧν ταῦτα τὰ γράμματα ἐγράφετο.—τὴν κόνιν τῶν ποδῶν περιδραμόντων τὴν οἰκουμένην, καὶ μὴ καμώντων.—Hom. in Epist. ad Rom.

“ From this place Paul, from this place Peter shall be snatched away. Consider and shudder, what a spectacle Rome will behold, Paul suddenly rising with Peter from that sepulchre, and carried up into the air to meet the Lord.

“ I honour Rome also for this reason; for though I could celebrate her praises on many other accounts—for her greatness, for her beauty, for her power, for her wealth, and for her exploits in war,—yet passing over all these things, I glorify her on this account, that Paul in his life-time wrote to them, and loved them, and was present with and conversed with them, and ended his life amongst them. Wherefore the city is on this account renowned more than on all others—on this account I admire her, not on account of her gold, her columns, or her other splendid decorations.—Who has now empowered me to embrace the body of Paul, and to rivet myself to his tomb, and to see the dust of his mouth? the dust of that mouth, with which he spoke before kings, and was not ashamed; with which he silenced tyrants, and made the whole world approach to God? the dust of his heart, which was so capacious as to embrace entire cities, and people, and nations; that heart which lived a new life, not this which we live; ‘for I no longer live,’ says he, ‘but Christ lives in me.’ I wished to see the dust of his hands, of those hands which were in bonds, and with which he wrote these epistles; the dust of those feet which traversed the universe, and were not weary.”—Homily on the Epistle to the Romans.

statues, paintings, and mosaics. It is in reality a large and spacious church, covered with a dome in the centre, and surrounded with various chapels, recesses and apartments adapted to the devotion and the accommodation of the pontiff, the dean of St. Peter's, and the members of its chapter. It was erected by the orders of the late Pope Pius VI. at an immense expense; and though in many respects liable to criticism, yet it is on the whole entitled to admiration.

From the lower part of the Basilica, we pass to the roof by a well lighted staircase, winding round with an ascent so gentle that beasts of burthen go up without inconvenience. When you reach the platform of the roof you are astonished with the number of cupolas, and domes, and pinnacles, that rise around you; with the galleries that spread on all sides, and the many apartments and staircases that appear in every quarter. Crowds of workmen are to be seen passing and repassing in every direction, and the whole has rather the form of a town than that of the roof of an edifice.

Here the traveller has an opportunity of examining closely and minutely the wonderful construction of the dome, and of discovering the skill and precision with which every part has been planned and executed. The vast platform of stone on which it reposes as on a solid rock; the lofty colonnade that rises on this platform, and by its resistance counteracts, as a continued buttress, the horizontal pressure of the dome, all of stone of such prodigious swell and circumference; the lantern which like a lofty temple sits on its towering summit; these are objects which must excite the astonishment of every spectator, but can be perfectly understood and properly described by none but by a skilful architect the-

roughly acquainted with the difficulties and the resources of his art*. The access to every part, and the ascent even to the inside of the ball, is perfectly safe and commodious. Those who wish to reach the cross on the outside, as some bold adventurers are said to have done, are exposed to considerable danger without attaining any advantage to justify their rashness†.

After having thus examined the upper parts, the interior and the subterraneous apartments of this edifice, the traveller will range round the outside and take a view of the external walls and termination. A large open space surrounds it, and affords room enough even for perspective. The order of the portico with its attic is carried in pilasters round the outside of the church, and gives it all the greatness

* The dome of St. Paul's is not calculated to give a just idea of that of St. Peter's. The inner dome of the former is of brick, and in shape not very unlike the conical form of a glass-house; the dome, to which the edifice owes all its external grandeur, is a mere wooden roof raised over the other at a considerable distance, and covered with copper, which conceals the poverty of its materials. Both the domes of the latter are of stone; they run up a considerable way together, and when they separate, they merely leave room enough for a narrow staircase between them, so that the traveller as he ascends touches both the domes with his elbows. They unite again at the top, and conjointly support the weight of the lantern.

† Some of the midshipmen of the *Medusa* frigate performed this feat with their usual spirit and agility. But this is not surprising in young tars.

Prodiga gens ultro lucis animæque capaces
Mortis?

Heroes prodigal of breath,
A thirst for glory, and despising death.

M. de la Lande talks of a French lady who some years before scrambled up the inclined ladder, mounted the ball and leaned on the cross, and did all this "avec une souplesse et une grace inconcevable" (with an inconceivable agility and grace). "I hope no English lady will ever emulate such *inconceivable grace*."

and majesty that result from unbroken unity. The only defect is the clusters of half or quarter pilasters, with their imperfect capitals and angular entablature crowded together in the corners. There are architects I know who consider these groups as ornamental, or at least as necessary, and of course as not incurring the appellation of defects. But, without discussing the principles of the art, they certainly offer too many angles, and consequently too many breaks to the sight, and may justly be termed, if not defects, at least deformities.

I have thus presented a general picture of this celebrated edifice, and dwelt with complacency on its unrivalled beauties. I may now be allowed to examine it with the eye of a critic, and venture to point out those parts which may be deemed liable to censure or capable of improvement. To begin with the colonnade. Every spectator of taste, while he contemplates and admires this most extensive and magnificent scene of pillars, regrets that Bernini, influenced without doubt by the love of novelty so fatal to the beauty of edifices and to the reputation of architects, instead of a simple and perfect order, should have employed a composite of his own invention. Surely the pure Doric of the Parthenon, the Ionic of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, and the Corinthian of the Pantheon, might have been adopted with more propriety and effect, than a fanciful combination of irregular Doric pillars and an Ionic entablature? To this defect Bernini has added another, by introducing too many pilasters, or, to speak more properly, massive piles that break the line unnecessarily, and increase the apparent weight without augmenting the solidity of the building.

The front of St. Peter's has been censured as having more of the appearance of a palace than of a

church; it is pierced with so many windows, divided into so many parts, and supported by so many half pillars and pilasters. This deformity, which is common to all the patriarchal churches in Rome, is in a great degree owing to the necessity which architects are under of providing a gallery for the ceremony of papal benediction, and thus of dividing the intercolumniation into arches and apartments. What a pity that such an extensive and magnificent front should be sacrificed to such an insignificant motive; especially as the ceremony in question might be performed with equal if not more effect from the grand entrance of the church itself! It is indeed much to be lamented that the original designs of Bramante and Michael Angelo were not executed, and the portico of St. Peter's built on the plan of that of the Pantheon; a plan that united simplicity with grandeur, and would have given to the Vatican a beauty and a majesty unblemished and unparalleled. But it is the fate of great architects to be counteracted by ignorant employers, and not unfrequently obliged to sacrifice their sublime conceptions to the bad taste, to the prejudice, or to the obstinacy of their contemporaries. The architect of St. Paul's shared the fate of that of St. Peter's, and had the mortification to see his bold and masterly designs tamed and disfigured by dulness and parsimony. The inscription on the frieze ought I think to be corrected, as below the dignity and destination of such a temple erected by the common father of all Christians, in their name and at their expense. Thus instead of "In honorem principis Apostolorum Paulus Borghesius Romanus*," it should read, "Deo optimo maximo in honorem principis Apostolorum Ecclesia Catho-

* Paul Borghese, a Roman, in honour of the Prince of the Apostles.

lica* ;" an inscription more worthy a temple which may justly be considered as the common property of the Christian world.

In traversing the nave one is tempted to wish, notwithstanding the beauty of the arcades, that pillars had been employed in their stead, a support more graceful as well as more majestic. What a superb colonnade would two such long and lofty rows of pillars have formed ! how much above all modern magnificence ! and even how superior to the proudest monument that remains of ancient grandeur !

It has been justly observed, that no statues ought to have been admitted into St. Peter's but such as represent the most distinguished benefactors of the Christian church, whose services have been generally felt, and whose names are held in universal veneration ; such as the apostles, the principal martyrs, the doctors of the first ages, and the most celebrated bishops. The forms of these ancient worthies, these "our fathers and masters of the faith," so well entitled to the most honourable places in every Christian temple, might have occupied the niches of the nave and the transept with much dignity, and would have been contemplated by every spectator with interest and reverence. But though these holy personages are not excluded, yet many a conspicuous niche is occupied by a saint of dubious origin or obscure name, whose existence may be questioned by many, and is unknown to me, and whose virtues at the best had but a local and temporary, that is, a very confined and very transient influence. Thus, of the four most remarkable niches in the whole church, of those which are formed in the piles that support the dome, and which of course face the

* To the Supreme Being, the Catholic Church, in honour of the Prince of the Apostles.

altar, two are filled by saints whose very names exist only in a legendary tale, I mean St. Veronica and St. Longinus; and a third is appropriated to St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, who, though a princess of great virtue and eminent piety, might stand with more propriety in the porch near the statue of her son.

As for the founders of religious orders, such as St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Ignatius, St. Bruno, &c., my different readers will entertain very different opinions, according as they may approve or disapprove of such institutions. Some will think them worthy of every honour even of a statue in the Vatican; others will conceive that they might be stationed without disrespect in the porch or colonnade; and without pretending to derogate from the merit of these extraordinary personages, I am inclined to favour this opinion. In reality, the statues of men of tried and acknowledged virtue and learning might guard the approaches and grace the porticoes of the august temple; but patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, alone should be admitted into the interior; they should line the sanctuary, and form an awful assembly round the throne of the victim Lamb. Statues so placed might edify the Catholic, and could not displease the sensible Protestant.

The doves, tiaras, medallions, &c., with which the sides of the arcades are encrusted, have been censured by many as ornaments too insignificant for the magnitude, and too gaudy for the solemnity, of the place. This criticism may be well founded; yet they give a variety and richness to the picture, so that the eye excuses, while the judgment points out the defect.

The pictures may be objected to on the same ground as the statues, as many of them represent persons and events totally unconnected with the

sacred records, and sometimes not to be met with even in the annals of authentic history. The candid and judicious Erasmus would have the subjects of all the pictures exhibited in churches taken exclusively from the holy Scriptures, while the histories of saints, when authentic, he thinks, might furnish decorations for porticoes, halls, and cloisters. It is a pity that this opinion, so conformable to good taste and to sound piety, has not been adopted and followed as a general rule in the embellishment of churches; as it would have banished from the sacred place many useless, some absurd, and a few profane representations. I do not pretend to hint that any of the mosaics above alluded to merit such severe epithets, but the Christian, when he enters St. Peter's, *the most magnificent edifice ever devoted to the purposes of religion*, may justly expect to find delineated on its walls the whole history of his faith, from the opening to the closing of the inspired volumes; to see portrayed in succession, as he advances, the mysterious transactions, the figures, the predictions, the allusions of the Old, with the corresponding events, the realities, the accomplishments, the coincidences of the New Testament; to discover the threats and promises, the discourses and parables, of his divine Master, embodied in living colours before him; and thus, as he casts his eyes around, to contemplate in this noble temple a faithful transcript of the Holy Book, speaking to his eyes in the most brilliant and impressive characters, combining and displaying in one glorious prospect before him the past and the future, the dispensations and the designs of Providence; in short, all that is grand and terrible, and all that is mild and engaging in his religion.

These, or similar expectations, will not certainly be entirely disappointed; as the mosaic decorations

of the numberless cupolas and chapels are in general selected and applied with wonderful judgment and felicity: but I regret that such excellent choice and arrangement do not prevail throughout the whole fabric; that an intermixture of representations, if not fabulous, at least controvertible, should break the succession of scripture events; and, while they add nothing to the incomparable beauty of the edifice, should take much away from the purity and correctness of its decorations. Such are the defects, real or imaginary, which critical observers have discovered in this wonderful pile; defects which, confined to ornamental or accessory parts, leave the grandeur and magnificence of the whole undiminished, and only prove that the proudest works of man are stamped with his characteristic imperfection.

To conclude—In magnitude, elevation, opulence, and beauty, the church of St. Peter has no rival, and bears no comparison: in neatness, cleanliness, and convenience, so necessary to the advantageous display of magnificence, if anywhere equalled, it can nowhere be surpassed. It is cool in summer, and in winter dry and warm: its portals are ever open, and every visitant, whether attracted by devotion or by curiosity, may range over it at leisure, and, without being molested or even noticed, either contemplate its beauties or pour out his prayers before its altars. Thus the Basilica Vaticana unites the perfection of art with the *beauty of holiness*, and may justly claim the affection and reverence of the traveller, both as the temple of taste and the sanctuary of religion.

OBSERVATIONS.

The only church which has been compared with St. Peter's is St. Paul's in London. If the latter be, as in many respects it is, the second church in the

world, yet it is far inferior to the former, and cannot without absurdity be put upon a parallel with it, as the impartial traveller who has examined both will readily acknowledge. In fact, the size, proportions, and materials of the two edifices, when put in opposition, show at one view how ill founded such a comparison must be.

	ST. PETER'S.			ST. PAUL'S.
Length	700 feet	-	-	500 feet
Transept	500	-	-	250
Height	440	-	-	340
Breadth of the nave	90	-	-	60
Height of the nave	154	-	-	120

The Portland stone of which St. Paul's is built, though in itself of a very beautiful colour, is yet inferior in appearance to the *travertino* of St. Peter's: especially as the latter retains its rich yellow glow uninjured, while the delicate white of the former is in most parts of the cathedral turned into a sooty black. The cold dark stone walls, the naked vaults, the faded paintings of the dome of St. Paul's, chill the spectator, and almost extinguish all sense of beauty and all emotions of admiration. The marble linings, the gilded arches, the splendid mosaics that emblazon St. Peter's, naturally dilate the mind, and awaken sentiments of wonder and delight.

The fronts of both these churches are disfigured by too many divisions, which by breaking the large mass into many small parts destroy all *greatness of manner*, and impair in no small degree the general grandeur and effect. Which of the two fronts is most deficient in this respect it is difficult to determine; on the defects of the Vatican I have expatiated above; those of St. Paul's are, the double gallery, the coupled pillars, and the composite cornice. The colonnade that surrounds the dome of St. Paul's,

though liable in its form, proportions, capitals, &c., to much criticism, is yet the noblest ornament of the edifice, and considered by many as superior in appearance to the coupled columns that occupy a similar situation in St. Peter's. It happens however unfortunately, that the decoration which contributes so much to the majesty of the exterior should take away from the beauty of the interior, and by masking the windows deprive the dome of the light requisite to show off its concavity to advantage. Yet, be the defects of St. Paul's even greater and more numerous than I have stated, it is on the whole a most extensive and stately edifice: it fixes the eye of the spectator as he passes by, and challenges his admiration: and even as 'next to the Vatican, though *lingo proximum intervallo**, it claims superiority over all the transalpine churches, and furnishes a just subject of national pride and exultation. I take this opportunity of expressing the public indignation at the manner in which this cathedral is kept, the dirt collected on the pavement and on the statues, the penurious spirit that, while it leaves the decoration of the dome to rot and peel off through damp and negligence, stations guards at the doors to tax the curiosity of strangers.

The church of St. Genevieve at Paris was expected to surpass St. Paul's and rival St. Peter's, as the best French architects were employed, and many years were consumed, in forming the plan and preparing the materials. But the expectations of the Parisian public had been raised too high, and were totally disappointed, when this edifice, which was to have eclipsed the most splendid fabrics of modern times, and put French architecture upon a level with that of Greece and Rome, was cleared of the scaf-

— Though the next, yet far disjoin'd.—DRYDEN.

folding and exhibited to public view. Some of the defects attributed to the two great churches above-mentioned have been avoided, particularly in the portico, which is built upon the model of that of the Pantheon, but very different from it in effect, as it wants boldness, mass, and elevation. The inside is in the shape of a Greek cross crowned with a dome in the centre. This figure is by many deemed the most perfect, because it expands better to the eye, and enables the spectator to take in its different parts at one view. However, this advantage is wanting in St. Genevieve, owing to the protrusion of the walls that support the dome, which protrusion, by detaching the parts from the centre, breaks the unity of the design, and gives the nave, choir, and transept, the appearance of so many great halls opening into a common area, rather than that of the component members of one great edifice. Besides, there are too many subdivisions, especially over the cornice, where, apparently to support the great vault, numberless little arches arise in forms so airy and unsubstantial as almost to border on arabesque. To these and other minute defects which we pass over we must add one of a much more important description, that is, want of solidity; a defect so extensively felt in the year 1802, as to excite serious apprehensions, and suspend, at least for a time, the works necessary for completing the building. When the traveller peruses the inscription that still remains on the frieze, "Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnoissante*," and recollects that the *country* here meant was the bloody faction of the jacobins, and the *great men* alluded to were the writers who prepared, or the assassins who accomplished, the revolution, Voltaire and Rousseau, Mirabeau and Marat, he will not regret that a church

* To great men, their grateful country.

this, profaned and turned into a Pandæmonium should tumble to the ground, and crush in its fall the impure carcasses that are still allowed to putrefy in its vaults.

After all, in materials, in boldness of conception, and in skill of execution, the cathedral of Florence is perhaps the edifice that borders nearest upon St. Peter's. It is also cased with marble, it is of the same form, and covered with a lofty dome of solid stone, and of such admirable construction, as to have furnished, if we may believe some authors, the idea and model of that of the Vatican. It was indeed finished long before the latter was begun, and was justly considered during the fifteenth century as the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. But in beauty, in symmetry, and in graceful architecture, it is far inferior not to St. Peter's only, but to numberless churches in Italy, and particularly in Rome, Venice, and Padua.

Santa Sophia of Constantinople may be considered as forming a link between ancient and modern architecture. It is true that in pure and correct taste, the boast of the Eastern capital has little in common with either, yet it was erected by a Roman emperor, and may be considered as the last effort of the art exerted under the influence of Roman greatness. Justinian, the founder of this church, is said to have been so proud of his work, that he thanked God in the exultation of his heart for having enabled him to raise a temple more magnificent than that of Solomon, and far transcending in splendour all the fanes of the Gentile divinities*. This celebrated edifice, although stripped of its Christian ornaments and degraded into a Turkish mosque, still retains its original form and essential architectural features.

* Gibbon, xl.

The elevation of the dome is one hundred and eighty feet, the length of the church is two hundred and sixty-nine, and its breadth two hundred and forty-three. These dimensions bear no proportion, I will not say to the Vatican, but to several other churches. The materials and ornaments seem indeed to have been splendid, but the want of taste in their application and arrangement, must have considerably diminished their effect. Before we leave Constantinople, whither we have been transported by our subject, we may be allowed to express a wish and even a hope, that the present generation may behold the cross restored to its ancient pre-eminence, the savage superstition of Mahomet banished from the verge of Christendom, and Santa Sophia restored to the pure worship of the Eternal Wisdom to whom it was originally dedicated.

The temple of Jerusalem, as rebuilt by Herod, was without doubt one of the most noble edifices which the world has ever beheld. The Romans themselves, though accustomed to the wonders of the imperial city, viewed it with astonishment, and Titus resolved to exempt its stately fabric from the general sentence of devastation. But man cannot save when God devotes to ruin; and Titus and Julian were the reluctant instruments employed by Providence in fulfilling to the letter that dreadful prediction, *a stone shall not be left upon a stone.*

Although the account given by Josephus* be obscure, and evidently influenced by the national and professional feelings of the writer, yet we may learn from it a sufficient number of circumstances to ascertain, not indeed the precise form, but the general grandeur of the edifice. According to this author, the platform on which it stood was a square of a

* Ant. Jud. xv. 14.—De Bello Judaico, vii. 10.

stadium, or about six hundred and twenty feet in every direction; this platform was raised on immense substructions enclosing Mount Moria on all sides; the court which surrounded the temple was adorned with a triple portico, each portico six hundred and twenty feet long, thirty feet wide, and fifty high, excepting the middle portico, which with the same length had double the breadth and elevation of the other two; in fine, the front of the temple itself resembled a magnificent palace. From this statement we may conclude, that the substruction and colonnades were the principal and most striking features of this fabric. The former were of great elevation* as they rose from the bottom of the valley, and of prodigious solidity, as they were formed of blocks of stone sixty feet long, nine thick, and ten broad †. The latter were supported by one hundred and sixty-two pillars, forty-five feet in height, between four and five in diameter, fluted Corinthian, and each of one single block of white marble. Of the rich furniture of the temple, of its gates, some of which were bronze and some covered with plates of gold, and of its ornaments in general, I make no mention, as its architectural beauty and magnitude are the only objects of my present observations. Now the whole extent of the platform on which the temple stood, with all its surrounding porticoes, is scarcely equal to the space covered by the church of St. Peter itself, and inferior to the circular part alone of the portico before it, which is seven hundred and

* Four hundred and fifty feet.

† To these astonishing masses allusion seems to be made in the first two verses of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark. "And as he was going out of the temple, one of his disciples said unto him, Master, look what stones and what buildings! And Jesus answering said, Beholdest thou these great buildings; there shall not be left stone upon stone that shall not be destroyed."

seventy feet in its greatest, and six hundred in its least diameter. It is supported by two hundred and eighty pillars, forty-five feet high, and with its entablature and statues it rises to the elevation of seventy. Thus in extent, height, and number of columns, it surpasses the Jewish portico, which enclosed the temple and all its edifices. Now, if we consider that this colonnade is a part only of the portico of St. Peter's, and if we add to it the galleries that connect it with the church, and enclose a space of three hundred and thirty feet by three hundred and eighty, and if to this vast field of architectural grandeur we superadd the fountains and the pyramids, we shall find that the appendages to the temple of Jerusalem must yield in greatness to those of the Roman Basilica. As to the front of the temple itself, and its similitude to that of a palace; in this respect St. Peter's unfortunately resembles it too much; but in extent it far exceeds it, as the former was scarcely one hundred and sixty feet in length, while the latter is four hundred*.

Among *pagan* temples not one can be put in competition with the Vatican for grandeur and magnitude. The two most famous were the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and that of Jupiter Capitolinus. Pliny the Elder has given us the dimensions of the former†. According to him it was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length and two hundred and twenty in breadth; it was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, sixty feet high, the eleva-

* The learned reader will perceive that in the elevation of the pillars, I have followed not perhaps the very words of Josephus, which are evidently incorrect, but the regular proportion of the Corinthian order, which was a constant and almost invariable standard, at least in the reign of Herod, when it was the prevailing and favourite order.

† Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 14.

tion of the edifice to the top of the pediment was of course eighty feet. The number of columns, without doubt of the richest materials, as each was the present of a king, and also disposed in the best order, must have produced a very noble effect, but this edifice was in all its dimensions far inferior to the Roman Basilica.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was nearly a square of two hundred feet, with a triple row of pillars in front, that is towards the Forum, and a double row on the sides. Here again, notwithstanding the splendour of such an assemblage of columns rising on such a site, the dimensions will admit of no comparison*. In fact, every edifice, whether in existence or on record, of whatsoever denomination, falls far short, in some respect or other, of the Basilica Vaticana, the grand temple of the Christian church; to render which as worthy as possible of its high destination, human ingenuity seems to have strained its powers, and art to have exhausted its resources.

CHAPTER II.

Pontifical Service—Papal Benediction—Ceremonies in the Holy Week—Observations—Original form of Churches.

AFTER having thus given a general account of St. Peter's, and endeavoured to sketch out its extent and beauty, I may be expected to describe the magnificent ceremonies of which it is the theatre, and pic-

* The temple of Olympic Jupiter, at Agrigentum, the ruins of which still remain, was certainly on a gigantic scale, but inferior in dimensions to the temple of Ephesus, and consequently not comparable to the Vatican. (See Swinburne on this Temple.)—I quote this traveller with pleasure, because my own observations enable me to bear testimony of his accuracy.

ture to the reader: the *pomp and circumstance of public worship*, grand in all cathedrals, but peculiarly majestic in this first and noblest of Christian temples. In fact, the same unwearied attention which has regulated the most minute details of the architecture and decorations extends itself to every part of divine service, and takes in even all the minutiae of ritual observance. The ancient Romans loved parade and public shows, and introduced processions, rich habits, and stately ceremonies, into all the branches of public administration, whether civil, military, or religious. This taste, so natural and so useful, because calculated, while it feasts the eye and the imagination, to cover the nakedness and littleness of man, and to clothe the individual with the dignity and the grandeur of the aggregate body, was infused into Christianity as soon as Christianity became the religion of the empire, and with it has been transmitted unaltered to the moderns. When, therefore, a traveller enters a Roman church, he must consider himself as transported back to ancient times, and expect to hear the language, and see the habits and the stately manners, of the Romans of the four first centuries. Some may find fault with the ceremonies, and others may feel some surprise at the dresses; but not to speak of the claim which their antiquity has to veneration, they both possess a grace and dignity that not unfrequently command the respect and admiration even of the most indifferent.

The daily service of St. Peter's is performed in a large and noble chapel, that might without impropriety be dignified with the appellation of a church, by a choir consisting of an archpriest, thirty-eight prebendaries, fifty minor canons or chaplains, besides clerks, choristers, and beadles. The grand altar

under the dome is reserved for the use of the pontiff, who on such occasions is always attended by the college of cardinals with their chaplains, the prelates attached to the court, and the papal choir, or musicians, who form what is called the pontiff's chapel, or *cappella papale*. As there is no regular chancel in St. Peter's, a temporary one is fitted up for such occasions behind the altar, of a semicircular form, covered with purple, and adorned with rich drapery. In the middle, raised on several steps, stands the pontifical chair. The seats of the cardinals and prelates form a curve on each side.

I must here observe, that the seat of the bishop in the ancient and patriarchal churches at Rome is raised very little above those of the clergy. That the bishops sometimes sat on a more elevated chair, even at a very early period, is clear from a canon of the fourth council of Carthage*, which expressly orders that bishops in the church and in the assemblies of the clergy should enjoy that distinction; but that it was not a general custom is equally evident from the practice of St. Martin, and the offence which the introduction of it into Gaul gave to Sulpicius Severus. "In ecclesia," says this historian, speaking of St. Martin, "nemo unquam illum sedere conspexit; sicut quemdam nuper (testor Dominum) non sine meo pudore vidi, sublimi solio quasi regio tribunali, celsa sede residentem†." However, in spite of the example of St. Martin and the censure of his disciple, the episcopal chair still continued to rise till it acquired the name, the elevation, and more

* An. 390.

† De Virt. B. Martini Dial. II.—"No one ever saw him sit in church, as I lately (I call the Lord to witness) saw, and was shamed to see, a certain person sitting aloft on an exalted throne, like the tribunal of a king."

than the usual splendour of a throne. It does not indeed seem to have reached its full magnificence till the middle of the last century, when it appears to have arrived at its acmè, not in Rome, as the reader may naturally imagine, but in the cathedral of Durham, where the lord bishop sits enthroned in far more than papal eminence, and looks down upon the choir, the congregation, the altar, and the pulpit.

When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, Whit Sunday, St. Peter and St. Paul, &c., the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession, formed of all the persons mentioned above, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself, seated in a chair of state supported by twenty valets half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar, he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre, seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions, his immediate attendants form a circle around him, clothe him in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently, makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus* or psalm of entrance;

the *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy upon us), and *Gloria in excelsis* (Glory in the highest), when the pontiff lays aside his tiara, and after having saluted the congregation in the usual form, *The Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflexion just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin, then in Greek; and after it, some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Alleluias, are sung to elevate the mind and prepare it for the gospel.

The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene Creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called "the preface," because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and he chaunts it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation, and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies," &c., are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an

awful silence reigns around, while in a low tone the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's Prayer, chaunted with a few emphatical inflexions.

Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture*: the deacons and sub-deacons then receive the communion under both kinds, the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

The pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the *Scala Regia* to the grand gallery in the middle of the front of St. Peter's. His immediate attendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery; the

* This is the only instance that exists, I believe, in the whole Catholic church, of receiving the holy sacrament *sitting*: it is a remnant of the primitive custom; but as that custom was suppressed at a very early period, perhaps even in the apostolic age itself, I see no reason for retaining it in one solitary occasion. Benedict XIII. could never be prevailed upon to conform to it, but always remained standing at the altar, according to the usual practice.

chant of the choir is heard at a distance ; the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns ; and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below fall on their knees ; the caunons of St. Angelo give a general discharge, while rising slowly from his throne, he lifts his hands to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city, and to all mankind ; a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears.

The ceremony is without doubt very grand, and considered by most travellers as a noble and becoming conclusion to the majestic service that precedes it. Everything concurs to render it interesting : the venerable character of the pontiff himself, the first bishop of the Christian church, issuing from the sanctuary of the noblest temple in the world, bearing the holiness of the mysteries, which he has just participated, imprinted on his countenance, offering up his supplication in behalf of his flock, his subjects, his brethren, his fellow-creatures, to the Father of all, through the Saviour and Mediator of all. Surely such a scene is both edifying and impressive.

The chaunt or music used by the papal choir, and indeed in most Catholic cathedrals and abbey churches, is, excepting in some instances, ancient. Gregory the Great, though not the author of it, collected it into a body and gave it the form in which it now appears. The chaunt of the psalms is simple and affecting, composed of Lydian, Phrygian, and other Greek and Roman tunes, without many notes, but with a sufficient inflexion to render them soft and plaintive, or bold and animating. St. Augustin, who was a good judge of music, represents himself as being melted

into tears by the psalms as then sung in the church of Milan under the direction of St. Ambrose, and seems to apprehend that the emotions produced by such harmonious airs might be too tender for the vigorous and manly spirit of Christian devotion*. As the transition from song to ordinary reading is flat and insipid, it cannot but take off much of the effect of the lecture; and moreover, as the common tone of voice is inadequate to the purposes of divine service in a large church, the ancients introduced a few modulations into the prayers and lectures just sufficient to raise and support the voice, to extend its reach, and to soften its cadences. These were taken from the different species of Roman declamations, and vary in number and solemnity according to the nature and importance of the lecture. In the lessons and epistles, the interrogations, exclamations, and periods only are marked by a corresponding rise or fall: the gospel has its variations more numerous and more dignified: the preface is rich in full melodious and solemn swells borrowed, as it is supposed, from the stately accents of Roman tragedy. The psalms, or to use an expression more appropriate, the anthems that commence the service, precede the gospel, usher in the offertory and follow the communion, together with the *Gloria in excelsis* (Glory in the highest) and creed, were set to more complicated and more laboured notes, but yet with all due regard to the sanctity of the place, the import of the words and the capacity of the hearers who were accustomed to join the song and to accompany the choir.*

This ancient music, which has long been known by the name of the Gregorian chaunt, so well adapted to the gravity of divine service, has been much disfigured in process of time by the bad taste of the

* Confess. ix. 6, 7; x. 33.

middle, and the false refinements of the latter ages. The first encumbered it with an endless succession of dull unmeaning notes, *dragging their slow length along*, and burthening the ear with a dead weight of sound ; the other infected it with the melting airs, the laboured execution, the effeminate graces of the orchestra, useless, to say the least, even in the theatre, but profane and almost sacrilegious in the church. Some care seems to have been taken to avoid these defects, in the papal choir. The general style and spirit of the ancient and primitive music have been retained, and some modern compositions of known and acknowledged merit, introduced on stated days and in certain circumstances. Of musical instruments, the organ only is admitted into St. Peter's, or rather into the papal chapel, and even that not always ; voices alone are employed in general, and as those voices are numerous, perfect in their kind, and in thorough unison with each other, and as the singers themselves are concealed from view, the effect is enchanting, and brings to mind *the celestial voices in full harmonic number joined*, that sometimes reached the ears of our first parents in Paradise, and *lifted their thoughts to heaven*.

Of all the Roman ceremonies, the pontifical service at St. Peter's is without doubt the most majestic ; and if we add to it the procession on *Corpus Christi*, in which the Pope bears the holy sacrament in solemn pomp along the colonnade, then hung according to the ancient fashion with tapestry and graced with garlands, we shall have mentioned the two most splendid exhibitions perhaps to be seen in the universe. But besides these there are others, particularly during the last week of Lent, which cannot fail to excite attention and interest. The procession with psalms, and the affecting chaunt of the Passion

on Sunday ; the evening service called *Tenebræ* (Darkness) in the Sistine Chapel on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday ; the morning service on the two latter days, particularly the *Mandatum*, so called from the first word of the anthem sung while the Pope washes the feet of thirteen pilgrims, &c.—are all rites which it is difficult to behold without edification and perhaps emotion.

I must not pass over the well-known exhibition that takes place in St. Peter's on the night of Good Friday, when the hundred lamps that burn over the tomb of the apostle are extinguished, and a stupendous cross of light appears suspended from the dome, between the altar and the nave, shedding over the whole edifice a soft lustre delightful to the eye and highly favourable to picturesque representations. This exhibition is supposed to have originated in the sublime imagination of Michael Angelo, and he who beholds it will acknowledge that it is not unworthy of the inventor. The magnitude of the cross hanging as if self-supported, and like a meteor *streaming in the air* ; the blaze that it pours forth ; the mixture of light and shade cast on the pillars, arches, statues, and altars ; the crowd of spectators placed in all the different attitudes of curiosity, wonder, and devotion ; the processions with their banners and crosses gliding successively in silence along the nave and kneeling around the altar ; the penitents of all nations and dresses collected in groups near the confessionals of their respective languages ; a cardinal occasionally advancing through the crowd, and as he kneels humbly bending his head to the pavement ; in fine, the Pontiff himself, without pomp or pageantry, prostrate before the altar, offering up his adorations in silence—form a scene singularly striking by a happy mixture of tranquillity and animation, of darkness and light, of simplicity and majesty.

All these ceremonies of the Roman church are set off by every concomitant circumstance that can contribute to their splendour or magnificence. As indeed no people are better acquainted with the mode of conducting and managing public exhibitions than the Romans, they are performed with the utmost precision and dignity, with every attention to the effects of perspective, and to all the graces of drapery. Every person knows his place and the part he has to act in the solemnity: the dresses are adapted to the situation as well as to the rank of the wearers, who, whether they be sitting, standing, or moving, contrive that they should fall into easy and majestic folds. The persons themselves are the pope, the cardinals, the chief magistrates of the city, the principal officers of state, and various prelates, presidents and judges of the principal tribunals, all men either of high birth or great talents, and venerable for their age, their virtues, or their dignity. The theatres moreover (if such an expression may be applied to such an object) in which these sacred pomps are exhibited, are either the vast and lofty halls of the Vatican palace adorned with all the wonders of painting; or else the church of St. Peter, whose immense area, while it affords ample room for the ceremony itself, can contain countless multitudes without press or disorder. If therefore, as Warburton observes, "it be difficult to attend at a high mass performed by a good choir in any great church without sentiments of awe, if not of devotion;" it is not surprising that the same sacred service performed by such persons, with such accompaniments, and amid such scenes of grandeur and holiness, should impress the same sentiments with double force and effect.

These pompous offices at the Vatican only take

place on the great festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, to which we may add St. Peter's day, and perhaps one or two more occasional solemnities. On the other Sundays, and during the far greater part of the year, the altar stands a grand but neglected object, and the dome rises in silent majesty, unaccustomed to re-echo *with the voice of exultation and with the notes of praise*. The service of the cathedral is performed in a distant chapel, and private masses, it is true, are said at the different altars around, but the great body of the church seems deserted by its ministers, and like Zion of old, to complain that *none cometh to the solemnity*.

It may perhaps be a matter of just surprise to every thinking observer, that in the three noblest cathedrals existing, the service of the church should be performed, not in the regular choir, but in a side chapel, and that the pope should prefer the secrecy of his own oratory to the grand and majestic scenery of such noble temples. The pious Christian, as he ranges over these glorious fabrics, longs to see the genuine forms of the primitive church revived, and the spacious area filled with a crowded but orderly congregation; the men on the right, the women on the left, the youth drawn up on each side of the altar; the choir in double rows before it, with a pulpit for the readers on each side: behind it, the pontiff surrounded by his clergy, performing himself every Sunday the solemn duties of his station, presiding in person over the assembly, instructing his flock, like the Leos and the Gregorys of ancient times, with his own voice, and with his own hands administering to them the *bread of life* and the *cup of salvation*. Such was a Christian congregation during the early ages, and such the regularity of ancient times. How grand would such an assembly now be

in a temple like the Vatican! How awful and how affecting such a spectacle! How like an assembly of the blessed, and how conformable to the sublime description of the Revelations!—Barbarism, ignorance, and indifference have long since disturbed this admirable order, and in most places nearly erased its recollection; but the Roman pontiff, and he only, possesses influence sufficient to restore it, and to spread it over the Christian world. If in reviving this part of primitive discipline, he would also exercise the power which the Council of Trent has entrusted to him, and would admit, as I have hinted above, the laity to the cup (so solemn and impressive a part of the sacred rite), and if at the same time he would communicate to every nation the comfort of singing the praises of God in their own language, he would render to the church of Christ a most important and ever-memorable service*.

I would not be understood as meaning by this latter observation to censure the use of ancient idioms in the liturgy, or to recommend *in toto* (entirely) the introduction of modern dialects. The two great ancient languages which contain not only the principles and models of science and literature, but what is still more valuable, the very titles and proofs of divine revelation, owe their existence to the liturgies of the Greek and Latin churches, and however widely diffused they may appear to be at present, it is difficult to say whether in the course of countless ages perhaps still to come, they may not again be indebted to the same means for their continuation. A deadly blow is now actually aimed at them by the pride or the policy of the French government; and extensive as the influence of that government is, it may succeed in its barbaric attempt, unless

counteracted by the still more extensive and almost universal influence of the Catholic church. It is not my intention to interfere with the controversial part of this question. "Dii meliora piis*;" but I own I should be sorry to see the divine dialect of Plato and of St. Paul, the full, the majestic tones of Cicero and of St. Leo entirely banished from the altars, and replaced by the meaner sounds of Romaic, or even by the more musical accents of Italian†. Nothing can be more delightful to the ear, and if I may judge from my own feelings, more impressive, than the Latin service when chaunted in a full choir, supported, not by the organ only, but by the united voices of a crowded congregation, raised from every corner and re-echoed from every vault of an immense cathedral.

But with all the respect due to the prescriptive pre-eminence of the two sacred dialects, hallowed by the writings of the apostles, fathers, and primitive martyrs, I may venture to recommend the use of modern languages at certain parts of the service, and the introduction of lectures and hymns adapted to the particular objects of the liturgy, when the officiating priest is occupied in silent adoration, and the ordinary chaunt of the choir is suspended. Such is the practice all over Catholic Germany, and throughout the vast extent of the Austrian dominions, where if the traveller enters into any parochial church during service, he finds it filled with a numerous congregation all joining in chorus with a zeal and ardour truly edifying. I was peculiarly struck with the good effects of this custom in the

* Ye gods! to better fate good men dispose!—DRYDEN.

† If, as a well-known proverb says, Spanish is from its gravity well adapted to prayer, how much better is the dignity of Latin calculated for that solemn duty!

churches of Bohemia, where the people are remarkable for a just and musical ear, and sing with admirable precision; but still more so in the cathedral of Vienna, where the voices of some thousand^s chaunting in full unison the celebrated hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," cannot fail to elevate the mind, and inflame the coldest heart with devotion. This practice, sanctioned by the authority of so considerable a portion of the Catholic church, has many good effects, as it contributes to the comfort and edification of the people, who always delight in hymns and spiritual songs; as it amuses the ear with melody and attaches the hearers to the holy sentiments and doctrines which it conveys, and as it may thus act as a preservative from the infidelity of the times, not only by securing the assent, but by engaging the affections, on the side of religion. In fine, it tends to consecrate all languages to the praise of the Father Almighty, and to the propagation of the gospel of his adorable Son. "Nihil sublimius," says Leo the Great, in an ancient preface for Whit Sunday, "colatum Ecclesiæ tuæ exordiis, quam ut evangelii tui præconia linguis omnium, credentium ora loquerentur, * * * et vocum varietas edificationi ecclesiasticæ non difficultatem faceret, sed auget potius unitatem†."

Before I close this chapter, I think it necessary to make a few additional remarks for the information of my readers in general, little accustomed to the scenes described, and perhaps totally unacquainted with many of the subjects alluded to. To such the

† Nothing is more sublime, when considered in reference to the principles of thy Church, than that all the faithful should express with their tongues the promulgation of thy Gospel, * * * and the variety of voices, so far from being an impediment to ecclesiastical edification, would rather tend to the advancement of unity.

following particulars may not be unacceptable. • The Mass is the communion service, or consecration and administration of the holy sacrament. High mass is the same service, accompanied by all the ceremonies which custom and authority have annexed to its celebration. These ceremonies are in general very ancient, and may be traced as far back as the second or third century. The language is that which prevailed at the period of the introduction of Christianity; the dresses are nearly of the same era. The surplice, called in Latin *alba*, was probably borrowed from the linen *ephod* worn by the Levites in their functions under the old law. The other vestments are Roman. The *Stola*, called originally *Orarium* or *Sudarium*, was a long stripe of linen worn round the neck by persons of distinction, and particularly by magistrates or public speakers; it was intended, as its primitive name imports, for the same purposes as a handkerchief. The *Manipulus* or *Mappula* was a handkerchief to replace the *Stola*, when the latter in process of time had become an ornament only. The upper vestment, called *Casibulum* or *Planeta*, was originally a garment of a circular form, with an opening in the centre for the head, so that, when put on it hung down to the ground on all sides, and entirely covered the body. It was raised when the action of the arms was necessary, and sometimes tied up with ribands and tassels; it is particularly appropriated to the bishop or priest who officiates at the altar, and is used at mass only. On other occasions, the bishop or priest who presides wears the *Cope*, the ancient *Toga*, bordered on each side by the *Latus Clavus*. This robe is the ordinary dress of the pope in church, and on occasions of ceremony. The *Dalmatica* and *Tunica* are the distinctive dresses of the deacon and sub-deacon. These

garments, which naturally derive grace and beauty from their form and drapery, are ennobled by their antiquity, and sanctified by their appropriation to the altar. They combine decency and majesty; they distinguish the public man from the individual: and like the robes of kings and of magistrates, they garnish the exercise of office, and teach the minister to respect himself, and both the minister and the people to reverence the sacred charge of public function.

The use of torches and of incense is supposed to have been introduced into the church in the third century; it originated in the East, but soon became general: it was founded on figurative reasons. The former were borne before the Book of the Gospels, and reminded the faithful of the light diffused over the universe by the promulgation of the sacred volume, *and of that true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world**. The latter had been expressly commanded in the Old Law, and was considered in the New as a fit accompaniment to *be offered with the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar before the throne†*.

The most solemn part of the service is recited in a low tone, audible only to those who surround the altar: a circumstance which surprises Protestants, and has frequently been censured with severity. However, this custom is almost coeval with the liturgy itself, and seems to have commenced almost immediately after the apostolic age. It was in all probability a measure of precaution. One of the most sacred rites of Christianity, that of baptism, had been exposed to public ridicule on the stage, and to prevent the recurrence of a similar profanation, in a more awful institution, it was thought prudent to

* St. John, i.

† Rev. viii.

confine the knowledge of the Eucharistic prayer to the clerical order. When a custom is once established, reasons are never wanting to justify its continuance; and the secrecy which the fear of profanation rendered necessary in times of persecution was continued from motives of respect in the days of Christian prosperity. Every person acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquity knows with what extreme delicacy the Fathers of the fourth century speak of the mysteries, and of course will not wonder that the Roman church, which glories in its adherence to antiquity, should continue the same practice. Besides, it is considered as more conformable to the nature of the mysterious institution, and more favourable to the indulgence of devotion, both in the priest and in the congregation, than the most emphatic and solemn recitation. Impressed with this idea, the Greeks have from time immemorial drawn curtains, and in later ages raised a screen before the altar, that conceals the priest from public view, and environs him as the high-priest of old when he entered the Holy of Holies, with the awful solitude of the sanctuary*.

The rites which I have described are pure and holy; they inspire sentiments of order and decency; they detach the mind from the ordinary pursuits of life, and by raising it above its ordinary level, they qualify it to appear with due humility and recollection before the *Throne of the Lamb*,—the *Mercy Seat* of Jehovah!

The Roman Basilicæ excepting St. Peter's, are the most ancient now existing, and erected as they were in the earliest ages of Christianity, give us a clear

* The laity at present lose nothing by this silence, as they have the form of consecration, and indeed the whole service, translated, in their prayer-books.

and precise idea of the notions of the Christians of that period with regard to the form and the arrangement of churches. In the first place, as not one of these churches bears any resemblance to a cross, we may conclude that Mr. Gibbon was mistaken, when he attributed to the first Christians a partiality to that figure in the construction of their oratories, and an unwillingness to convert pagan temples into churches, because not erected in that form. Many temples from their narrow limits were, as I have already remarked, totally incapable of holding a Christian congregation. Several of greater magnitude were actually converted into churches, and are to this day used as such; and if Constantine could in prudence, at a time when the Roman senate was still pagan, have offered the splendid seat of pagan worship to the bishop of Rome, the offer would have been readily accepted, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, though *not in the form of a cross*, would like the Pantheon have been sanctified by Christian rites, and might probably still have remained a noble monument of ancient magnificence. It is difficult to determine at what precise period the figure of the cross was introduced, but it seems to have been about the end of the fifth century, as the church of St. Sophia, erected in the sixth, is in that form; but, whenever introduced, its adoption need not be regretted, as it very happily combines variety with unity, and beauty with convenience.

We cannot pass the same encomium upon those partitions, called screens, which divide the chancel from the nave, and by concealing the most ornamented part of the church from the view, and veiling the principal object, the altar, break the perspective, deprive the edifice of a proper termination, and apparently reduce its dimensions to half its real mag-

nitude. When and why these screens were introduced it may be difficult to determine, but as they are only found in Saxon and Gothic churches we may suppose that they are coeval with those buildings, and were from the beginning considered as constituent parts of them. Their utility is not very perceptible. Some suppose them necessary in northern climates, in order to shelter the congregation from the cold winds that penetrate and chill the open parts of such vast edifices as cathedrals; but this reason, which may appear satisfactory when confined to countries in which the congregation is seldom so numerous as to fill the choir of a cathedral, is totally inapplicable to places where service is attended by the populace, and where the congregations are regularly sufficient to crowd every part of the church, not excepting even the aisles and transepts. I am therefore inclined to suspect, that the propensity of the northern nations to mystic allusions, and perhaps a wish to increase the reverence due to the altar, by removing it to a greater distance from the laity, might have suggested the idea of a screen to the architects of the middle ages.

There is, it must be admitted, something very impressive in the distant view of a Gothic altar, seen from the arched entrance of the choir, through a long and double line of clergy in surplice, faintly lighted by the beams that drop from the painted windows above, or by the lamps and tapers that gleam around, encircled by ministering priests, and half lost in clouds of incense; there is, I say, something in such solemn scenery that seizes the imagination, and excites emotions of awe and religious melancholy*. But

* How far the altar ought to be ornamented is a question which has been debated with much warmth since the reformation. The Latins, Greeks, and even the Lutherans, are accustomed to adorn it

although these dispositions are good and suitable to the place and occasion, yet the means employed to produce them, the dim perspective, and the artificial gloom, border upon theatrical illusion, and seem better adapted to the sullen superstition of the Druids than to the plain and majestic forms of Christian worship. How different the effects of arrangement in a Roman Basilica, where, in a semicircle behind the altar, the bishop and his clergy form a venerable tribunal; where the people before, ranged according to sex and age, exhibit an orderly multitude; and the altar itself in the middle displays in full light the sacred volume and the emblems of redemption! An assembly thus combining simplicity, order, and dignity, naturally elevates the soul, and inspires sentiments not of terror but of admiration, not of fictitiousness but of real solid devotion. It recalls to mind the glorious vision of the Revelations*, and

with more or less splendour or gaudiness, according to their taste and opulence. The church of England, when not overawed by the clamours of the sectaries that assail her on all sides, is inclined to favour this practice; while the Calvinistic school of Geneva, hostile to everything that delights the eye or flatters the feelings of a polished mind, have either cast the table of the Lord out of the church, or stripped it of all its decent accompaniments, and abandoned it in a corner to dust and cobwebs. But whatever a man's opinion may be upon this subject, he must be very morose indeed if he find much to blame in the Roman altars—I mean those of the Basilicæ—which, unencumbered with tabernacles, reliquaries, statues, or flower-pots, support a cross and six candlesticks; furniture which is sufficient without doubt for all the purposes of solemnity, and yet may be endured even by a puritan. The other ornaments, or rather superfluities, which are too often observed to load the altars of Catholic churches, owe their introduction to the fond devotion of nuns or nun-like friars, and may be tolerated in their conventual oratories as the toys and playthings of that harmless race, but ought never to be allowed to disfigure the simplicity of parochial churches and cathedrals.

almost brings before our eyes *the elders sitting clothed in white, the lamps burning before the throne, the lamb standing as if slain, and the multitudes which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues.*

CHAPTER II.

Villas—the Tiber—the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella—Imperial Grotto and Fountain—Church of St. Constantia—Mons Sacer.

THE various villas that encircle Modern Rome form one of its characteristic beauties, as well as one of the principal features of its resemblance to the ancient city, which seems to have been environed with gardens, and almost studded with groves and shady retirements. Thus, Julius Cæsar had a spacious garden on the banks of the Tiber, at the foot of the Janiculum, which he bequeathed to the Roman people: Mæcenæ enclosed and converted into a pleasure-ground a considerable part of the Esquiline Hill, which before had been the common burial-place of the lower classes, and the resort of thieves and vagabonds; an alteration which Horace mentions with complacency in his eighth satire. To these we may add the *Horti Lucullani* and *Serviliani**, incidentally mentioned by Tacitus, and particularly the celebrated retreat of the historian Sallust, adorned with so much magnificence and luxury that it became the favourite resort of successive emperors. This garden occupied the extremities of the Viminal and Pincian Hill, and enclosed in its precincts, a palace, a temple, and a circus. The palace was consumed by fire on the fatal night when Alaric entered the

* The gardens of Lucullus and those of Servilius.

city: the temple, of singular beauty, sacred to Venus (*Veneri Felici Sacrum*), was discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century, and destroyed for the sale of the materials: of the circus little remains but masses of walls that merely indicate its site, while statues and marbles found occasionally continue to furnish proofs of its magnificence.

The gardens of Lucullus are supposed to have bordered on those of Sallust, and with several other delicious retreats, which covered the summit and brow of the Pincian Mount, gave it its ancient appellation of *Collis Hortulorum* (the hill of gardens). To the intermingled graces of town and country that adorned these fashionable mansions of the rich and luxurious Romans, Horace alludes when addressing Fuscus Aristius, he says—

Nempe inter varias nutritur sylvæ columnas*—

as in the verse immediately following—

Laudaturque domus longos quæ prospicit agros †.

HORAT. Ep. i. 10.

he evidently hints at the extensive views which might be enjoyed from the lofty apartments, erected expressly for the purpose of commanding a wide range of country.

The villas of Modern Rome often occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendour, and enjoy all the picturesque advantages of the gardens of the ancient city. In point of perspective beauty, Rome has, indeed, at all times possessed peculiar felicities. It covers a considerable extent of country, incloses several hills within its ramparts, and affords a great variety of views, sometimes confined to its

Among our columns, rich with various dyes,
Unnatural woods with awkward art arise.—FRANCIS.

† You praise the house, whose situation yields
An open prospect to the distant fields.—FRANCIS.

interior, and sometimes extending to the surrounding country and the distant mountains. It is true that the ancient Roman might contemplate from his garden, towering in near or distant perspective, one or more of those stupendous edifices which then adorned the city, and were deservedly ranked among the wonders of the world; but I know not whether, in the melancholy spectacle of the same majestic edifices now scattered on the ground and overgrown with cypresses, the modern villa does not exhibit a sight more awful and more affecting. If the traveller wishes to be convinced of the truth of this remark, let him, from the terrace of the Villa Borghese, fix his eyes on the dome of St. Peter's, expanded in all its splendour and all its perfection before him; and then let him ascend the Palatine Mount, and from the cypress groves of the Villa Farnesiana look down upon the shattered mass of the Coliseum spread beneath him in broken pomp, half covered with weeds and brambles.

O champs de l'Italie, O campagnes de Rome,
 Où dans tout son orgueil gît le néant de l'homme !
 C'est là que des aspects sanglans par de grands noms,
 Pleins de grands souvenirs, et de hautes leçons,
 Vous offrent ces objets, trésors des paysages.
 Voyez de toutes parts comment le cours des âges
 Dispersant, déchirant de précieux lambeaux,
 Jetant temple sur temple, et tombeaux sur tombeaux,
 De Rome étale au loin la ruine immortelle ;—
 Ces portiques, ces arcs, où la pierre fidèle
 Garde du peuple roi les exploits éclatants :
 Leur masse indéstructible a fatigué le temps.
 Des fleuves suspendus ici mugissait l'onde ;
 Sous ces portes passaient les dépouilles du monde,
 Par tout confusément dans la poussière épars,
 Les thermes, les palais, les tombeaux des Césars * !

Abbé DE LILLE, *Jardins*, iv.

* O fields of Italy ! O Roman plains !
 Where lies man's nothingness in all its pride :

No villa presents a greater number of the *local felicities, immortal ruins, divine remains, big with grand recollections and awful instruction*, so well described in these verses, as the Orti Farnesi. The gardens cover the greater part of the Palatine Mount, and spread over the vast substructions and scattered vestiges of the imperial palace. They front the Capitol, command the Forum, and look down upon the neighbouring Coliseum; thus exhibiting in different points of view, and successively, the noblest remains of Roman magnificence now existing. They were formerly cultivated with care, and adorned with a great variety of antique vases, busts, and statues; but having unfortunately fallen by inheritance to the royal family of Naples, the ancient ornaments have been transported to that capital, and the place, notwithstanding its exquisite beauties, has been entirely neglected.

The Villa Spada, or Brunati (for these villas change their names with their proprietors), occupies, on a much smaller scale, a part of the Palatine Hill and of the imperial palace, and enjoys some of the advantages of the Orti Farnesiani. The ruins of the

There the rich landscape offers to the view
 Scenes made illustrious by great names of old,
 Big with great recollections, lessons deep.
 See how on every side the lapse of time,
 Scattering the rended fragments, glorious still,
 Temple on temple hurling, tomb on tomb,
 Makes great display of Rome's immortal ruins;—
 These pompous porticoes, these arches' tale,
 Where still the marble, faithful to its trust,
 Preserves the sovereign people's great exploits—
 Their mass, that bids defiance to destruction,
 Has wearied Time, and mock'd his blunted scythe.
 Here roar'd the waters of the pendent flood;
 Beneath these gates the world's rich plunder pass'd;
 Scatter'd confusedly in the dust around,
 Baths, princely domes, and tombs of emperors lie.

palace cover the greater part of it, and on one side look down on the valley that separates the Palatine from the Aventine Mount; from a gallery in a recess still remaining, the emperor might behold the games of the Circus Maximus, which occupied the greater part of that valley.

On the summit of Mount Caelius stands the Villa Matthei, once famous for the beauty and number of its antiques, and though now, like the Orti Farnesi, forsaken and neglected, it is still interesting for its groves, its verdure, its prospects, and its solitudes.

Villa Negrone, once the favourite retreat of Sixtus Quintus, encloses an immense space of ground on the Esquiline and Viminal Hills, covered with groves, and opening upon various beautiful prospects. It contains two handsome and spacious buildings. Its numerous antiquities have been removed. The celebrated *Agger Tarquinii*, or rampart, raised by Tarquinius Priscus, intersects this garden, and claims the attention due to its age and origin.

The Villa Aldobrandini is small and ill furnished, but celebrated for one remarkable object, the *Nozze Aldobrandine*, an ancient painting, which represents, as every reader knows, the nuptial ceremony in graceful figures, easy drapery, and charming groups.

The Villa Ludovizi is a part only of the gardens of Sallust, and as it stands on the summit of the Pincian Hill, it necessarily commands some very beautiful prospects. Its delicious walks are shaded with ilex, cypress, and bay, of the noblest growth, and of the most luxuriant foliage; and it has the singular advantage of being enclosed in a great degree by the venerable walls of the city. The elevated Casino, or summer-house in the centre, affords from its battlements an extensive view of the Campagna, and the mountains that form its boundaries, particu-

larly of those of Albano and Sabina. On a ceiling in this Casino is the *Aurora* of Guercino, much admired by all connoisseurs, and by those of the French school preferred to that of Guido." It certainly has more contrast, and more bustle; but what can equal the grace, the freshness, the celestial glory of that matchless performance, which combines in one splendid vision all the beautiful features and accompaniments ascribed to the morning by the poets; Homer and Virgil seem to have presided over the work, and Ovid and Tasso given the picture its finishing touches.

The Strada Pinciana separates this villa from the gardens of the Villa Medici, once the residence of the cardinal of that family, and from its lofty situation, superb collection of statues, pillars, and marbles, as well as from the beauty of its gardens, well entitled to the attention and favour of those patrons of the arts. But it has the misfortune to belong now to a sovereign; its antiquities have therefore been transported to his capital, Florence; its noblest apartments are neglected, and its gardens alone remain the resort and the delight of every serious traveller.

The Orti Barberiniani rises to the south of the court of St. Peter's, and while it commands from its terrace a full view of one side of the colonnade, it presents to the eye of those who are coming towards the Vatican a beautiful background. On the other side, and spreads its pines and cypresses in such a manner as to form in appearance an aerial garden suspended over the pillars, and shading the statues.

The gardens belonging to the Corsini palace have acquired some celebrity from the meetings of the Academy of the Quirini. A similar circumstance throws a still greater lustre over the Bosco Parrhasio, a rural theatre where the Arcadians meet to hear and

examine the poetical effusions of their associates. The Arcadian Academy is known to be one of the principal literary societies in Rome, instituted towards the end of the seventeenth century, for the promotion of classical knowledge, and composed of some of the first scholars in that capital, and indeed in all Europe*. One of its principal objects was to correct the bad taste then prevalent, and to turn the attention of youth from the glare, conceit, and over refinements of false, to the ease, and unaffected graces of true wit. They took their name from a people celebrated for the simplicity of their manners; and as the love of rural scenery is inseparable from true taste, they chose a grove for the place of their assembly, and gave it the name of Parrhasian. The Bosco Parrhasio is situated on the side of the Janiculum.

All the gardens and villas hitherto mentioned, are within the ancient walls of the city, and may be considered as constituent parts of it, contributing much to its beauty, its coolness, and its magnificence: but besides these, many others lie in the suburbs and neighbourhood, and give the immediate environs of Rome an uncommon share of amenity and interest.

To begin by the Porta S. Pancrasio, that nearest the Janiculum, anciently the *Porta Aurelia*; proceeding along the Via Aurelia about a mile from the gate, we arrive at the Villa Pamfili or Belrespiro. This country-seat, which now belongs to the Prince Doria, is supposed to occupy the same ground as the gardens of the Emperor Galba, and is remarkable for its edifices, its waters, its woods, its antiquities of every description, its great extent, and its general magnificence. It is moreover well supported both with regard to the house, the ornamental buildings,

* The French having degraded this academy by the absurd appellation of the *arcades*, which some English translators have *wisely* converted into *arches*.

and the gardens. The disposition and arrangement of the plantations, as well as the form and destination of the water, are stiff and formal, according to the obsolete mode of French gardening* ; yet the growth and luxuriancy of the one, and the extent and profusion of the other, almost hide the defect and catch and delight the eye, in spite of unnatural art and misplaced symmetry.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome is the Monte Mario, anciently *Clivus Cinnae*, a bold eminence lying about a mile north-west from the Porta Angelica, clothed with vineyards and crowned with groves of cypress and poplar. On its summit rises the Villa Mellini, remarkable for the noble view that lies expanded under its terrace. The Tiber intersecting the city and winding through rich meadows ; the Prata Quinctia and Prata Mutia, fields still bearing in their names the trophies of Roman virtue and Roman heroism ; the *Pons Milvius* with its tower, and the plains consecrated by the victory of Constantine ; the Vatican palace with its courts and gardens ; the Basilica of St. Peter with its portico, its obelisk, and its fountains ; the *Campus Martius* covered with the churches, squares, and palaces of the modern city ; the seven hills strewed with the ruins of the ancient ; the walls with their towers and galleries ; the desert Campagna, with Mount Soracte rising apparently in the centre ; and the semicircular sweep of mountains tinged with blue or purple, now bright with the sun, now dark in the shade, and generally gleaming with snow—such is the varied and magnificent scene

* I might with greater propriety have said *Italian* gardening, the French, in this respect as in most others, only copied the Italians. The latter again imitated their ancestors.—See Pliny's well-known description of his Laurentin and Tuscan villas. Epist. xi. 17 ; v. 6.

spread before the traveller, while reposing on the shaded terrace of the Villa Mellini.

The same prospect may be enjoyed, but with less advantage, from the Villa Madama, which lies further on the side of the hill towards Ponte Milvio. In the gardens of this villa is a rural theatre formed by the natural winding of a little dell, and shaded by a whole forest of beautiful evergreens. In the golden days of the Medici (for this villa was erected and its gardens were laid out by a cardinal of that family) this sylvan scene was crowded by the polished Romans of the times, assembled to listen to the compositions of rival poets, and to decide the priority of contending orators. After this literary exhibition the spectators were regaled in lofty halls planned by Raffaello and painted by Giulio Romano, with all the delicacies of the orchard, and with all the charms of music and conversation. But these days are now no more; the Medicean line is extinct; and ancient fame and surviving beauty, and the architecture of Raffaello and the pencil of Giulio, plead in vain in behalf of this superb villa. It belongs to the king of Naples, and is, as it has long been, entirely neglected.

On the opposite side of the city, a little way from the Porta Salaria, stands the Villa Albani, till lately one of the best supported and best furnished seats in the neighbourhood of Rome, or indeed in Europe. The palace is magnificent, and was adorned, as were the gardens, with a considerable and chosen collection of antiquities, to the number nearly it is said of eight hundred. To these may be added two hundred and sixty pillars of granite, porphyry, and marble, which supported and adorned the villa and the galleries; a species of grandeur that exists only in Rome and its vicinity. But the Alban villa has been

stripped of all its ornaments. The cardinal Albani, its proprietor, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the French, by the zeal and activity with which he opposed the intrigues of their agents previous to the invasion of the ecclesiastical state, and was punished, on their entrance into the city by the pillage and devastation of his palaces and gardens.

We shall now proceed to the Villa Borghese, or Villa Pinciana (so called from the proximity of the *Porta Pinciana**, now shut up), which, from the space it occupies (supposed to be about four miles in circumference), its noble vistas, frequent fountains, ornamental buildings, superb palace, and almost innumerable antiquities, is justly considered as the first of the Roman villas, and worthy of being put into competition with the splendid retreats of Sallust or Lucullus. It stands upon a continuation of the Pincian Hill, at a little distance from the walls of the city, about half a mile from the *Porta Flaminia* or del Popolo†. It covers the brow of the hill, and from the terrace has a noble view of the city, and of the Vatican. The gardens are laid out with some regard both for the new and for the old system; for though symmetry prevails in general, and long alleys appear intersecting each other, lined with statues and refreshed by cascades, yet here and there a winding path allures you into a wilderness formed of plants abandoned to their native luxuriancy, and watered by streamlets murmuring through their own artless channels. The ornamental buildings are, as usually happens to such edifices, deficient in correctness and purity of architecture. The temple of Diana is encumbered with too many ornaments. The Ionic temple in the little island is indeed grace-

* The Pincian gate.

† The Flaminian Gate, or the Gate of the People.

ful, but rather too narrow for its elevation, a defect increased by the statues placed upon the pediment. One of these ornamental buildings contains a considerable collection of statues, &c., found on the site of Gabii (for ruins there are none), the territory of which now belongs to this family.

The Casino or palace itself is of great extent, but though erected on the plans and under the inspection of the principal architects of the age, and though built of the finest stone, yet it neither astonishes nor pleases. The reason of this failure of effect is evident: the ornaments are so numerous and the parts so subdivided as to distract the eye, and to leave no room for any one predominant impression. The *basso rilieffos*, and statues scattered with such prodigality over the exterior of this Casino, are sufficient, if disposed with judgment and effect, to adorn the three largest palaces in Europe. The interior consists of several large saloons and apartments, and a gallery; all of which, particularly the latter, are lined and inlaid with the richest marbles, and supported by the noblest pillars, intermingled with bronze and gilding, and adorned with the best specimens of ancient art in sculpture and in painting. Such indeed is the value of this collection, and such the splendour of the apartments in which it is displayed, that no sovereign in Europe can boast of so rich a gallery or of a residence so truly imperial. This villa, with its valuable collection and furniture, escaped undamaged during the French invasion, owing to the apparent partiality which one of the princes of the family is supposed to have manifested towards the republican system*.

* This prince has since married a sister of Bonaparte, and made over to him his unparalleled collection; he has in return, obtained his contempt.

Its gardens are always open to the public, who, in a Latin inscription by no means inelegant, are welcomed, or rather invited, to the free enjoyment of all the beauties of the place, and at the same time intreated to spare the shrubs and flowers, and to respect the more valuable ornaments, the urns, statues, and marbles. The Romans accordingly profit by the invitation, and resort in crowds to the *Villa Borgliese*, particularly on Sundays; when the walks present a very lively and varied scene, composed of persons of all descriptions and ranks, moving in all directions through the groves and alleys, or reposing in groups in the temples or near the fountains. This liberal mode of indulging the public in free access to palaces and gardens, and thus sharing with them, in some degree, the advantages and pleasures of luxury, a mode so common in Italy, merits much praise, and may be recommended as an example that deserves to be imitated by the proprietors of parks and pleasure-grounds, particularly in the neighbourhood of great towns and cities.

The reader will perceive that, out of the many villas that adorn Rome and its vicinity, I have selected a few only, as fully sufficient to give him a satisfactory idea of the nature and the decorations of these celebrated suburban retirements. Howsoever indeed they may differ in extent and magnificence, their principal features are nearly the same; the same with regard to artificial ornaments as well as natural graces. Some ancient remains are to be found in all, and several in most, and they are all adorned with the same evergreens, and present upon a greater or less scale the same Italian and ancient scenery. They are in general, it is true, much neglected, but for that reason the more rural. The

plants, now abandoned to their native forms, cover the walks with a luxuriant shade, break the long straight vistas by their *fantastic* branches, and turn the alleys and quincunxes into *devious* paths and *tangled* thickets. They furnish a delightful variety of rides and walks; and as they are interspersed throughout the ancient city and round its suburbs, they give the traveller, fatigued with his researches, or oppressed with the summer heats, a frequent opportunity of reposing himself on the margin of a fountain under the classical shade of the ilex, the pine, and the poplar.

Qua pinus ingens, æbaque populus
Umbrarū hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

HORAT. Carm. ii. 3.

From the villas we pass by a very natural transition to the grand or beautiful objects that lie in the neighbourhood of the city, and within the compass of a walk from its gates. To specify all these objects would be an undertaking too extensive for the bounds of the present work; I shall therefore confine myself to a few only, and point out to the reader such excursions as appear most interesting.

The banks of the Tiber cannot fail to attract the frequent steps of the classic traveller; the Tiber, *Deo gratissimus amnis* †, a rivor more distinguished

* Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the sun's intemperate beam;
In hospitable shades their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous stream.
FRANCIS.

† ——— among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
DRYDEN.

in the history of mankind than the Nile or the Thames, the Rhine or the Danube. Hence some travellers, measuring its mass of waters by its bulk of fame, and finding its appearance inferior to their preconceptions, have represented it as a mere rill, a petty and insignificant streamlet. However, though far inferior in breadth to all the great rivers, yet, as it is generally from a few miles above Rome to the sea about three hundred feet wide upon an average, it cannot with justice be considered as a contemptible rill. Above and a little below the city it runs through groves and gardens, and waters the villas and retreats of the richer Romans; but beyond Ponte Molle it rolls through a long tract of plains and hills, fertile and green, but uncultivated and deserted. Yet these very banks, now all silence and solitude, were once, like those of the Thames, covered with life, activity, and rural beauty, lined with villages, and not unfrequently decorated with palaces. "Pluribus prope solus," says Pliny, "quam ceteri in omnibus terris amnes, accolitur, aspiciturque villis*." Such was the glory of the Tiber, not only in the golden days of Augustus and Trajan, but even in the iron age of Valentinian and Honorius, after Italy had long been the seat of civil war, and more than once the theatre of barbarian fury, and of Gothic devastation†. Below the city, when it has passed the Villa

* It is alone adorned by, and serves as a prospect to, more villas than almost all the other rivers in the world.—Lib. iii. 5.

† "The Gaul," says Claudian, "may erect new mansions on the banks of the Rhine."

———— et sævum gentibus amnem
Tibridis in morem domibus prævalet amœnis.

De Cons. Stilich. ii. 189.

And savage Rhine, with villas fair adorn'd,
 Be taught to rival Tiber's classic stream.

Malliana, once the seat of Leo and of the Latin muses*, it falls again into a wilderness, and

————— through the desert plain
Winds its waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.

THOMSON'S Liberty, p. 1.

The traveller may commence his next excursion from the Capitol, and crossing part of the Forum, turn towards the Palatine Mount. On his left he will notice the solid wall of the Rostra; the temple of Romulus raised on the spot where the twin brothers were exposed; and a spring, called by some antiquaries the fountain of Juturna, bursting from a deep cleft in the rock. On his right he will observe the Cloaca Maxima, with its solid arches, a stupendous work of Tarquinius Priscus. He will next pass under the arch of Janus, cross a corner of the Forum Boarium, and turning to the left, advance along the Palatine on one side, and the Circus Maximus on the other. He then enters the street that leads with a gentle sweep between the Clivus Scauri and Mount Celius on the left, and on the right the Thermæ Antonini and Mount Aventine to the Porta Capena. As he proceeds on the Via Appia he will pass the ancient Basilica of St. Sebastian, and shortly after come to the Circus of Caracalla.

This circus, about two miles from the gates of Rome, presents such remnants of its ancient walls as enable us to form a clear notion of the different parts and arrangements of a circus. A considerable portion of the exterior, and in many places the vault that supported the seats, remain. The foundation of the two obelisks that terminated the *spina* (a sort of

* Strada lays at this villa the scene of the beautiful allegory in which he designates the character of the different Latin poets, their occupation in the machinery of an artificial mountain; an allegory introduced by Addison into the Guardian.

separation that ran lengthways through the circus) and formed the goals, still exists. Near the principal goal on one side, behind the benches, stands a sort of tower where the judges sat. One of the extremities supported a gallery which contained a band of musicians, and is flanked by two towers, whence the signal for starting was given. Its length is one thousand six hundred and two feet, its breadth two hundred and sixty: the length of the spina is nine hundred and twenty-two. The distance from the *carcer* or end, whence they started to the first meta or goal, was five hundred and fifty feet. There were seven ranges of seats, which contained about twenty-seven thousand spectators. As jostling and every exertion of skill, strength, or cunning were allowed, the chariots were occasionally overturned, and as the drivers had the reins tied round their bodies, several melancholy accidents took place. To remove the bodies of charioteers bruised or killed in such exertions, a large gate was open in the side of the circus near the first meta, where such accidents were likeliest to take place on account of the narrowness of the space; and this precaution was necessary, as the ancients deemed it a most portentous omen to go through a gate defiled by the passage of a dead body. On the end opposite the *carcer* was a triumphal arch, or grand gate, through which the victorious charioteer drove amidst the shouts and acclamations of the spectators. There were originally four sets of drivers, named from the colours which they wore—*Albati* (White), *Russati* (Red), *Prasini* (Green), and *Veneti* (Blue). To these four Domitian added two more, *Aurei* (Yellow), and *Purpurei* (Purple)*. Each colour drove five rounds with fresh horses. There are stables, therefore, close to the circus; and

* Sueton. in Vit. Domit. 7.

in the centre of these stables a circular fabric of at least seventy-two feet diameter, with an open space around enclosed by a high wall. This building was probably a riding-school, and is supposed to have been crowned with a temple. Indeed, such is the solidity of the walls and vault, that they seem calculated to support a higher edifice than the mere roof; and such, at the same time, was the magnificence of the Romans, that they seldom left a public edifice without a becoming termination: besides, some very beautiful blocks of marble, forming part of a Corinthian cornice with other fragments found on the spot, authorize this conjecture, and give it a great degree of probability.

A little beyond the circus of Caracalla, and in full view from it, rises the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, a beautiful circular edifice, built by Crassus, in honour of that Roman matron his wife, and daughter to Quintus Metellus Creticus. It is of considerable height and great thickness: in the centre is a hollow space reaching from the pavement to the top of the building. In this concavity was deposited the body in a marble sarcophagus, which, in the time of Paul III. was removed to the court of the Farnesian palace. The solidity and simplicity of this monument are worthy of the republican era in which it was erected, and have enabled it to resist the incidents and survive the lapse of two thousand years.

A celebrated antiquary attributes to the architectural formation of this edifice, the singular effect of re-echoing clearly and distinctly such words as were uttered within a certain distance of its circumference; so that at the funeral of Metella the cries and lamentations of the attendants were repeated so often, and in such soft and plaintive accents, that the spirits of the dead, and even the infernal divinities

themselves, seemed to partake the general sorrow, and to murmur back the sighs and groans of the mourners. As this fiction is poetical, and does some credit to the author, it is but fair to present it to the reader in his own words:—"Quodque in eo maxime mirandum est, artificio tam singulari composita est ea moles, ut Echo loquentium voces septies et octies distincte et articulate referat; ut in exequiis et funere quod *Crassus uxori* solemniter celebrabat, ejulatus plorantium multiplicaretur in immensum, non secus ac si Dii Manes et omnes inferorum animæ fatum *Cæciliæ* illius commiserati ex imo terræ continuis plangerent plorantibus, suumque dolorem testarentur communem, quem lachrymis viventium conjunctum esse vellent*."—Contiguous to this mausoleum rise the remains of ramparts, houses, and churches erected in the middle ages, and presenting in their actual state a melancholy scene of utter desolation†.

The traveller on his return may traverse the circus of Caracalla, now a luxuriant meadow, pass under its time-worn gate, and crossing the road, descend into a pleasant dell, where he will find a grotto and a fountain with a few trees scattered around them.

* The most wonderful thing is, that the building is constructed with such singular artifice, that Echo gives back seven or eight times, distinctly and articulately, the voices of those who speak; so that at the funeral solemnities which *Crassus* celebrated in honour of his wife, the wailings of the mourners were infinitely multiplied, just as if the infernal gods, and all the souls that inhabit the shades below, had, in commiseration of the fate of the deceased *Cæcilia*, bewailed her from beneath the earth with continued lamentations, and testified their common grief, which they were desirous to combine with the tears of the living.—*BOISSARD*.

† At the lawless period when the Roman nobles defied the feeble authority of the Popes and the shadowy privileges of the people, and passed their days in perpetual warfare with each other, the family of the *Gaietani* turned this sepulchre into a fortress, and erected the battlements that still disfigure its summit.

The grotto is covered with a solid arch and lined with walls. The niches on both sides were probably occupied in ancient times by the divinities of the place; over the fountain a statue rather disfigured by time appears in a reclining posture. Various evergreen shrubs hang over the fountain, play around the statue, and wind and flourish through the grotto and over its entrance. The statue represents the nymph Egeria; and the grotto, the fountain, and the grove that once shaded it, were consecrated by Numa, to the same nymph and to the Muses. "Lucus erat," says Titus Livius, "quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aqua, quo quia se persæpe Numa sine arbitris, vœut ad congressum deæ, inferebat, Camœnis eum lucum sacrauit; quod earum ibi consilia cum conjuge sua Egeria essent*." A streamlet, pure, limpid, and wholesome, flows from the fountain and waters the little valley. Juvenal complains of the marble ornaments and artificial decorations of this fountain, and wishes that it had been abandoned to its ancient simplicity, to its grassy margin and to its native rock †. His wishes are now nearly ac-

* There was a grove, through the midst of which flowed a perennial fountain, issuing from a shady grotto; this grove, because he often resorted thither without witnesses, as to a conference with a goddess, Numa consecrated to the Muses, that they might there hold counsel with his wife Egeria.—i. 21.

† In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora topium?
Juv. iii. 17.

Down to Egeria's vale we took our way,
Where spoil'd by art her formal grottoes lay:
How much more honour'd had the goddess been,
Were the clear fountain edged with living green!
Through no vain marble did the waters run,
But only murmur o'er a bed of stone.—HONGSON.

completed ; the vault indeed remains, but the marble lining, the pillars, the statues have disappeared and probably lie buried under the mud that covers the pavement of the grotto. The mendicant crowd that frequented the grove in that poet's day are also vanished, and the solitude of the place is as deep and undisturbed as when it was the nightly resort of the Roman legislator.

Conjuge qui felix nymp̄ha ducibusque Camœnis
Sacrificos docuit ritus ; gentemque feroci
Assuetam bello, pacis traduxit ad artes*.

OVID. Met. xv. 483.

On the brow of the hill that borders the Egerian valley on the south stands the little church of St. Urban, formerly a temple of Bacchus, or, as it is with more appearance of truth, denominated by others, the temple of the Muses, looking down upon the valley and the groves sacred to these goddesses. As the portico was taken in to enlarge the cella, and adapt it better for the purposes of a church, the four marble pillars of fluted Corinthian are now incased in the wall.

A little further on, is a brick temple, small indeed, but well-proportioned and adorned with pilasters and a regular cornice. Antiquarians differ with regard

The metamorphosis of Egeria into a fountain, so prettily related by Ovid, took place in the vale of Aricia.

Nam conjux urbe relicta
Vallis Aricinæ densis latet abdita sylvis.

OVID. Met. xv. 487.

His wife the town forsook,
And in the woods that clothe Aricia's vale
Lies hid.

- * Sage Numa, happy in his mystic bride,
The muse his favourite, and the muse his guide,
Taught sacred rites, a savage race he tamed,
And from war's bloody trade to gentle peace reclaim'd.

to its appellation. Some suppose it to be sacred to the God Rediculus, who prompted Annibal, when encamped there, to return and withdraw from the city. But as Annibal was encamped, not on this but on the opposite side of the city, beyond the Anio and three miles from the Porta Collina, and as Livius makes no mention of any such temple, this opinion seems to be ill-grounded. Others suppose it to be the temple erected to Fortuna Muliebris on the retreat of Coriolanus. Such a temple was indeed erected, and perhaps on this spot, though Coriolanus was not encamped here, but three or four miles further from the city at the Fossæ Cluilia. At all events, a temple erected by public authority, even in that age of simplicity, would probably have been built not of brick, but of stone; so that after all it may possibly have been one of the many sepulchres which bordered the Via Latina, and almost covered the space between it and the Via Appia *. The traveller then turns again towards the Via Appia, re-crosses the river Almo (*lubricus Almo* †) and re-enters by the Porta Capena.

Upon another day the traveller may go out by the Porta Nomentana (now *Pia*), and proceeding about

* Experiar quid concedatur in illos
 Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.
 Juv. i. 170.

I'll point my satire at the noxious clay,
 Beneath the Latin and Flaminian way.

HODGSON.

Cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem
 Clivossæ veheris dum per monumenta Latinæ.

Ibid. v. 54.

Whom shouldst thou meet where sleep the silent dead,
 On the lone hills with midnight clouds o'erspread,
 Cold through thy veins would creep a quivering dread.

Ibid.

† The swiftly-gliding Almo.

a mile, visit the church of St. Agnes, remarkable for its antiquity (having been erected by Constantine), for the double row of marble pillars one above the other that support its roof, and for the porphyry and alabaster columns which adorn its altar and its tabernacle. Its form is the same as that of other churches of the same era.

Near this edifice stands the church of St. Constantia (the daughter of Constantine), formerly her mausoleum, and supposed to have been, at a still earlier period, a temple of Bacchus. It is of a circular form, supported by a row of coupled columns and crowned with a dome. Behind the pillars runs a gallery, the vaulted roof of which is incrustated with ancient mosaics, representing little genii playing with clusters of grapes amidst the curling tendrils of the vine. I have spoken elsewhere of the tomb of the saint, a vast porphyry vase ornamented with various figures, and observed, that as the body had been deposited many years ago under the altar, the sarcophagus was transported to the museum of the Vatican.

About two miles farther the traveller will find the Ponte Lamentano, anciently *Pons Nomentanus*, a bridge over the Anio; and a little beyond it, he may ascend the Mons Sacer, twice dignified by the retreat, and by the temperate but determined resistance, of an oppressed and generous people. This hill, although of no great elevation, is steep, and in the form of a rampart* towards the river, and it runs along decreasing as it advances towards the Ponte Salario. It is now a lonely eminence, covered with luxuriant grass, but destitute of shade, ornament or memorial.

* This form it probably owes to the occasion:—Vall., *fossaque communis castris*.—‘Having fortified the camp with a rampart and a ditch.’—Liv. ii. 32.

Yet few places seem better entitled to distinction; as few incidents are recorded in history more honourable to the Roman people than the transactions which took place on the Mons Sacer, where they displayed in such a conspicuous manner the three grand virtues that constitute the Roman character—firmness, moderation, and magnanimity.

About two miles northward of the Pons Nomentanus is the *Pons Salaris* (Ponte Salario), remarkable for the well-known combat between Manlius Torquatus and the gigantic Gaul; as also for the neighbouring encampment of Annibal, when he approached the city, and by threatening Rome itself hoped to terrify the Consuls and induce them to raise the siege of Capua. The traveller may then return by the Via Salaria and re-enter the city by the gate of the same name.

Besides these walks, as it is not my intention to specify all, it will be sufficient to observe that every gate possesses its attractions, presenting on the roads and paths which it opens to the steps of the traveller, its views of rural beauty or its remains of ancient grandeur; its churches sanctified by the memory of the Good, its fields consecrated by the struggles of the Brave, and its sepulchres ennobled by the ashes of the Great. Wheresoever he directs his observation, he finds himself surrounded by the wonders of modern art, and by the monuments of ancient splendour; so that his eye is gratified by noble exhibitions, and his mind elevated by grand and awful recollections. A certain inexpressible solemnity peculiar to the place reigns all around: the genius of Rome and the spirits of the illustrious dead still seem to hover over the ruins, to guard the walls, and superintend the destinies of the "Eternal City."

CHAPTER IV.

Tibur—Horacc's Villa.

AFTER having passed five delightful weeks in a first and rapid survey of the ancient ruins and of the modern magnificence of Rome, we turned our attention to the neighbouring country, and hastened to visit some of the classical retreats of the Sabine and Alban mountains. Accordingly on Thursday the thirteenth of May, we made an excursion to Tivoli, the ancient *Tibur*, and proceeding along the Via Tiburtina, again visited the ancient patriarchal Basilica of St. Laurence, about one mile from the gate. This is not the only church that bears the title of St. Laurence, as there are three others at least in Rome that enjoy it also; but it is the most ancient, and at the same time it has the honour of possessing the martyr's remains. As I approached his shrine with reverence, I recollected the beautiful lines of Vida.

Adveniet lustris mundo labentibus ætas,
 Quin domus Æneæ præstans Romana propago
 Insonti juveni Mantinis extrema sequuto
 Centum aras, centum magnis penetralia templis
 Eriget, et tumulo divinum imponet honorem*.

About two miles further on we passed the Ponte Manolo over the *Anio* or Teverone. This bridge is said to have been built by Mammea, mother of Alexander Severus. The Campagna, extending thence to the mountains of Sabina, is flat but fertile, and

As circling years revolve, the day shall come,
 When Troy's great progeny, imperial Rome,
 To the blest youth, who, fill'd with holy pride,
 Tyrants, and flames, and bitter death defied,
 Shall build full many an altar, many a shrine,
 And grace his sepulchre with rites divine.

covered either with rich grass or promising corn. Woods surrounding distant villas or farms appeared here and there covering the summits of little hills.

About eight miles from the above-mentioned bridge, we crossed the little green streamlet called from its sulphureous exhalations the *Solfatara*. The lake or pool from which it rises is about a short mile from the road, somewhat less than a mile in circumference, and near two hundred feet deep. Its waters are of an iron grey, and its surface is frequently spotted with a bituminous matter, which mixing with weeds and vegetable substances, gradually coagulates, and forms what may be called a floating island. There were ten or twelve of these little green masses when we visited the lake, and being carried by the wind to the side, they remained united and motionless till we separated and set some of them afloat. As they continually increase in number, so they gradually diminish the surface of the lake, and will probably in time cover it over entirely. It was formerly much larger than it is at present, and used occasionally to overflow the neighbouring plains; to prevent this inconvenience the little canal which intersects the road was cut by the orders of the Cardinal d'Este, to give an outlet to the increasing waters and carry them to the Anio. This lake was in high repute among the ancients, and much frequented on account of the oracle of Faunus, whose temple surrounded by a sacred grove stood on its bank. Hence Virgil, who consecrates the usages established in his time by referring them to remote antiquity, or by ascribing their origin to the interference of the gods, represents Latinus as consulting the oracle of Faunus on this spot, and as receiving during the night a mysterious answer. The sulphureous exhalations of the lake, the celebrity of the temple, and the singular method of

consulting the oracle, are all finely described in these lines :—

At rex sollicitus monstis, oracula Fauni
 Fatidici genitoris adit, lucosque sub alta
 Consulit Albunea, nemorum quæ maxima sacro
 Fonte sonat sæyumque exhalat opaca mephitim.
 Hinc Italæ gentes, omnisque Cœnotria tellus,
 In dubiis responsa petunt, Huc dona sacerdos
 Quum tulit, et cæsarum ovium sub nocte silenti
 Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit ;
 Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,
 Et varias audit voces, fruiturque dæorum
 Colloquio, atque inis Acheronta adfatur Avernis .
 Æneid. vii. 81.

At present the oracle is forgotten ; the sacred grove whence the voices issued has been long rooted up ; and the very situation of the temple itself is a matter of mere conjecture. Bituminous exhalations indeed still impregnate the air to a considerable distance, and the lake exists, though its extent is much diminished. The surface of the surrounding fields is an incrustation gradually formed over the water, and the hollow sound which it yields to the tread of horses evidently betrays the existence of an abyss beneath.

The Ponte Lugano, a bridge over the Anio, pre-

Latinus, frighted with this dire oment,
 For counsel to his father Faunus went,
 And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
 Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.
 To those the Latian and the Sabine land
 Fly when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
 The priest on skins of offerings takes his case,
 And nightly visions in his slumber sees ;
 A swarm of thin, aerial shapes appears,
 And fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears :
 These he consults, the future fates to know
 From powers above, and from the fiends below.

DRYDEN.

sents itself about a mile and a half farther on. This bridge is said to have taken its name from the Lucanians, who were here defeated by the Romans; it is remarkable for a tomb of the Plautian family, a round tower built of large blocks of Tiburtine stone, resembling the sepulchre of Cecilia Metella, both in its original form and its subsequent appropriation. It was employed as a military station during the middle ages, and surmounted by a battlement; a circumstance barbarous in point of taste, yet not to be regretted in the present instance, as it preserved the remains of these two monuments.

About two miles farther, a road turns off to the villa of Adrian. This imperial residence stood on a hill, with the extensive vale of Latium on one side, and a little deep glade called *Tempe* on the other. It commanded a delightful view of the Sabine mountains with Tibur here, and there a prospect of the Alban hills with their towers and forests; behind, the vale lost itself in distant mountains; in front, appeared Rome itself extended over its seven hills, and reflecting from all its palaces the beams of an evening sun. The sides of the hill are everywhere rather steep, and the rock itself aided a little by art forms an excellent barrier, enclosing a long narrow space of at least seven miles in circumference. As we are assured by an ancient author that Adrian, after having travelled over the whole empire, determined to collect around him on this spot the most remarkable edifices that lay dispersed over the Roman world, the reader will no longer wonder at the number of buildings constituting this villa, nor feel any unusual astonishment in perusing a catalogue embracing the following objects: the imperial palace; quarters for the legionary soldiers, cavalry and infantry, and others for the invalids; three theatres; a

naïmachia; a hippodrome; temples of Apollo and the Muses, of Diana, of Venus, of Serapis; halls and habitations for the different sects of philosophers; a library; a Pœcile, resembling that at Athens; and porticoes almost without number, together with various edifices, the names and objects of which are now undiscoverable. Statues, columns, and marbles of the rarest kinds, have been, and are continually discovered when excavations are made amidst the ruins of these amazing fabrics; while briars and brambles fill the halls and stuccoed apartments, and a mixed confusion of orchards and gardens, forest and fruit trees, vineyards and corn, waving over them, present a strange and melancholy contrast:

Returning to the road, we began and continued for some time to ascend the high hill on which Tivoli stands, passing through groves of olives till we reached the summit; when, after having examined the noble site of the house of the Jesuits, and the Villa de Santa Croce, we entered Tivoli. This town, the Tibur of the ancients, boasts of high antiquity, and what is much better, still possesses a considerable population, amounting, it is said, to ten thousand inhabitants. The town itself is not handsome, though it contains some very fine houses and stands in a delightful situation, sheltered on one side by Monte Catili, and a semi-circular range of Sabine mountains, and commanding on the other an extensive view over the Campagna bounded by the sea, Rome, Mount Soracte and the pyramidal hills of Monticelli, and Monte Rotondo, the ancient *Eretum*. But the pride and ornament of Tivoli are still, as anciently, the fall and the windings of the Anio, now Teverone. This river having meandered from its source through the vales of Sabina, glides gently through Tivoli till coming to the brink of a rock it precipitates itself in

one mass down the steep, and then boiling for an instant in its narrow channel, rushes headlong through a chasm in the rock into the caverns below.

The first fall may be seen from the windows of the inn, or from the temple; but it appears to the greatest advantage from the bridge thrown over the narrow channel a little below it. From this bridge also, you may look down into the shattered rock, and observe far beneath the writhings and agitation of the stream struggling through its rocky prison. To view the second fall, or descent into the cavern, we went down through a garden by a winding path into the narrow dell, through which the river flows after the cascade, and placing ourselves in front of the cavern, beheld the Anio in two immense sheets tumbling through two different apertures, shaking the mountain in its fall, and filling all the cavities around with spray and uproar. Though the rock rises to the height of two hundred feet in a narrow semicircular form, clothed on one side with shrubs and foliage, yet a sufficient light breaks upon the cavern to show its pendent rocks, agitated waters, and craggy borders. Such is the residence of the Naird: "Domus Albunæ resonantis; * * * pendentia pumice tectat."

About an hundred paces from the grotto, a natural bridge, formed by the water working through the rock, enables the spectator to pass the river, and to take another view of the cascade, less distinct with regard to the cavern, but more enlarged, as it includes a greater portion of the superincumbent rock in front, with the shagged banks on both sides. The rock immediately above, and on the left, is perpendicular and crowned with houses, while from an aperture in

† Pure Albunæ's far-resounding source.—FRANCIS.
The vaulted roofs of *porry* stone.—DRYDEN.

its^d side, at a considerable height, gushes a rill, too small to add either by its sound or size to the magnificence of the scenery.

The bank on the opposite side is steep and shaggy, but leaves room for little gardens and vineyards. On its summit stands the celebrated temple commonly called of the Sibyl, though by many antiquarians supposed to belong to Vesta. This beautiful pile is so well known, that it is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that it is circular (as all the temples of Vesta), of the Corinthian order, built in the reign of Augustus, and admired, not for its size, but for its proportions and situation. It stands in the court of the inn, exposed to the weather without any roof or covering; but its own solidity seems to be a sufficient protection. Of its eighteen pillars, ten only remain with their entablature. An English nobleman, well known in Italy for his numberless purchases, is reported to have offered a considerable sum for this ruin, with an intention of transporting it to England, and re-erecting it in his park. The proposal, it is said, was accepted by the innkeeper, on whose property it stands; but fortunately, before the work of devastation was begun, a prohibition was issued by government, grounded upon a declaration that ruins are public property, and of course not to be defaced or removed without express permission, which as it tended to strip the country of the monuments of its ancient glory, and consequently of its most valuable ornaments, the government could not, and would not give. This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may perhaps do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism, or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment.

The temple of Tivoli derives, it is true, much in-

trinsic merit from its size and proportions, but it is not architectural merit alone which gives it its principal interest. Placed on the verge of a rocky bank, it is suspended over the *præceps Anio**, and the *echoing abode* of the Naiads; it has beheld Augustus and Mæcenas, Virgil and Horace, repose under its columns; it has survived the empire and even the language of its founders; and after eighteen hundred years of storms and tempests, of revolutions and barbarism, it still exhibits its fair proportioned form to the eye of the traveller, and claims at once his applause and his veneration.

Near the temple of Vesta stand the remains of another temple supposed to be that of the Sibyl, consisting of four pillars, and now forming a part of the wall of the parish church of St. George. Besides these, scarce any other vestige remains of ancient Tibur, though, considering its antiquity, its population, and its salubrity, it must have possessed a considerable share of magnificence. But if its artificial ornaments have perished, and if its temples and its villas have long since crumbled into dust, the unalterable graces which nature has conferred upon it still remain, and its orchards, its gardens, and its cool recesses, bloom and flourish in unfading beauty. If Horace, who so often and so fondly celebrates the charms of Tibur, were to revive, he would still find the *grove*, the *irriguous garden*, the *ever-varying rill*, the *genial soil*; in short, all the well-known features of his beloved retreat. To enjoy this delicious scenery to advantage, the traveller must cross the bridge and follow the road which runs at the foot of the classic Monte Catillo, and winds along the banks of the Anio, rolling after its fall through the valley in a deep dell. As he advances, he will have on his left

* Rapid Anio, headlong in his course.—FRANCIS.

the steep banks covered with trees, shrubs, and gardens; and on his right, the bold but varying swells of the hills shaded with groves of olives. These sunny declivities were anciently interspersed with splendid villas, the favourite abodes of the most luxurious and the most refined Romans. They are now replaced by two solitary convents, lifting each its white tower above the dark green mass of olives. Their site, often conjectural or traditionary, is sometimes marked by some scanty vestiges of ruin, and now and then by the more probable resemblance of a name. Thus several subterraneous apartments and galleries near San Antonio are supposed to be the remains of the seat of Vopiscus, celebrated by Statius. That of Propertius

Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres
Et cadit in patulos lymphæ Anicæ lacus†—

is supposed to have stood on the site of the other convent, St. Angelo; while the villa of Quintilius Varus, or rather its foundations, still retain the kindred appellation of Quintiliolo. But the house of Vopiscus, as must appear evident to any reader who thinks proper to consult the poet alluded to, must have been in the dell, and have actually hung over the river, as it occupied both the banks and saw its surrounding shades reflected from the surface of the water‡.

† Where two white turrets rear their lofty heads,
And Anio in a lake-like surface spreads.

‡ Nemora alta citatis
Incubere vadis, fallax responsat imago
Frondebis, et tóngas eadem fugit unda per umbras.

Lætus utrumque domi : nec te m'issimus annis
Dividit, æternas servant prætoria ripas,
Non externa sibi, fluviumve obstare queruntur.

STATIUS, Syl. i. 3.

O'er the swift tide the nodding groves impend,

The fond attachment of Horace to Tibur, united to the testimony of Suetonius, has induced many antiquaries to imagine, that at some period or other of his life he possessed a little villa in its neighbourhood, and tradition accordingly ennobles a few scattered fragments of walls and arches with the interesting appellation of Horace's villa. The site is indeed worthy the poet, where, defended by a semicircular range of wooded mountains from every cold blustering wind, he might look down on the playful windings of the Anio below, discover numerous rills gleaming through the thickets as they glided down the opposite bank, enjoy a full view of the splendid mansion of his friend Mæcenas rising directly before him, and catch a distant perspective of *aurea Roma* (Golden Rome), of the golden towers of the Capitol soaring majestic on its distant mount. But whatever his wishes might be, it is not probable that his moderate income, permitted him to enjoy such a luxurious residence in a place so much frequented, and consequently so very expensive; and indeed the very manner in which those wishes are expressed seems to imply but slight hopes of ever being able to realise them. "Tibur, &c. sit—utinam—Unde si—*Parcae prohibent iniquæ*†." If Horace actually possessed a villa there, the wish was unnecessary, as the event lay in his own power. The authority of Suetonius

And every leaf is seen reflected there,
As through continuous shade the waters glide.

* * *

To thee each shore belongs; nor does the stream
(A lovely stream) divide thee from thyself;
On either bank thy well-wrought mansions stand,
And each with each domestic union owns,
Nor of the interposing wave complains.

† O that Tibur

But should the partial fates refuse.—FRANCIS.

seems indeed positive, but it is possible that the same place may be alluded to under the double appellation of his Sabine or Tiburtine seat*. The poet, it is true, often represents himself as *meditating* his compositions while he wandered along the plains and through the groves of Tibur:

Circa nemus, uvidique
'Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo†.

But as he was probably a frequent companion of Mæcenas in his excursions to his villa at Tibur, he may in those lines allude to his solitary rambles and poetical reveries. Catullus, a Roman knight, had fortune sufficient to indulge himself in such an expensive residence, and accordingly speaks with much complacency of his Tiburtine retreat, which, on account of its proximity to the town, he calls *suburbana*. Munatius Plancus also possessed a villa at Tibur, apparently of great beauty. To this the poet alludes in that ode‡ where, in enlarging on the charms of the place, he recommends indirectly and with much

* That villas in the vicinity of Tibur sometimes took their name from the town, and sometimes from the territory, is evident from Catullus:—

O Funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tiburs,
Nam te esse Tiburtem autumant quibus non est
Cordi Catullum lædere; at quibus cordi est;
Quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt.

“O my Farm, whether Sabine, or Tiburtine (for those who do not wish to annoy Catullus call you Sabine; but those who do wish it, insist at all hazards that you are Tiburtine).”

† So I, weak bard, round Tibur's lucid spring,
Of humbler strain laborious verses sing.—FRANCIS.

‡ Seu te fulgentia signis
Cæstra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui.—Carm. i. 7.

Whether the camp with banners bright display'd
Or Tibur hold thee in its thick-wrought shade.—FRANCIS.

delicacy to his friend, who in a moment of despondency had resolved upon a voluntary exile, his delightful seat at Tibur as a retirement far preferable to Rhodes and Mitylene, places in those times much frequented by disaffected or banished Romans.

But to abandon these aerial charms, spread indeed like flitting shades over every grove and every meadow, but perceptible only to the eye of imagination, let us turn to the visible beauties that line our walk and appear in new forms at every turning. As the traveller, following the bend of the hill, comes to the side of the road opposite to the town, he catches first a side glimpse, and shortly after a full view of the Cascatelli, or lesser cascades, inferior in mass and grandeur, but equal in beauty, to the great fall in the town. They are formed by a branch of the Anio turned off from the main body of the river, before it reaches the precipice, for the uses of the inhabitants, and after it has crossed the town bursting from a wood on the summit of the hill, and then tumbling from its brow in one great and several lesser streams, first down one and then another declivity, through thickets and brambles, spangled with dew-drops or lighted up with a rainbow. The elevation and mass of these cascades; the colours and broken masses of the rocks down which they tumble; the shrubs, plants, and brambles that hang over the channel and sometimes bathe themselves in the current; the river below fretting through a narrow pass under a natural arch; the olives that shade that arch, and the vines that wave around it; the bold bendings and easy sweeps of the surrounding mountains; and the towers of the town rising on the top of the hill beyond the cascade, with the ruins of Mæcenas's villa on its shelving side, form one of the most delicious pictures for softness and beauty, wildness and animation, that can be imagined. The

traveller is usually conducted by his guide to a sort of natural stage, formed by the rock projecting boldly over the river, just opposite the cascade. Here he may seat himself on the grass under the shade of a tufted olive-tree, enjoy at leisure the delightful sight, nor wonder that Horace, when surrounded by such scenery, should feel the full influence of inspiration.

— Quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt
 Et sisse nemorum coma:
 Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem*.—Carm. iv. 3.

However, a side view is considered as the best, because it augments the apparent mass of waters; and this we enjoyed as we continued our walk along the road; while before us the opening valley exhibited a distant perspective over the Campagna to the seven hills and the towers of Rome, and the Mediterranean closing or rather bordering the picture with a gleam of purple.

We passed Quintiliolo, and the pond once probably the receptacle of those favourite fish which, as Cicero sarcastically observes, seem to have occupied so much of the time and thoughts of their indolent proprietors. At the foot of the hill in a meadow called Campo Limpido, near the road, springs a fountain which some travellers have thought proper to dignify with the appellation of *Bandusia*; but though its source be abundant, its waters pure, and its appearance picturesque, yet it is far remote from the classical fountain of that denomination. After having passed the bridge, and ascended part of the declivity towards the town, we entered a field, in order to visit a circular edifice of brick with a

But him, the streams which warbling flow
 Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
 And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
 The master of the Æolian song.—FRANCIS.

vaulted roof, resembling, though of a smaller size, the temple of Minerva Medica*, supposed by some to be the Fanum Tussist, by others a sepulchre; the situation seems more appropriate to the latter, the form better calculated for the former. It has several niches for statues, is of excellent proportions, and though stripped long since of all its ornaments, is yet in good preservation‡.

Mæcenas's villa stands at the extremity of the town on the brow of the hill, and hangs over several streamlets which fall down the steep. It commands a noble view of the Anio and its vale beneath, the hills of Albano and Monticelli, the Campagna, and Rome itself rising on the borders of the horizon. It still presents several traces of its former magnificence, such as a triple row of arches, seventeen below and fourteen above, forming a suite of apartments spacious enough for all the purposes of private luxury. The active Cardinal Ruffo during the reign of the late pontiff turned it into a foundry, after having stripped the walls and the roof of the ivy, and effaced the venerable marks of ruin which the hand of time had shed over them. A branch of the river pours through the arched gallery and vaulted cellars, and shaking the edifice as it passes along, rushes in several sheets down the declivity. The ancient magnificence of this villa is probably equalled by that of the modern Villa Estense, erected by a Cardinal of that name in the sixteenth century, in a lofty situation, surrounded with terraces, waterfalls, groves of cedars, cypresses, and orange-trees, and adorned with

* The Healing Minerva.

† The Temple of the Goddess of Coughing.

‡ Some antiquaries are of opinion, that it was a bath; but its situation on a declivity and at a distance from the town, seems unfavourable to such a destination.

statues, vases, and marbles. The gardens are laid out in the old style, and not conformable to our ideas of rural beauty, and the whole is in a most lamentable state of decay. Very different was its condition when described by Strada, who lays the scene of two of his *Prolusions* in its gardens.

There are in the town or immediate neighbourhood of Tivoli, other villas of great extent and some magnificence, enjoying in proportion similar advantages of situation and of prospect, and perhaps no spot in the universe affords more of either;* but unfortunately the modern Romans, like the Italians and the continental nations in general, are not partial to country residence. They may enjoy the description, or commend the representation of rural scenes and occupations in books and pictures, but they feel not the beauties of nature, and cannot relish the calm, the solitary charms of a country life. Hence the delicious retreats of Tibur, and the rival beauties of the Alban Mount, scenes that delighted the philosopher and enchanted the poet in ancient days, are now beheld with indifference, and perhaps honoured once a year, during the *Villeggiatura**, with a short and impatient visit.

Englishmen who are generally educated in the country, and are attached by all the ties of custom and of inclination to rural scenery, may appreciate the beauties of Tibur, and do justice to the description of the poet. While they behold the hills, the woods, the streams,

Et præcepit Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis†.—Carm. i. 7.

* The season of country diversions.

† And rapid Anio, headlong in his course,
Or Tibur, fenced by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bathed by ductile streams.

which so often inspired the Roman Lyrist; they may conceive, and even share his enthusiasm, and did not a better sentiment suppress the wish, they might exclaim with him,

Tibur, Argeo positum colono,
 Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,
 Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
 Militiæque*.—Carm. ii. 6.

May 15th.—We rose about three in the morning, and although the weather appeared rather lowering, we mounted at four, and forming a party of nine, proceeded on our road towards the Sabine mountains, in order to visit Horace's villa.

The *Via Valeria* (the Valerian Way) is without doubt the shortest road to Vico Varo, but we took one which, though very bad and somewhat longer, gave us an opportunity of seeing more of the country. As we were winding along the hills, we saw the river meandering beneath us through a beautiful dell and forming a variety of pleasing scenes, especially near a spot where the ruins of two aqueducts throw their arches over the road, and form a sort of frame for the towers of Tivoli and its neighbouring mountains. An artist who was in company with us took a sketch on the spot, and has since made a very fine drawing of it. The aqueducts frequently reappeared during the course of the day, sometimes rising like masses of brown rock on the hills, and sometimes sweeping in a succession of lofty arches over the plains. The face of the country was here wooded and there naked, but always bold,

* May Tibur to my latest hours
 Afford a kind and calm retreat;
 Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
 The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat;
 There may my labours end, my wanderings cease,
 There all my toils of warfare rest in peace.—FRANCIS.

and in general very fertile. Its most striking features were, a ruined castle on the bank of the river, distant towns lodged in the high recesses of the mountains, particularly St. Polo far on the left, and Castel Madama just opposite. The latter is said to be extremely healthy on account of its airy situation ; it affords a fine view of the valley, of the river, and of the mountains, with their various hamlets. From the side of the hill we looked down upon Vico Varo, whose churches and walls of white stone appeared to much advantage. This town nearly retains its ancient name, and is the *Variæ* mentioned by Horace, as the principal municipality where, it seems, representatives from the circumjacent villages used to meet.

Quinque bonos solitum Variam demittere patres*.

Epist. i. 14.

It stands on a hill close to the Anio, has considerable remains of its wall, composed of vast stones, like those employed in the Coliseum, and though not large, must have been opulent, if we may judge from such a magnificent rampart.

From Vico Varo we proceeded along the river about two miles, to a bridge remarkable for the remains of a lofty arch, formed to conduct the Claudian aqueduct over the Anio. Only a small part of the arch is standing, while the channel opened through the rock on the opposite side, near a mill, is still perfect. The banks here are extremely bold, particularly on the northern side of the river, where they rise to a great elevation, and seem to hang over the mill and the stream. The rock is hollowed out by nature into a variety of grottoes, said to have been for

* five worthy fathers sent, 4

One from each house, to Variæ's parliament.—FRANCIS.

some time the retreat of St. Benedict, the patriarch of the western monks. On the top of the rock stands the Franciscan convent of S. Cosimato, a neat and convenient building, with a very clean church. Hither we repaired in order to take shelter from a very heavy shower, and were received by the good fathers with cordiality, and treated in a very hospitable and polite manner. About one o'clock we sallied forth, and returning back some little way, took a path leading directly northward. I must observe, that from the convent, and indeed some little time before you reach it, you discover, towards the north, two villages, beautifully situated on the summit of a woody and well-cultivated hill, supported by a range of mountains behind; one of these villages is called *Canta Lubo*, the other *Bardela*. The latter is *Mandela*, which, on account of its high situation, Horace represents as suffering much from the effects of the cold.

Rugosus frigore pagus*.—Epist. i. xviii. 105.

As we advanced, we found ourselves in a fine valley, with beautiful hills rising close on our left, while on our right, in the midst of fertile meadows, bounded on the opposite side by the hill of *Mandela*, and a ridge of successive mountains, glided the *Licenza*, anciently the *Digentia*, the favourite stream of Horace.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus†.—Epist. xviii. 104.

Its bed is wide, stony, and shallow in summer. We had not proceeded far, when to the left, on the brow of a craggy steep, we perceived the *Fanum Vacunæ* (Temple of *Vacuna*)‡, whence the poet

* A district contracted with cold.

† As on as the cool stream of *Digentia* refreshes me.

‡ Hoc tibi dictabam post templum putre *Vacunæ*.

HORAT. EPIST. I. X. 49.

dated one of his philosophic epistles ; it was almost in ruins in his time, and probably sunk under the pressure of age not long after : a village has risen upon its site, and assumed the name of Rocca Giovane. Near the path which leads up to this village issues a spring, called by some writers the fountain of Bandusia.

The road then ran at the foot of Mount Lucretilis, and a more beautiful mountain has rarely been discovered by a traveller or celebrated by a poet ; it rises in a gentle but irregular swell, forming several hills of different shapes as it ascends, and leading the eye through several easy gradations to its summit. Rocks and precipices frequently break its lines, and open various caverns and grottoes in its sides and on its declivities. Its lower regions are divided into corn-fields and vineyards ; groves of olives and of chesnuts interspersed with forest-trees thrown negligently about, sometimes single, sometimes in clumps, and now and then in woods, wave round its middle : its upper parts are heathy pasture, and in many places covered with brambles, shrubs, and forests. Herds may be seen ranging through the meadows, and flocks of goats spread over the wilds and browsing on the precipices. Arcadia itself could scarcely have exhibited more beautiful scenes, or opened more delightful recesses ; so that Lucretilis, without being indebted to poetical exaggeration for the compliment, might easily be supposed to have attracted the attention of the rural divinities, and allured them to its delicious wilderness*.

These lines behind Vacuna's fane I penn'd.—FRANCIS.

Vacuna was the Minerva, or perhaps the Victory of the Sabines. The temple here alluded to, or one to Victory on the same site, was repaired by Vespasian. This goddess had another temple, or at least a grove, near Reate and the Velinus.—Plin. iii. 12.

* Velox amaranthum sæpe Lucretilem

About a mile and a half beyond the road which leads to Rocca Giovane we turned up a pathway, and crossing a vineyard, found ourselves on the spot where Horace's villa is supposed to have stood. A part of a wall rising in the middle of brambles, and some mosaic pavements, are the only traces that now remain of the poet's mansion. It was probably remarkable neither for its size nor its decorations†; neatness and convenience it must have possessed — *mundæque parvo sub lare cœnæ*‡. Its situation is extremely beautiful. Placed in a little plain or valley in the windings of Mount Lucretilis, it is sheltered on the north side by hills rising gradually, but very boldly; while towards the south a long hillock covered with a grove, protects it from the scorching blasts of that quarter. Being open to the east and west, it gives a full view of Rocca Giovane, formerly *Fanum Vacunæ*, on one side: on the other, two towns, the nearest of which is Digentia, the farthest Civitella, perched each on the pointed summit of a hill, present themselves to view; below, and forming a sort of basis to these eminences, Ustica speckled

Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.

HORAT. Carm. i. 17.

Pan from Arcadia's hills descends
To visit oft my Sabine seat,
And here my tender goats defends
From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat.

FRANCIS.

† Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.—Carm. ii. 18. •
No walls with ivory inlaid,
Adorn my house ;

* • • • • •
• Nor rich with gold my ceiling flames.—FRANCIS.

‡ And a cleanly supper in an unambitious house.

with olives, and spangled with little shining rocks, stretches *its recumbent form**.

Behind the house is a path leading through a grove of olives and rows of vines, which conducts to an abundant rill descending from Fonte Bello (perhaps anciently the *Bandusia*), a fountain in the higher regions of the mountain. It is collected in its fall from an artificial cascade into a sort of basin, whence it escapes, pours down the hill, and glides through the valley, under the name of *Digentia*, now Licenza. This rill, if I may judge by its freshness, still possesses the good qualities Horace ascribed to it, and still seems to flow so cool and so clear,

————— Ut nec

Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus†.

Epist. i. xvi. 13.

I must indeed here observe, that the whole tract of country which we have just traversed, corresponds in every particular with the description which Horace gave of it two thousand years ago. Not only the grand and characteristic features‡—the *continued*

* Uteunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula

Valles & Ustica cubantis

Lævia personuere saxa.—HORAT. Carm. i. 17.

Whene'er the vales wide-spreading round,

The sloping hills and polish'd rocks

With his harmonious pipe resound.—FRANCIS.

† Cooler and purer than a Thracian stream.—Ibid.

‡ Continui montes nisi dissociantur opaca

Valle.

Epist. i. xvi. 5.

A chain of mountains which a vale divides.—FRANCIS.

Hic inæducta valle caniculæ

Vitabis æstus.

Carm. i. xvii. 7.

Beneath a shady mountain's brow . .

Far from the burning Dog-star's rage.—FRANCIS.

Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus.—Epist. ð. xvi. 12.

A fountain to a rivulet gives its name.—FRANCIS.

chain of mountains—the shady valley—the winding dell—the abundant fountain—the savage rocks—features which a general convulsion of nature only can totally efface, not these alone remain, but the less and more perishable beauties—the little rills—the moss-lined stones—the frequent groves—the arbutus half concealed in the thickets—the occasional pine—the oak and the ilex suspended over the grotto—these meet the traveller at every turn, and rise around him as so many monuments of the judgment and of the accuracy of the poet.*

Inhospita tesqua.

Epist. I. xiv. 19.

Inhospitable and uncultivated grounds.

Ruris amœni

Rivos et musco circumlitâ saxa, nemusque.

Epist. I. x. 6.

The rural mead

The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade.

FRANCIS.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos

Quærunt latentes—

Carin. I. xvii. 5,

In safety, through the woody brake

The latent shrubs and thyme explore.—FRANCIS.

Quid si rubicunda benigne

Corna vepres et pruna ferunt, si quercus et ilex

Multa fruge pecus, multa dominum juvat umbra.

Epist. I. xvi. 8.

How mild the climes, where, sloes luxurious grow,

And blushing cornels on the hawthorn glow!

My cattle are with plenteous acorns fed,

Whose various oaks around their master spread.

FRANCIS.

Immiuens villæ pinus.

Carin. III. xxii. 5.

The pine,

That nodding waves my villa round.—FRANCIS.

— Cavis impositam ilicem

Sæpis.

Carin. III. xiii. 14.

The oak, that spreads thy rocks around.—FRANCIS.

Cluverius

We were less fortunate in this our poetical pilgrimage than usual, as a heavy rain began about twelve o'clock in the day, and accompanied by strong gusts of wind, continued pouring in an incessant torrent till twelve at night. It soon penetrated our clothes; the tardiness of our mules gave it full time to operate; so that notwithstanding our enthusiasm, and a few occasional bursts of merriment, we paced slowly along the Via Valeria (the Valerian Way), wet and benighted, till we reached Tivoli about ten o'clock. Thus we learned by experience, that Horace had some reason to thank the rural divinities for protecting his flocks from the inclemencies of the mountains, and from the *raining winds*,* whose effects he seems to have felt and dreaded. The wind continued high and chill during the whole of the following day (Sunday). On Monday the weather resumed its usual serenity, and we returned to Rome.

Cluverius concludes that Horace had a view of Mount Soracte from his Sabine villa, because he commences an ode with the words—

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum

Soracte.

Carm. i. 9.

Behold Soracte's airy height,

See how it stands a heap of snow.—FRANCIS.

But this is not the case, as Mount Lucretilis interposes in that direction and obstructs all view, excepting that of its own varied ridge. The ode alluded to was probably composed at Rome, as the amusements which Horace recommends in the last stanza but one, were peculiar to the city, *nunc et campus et ureæ, &c.** The learned geographer also insists upon Ustica's being a valley, on account of the epithet *cubanlis*, which he maintains could not be ascribed to a hill. Most of my readers will probably think otherwise, and conceive that such an epithet is applicable to hills only, and this opinion is confirmed by the name which a hill in the neighbourhood of Mount Lucretilis still bears. Its form is long and rises gradually, as that of a person *leaning on his elbow*: its surface is marked by a number of white smooth stones; and it is always pointed out as the Ustica alluded to by Horace.

* The public walks, the public park.—FRANCIS.

CHAPTER V.

The Alban Mount and Lake—Tusculum and Cicero's Villa—Aricia, and the Grove and Temple of Diana—The Lake of Nemi, and Palace of Trajan—Antium—Forests and Plains of Laurentum—Ostia—Mouth of the Tiber.

THE Alban Mount, which forms such a conspicuous and majestic feature of Roman landscape, and presents itself so often to the reader's notice in Roman history and literature, next attracted our attention and furnished an object for a second excursion. The road to it is the Via Appia (the Appian Way), which begins at the Porta Capena (the Capenian Gate), crosses the Almone flowing near the walls; and as it traverses the Campagna presents aqueducts and sepulchres that border its sides with ruins.

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris*.

The Fossa Cluilia,

Horatorum qua viret sacer campus† :—MART. Epig. iii. 47.

the theatre of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii lies between five and six miles from the gate on the right. Several tombs stand on the side of the hillock that borders these fields, but no one in particular is pointed out as belonging to the unhappy champions. Their monuments however existed in the time of Titus Livius‡, and as their forms and materials were probably very plain and very solid, they must have remained for many ages after, and may be some of the many mounds that still stand in clusters about the very place where they fell. The multiplicity of the tombs that line the road is

* For even sepulchres themselves have their tated hour.

† Where lies the sacred field of the Horatii.

‡ Lib. i. 25.

so great, that when entire, and surrounded, as several of them anciently were, with cypresses and ornamental enclosures, they must almost have touched each other, and formed a funeral street. This circumstance affords a strong argument, that the environs of the city, at least on this side, could not have been so thickly inhabited as is usually imagined. Besides Cicero, in one of his Epistles, alludes to the danger of being robbed in broad day on the road to Albano*, a circumstance which implies solitude, and gives the plain extending at the foot of the Alban Mount, a reputation similar to that attached not long ago to the predatory districts of Blackheath or Hounslow.

On the side of the hill, on or near the site of the ancient *Bovillæ*, stands a tavern, the very same if we may credit tradition into which Clodius retired when wounded, and from which he was afterwards dragged by Milo's attendants. Near the gate of Albano on the side of the road rises an ancient tomb, the sepulchre (as it is called by the people) of Ascanius; but in the opinion of antiquaries that of Clodius himself. It is entirely stripped of its ornaments and external coating, and has no other claim to the traveller's attention than its antiquity.

The town of Albano consists almost totally of one long street, in general well built and airy; but its chief advantage is its lofty situation; and its ornaments are the beautiful country houses and walks that surround it on all sides. The principal villa belongs to a Roman duke, and occupies part of the site of Pompey's *Albanum*, and its gardens, laid out in the best modern style, wind delightfully amidst the ruins. Its views open on the sea coast, and command the whole of that classic ground which

* Ad Att. vii. 9.

Virgil has made the scene of the last six books of the *Æneid*; the seven hills and the humble capital of Evander; the mouth of the Tiber where Eneas landed; Laurentium with its surrounding forests; the lake of Turnus; the *vada sacra Numici**, and all the Rutilian territory.

A fine road shaded with double rows of ilex leads from Albano to Castel Gandolfo and the Alban Lake. This well-known lake is seven miles in circumference, and surrounded with a high shelving shore, which is covered with gardens and orchards. The immediate borders of the lake are lined with trees that bathe their branches in its waters. It is clear as crystal, is said to be almost unfathomable in some places, and is supposed to be contained in the crater of an extinguished volcano. An *emissarius* or outlet was formed at so early a period as the year of Rome 358, to prevent the sudden and mischievous swells of the lake which had then recently occasioned considerable alarm. The immediate occasion of this undertaking was a command of the Delphic oracle. The work still remains a singular instance of the industry and superstition of the Romans. It is bored through the body of the mountain or rather through the solid rock, and runs somewhat more than a mile under ground: going out of the lake it first passes through a court or apartment formed of huge masses of Tiburtine stone, shaded above by a large and spreading ilex: it then enters the narrow channel which diminishes in height as it advances, but in all places leaves room for the purposes of repairing and cleansing†.

* Where Numicus opens his holy source.--DRYDEN.

† Vide Liv. v. 16. Cic. de Div. i. 44. Val. Max. i. vi. 3. This work was finished in less than a year. The emperor Claudius

On the highest, that is, the southern bank of the lake, stood *Alba Longa*, a city known only in Roman story, for not a vestige of it remains; dignified while it stood by its contest with infant Rome, and when it fell, by the short but eloquent description which Titus Livius gives of its destruction*. Nothing can be more delightful than the walks around the lake, sometimes approaching the edge of the steep banks and looking down upon the glassy surface extended below, and at other times traversing the thickets and woods that rise all around, and refresh the traveller as he passes under *their vast contiguity of shade*. Another *umbrageous* alley, partly through woods, leads to Marino, a very pretty town: the approach to it with the rocky dell, the fountain in the midst, the town on the eminence above, the woods below and on the side of the road, might furnish an excellent subject for a landscaper.

The same alley continues to Grotta Ferrata, once the favourite villa of Cicero, and now an abbey of Greek monks. It stands on one of the Tumuli or beautiful hills grouped together in the Alban Mount. It is bounded on the south by a deep dell, with a streamlet that falls from the rock, and having turned a mill meanders through the recess and disappears in its windings: this stream, now the Marana, was anciently called *Aqua Crabra*, and is alluded to by Cicero. Eastward rises a lofty eminence once crowned with Tusculum; westward the view descends, and passing over the Campagna, fixes on

began a similar *emissarius* to let out the waters of the Lacus Fucinus, and employed in it thirty thousand men for eleven years.

* Lib. i. 29. .

† The fountain is supposed to be the source of the *Aqua Ferentina*, and Marino the *Caput Aquæ Ferentinæ*, so often mentioned in Roman history.

Rome and the distant mountains beyond it: on the south, a gentle swell presents a succession of vineyards and orchards, and behind it towers the summit of the Alban Mount once crowned with the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. Thus Cicero, from his portico, enjoyed the noblest and most interesting view that could be imagined to a Roman and a consul; the temple of the tutelary divinity of the empire, the seat of victory and of triumph, and the theatre of his glorious labours, the capital of the world,

*Rerum pulcherrima Roma**!—*VIR. Georg. ii. 534.*

That Cicero's Tusculum was extensive, highly finished, and richly adorned with columns, marbles, and statues, there can be no doubt, as he had both the desire and the means of fitting it up according to his own taste, and the luxury of the times. That all his villas were remarkable for their beauty we may learn from one of his epistles, where he calls them the brightest ornaments, or rather the very eyes of Italy, and it is highly probable that Tusculum surpassed them all in magnificence, as it was his favourite retreat, owing to its proximity to Rome, which enabled him to enjoy the leisure and liberty of solitude, without removing to too great a distance from the business and engagements of the city. Moreover, this villa had belonged to Sylla the dictator, who was not inclined to spare any expense in its embellishments, and it had been purchased by Cicero at an enormous price, and by him enlarged and furnished with additional ornaments. Among the statues, we find that his library was adorned with those of the muses, and his academy with an

* Rome, the fairest and the noblest object that the world can boast.

hermathena; as he expresses a particular partiality for pictures, we may conclude that such decorations were not wanting. Annexed to it were, a lyceum, a portico, a gymnasium, a palæstra, a library, and an academy for literary discourses and philosophic declamations during the winter; the thick groves which surrounded it, afforded the orator and his learned friends a cooler and more rural retreat during the heats of summer. The scenes of several of his philosophical dialogues, as for instance, of that *De Divinatione*, and of his *Tusculan Questions*, are laid, as every reader knows, on this classic spot, and their recollection connected with the memory of our early years, naturally increases the interest and reverence with which we tread this sacred ground* :

Rura nemusque sacrum dilectaque jugera Musis†.

The reader will probably expect a description of

* I am well aware that some antiquaries of reputation maintain that Cicero's villa was seated on the very ridge of the mountain, and ground their opinion not only on some Roman bricks inscribed with his name, found in that site, but on the positive statement of an old commentator on Horace. But in the first place, in the plunder of Cicero's villa, which took place in consequence of his exile, the bricks and materials might have been carried off as well as the trees and plants themselves; and in the second place the name and age of the commentator, as well as the sources of his information, are all unknown, and consequently his authority cannot be very great. The statues which I have mentioned above, of the Muses and the Hermathena, were found at Grotta Ferrata, though the discovery of those statues, or of any others, can afford but little strength to an opinion, as such articles seldom remain very long in the same place, and are so easily transferable. The principal argument in favour of the common opinion is the constant tradition of the country down to the beginning of the eleventh century, when, as it is related by contemporary writers, St. Nilus erected his monastery on the ruins of Cicero's *Tusculanum*.

†

The sacred grove,
The fields and meadows that the Muses love.

the ruins of this villa, which Dr. Middleton and Mr. Melmoth represent as still existing; but in opposition to such respectable authorities, I am sorry to observe, that not even a trace of ruins is now discoverable. The principal, perhaps the whole of the buildings, still stood at the end of the tenth century, when St. Nilus, a Greek monk from Calabria, fixed himself on the spot, and after having demolished what remained of the villa, erected on its site, and probably with its materials, his monastery, which in process of time became a rich abbey, and as it was first founded, so it is still inhabited by Greek monks of the order of St. Basil. At each end of the portico is fixed in the wall a fragment of basso rilievo; one represents a philosopher sitting with a scroll in his hand, in a thinking posture; in the other, are four figures supporting the feet of a fifth of a colossal size, supposed to represent Ajax. These, with the beautiful pillars that support the church, are the only remnants of the decorations and furniture of the ancient villa. *Conjiciant*, says an inscription, *quæ et quanta fuerint*.*.

The plane tree, which Cicero in the person of Scaevola notices with so much complacency in the introduction to the first book *De Oratore*, still seems to love the soil, and blooms and flourishes in peculiar perfection all around†. One in particular, bending

* It may be guessed what they formerly were.

The church contains little remarkable excepting the chapel of St. Nilus, painted by Domenichino in a masterly style. The wall is separated into compartments, and in each compartment is represented one of the principal actions of the patron saint. The Demoniac Boy near the altar, and St. Nilus praying near the end of the chapel, are supposed to be the two best.

† *Me hæc tua platanus admonuit, quæ non minus ad opacandum hunc locum patulis est diffusa ramis, quam illa cujus umbram secutus est Socrates, quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsâ aquula quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione, crevisse.*—*De Orat. i. 7.*

over an abundant fountain, spreads such a luxuriance of foliage, and forms a shade so thick and impenetrable, as would have justified Plato's partiality, and Scævola's encomiums.

From Grotta Ferrata we proceeded to the hills that hang over Frascati, the summit of which was once crowned with Tusculum, whose elevation and edifices of white stone made it a beautiful and striking object in Roman landscape*, and communicated its name to all the rural retreats (and there were many) in its neighbourhood. This town survived the hostilities of the barbarians, and was doomed to fall in a civil contest by the hands of the Romans themselves, about the year 1190. Its ruins remain scattered in long lines of wall, and of shattered arches intermingled with shrubs and bushes, over the summit and along the sides of the mountain. The view is extensive in every direction, but particularly interesting towards the north-east, where immediately under the eye appear Monte Cato (the hill of Cato), and the Prata Porcia (the Portian meadows), once the property of Cato, whose family name they still bear; farther on, the Lake Regillus, well known for

I have been put in mind of these matters by your plane-tree, which overshadows this spot with its spreading boughs, in the same manner as that of whose shade Socrates was so fond, which seems to me to have been so very flourishing rather in consequence of the declamation of Plato, than of the little brook, of which a description is given.

The scene of these Dialogues is laid in Crassus's Tusculan villa, the same, if I mistake not, which was afterwards Sylla's and then Cicero's.

* *Superni villa candens Tusculi.*

HORAT. *Epod. i; Carm. i. 29.*

The white villa of the elevated Tusculum.

Horace here appropriates to the villa of his friend a quality which it possessed in common with the town, and all the great buildings in the same situation.

the apparition of Castor and Pollux ; a little towards the south, Mount Algidus, and the whole Latin vale extended below ; Preneste seated on a lofty eminence ; and Tibur embosomed in the distant mountains.

The modern town of Frascati stands on the side of the hill, much lower down than the ancient city, but yet in an elevated and airy situation. It is surrounded with villas, many of which are of great beauty and magnificence. Its interior contains nothing remarkable.

The next day we bent our course southward. The first object that struck us out of the gate was the ancient tomb, called by the people the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii. This monument is of great magnitude, and of a bold and striking form. It was originally adorned with five obelisks ; of which two only remain. A variety of shrubs grow from its crevices, wave in garlands round its shattered pyramids, and hang in long wreaths to the ground. The melancholy interest which such an appearance awakens will be increased, when the traveller learns that the venerable pile before him may possibly cover the remains of Cneius Pompeius, *nobile nec victum fatis caput**. I say possibly, and am willing to adopt this opinion, which is not without authority ; yet if it really were true, as Plutarch relates, that Cornelia had her husband's ashes conveyed to Italy, and deposited in his Alban villa (which it is to be recollected had been seized by Antony), how are we to explain the indignant complaint of Lucan ?

Tu quoque cum sævo dederas jam templa tyranno,
Nondum Pompeii cineres, O Roma, petisti
Exul adhuc jacet umbra ducis !†—Phars. viii. 835.

* A hero whom even the fates could not subdue.—LUCAN. Phars. vii. 713.

† And thou, O Rome, by whose forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, stand,

We may at least infer that no such event had taken place before Lucan's time, or it was then unknown, and of course that no mausoleum had been raised on the occasion. If therefore this monument be in honour of that celebrated Roman, it must have been a mere cenotaph erected at a later period.

About a mile farther on at the end of a finely shaded avenue stands *Aricia*, where Horace passed the first night of his journey to Brundisium.

Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma
Hospitiō modico*.

Sat. I. v. 1.

Whatever mode of travelling the poet employed, whether he walked, rode, or drove, he could not have fatigued himself with the length of his stages, as that of the first day was only fourteen miles, and those of the following days very nearly in the same proportion. He has reason therefore to use the word *repimus* (we crept). But of this classic tour more perhaps hereafter.

The application of the modern article, and a consequent mistake in the spelling very common in the beginning of Italian names, has changed the ancient appellation of this little town into *La Riccia*. It is extremely well built and pretty, particularly about the square which is adorned with a handsome church on one side, and on the other with a palace or rather a villa. It stands on the summit of a hill, and is surrounded with groves and gardens. Of the ancient town situated at the foot of the same hill in the valley, there remain only some arches, a circular edifice once perhaps a temple, and a few scattered

Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?—*ROWE*.

* Leaving imperial Rome, my course I steer
To poor *Aricia*, and its moderate cheer.—*FRANCIS*.

substructions. The immense foundations of the Via Appia formed of blocks of stone, rising from the old town up the side of the hill, in general about twenty-four feet in breadth and sometimes almost sixty feet in elevation, are perhaps one of the most striking monuments that now remain of Roman enterprise and workmanship. This ascent was called *Clicus Virbii** from Hippolytus, who assumed that name when restored to life by Diana.

At Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
Sedibus et nymphæ Egeriæ, nemorique relegat;
Solus ubi in sylvis Italis ignobilis ævum
Exigeret, versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset†.

• VIR. ÆN. vii. 774.

About a mile further, on an eminence stands a church called Madonna di Galloro, a very picturesque object at a little distance; and two miles thence rises the town of Gensano, beautiful in its regular streets, in its woody environs, and in the neighbouring lake of Nemi.

This lake derives its modern name from the *Nemus Dianæ* (the grove of Diana), the sacred groves that shaded its banks; like that of Albano it occupies a deep hollow in the mountain, but it is much inferior to it in extent, and fills only a part of the amphitheatre formed by the crater. The remaining part with the high banks is covered with gardens and orchards well fenced and thickly planted, forming an enchanting scene of fertility and cultivation. The castle and the town of Nemi stand on the eastern side,

* This place is alluded to by Juvenal and Persius as famous for beggars, full as common and as troublesome in ancient as in modern Italy.—PERS. Sat. vi. 55.

† But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown,
And call'd him Virbius in the Egerian grove,
Where long he lived obscure, but safe from Love.

DRYDEN.

on a high rock hanging over the water. The upper terrace of the Capucins gives the best view. Opposite to it lies Gensano stretched along a wooded bank, shelving gently to the verge of the lake; behind rises Monte Giove (*Mons Jovis*, the hill of Jupiter), and beyond extend the plains and woods that border the sea shore: towards the south-east rises the Monte Artemisio (the hill of Diana), derived as every reader knows from Diana, whose temple anciently formed a conspicuous feature in the scenery and the history of this territory. Diana was a divinity of mixed character, more inclined however to cruelty than to tenderness; and though she delighted principally in the slaughter of wild beasts, yet she now and then betrayed a latent partiality for human victims. Hence, though Roman manners would not allow the goddess to indulge her taste freely, yet she contrived by the mode established in the appointment of her priests to catch an occasional repast. That mode was singular. The priest was always a fugitive, perhaps an outlaw or a criminal; he obtained the honour by attacking and slaying his predecessor, and kept it by the same tenure, that is, till another ruffian stronger or more active dispossessed him in the same manner.

Regna tenent manibus fortes, pedibusque fugaces,
Et perit exemplo postmodo quisque suo*.

OVID. Fast. iii. 271.

This priest enjoyed the title of *Rex Nemorensis* and always appeared in public brandishing a drawn sword, in order to repel a sudden attack. Yet such a cruel goddess and such a bloody priest seem ill

The valiant by their courage reign,
The fugitives by swiftness gain
Their honours brief; by turns they die,
Each by the precedent themselves supply.

placed in a scene so soft and so lovely, destined by nature for the abode of health and pleasure, for the haunt of Fauns and Dryads, with all the sportive band of rural divinities.

The fable of the restoration of Hippolytus and his concealment in this forest is much better adapted to its scenery :

Vallis Aricinæ sylva procinctus opaca
Est lacus antiqua religione saccr,
Hic latet Hippolytus, furiis direptos equorum' .

OVID. Fast. iii. 263.

From the base of the rock on which the town of Nemi stands, gushes the fountain of Egeria† (for this nymph had a fountain and a grove here as well as at Rome), alluded to by Ovid in the following verses :

Defluit incerto lapidosus murmure rivus
Sæpe sed exiguis haustibus inde bibes :
Egeria est quæ præbet aquas, dea grata Camœnis,
Illa Numæ conjux, consiliumque fuit‡.

OVID. Fast. iii. 273.

Deep in Aricia's vale, and girt around
With shady woods, a sacred lake is found ;
Here Theseus' son in safe concealment lay,
When hurried by the maddening steeds away.

† I need not remind the reader of the transformation of the nymph into this very fountain, and Ovid's pretty account of it.

Montisque jacens radicibus imis
Liquitur in lacrimas—donec pietate dolentis
Mota soror Phœbi, gelidum de corpore fontem
Fecit et æternas artus tenuavit in undas.

OVID. Met. xv. 548.

There at the mountain's base, all drown'd in tears,
She lay—till chaste Diana on her woe
Compassion took ; her alter'd form became
A limpid fount ; her beauteous limbs dissolved,
And in perennial waters melt away.

‡ O'er their rough bed hoarse-murmuring waters move ;
A pure but scanty draught is there supplied :
Egeria's fount—whom all the Muses love,
Sage Numa's counsellor, his friend, and bridé.

The fountain is abundant, and is one of the sources of the lake. The woods still remain, and give the whole scene an inexpressible freshness and beauty in the eye of a traveller fainting under the heat of July, and panting for the coolness of the forest.

The Roman emperors delighted as may naturally be supposed in this delicious spot, and Trajan in particular, who erected in the centre of the lake a palace (for it can scarce be called a ship) of very singular form and construction. This edifice was more than five hundred feet in length, about two hundred and seventy in breadth, and sixty in height, or perhaps more correctly in depth. It was built of the most solid wood fastened with brass and iron nails, and covered with plates of lead which were double in places exposed to the action of the water. Within, it was lined and paved with marble, or a composition resembling marble; its ceilings were supported by beams of brass; and the whole was adorned and fitted up in a style truly imperial. It was supplied by pipes with abundance of the purest water from the fountain of Egeria, not only for the use of the table, but even for the ornament of the courts and apartments. This wonderful vessel was moored in the centre of the lake, which thus encircled it like a wide moat round a Gothic, I might almost say, an enchanted castle; and to prevent the swelling of the water an outlet was opened through the mountain like that of the Alban Lake, of less magnificence indeed, but of greater length. On the borders of the lake various walks were traced out, and alleys opened, not only as beautiful accompaniments to the edifice, but as accommodations for the curious who might flock to see such a singularly splendid exhibition.

When this watery palace sunk we know not, but it is probable that it was neglected, and had dis-

appeared before the invasion of the barbarians, as may be conjectured from the quantity of brass that remained in it according to the account of Marchi, a learned and ingenious Roman, who in the year 1535 descended in a diving machine, and made such observations as enabled him to give a long and satisfactory description, from whence the particulars stated above have been extracted*. It is much to be lamented, that some method has not been taken to raise this singular fabric, as it would probably contribute from its structure and furniture to give us a much greater insight into the state of the arts at that period than any remnant of antiquity which has hitherto been discovered.

The traveller returning may wind through the delightful woods that flourish between the two lakes and enter Albano by the abbey of St. Paolo, or rather by the fine avenue of Castel Gandolfo.

On the following day we ascended the highest pinnacle of the Alban Mount. The road which we took (for there are several) leads along the Alban lake, and climbs up the declivity to a little town, or rather village, called Rocca del Papa (the Pope's fortress). Above that village extends a plain called Campo d' Annibale (the plain of Annibal), because that general is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been encamped there for some days. The hollow sweep formed in the mountain beyond this plain has given it its modern appellation of Monte Cavo (the hollow mountain). Above this plain we proceeded through the woods that clothe the upper region of the mountain, *Albani tumuli atque luci* (the Alban hills and groves), and sometimes on the ancient pavement of the *Via Triumphalis* (the Triumphal Way) that led to its summit. From this

* See Brotier's Tacitus, Supp. App. and Notes on Trajan.

grove came the Voice that commanded the continuation of the Alban rites ; and on this summit stood the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, where all the Latin tribes, with the Romans at their head, used to assemble once a year, and offer common sacrifice to the tutelar deity of the nation. Hither the Roman generals were wont to repair at the head of their armies after a triumph ; and here in the midst of military pomp and splendour they presented their grateful acknowledgments to the Latin Jupiter. To this temple Cicero turned his eyes and raised his hand, when he burst forth in that noble apostrophe, “ Tuque ex tuo edito monte, Latiaris Sancte Jupiter, cujus illo lacus nemora finesque,” &c.* We may safely conclude that a temple of such repute and such importance must have been magnificent ; and accordingly we find that Augustus appointed a regular corps of troops to guard it and its treasures. The effect of this superb edifice raised on such a lofty pedestal, and towering above the sacred groves, must have been unusually grand, not only in the towns and villages at the foot of the mountain, but in Rome itself, and ever all the surrounding country. The view, as may be supposed, is extensive and varied, taking in the two lakes with all the towns around them, and in the various recesses of the mountain ; the hills and town of Tusculum, Mount Algidus, and the Alban Vale ; the Campagna, with Soracte and Rome ; the sea coast, with Ostia, Antium, Nettuno ; the woods and plains that border the coast, and the island of Pontia (the prison of so many illustrious exiles) rising like a mist out of the waters.

* And thou, holy Latian Jupiter, who presidest over the lake, the grove, and the whole territory, from thy lofty hill, &c.—Cic. pro Milone, 31.

But the most interesting object by far in this prospect is the truly classic plain expanded immediately below, the theatre of the last six books of the *Æneid*, and once adorned with Ardea, Lavinium, and Laurentum. The forest in which Virgil laid the scene of the achievements and of the fall of the two youthful heroes Euryalus and Nisus; the Tiber winding through the plain, and the groves that shade its banks and delighted the Trojan hero on his arrival; all these are displayed clear and distinct beneath the traveller, who, while seated on the substructions of the temple, may consider them at leisure, and compare them with the description of the poet. The Alban Mount is, indeed, in the *Æneid*, what Mount Ida is in the *Iliad*, the commanding station whence the superintending divinities contemplated the armies, the city, the camp, and all the motions and vicissitudes of the war.

At Juno ex summo qui nunc Albanus habetur
 (Tunc neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti)
 Prospiciens amulo, campum spectabat et ambas
 Laurentum Troumque acies, ubi nemque Latini*.

Æn. vi. 134.

Of the temple nothing remains but parts of the foundations, too insignificant to enable the observer to form any conjecture of the extent or form of the superstructure. The ground is now occupied by a church and a convent, remarkable for nothing but the situation; but it is highly probable that some vestiges of the temple, some pillars, or fragments of pillars, of friezes and cornices, might, with very little

* Meantime the Queen of heaven beheld the sight
 With eyes displeas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
 (Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame
 But then an empty hill, without a name.)
 She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
 The Latin squadrons, and Laurentine towers.—DRYDEN.

trouble, be discovered ; and the capital of one pillar would be sufficient to fix the elevation of the whole structure.

The air on the Alban and Tusculan hills 'is always pure and wholesome ; the soil is extremely fertile, and, in some places, remarkable, as it was anciently, for excellent wine. The best now bears the name, as it grows in the neighbourhood, of Gensano, anciently *Cynthianum*.

ANTIUM.

As Albano is not above ten miles distant from the coast, we took an opportunity of making an excursion thither and visiting Antium, the capital of the Volsci, often mentioned in Roman annals. The road to it runs along the Alban hills, then over the Campagna, and through a forest bordering the sea coast for many miles. It contains some very fine trees, though the far greater part were cut down and sold to the French some time before the revolution. The fall of so much wood, though at the distance of thirty miles from Rome, is said to have affected the air of that city, by exposing it to the winds that blow from the marshes on the shore, and thus rendered some of the hills, formerly remarkably salubrious, now subject to agues and fevers. The wood consists of young oak, ilex, myrtle, and box, and is peculiarly refreshing, not by its shade only, but by the perfumes that exhale on all sides from its odoriferous shrubs. This pleasure, however, is considerably diminished by the apprehension of robbers ; an apprehension not altogether ill-grounded, as all the criminals who escape from Rome and its neighbourhood betake themselves to this forest, and lurk or years in its recesses. Its extent is great, as with

little interruption it runs along the coast sometimes five, sometimes ten miles in breadth, from the mouth of the Tiber to Circe's promontory. The ground it covers is low and occasionally swampy.

Antium was once a considerable port, improved, augmented, and embellished by Nero, and much resorted to by the higher classes of the Romans who adorned it with many magnificent villas; it was, however, more remarkable for the Temple of Fortune, alluded to by Horace, and for a long time in high celebrity*. Of this temple, and of the structures raised by Nero, nothing now remains but subterraneous arches and vast foundations. The port has been repaired and fortified by some of the late pontiffs, but though capable of admitting large vessels it is totally unfrequented†. A few straggling houses alone remain of the town, though some handsome villas show that the beauty and coolness of the situation deserve more attention and a better fate ‡. An-

* O diva gratum quæ regis Antium.—Carm. i. 35.

Goddess, whom Antium, beautiful town, obeys.

FRANCIS.

† The town of Nettuno, near Antium, seems to be the remains of its ancient port.

‡ There is no inn at Nettuno, and we sat down to a cold repast under the shade of a spreading ilex near the sea; in the mean time we sent a servant to the town to procure lodgings for the night, which was approaching. He returned very soon, and having fortunately met Mr. Fagan, a gentleman to whom most English travellers who were at Rome about the same period have to acknowledge obligations, brought from him a present of two flaggon. of excellent Albano wine, and at the same time an assurance that lodgings should be provided for us without delay. After having enjoyed the coolness of the evening on the beach we proceeded to the town, and were conducted first to the shop, and then to the house of an hospitable apothecary. The house was large, and appeared in some parts totally uninhabited; but there were two rooms, one of which was very spacious, fitted up with tolerable convenience, considering

tium, situated on the point of a little promontory, sheltered by woods behind, and washed by the sea before, and commanding an extensive view of the Roman coast to Ostia and the mouth of the Tiber on one side, and to Astura and Circe's promontory on the other, might attract the eye of a man of taste and opulence.

Astura is an island and promontory about six miles by sea from Antium; it once belonged to Cicero, and seems to have been a favourite retreat; he hastened to it from his Tusculan villa with his brother on receiving intelligence of the proscription, and sailed from it to his Formian. He passed a considerable part of his time here while mourning the death of his daughter Tullia, and seems to have fixed

the climate and the customs of the country. Into these we were introduced. The supper was served up late: it was abundant, and though cooked in the Italian style, to which we were not partial, supplied a very good meal to persons not absurdly fastidious. The master and mistress of the house now made their appearance, and were prevailed upon with great difficulty to sit down. Their behaviour was easy, unaffected, I might almost say, graceful. They were very young, and both of expressive and animated countenances; the woman was beautiful, and united, as the younger part of the sex are supposed to do in Antium and its vicinity, the dark eyes and air of the country with the freshness and the bloom of more northern regions. One of the party noticed their youth, and hinted some surprise at a union which appeared almost premature; upon which the husband gave us their history; spoke of the intimacy of their respective parents; of their own early and fond attachment; of the opposition of their families on account of their youth; of their clandestine marriage, and of the misery occasioned by the resentment of their fathers. He added, that the latter had at length relented, and had received them a few weeks before with all the indulgence of tender and affectionate parents; and that as God had also blessed their industry, they now hoped to pass a long and happy life in each other's embraces. This interesting narrative was given with the utmost frankness, and at the same time with great feeling; and was not a little improved by the fond and approving smiles which the young lady cast occasionally at her husband.

upon it as the site of the temple which he had resolved to erect to her memory. "Est hic," says he, "quidem locus amœnus et in mari ipso, qui et Antio et Cirœis aspici possit*," and expresses a wish to secure that monument of his parental tenderness against the consequences of a change of proprietors and the vicissitudes of all succeeding ages. Fond wishes! vain precautions! Wherever the intended temple may have been erected it has long since disappeared, without leaving a single vestige behind to enable even the inquisitive traveller to trace its existence. Some doubt, indeed, may be entertained about its erection: though as Cicero had seen and approved a plan, and even authorised Atticus to enter into an agreement with a Chian artist for the pillars, it is highly probable that it was erected; and if we may judge from the expression above quoted, at Astura, where I have no doubt some remains might, if properly sought for, be discovered.

The next day we again amused ourselves in ranging through the groves that overshadow the ruins of Pompey's villa, and the woods that border the lakes, and flourish in the middle regions of the mountain.

OSTIA.

A few days after our return to Rome, we determined to visit Ostia, once the port of that capital, and great mart of the Mediterranean. It is fifteen miles from it; the road at first runs through two ridges of hills, and afterwards over a fertile plain bounded by the same ridges, and forming a sort of wide verdant amphitheatre, intersected by the Tiber. The face of the country the whole way is fertile and

* This is indeed a pleasant spot, in the very midst of the sea, and can be seen both from Antium and Cirœii.—Ad Att. xii. 19.

green, and varied by several gentle swells, but deficient in wood, and consequently in beauty. The sea coast, however, even at the distance of four or five miles, is bordered with a wood of *ilix* and various *shrubs* intermixed with large trees, and entangled with *underwood*, forming a forest which lies, poetically speaking, near the spot where the unfortunate Euryalus bewildered himself; it accurately answers the description of it given by Virgil:—

Sylva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra
 Horrida, quam densi complerant undique senes;
 Rara per occultos lucebat semita calles.
 Euryalum tenebræ ramorum onerosaque præda
 Impediunt, fallitque timor regione viarum:
 Nisus abit; jamque imprudens evaserat hostes
 Atque lacus qui post Albæ de nomine dicti
 Albani; tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat*.

Æneid. ix. 381.

I have said poetically speaking, as it will appear to the most negligent reader that Virgil did not mean to adhere to the letter in his topographical descriptions; otherwise we shall be reduced to the necessity of supposing, that in the space of a few minutes, or of an hour at the utmost, Nisus left his friend not far from the camp on the banks of the Tiber, reached the Alban hill and lake fifteen miles off, and returned back again.

In this forest are several large shallow pools,

* Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood;
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;
 Few paths of Kaman feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, misled the younger from his way.
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
 And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
 And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
 Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd.—DRYDEN.

whose stagnant waters are supposed to infect the air, and contribute not a little to its unwholesomeness. The Tiber is rapid and muddy; its banks are shaded with a variety of shrubs and flowery plants, and are perhaps beautiful enough to justify the description of Virgil:—

Atque hic Æneæ ingentem ex æquore lucam
 Prospicit. Hunc inter fluviò Tiberinus amœno,
 Vorticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena,
 In mare prorumpit. Variæ circumquæ supraque
 Adsuctæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo
 Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant*.

Æn. vii, 29.

The stream, though divided into branches, is yet considerable. The southern branch into which Æneas entered is not navigable.

Lævus inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis
 Hospitis Æneæ gloria sola manet†.—RUTIL.

The largest is called *Fiumicino*: on its northern bank stands Porto, the ancient *Portus Romanus*, projected by Julius Cæsar, begun by Augustus, finished by Claudius, and repaired by Trajan. To form a solid foundation for part of the mole, Claudius ordered the ship, or raft, constructed under his pre-

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

DRYDEN.

† Though sands obstruct the southern stream, its fame
 Still lives, ennobled by Æneas' name.

decessor Caligula, in order to convey the Vatican obelisk from Egypt to Rome, to be sunk. Such was its vast bulk, that it occupied nearly one side of the port. Of this port, scarce a trace remains: the town is insignificant, though a bishopric. The island formed by the two branches of the river was called *Insula Sacra*.

The present town of Ostia is a miserable fortified village, containing scarcely fifty sickly inhabitants. Such is the badness of the air, real or supposed, that none but malefactors and banditti will inhabit it. The ancient town lay nearer the sea, as appears by the inside or brick walls of some temples, vaults or baths, mosaics, &c. Excavations have been made, and statues, pillars, and the most precious marbles found in abundance, and many more will probably be discovered if the excavations be continued. One of the party, while looking for pieces of marble amidst the heaps of rubbish, found a small *torso* of the Venus of Medicis, about four inches in length. It was white and fresh, as if just come from the hands of the artist. This town was anciently of considerable size and importance. It seems to have been three or four miles in circumference, and the residence of opulence and luxury, if we may judge by the number of temples and aqueducts (one of which lines the road from Rome) and by the rich materials found among its ruins.

From the account which I have given of the country bordering on the coast, it will be found to present nearly the same features as in the time of Pliny, who thus describes the view along the road that crossed it in one of his letters:—"Varia hinc et inde facies. Nam modo occurrentibus sylvis via coarctatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit: multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum boumque

armenta*." This appearance of the country extends all along the coast, and even over the Pomptine marshes

Laurentum, the superb capital,

—————turres et tecta Latini

Ardua†,

stood on the coast, about six miles from Ostia, on the spot now occupied by a village, or rather a solitary tower, called Paterno. No vestiges remain of its former magnificence, excepting an aqueduct: a circumstance not surprising, as it probably owed all that magnificence to the imagination of the poet. A little higher up, and nearer the Alban hills, rises Pratica, the old *Lavinium*. Between these towns flows, from the *Lacus Turni* (the lake of Turnus), a streamlet that still bears the hero's name, and is called Rivo di Torno. *Ardea*, the capital of the Rutilians, is still farther on, on the banks of the *Numicus*. The forest around was called the *Laurentia Sylva* (the Laurentian wood), as also *Laurentia Palus* (the Laurentian marsh), from the many pools interspersed about it, as I have already remarked, and then as now, the resort of swine, though that breed seems considerably diminished.

Ac veluti ille canum morsu de montibus altis
Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
Defendit, multosque palus Laurentia sylva
Pastus arundinea‡.

Æn. x. 707.

* Its appearance is different in different directions. For sometimes the road is confined by meeting woods, sometimes it spreads out into meadows of wide extent; many flocks of sheep are there met with, many herds of oxen, and droves of horses.—*Epist.* ii. 17.

† The towers and lofty palaces of Latinus.

‡ And as a boar, upon the mountains bred
Of Vesulus, and fatten'd many a year
In wide Laurentum's reed-envelop'd marsh,
At length driven downward from his native hill;
By sharp-tooth'd dogs, &c.

The whole of this coast, now so lonely and abandoned, was anciently covered with seats, resembling villages, or rather little towns forming an almost uninterrupted line along the shore, and covering it with life, animation, and beauty. "Littus ornant varietate gratissima, nunc continua, nunc intermissa, tecta villarum quæ præstant multarum urbium faciem*," says Pliny in the letter already cited. It seems even to have been considered as healthy, for Herodian informs us that during the plague which ravaged Rome and the empire under Commodus, the emperor retired to Laurentum, as the sea air, perfumed by the odour of the numerous laurels that flourished along the coast, was considered as a powerful antidote against the effects of the pestilential vapours†.

CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Naples—Velletri—Pontine Marshes—Feronia—Terracina—Anxur—Fondi and its Lake—Mount Cæcubus—Gaieta—Cicero's Villa and Tomb—Liris—Mount Massicus—Falernus Ager—Naples.

SHORTLY after our return from the coast, we prepared for our journey to Naples, and set out accordingly on Friday the twenty-seventh of May, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The clouds had been gathering the whole morning, and we had scarcely time to pass the Porta Capena, when the storm burst over us with tremendous fury; it was the first we had experienced in Italy, and remarkable for the

* Villas, superior to many cities in appearance, adorn the shore with a delightful variety, sometimes in a continued, sometimes in a broken line.

† Herodian, i. 12.

livid glare of the lightning, and the sudden and rapid peals of thunder, resembling the explosion of artillery. The re-echo from the mountains round, gradually losing itself in the Apennines, added much to the grand effect. On the Campagna there was no shelter; our drivers therefore only hastened their pace, and whirled us along with amazing rapidity. However, the storm was as short as it was violent; it had diminished when we reached the stage called the Torre de Mezzavia, anciently *Ad Mediam* (Half-way), and after changing horses, we drove on to Albano. From Albano the road winds at present, or at least winded when we passed it, round the beautiful little valley of Aricia, formed by some of the lower ramifications of the Alban Mount, and presented on the left a fine view of Albano, Aricia, Galaura, Monte Giove, Gensano, all gilded by the rays of the sun, just then bursting from the skirts of the storm, and *taking his farewell sweet*. These glowing tints were set off to great advantage by the dark back ground, formed by the groves and ever-green forests that clothe the higher regions of the mountain. Night shortly after closed upon us, and deprived us of several interesting views which we might have enjoyed from the lofty situation of the road, that still continued to run along the side of the hill. Among other objects, we lost on our left the view of Lavinia, anciently *Lanuvium*, so often mentioned by Cicero as connected with Milo*, and alluded to by Horace as infested by wolves†.

We arrived about twelve o'clock at Velletri, an

* Cic. pro Milone.

† _____ ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino.

Carm. III. xxvii. 2.

Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks.—FRANCIS.

ancient town of the Volsci, that still retains its former name and consideration. It became a Roman colony at a very early period, and was the seat of the Octavian family and the birth-place of Augustus. Though it contains some considerable edifices, particularly palaces, yet it appears ill built and gloomy. Its situation however is very fine. Placed on the southern extremity of the Alban hills, it commands on one side, over a deep valley, a view of Cora and the Volscian mountains; and on the other, of a fertile plain, late the Pomptine marshes, bounded by the sea and Circe's promontory. The country through the two next stages is extremely green and fertile, presenting rich meadows adorned with forest scenery whose mild beauties form a striking contrast with the harsh features of the bordering mountains. The village of Cisterna, probably on the site of the *Tres Tabernæ*, is lively and pleasing. At Torre de' tre Ponti, the ancient *Tripuntium*, several military stones, columns, &c. dug up on the Appian road when repaired by the late Pope, will attract the attention of the traveller. Near it stood *Forum Aspii*, built at the time the road was made, and inhabited by innkeepers and the boatmen who plied on the canal that crossed the marshes*.

Here commence the famous Pomptine marshes, and at the same time the excellent road formed through them on the substructions of the Appian by the same pontiff. This road runs on an exact level, and in a straight line for thirty miles. It is bordered on both sides by a canal, and shaded by

* *Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.*

HORAT. Sat. I. v. 4

. a place

Stuff'd with rank boatmen and with vintners base.

FRANCIS.

double rows of elms and poplars. It is crossed by two rivers, the Ufens and the Amasenus, which still retain their ancient appellations, and remind the traveller of some beautiful descriptions, and particularly of the affecting adventure of Metabus, so well told by Virgil.

The *Pomptinæ Paludes* (Pomptine Marshes), derive their appellation from *Pometium*, a considerable town of the Volsci. Though this city was so opulent as to enable Tarquin to build the Capitol with its plunder, yet it had totally disappeared even before the time of Pliny. It is difficult to discover the precise date of the origin of these marshes. Homer, and after him Virgil, represent the abode of Circe as an island, and Pliny alluding to Homer quotes this opinion, and confirms it by the testimony of Theophrastus, who, in the year of Rome 440, gives this island a circumference of eighty stadia or about ten miles. It is not improbable that this vast plain, even now so little raised above the level of the sea, may, like the territory of Ravenna on the eastern coast, have once been covered by the waves. Whatever may have been its state in fabulous times, the same Pliny relates, on the authority of a more ancient Latin writer, that at an early period of the Roman republic, the tract of country afterwards included in the marshes contained thirty-three cities, all of which gradually disappeared before the ravages of war, or the still more destructive influence of the increasing fens. These fens are occasioned by the quantity of water carried into the plain by numberless streams that rise at the foot of the neighboring mountains, and for want of sufficient declivity creep sluggishly over the level space, and sometimes stagnate in pools, or lose themselves in the sands. The principal of these streams are, the Astura, the Nymfa,

the Teppia; the Aqua Puzza, in the upper; and the Amasenus and Ufens in the lower marshes*. The pools or lakes line the coast, and extend from the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Astura, to the promontory of Circe. The flat and swampy tract spread from these lakes to the foot of the Volscian mountains, and covered an extent of eight miles in breadth and thirty in length, with mud and infection. The loss of so much fertile land, and the exhalations arising from such a vast tract of swamp, carried not unfrequently to the capital itself by southerly winds, must have attracted the attention of a people so active and industrious as the ancient Romans.

Appius Claudius, about three hundred years before the Christian era, when employed in carrying his celebrated road across these marshes, made the first attempt to drain them, and his example was, at long intervals, followed by various consuls, emperors, and kings, down to the Gothic Theodoric inclusively. The wars that followed the death of this prince, the devastation of Italy, and the weakness and unsettled state of the Roman government, withdrew its attention from cultivation and left the waters of the *Paludes* (Marshes) to their natural operation. The Popes, however, when their sovereignty was established and their attention no longer distracted by the piratical visits of distant or the inroads of neighbouring barbarians, turned their thoughts to the amelioration of the inundated territory; and we find accordingly that from Boniface VIII. down to the

* Quæ Saturnæ jacet atra palus, gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles, atque in mare conditur Ufens.

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 801.

Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.—DRYDEN.

late pontiff Pius VI. no less than fifteen Popes have attempted this grand undertaking. Most of these efforts were attended with partial, none with full success. Whether the failure is to be ascribed to the deficiency of the means employed at the beginning, or to the neglect of repairs and the want of continual attention afterwards, it is difficult to determine; though considering the skill and opulence of the Romans, it is more natural to attribute the defect either to the nature of the evil in itself irremediable, or to the distracting circumstances of the intervening times.

Of the methods employed by Appius, and afterwards by the consul Cethegus, we know little; though not the road only, but the traces of certain channels dug to draw the water from it, and mounds raised to protect it from sudden swells of water, are traditionally ascribed to the former. Julius Caesar is said to have revolved in his mighty mind a design worthy of himself, of turning the course of the Tiber from Ostia, and carrying it through the Pomptine territory and marshes to the sea at Terracina. This grand project which existed only in the mind of the dictator perished with him, and gave way to the more moderate but more practicable plan of Augustus, who endeavoured to carry off the superfluous waters by opening a canal all along the Via Appia from Forum Appii to the grove of Feronia. It was customary to embark on this canal at night time, as Strabo relates and Horace practised*; because the vapours that arise from the swamps are less noxious during the coolness of the night than in the heat of

* Horace embarked in the evening, and arrived at Feronia about ten o'clock next morning; having travelled about seven-and-twenty miles in sixteen hours. The muleteer seems to have been as slow and as sleepy as modern German drivers,

the day. Many of the inconveniences of the marshes still continued to be felt, as appears from Horace's complaints*, and from the epithet applied by Lucan to the Via Appia.

Et qua Pomptinas Via dividit *Uda* paludēs†.

Phars. iii. 85.

However the canal opened by Augustus still remains, and is called the Cavata.

The luxury and the improvident policy of the immediate successors of Augustus; and the civil wars that raged under Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, diverted their attention from works of peace and improvement; so that the marshes had again increased and the waters swelled, so as to render the Via Appia nearly impassable‡. At length Nerva resumed the task, and his glorious successor Trajan carried it on during ten years and with so much activity that the whole extent of country from

* *Aqua . . . teterrima*

mali culices, ranaeque palustres.

Sat. i. v. 7-14.

• The water here was of so foul a stream

The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,

And gnats, loud buzzing.

FRANCIS.

† Where the wet road the Pomptine marsh divides.

‡ Silius Italicus, who flourished in this interval, appears to have given an accurate description of them as they were in his time, though he is speaking of the age of Annibal †.

Et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi;

Qua Saturæ nebulosa palus restagnat, et atro

Liventes cœno per squalida turbidus arva

Cogit aquas Ufens atque inficit æquora limo.

Bell. Pun. viii. 379.

The youth, that till the unwholesome Pomptine lands
Where Saturæ's marsh, with vapours crested, stands,
And through the squalid plains his turbid flood
Black Ufens rolls, and dyes the sea with mud.

Treponti to Terracina was drained, and the Via Appia completely restored, in the third consulate of that emperor. This event is commemorated in three inscriptions, one of which may be seen on a marble slab at the village of Treponti; another more explicit was found near the forty-second mile-stone on the Via Appia; and the third exists on a stone in one of the angles of the wall of the cathedral at Terracina. During the convulsions of the following centuries the marshes were again overflowed, and again drained by Cecilius Decius in the reign of Theodoric. The commencement of this work is announced in an epistle drawn up in the declamatory style of the times, and addressed by the Gothic prince to the senate. Its success is stated in another to Decius, containing a grant of the lands drained by him free from taxes for ever.

Of the different popes who have revived this useful enterprise, Boniface II., Martin V., and Sixtus Quintus, carried it on with a vigour adequate to its importance, and with a magnificence worthy of the ancient Romans. But the short reigns of these benevolent and enterprising sovereigns did not permit them to accomplish their grand designs; and their successors, of less genius or less activity, contented themselves with issuing briefs and imposing obligations on the communities and proprietors to support and repair the drains. The glory of finally terminating this grand undertaking, so often attempted and so often frustrated, was reserved for the late pontiff, Pius VI., who immediately on his elevation to the papal throne turned his attention to the Pomptine marshes. The level was taken with precision, the depth of the different canals and outlets sounded, the degree of declivity in the beds of the rivers ascertained, and at length the work was begun in the year 1778.

It was carried on with incredible ardour and vast expense for the space of ten years; and at length it was crowned with complete success and closed in the year 1788. The impartial reader will readily acknowledge that much praise is due to the pontiff, who in spite of every difficulty (and many occurred, not only from the nature of the work, but from the petty interests, intrigues, and manoeuvres, of the parties concerned) had the courage to commence, and the perseverance to complete, an undertaking of such magnitude. The *unproductive marsh forced to bear the plough* and maintain the *neighbouring cities*; the river restrained from inundations and *taught a better course*, are considered by Horace* as the most glorious of Augustus's achievements, and with reason, if glory be the result of utility. Yet Augustus had the immense resources of the Roman empire at his command; he had idle legions to employ instead of labourers, and his success was partial only, and temporary. In truth the draining of the Pomptine marshes is one of the most useful as well as most difficult works ever executed, and reflects more lustre on the reign of Pius VI. than the dome of the Vatican, all glorious as it is, can confer on the memory of Sixtus Quintus†.

I have said that the success was complete; this however must be understood upon the supposition that the canals of communication be kept open and

* Art. Poet. 64-68.

† It is fortunate for the pope, and indeed for Catholics in general, that there is such clear and frequent mention of the Pomptine marshes in ancient authors; otherwise these destructive swamps would undoubtedly have been attributed by such travellers as Burnet, Addison, Misson, &c. to the genius of the papal government, and to the nature of the Catholic religion, to indolence, superstition, ignorance, &c.

the beds of the streams be cleared*. The difference between the latter and all preceding attempts is this: on former occasions the level was not taken in all parts with sufficient accuracy, and of course the declivity necessary for the flow of the waters not everywhere equally secured. This essential defect has been carefully guarded against on the late occasion, and the *emissarii* or great drains so conducted as to ensure a constant current. The principal fault at present is said to be in the distribution of the land drained, the greater part of which having been purchased by the *Camera Apostolica* (the Apostolic Chamber) was given over to the Duke of Braschi. Roman noblemen have never been remarkable for their attention to agriculture, and the duke content probably with the present profit is not likely to lay out much in repairs, particularly in times so distressing as the present. Had the land been divided into lesser portions and given to industrious families, it might have been cultivated better, and the drains cleansed and preserved with more attention. The government indeed ought to have charged itself with that concern; but in governments where the people have no influence, public interests are seldom attended to with zeal, constancy, and effect.

When we crossed the Pomptine marshes, fine crops of corn covered the country on our left, and seemed to wave to the very foot of the mountains; while on the right numerous herds of cattle and horses grazed in extensive and luxuriant pastures. Nor indeed is the reader to imagine, that when the marshes were in their worst state they presented in every direction a dreary and forbidding aspect to the traveller or the

* It is reported that since the last French invasion these necessary precautions have been neglected, and that the waters begin to stagnate again.

sportsman who ranged over them. On the side towards the sea they are covered with extensive forests, that inclose and shade the lakes which border the coasts. These forests extend with little interruption from Ostia to the promontory of Circe, and consist of oak, ilex, bay, and numberless flowering shrubs. To the north rises Monte Albano with all its tumuli, and all the towns and cities glittering on their summits. To the south towers the promontory of Circe on one side, and the shining rock of Anxur on the other; while the Volscian mountains, sweeping from north to south in a bold semicircle, close the view to the east. On their sides the traveller beholds Cora, Sezza, Piperno, like aerial palaces shining in contrast with the brown rugged rock that supports them. These towns are all ancient, and nearly retain their ancient names. The wall and two Doric temples still attest the magnificence of Cora. Setia is characteristically described in the well-known lines of Martial, which point out at once both its situation and principal advantage:

Quæ paludes delicata Pomptinas
Ex arce Ælivi spectat uva Setini*.—Epig. x. 74.

The town is still as anciently little, but it no longer possesses the delicate and wholesome wines which it anciently boasted; for although vineyards cover the hills around, and spread even over the plains below, yet the grape is supposed to have lost much of its flavour. Piperno is the *Priverni antiqua urbs* (the ancient city of Privernum) of Virgil, whence the father of Camilla was expelled. The road from Rome to Naples passed through these towns before the late restoration of the Via Appia, and the draining of the marshes.

* Where the rich vine, the pride of Setia's town,
Looks o'er the Pomptine marshes proudly down.

The post-house called Mesa was the ancient *Ad medias Paludes* (the mid-marshes). At the extremity of the marshes we crossed the Amasenus, now united with the Ufens, and falling with it into the canal on the right. The bridge is handsome, and graced with an inscription, in a very classical style relative to the change made in the bed of the former river. It runs as follows :

Qua leni resonans prius susurro
 Molli flumine sese agebat Ufens,
 Nunc rapax Amasenus it lubens : et
 Vias dediticisse ait priores
 Ut Sexto gereret Pio iubenti
 Morem, neu sibi ut ante jure possit
 Viator male dicere aut colonus*.

The Amasenus is indeed here a deep and rapid stream, and was when we passed it clear, though it carried with it such a mass of water from the marshes. The scenery around the bridge is wooded, cool, and was to us particularly refreshing. The stream was full and rapid as when Metabus reached its banks :

Ecce fugæ medio summis Amasenus abundans
 Spumabat ripis ; tantis se nubibus imber
 Ruperat†. VIR. ÆN. xi. 547.

The woods and thickets around seem to present the same scenery as anciently, and correspond well with

* Where once, with gentle waves and slow,
 Soft-whispering Ufens loved to flow,
 Now rapid Amasenus runs ;
 Ask why his former bed he shuns ?
 'Tis that his waters may obey
 The holy Pontiff's honour'd sway,
 And that no traveller now, nor swain,
 May justly rail at him again.

† The banks of Amasene at length he gains ;
 The raging flood his farther flight restrains,
 Raised o'er the borders with unusual rains.—DRYDEN.

the rest of the history, the solitary education, and the half-savage life, of Camilla. We were now about to emerge from the *Paludi*, the only marshes ever dignified by classic celebrity. They have at length laid aside their horrors, and appeared to us clothed with harvest, and likely again to become what they were in the early ages of the Roman republic, the granary of Latium. Titus Livius relates that the Romans under the apprehension of scarcity had recourse to the Pomptine territory for corn. Now the hilly part of that territory produced much wine indeed, but little corn; the latter must therefore have grown in the plains which have since become the marshes*. They still retain their forests, the haunt now, as anciently, of wild boars, of stags, and sometimes of robbers †; and their numerous streams, the resort of various kinds of excellent fish; hence they are still much frequented by fishermen, and indeed by sportsmen of all descriptions.*

Between two and three miles from Terracina, a few paces from the road, a little ancient bridge crosses a streamlet, ‡ issuing from the fountain of Feronia.

Viridi gaudens Feronia luco§.—VIR. Æneid. vii. 800.

The grove in which this goddess was supposed to delight has long since fallen; one only solitary ilex hangs over the fountain. The temple has sunk into the dust; not even a stone remains! Yet she had

* Liv. iv. 25.

† Juvenal, Sat. iii.

‡ The streamlet is mentioned by Horace:—

Ora manusque tua lavimus Feronia lympha.

Sat. i. v. 24.

At ten, Feronia, we thy fountain gain;

There land and bathe.

FRANCIS.

§ And where Feronia's grove and temple stands.

DRYDEN.

a better title to the veneration of the benevolent than all the other goddesses united. She delighted in freedom, and took deserving slaves under her protection. They received their liberty by being seated on a chair in her temple, inscribed with these words, *Bene meriti servi sedeant : surgant liberi* *

The rocky eminence of *Anxur* now rose full before us, seemed to advance towards the sea, and as we approached presented to our view a variety of steep cliffs. On the side of one of these craggy hills stands the old town of Terracina looking towards the marshes (*prona in paludes*): the new town descends gradually towards the beach, and lines the shore; it was considerably augmented by the late Pope, who built a palace, and resided here during the spring and autumn, in order to urge on his favourite undertaking. On the ridge of the mountain stood the ancient *Anxur*, and on the summit immediately over the sea rose the temple of Jupiter, on a conspicuous and commanding site, whence he was supposed to preside over all the circumjacent country†, and to regulate the destiny of its inhabitants. On this pinnacle still remain two vast squares, consisting each of a number of arches, and forming probably the substruction of the temple of Jupiter and that of Apollo. The colonnades of these two temples, the colour of the rock which supported them, and the lofty walls and towers of the city which inclosed them and crowned the cliff, gave *Anxur* the splendour and majesty so often alluded to by the poets:

* Let slaves who have conducted themselves well, sit down here, and rise up free. — See Servius, quoted by Cluverius, 1014.

† *Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis*
 Presidet

The plains over which *Anxurian* Jupiter presides.

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur*.

HORAT. Sat. I. v. 26.

Superbus Anxur†.

MART. Epig. vi. 42.

Arccesque superbi Anxuris‡.

STATIUS.

The situation of Terracina reclining on the side of the mountain, and stretched along the shore, is very picturesque; its long lines of white edifices, and particularly the façade of the Pope's palace, give it a general appearance of magnificence. However, it possesses few objects of curiosity. The cathedral is a dark and dismal pile; it contains some antique pillars and monuments, and suffered much from the French. Some slight traces of the ancient port repaired by Antoninus are still visible. This town seems to have been rising rapidly into consideration by its increasing commerce, till the late invasion of the French checked its growth and threw it back into insignificance; and indeed few places seem better calculated for bathing and public resort than Terracina; its beach is flat; its sands are level and solid; the sea is tranquil; a river bathes its walls; and the scenery around is rich, bold, and variegated. Hence, in ancient times, it was a place much frequented during the summer, and noticed and celebrated by the poets.

O nemus, O fontes, solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis;
Et non unius spectator lectulus undæ
Qui videt hinc puppes fluminis, inde maris§.

MARTIAL, Epig. x. 51.

* ——— climb the rocky steep

Whence Anxur shines.

FRANCIS.

† Haughty Anxur.

‡ The towers of haughty Anxur.

§ Ye groves, ye fountains, and thou, sea-wash'd strand,
And Anxur, glittering in the glassy tide,
Whence the tall barks are view'd on either hand,
Or on the salt sea's wave, or river smooth that glide!

Martial elsewhere alludes to the salubrity of the place, and its waters; as when speaking of several delightful retreats along the same coast he mentions the two points that close on each side the bay of Terracina.

Seu placet Æneia nutrix, seu filia solis,
Sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis*.

Epig. v. 1.

If the traveller can spare a day he may hire a boat, and sail along the coast to the promontory of Circe, which forms so conspicuous a figure in his prospect, and appears from Terracina, as Homer and Virgil poetically describe it, a real island. As he ranges over its lofty cliffs he will recollect the splendid fictions of the one, and the harmonious lines of the other. He may traverse the unfrequented groves; but instead of the palace of Circe he will discover the lonely village of Santa Felicita, a few solitary towers hanging over the sea, and perhaps some faint traces of the ancient *Circeia*, covered with bushes and overgrown with shrubs. Nearly opposite Terracina and the promontory of Circe, but visible only from the hills, lie a cluster of islands, the principal of which, Ponza now, anciently *Pontia*, was little noticed under the republic, but ennobled under the Cæsars by the exile and death of several illustrious victims of imperial tyranny.

Five or six miles from Terracina at the foot of a high hill, in a defile with the rock on one side and the sea on the other, called Passo di Portella †, stands a tower with a gate, forming the barrier

* Whether Caieta's shore,
Or Circe's please thee more,
Or Anxur white, for healthful streams renown'd.

† The pass of the little gate.

between the Roman and Neapolitan territories. It is called Torre del Epitaffio *, and is occupied by a few Neapolitan troops, the commander of which examines the passports. We had now entered the territory of the *Aurunci* or Ausonians, a people who under the latter appellation gave their name to all Italy. Their territory, however, was not extensive, nor was their power ever great. A little beyond the tower the mountains seem to recede, the country opens and gradually expands into the fertile valley of Fondi. The Via Appia (Appian Way) intersects it nearly in the middle. On the right, between the road and the sea, we beheld a fine expanse of water, the *Lacus Funtanus* or *Amyclanus* †, formed by several streams which, falling from the mountains, cross the plain and empty themselves in its bosom. Its borders, towards the road, are covered with myrtle, poplars, luxuriant shrubs and flowers. Such was also its ancient dress ‡. It is separated from the sea by a forest; and indeed the whole vale is beautifully adorned with orange and citron trees, interspersed with cypress and poplars.

Fondi is a little town, consisting of one street on the Via Appia, which is here in its ancient form, that is composed of large flags, fitted together with wonderful art, although in their natural shape, and without cement. With regard to the appearance of the town §, I must observe, that two circumstances

* The tower of the epitaph.

† Still *Lago di Fondi*.

‡ Plin. Nat. Hist. xiv. 6.

§ The most remarkable event perhaps in the history of Fondi is an assault made upon it by a Turkish force, for the purpose of carrying off its countess, Julia di Gonzaga, the most beautiful princess of her age. The town was taken by surprise, and plun-

must necessarily give almost all southern towns a gloomy appearance: in the first place, the streets are generally narrow; and in the second, the windows are seldom glazed. These deformities, for such they are in our eyes, are the natural consequences of the climate, and prevailed in ancient as well as in modern Italy and Greece. In Rome itself, even when embellished by Augustus, the streets were narrow, and remained so till the city was rebuilt by Nero after the conflagration*. The wines of this territory, and indeed of this coast, were anciently in high repute, and still enjoy some reputation.

The mountain which the traveller beholds in front as he is going out of Fondi, or rather a little to the right, is Mount Cæcubus. I must observe that the exhalations which arise from the lake, and from the marshes which it occasions when it overflows, still continue as in ancient times to render the fertile vale of Fondi unhealthy. At a little distance from it we began to ascend the hills (*Formiani Colles*, the Formian Hills) the ramifications of Mount Cæcubus, and found the country improve, if possible in beauty, as we advanced winding up the steep. The castle of Itri is when seen at a distance picturesque, and a mausoleum near it remarkable. The town itself is ugly, and its name unknown to antiquity. When we had reached the summit of the hills that continue to rise beyond Itri, we were entertained with the new and magnificent views, that opened upon us at every turn, of the town and bay of Gaeta and its bounding promontories. The ground we trod is truly poetical. We were descending Mount Cæcubus, one of the Formian hills celebrated by Horace;

dered; but the reader will learn with pleasure that the lady escaped.

* Tacit. *Annal.* xv. 43.

beneath lay Mola di Gaieta, once *Formiæ*, the seat of the Læstrygons, and the theatre of one of the greatest disasters of Ulysses. Before us, over the bay at a considerable distance, rose *Prochyta*, and towering

Inarime, Jovis imperiis imposta Typhæo.*

Æneid. ix. 716.

On our right stood the mausoleum of Munatius Plancus, Horace's friend, and beyond it ascended the bold promontory entrusted with the fame and the ashes of *Caieta*.

Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria signat†.

Æneid. vii. 4.

We continued to roll over the broad flags of the Via Appia, and descending a steep from Castellone entered Mola (*Formiæ*‡) in the evening. The town is in itself little and insignificant, but it derives interest, if not grandeur, from its beautiful site, poetical scenery, and classic recollections. It consists of one street, formed by the Via Appia on the sea side, ~~at~~ the foot of a range of broken picturesque hills and mountains, covered with corn, vines, and olive-trees, and topped with rocks, churches, and towers. The waters that stream from these hills unite and gush forth in a fountain close to the town. This fountain is said to be the *fair flowing Artacia* described by Homer; if so, we may conclude that the

* *Inarime*, by mighty Jove's command
Laid on Typhæus.

† Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

DRYDEN.

‡ Close to the road on both sides were scattered the ruins of the Formian villa, and the mausoleum of Cicero.

town of the Læstrygons lay a little higher on the hills, since the daughter of Antiphates is described as coming down from it*

The most conspicuous and striking object from the town of Mola is the fortress of Gaïeta, crowning the rocky promontory of the same name with its white ramparts, and presenting to the eye, one above the other, its stages of angles and batteries. The town itself is spread along the shore, and extends nearly from the centre of the bay to the point of the promontory. The harbour so well described by Homer is that of Gaïeta, and whoever ranges over it will find all the features painted by the poet—the towering rocks, the prominent shores, the narrow entrance, and the hollow port. It is about four miles by land and two by water from Mola. There is some difficulty in procuring admittance, as it is a fortress, and not aware of this circumstance we presented ourselves at the gate without our passports: but after a few observations, we were as Englishmen allowed to enter, conducted to the governor then at church, received very politely, and permitted to visit every part of the fortress without further ceremony.

The cathedral, though not large nor highly decorated, is well proportioned, well lighted, and by the elevation of the choir admirably calculated for public worship. The font is a fine antique vase of white marble, with basso rilievos, representing Athamas, Ino with a child in her arms, and a group of Bacchantes. The sculptor was an Athenian; but such a vase is better calculated for a gallery of antiques than for the place where it now stands. Opposite the great portal of the cathedral rises an antique column marked with the names of the Winds in

* *Odyss.* x. 107.

Greek and Latin. The streets of the town are neatly built and well paved, its general appearance is lively within and without, and extremely picturesque. I have already said that the fortress crowns the point or head of the promontory, or rather peninsula of Gaicta. On the narrow neck that unites it to the mainland, but on a bold eminence, stands the tomb of Munatius Plancus. It is round like that of Hadrian, like it stripped of its marble casing, and turned into a battlemented tower, called, one might suppose from the romantic hero of Ariosto, *Torre d'Orlando*.

But neither the mausoleum of Plancus, nor the towers of Gaicta; neither the wondrous tales of Homer, nor the majestic verses of Virgil, shed so much glory and interest on these coasts as the Formian villa and the tomb of Cicero. That Cicero had a villa here, and that it lay about a mile from the shore, history informs us; and at that very distance on the left of the road the attentive traveller will observe the remains of ancient walls scattered over the fields, and half covered with vines, olives, and hedges. These shapeless heaps tradition points to as the ruins of Cicero's Formian villa. Again, history assures us that he was overtaken and beheaded in the walks of a grove that lay between his villa and the sea. On the opposite side of the road rises, stripped of its decorations, and indeed of its very shape, a sort of obelisk in two stories, and this disfigured pile the same tradition reveres as his mausoleum, raised on the very spot where he was butchered, and where his faithful attendants immediately interred his headless trunk. Lower down and near the sea, or rather hanging over its waves, are shown several vaults and galleries which are supposed to have been part of the *Villa Inferior* (the Lower

Villa), as that which I have described above was called *Villa Superior* (the Upper Villa). It is a pity that excavations are not made (and with what success might they not be made all along this interesting coast!) to give curiosity some chance of acquiring greater evidence.

Of the fate of Cicero's remains we know nothing, as history is silent with regard to his obsequies and sepulchre. It does not seem probable that during Antony's life the most zealous friend would have dared to erect a monument to the memory of his most active and deadly enemy; and after that Triumvir's death, Augustus seems to have concealed his sentiments, if favourable to Cicero, with so much care and success, that his very nephews did not venture to read that illustrious Roman's works in his presence. Before the death of Augustus, the personal and affectionate interest inspired by affinity of friendship had probably subsided; few survived that emperor who could possibly have enjoyed the happiness of an intimate and familiar acquaintance with Cicero, and fewer still could have had any particular and urgent motive to step forward from the crowd, and to pay due honours to his long-neglected memory. But notwithstanding these reasons and the silence of history on the subject, yet as his son escaped the proscription, and as he was restored to his country and his rank when the rage of civil war had given way to the tranquil domination of Augustus, it is possible that he then might have raised a monument to the memory of a father so affectionate to him, and so illustrious in the eyes of the public. As long therefore as popular belief, or tradition however uncertain, attaches the name of Cicero to these ruins; and as long as even credulity can believe that the one has been his residence and the other his

tomb; so long will every traveller who values liberty and reveres genius visit them with interest, and hang over them, though nearly reduced to a heap of rubbish, with delight. I cannot turn from this subject without observing, that many authors have related, but that Plutarch alone has painted, the last tragical scene of Cicero's life.

About twelve o'clock, too late indeed for the distance we had to go, we set out from Mola. The road runs over a fine plain, bordered on the left by distant mountains, and on the right, by the sea. About three miles from the *Liris* (Garigliano), an aqueduct, erected to convey water to *Minturnæ*, passes the road; it is now in ruins, but the remaining arches, at least a hundred, lofty and solid, give a melancholy magnificence to the plain which they seem to bestride.

On the banks of the *Liris* and to the right of the road extend the ruins of *Minturnæ*, spread over a considerable space of ground, exhibiting substructions, arches, gateways, and shattered walls, now utterly forsaken by human inhabitants, and abandoned to owls, foxes, and serpents. Many beautiful shafts, bases and capitals, of marble, have been found here and on the banks of the river, and more might possibly be discovered if the ruins were removed. The delay occasioned by the ferry affords the traveller time enough to range over the site and the remains of *Minturnæ*. This city is four miles from the sea; the space between was covered by the sacred groves of the nymph *Marica*, sometimes called the *Latian Venus*, the mother of *Latinus*; and by the well-known marshes, which, though they infected the air with noxious exhalations, have acquired some celebrity from the adventure of *Marius*. Happy had it been for Rome and for humanity if the swamp had swallowed up for ever the withered carcass and

vengeful heart of that ruthless chief. These marshes have lost something of their ancient malignity, and are become a rich cultivated plain. A tower stands on the bank to defend the passage over the river; its first story or lower part is ancient, and built with great solidity and beautiful proportion. The Liris forms the southern border of Latium, and separates it from Campania; as we glided slowly over its surface we endeavoured in vain to conjecture the origin of its modern name*. May it not possibly be from its original appellation *Glanis*, joined to its Roman name *Liris*, with an Italian termination, thus *Glaniliriano*, afterwards altered in the Italian manner for euphony into *Ganiliriano*, and finally *Gariliano*?

Having crossed the river we entered Campania†, and as we drove over the plain beyond, we had a full view of the Liris, a wide and noble river winding under the shadow of poplars through a lovely vale, and then gliding gently towards the sea. The river still retains its characteristic silence and tran-

* The reader who delights in classical appellations will learn with pleasure, that this river still bears its ancient name till it passes the city of Sora. That the Fibrenus (still so called) falls into it a little below that city, and continues to encircle the little island in which Cicero lays the scene of the second dialogue *De Legibus*, and which he describes with so much eloquence. I must add, that Arpinum also, in the vicinity of the Fibrenus, still retains its name, ennobled by the birth of that most illustrious Roman.

† Hinc felix illa Campania est. Ab hoc sinu incipiunt vitiferi colles, et temulentia nobilis succo per omnes terras inclyto, atque ut veteres dixere, summum Liberi patris cum Cere certamen.—*Plin. Nat. Hist. iii. 5.*

“Henceforward is the happy Campania. From this bay begin the vine-covered hills, and the wine renowned throughout the whole world, the ultimate contest, as the ancients expressed it, of father Bacchus with Ceres.”

quillity, while the regions through which it flows still enjoy the beauty and fertility which distinguished them of old. These are the *umbrosæ regna Maricæ**.

Rura quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus annist†.

HORAT. CARM. I. XXXI. 7.

Some rugged mountains appeared at a distance, but they only served as a magnificent frame to set off by contrast the rich scenery that adorned the hills and the plains that border the stream.

Though the ground rises gradually from the Liris to the next stage, yet the space between is called from its comparative flatness the Plain of Sessa, and few indeed are the plains that can vie with it in beauty and fertility. In front or a little to the right rises a bold and lofty mountain, extending on that side to the sea; it is Mount Massicus, once so famous for its wines, and it still retains its ancient name‡. On the left falling a little backwards to the north is Monte Ofellio, and on the side swells Monte Aurunco, perpetuating in its original name the memory of a very ancient people. On its side, covered with its forests behind, and before open to the beauties of the valley and to the breezes of the sea, is seated, Sessa, once *Sucssa Aurunca*. The whole scene is finely diversified by oaks rising sometimes single, and sometimes in clumps in the middle of corn-fields or vineyards; woods girding the sides of the hills and waving on their summits; large villages with their

* The domains of the shady *Marica*.

† ——— the rich fields that Liris laves,
And cats away with silent waves. — FRANCIS.

‡ Cluverius mistakes when he says, it is called *Moudragone*, which is the name of a village or fortress at its base near the sea.

towers shining in the middle of orchards and thickets, forming altogether a view unusually rich and delightful. Beyond St. Agatha the country becomes more hilly, and is shaded with thicker and larger woods. A romantic dell with a streamlet tumbling through it, forms a pretty diversity in the view.

We were now engaged in the defiles of Mount Massicus, which communicate with those of the Callicula, a mountain covered with forests and crowned with Calvi, the ancient *Cales*. From these defiles we emerged by a road cut through the rock above Francolisi, and as we looked down we beheld the plains of Campania spread before us, bordered by the Apennines, with the craggy point of Ischia towering to the sky on one side, and in the centre Vesuvius, calmly lifting his double summit wreathed with smoke. Evening now far advanced, shed a purple tint over the sides and the summits of the mountains, that gave at once a softness and a richness to the picture, and contrasted finely with the darkness of the plains below, and the light colours of a few thin clouds flitting above.

From Francolisi we traversed the *Falernus Ager* (Falernian territory), which is the tract enclosed between the sea, Mount Massicus, Callicula, and the river Volturnus; a territory so much celebrated by the ancient poets, and so well known to the modern reader for its delicious wines. It has often been asked, why Italy does not now produce wines so excellent, and in such variety, as anciently; and it has been as often answered, either that the climate has changed, or that the cultivation of the grape has been neglected, and the vines allowed to degenerate for want of skill and attention. As for the first of these reasons, we find nothing in ancient authors that can furnish the least reason to suppose that any such revo-

lution has happened. The productions of the soil are the same, and appear at the same stated periods; the seasons correspond exactly with the descriptions of the poets; the air is in general genial and serene, though chilled occasionally (at least in many provinces) with hard wintry frosts, and sometimes disturbed by sudden unseasonable storms full as grand and as mischievous as that described by Virgil*. Neglect and ignorance are reasons more plausible, but will not perhaps on examination be found much more satisfactory. Arts essential to the existence of man, when once known, are never forgotten, and articles so necessary as bread and wine cannot possibly be entirely neglected. The science of tillage passes from father to son, and cannot be obliterated unless the whole population of a country be at once destroyed, and a link struck out of the chain of human generation. Moreover the mode of gathering and pressing the grape, of boiling and storing the wine, is nearly the same now as anciently. Beside from the reasons given above it would follow, that the culture of the vine was lost all over Italy, Greece, and Sicily, and that the vine itself had degenerated in all the countries that lie south of the Alps, however favoured in other respects by nature. Very few indeed of the numberless wines produced in these auspicious climates are palatable to an English or a French traveller, who is apt to find in them either a lusciousness or a raciness, or an inexpressible something that disgusts him, and is not always removed even by familiarity. Nor ought this circumstance to surprise us. Accustomed from our infancy to hear the wines of Italy and Greece extolled by the ancient poets, we expect to find them singularly delicious: while we forget that the goodness of wine depends upon taste, and that

* Georg. i. 448-457.

our taste has been formed, I had nearly said vitiated, by wines of a flavour very different from that of the classic grape. If the Italian wines therefore are not in so much repute now as they were formerly, it is to be attributed not so much to the degeneracy of the vine, as to the change of taste not only in Transalpine countries, but even in Italy itself.

The modern Italians are extremely sober; they drink wine as Englishmen drink small beer, not to flatter the palate but to quench the thirst; provided it be neither new, flat, nor unwholesome, it answers their purpose, and they require from it nothing more. In the cultivation of the vine very little attention is therefore paid to the quality or perfection, but merely to the quantity of the produce. Not so the ancients: they were fond of convivial enjoyments: they loved wine, and considered it not only as a gratification to the palate, but as a means of intellectual enjoyment, and a vehicle of conversation. To heighten its flavour therefore, to bring it to full maturity by age, in short, to improve it by every method imaginable, was with them an object of primary importance; nor can it occasion surprise that in circumstances so favourable, the vine should flourish. Yet with all this encouragement the two most celebrated wines in Italy, the Cæcuban and the Falernian, had lost much of their excellency and reputation in Pliny's time; the former in consequence of a canal drawn across the vale of Amyclæ by the Emperor Nero; and the latter from its very celebrity, which occasioned so great a demand, that the cultivators, unable to resist the temptation, turned their attention from the quality to the quantity. This cause of decline is indeed considered as common to both these species of wine; but in the former it was only an accessory, in the latter a principal agent.

The canal alluded to, was one of the extravagant whims of Nero, who had resolved to open an inland communication between Ostia and the Lake Avernus, by a navigable canal, which might afford all the pleasures without any of the inconveniences of a voyage in the usual manner. This work was begun but never finished; and it is probable that the Lago Rundano, or Amyclano, which was to have formed part of the projected canal, was lengthened and extended across the little plain to the very foot of Mount Cæcubus; thus depriving the flats of a considerable part of that moisture which perhaps caused their fertility.

The Cæcuban wine, so much celebrated, was produced, according to Pliny, in the poplar groves that rose in the marshes on the bay of Amyclæ. The same author gives a long list of Italian wines, all good, though of very different degrees of excellence; and I have no doubt that modern Italy, if the cultivation of the vine had the same encouragement now as anciently, would furnish a catalogue equal to it both in excellence and in variety. As it is not intended to expand a few cursory remarks into a dissertation, it may finally be observed that several of the wines celebrated in ancient times still retain, at least, some share of their ancient reputation. Thus a wine produced in the very extremity of the Adriatic Gulf, on the banks of the Timavus*, and in the vicinity of Aquileia, is still in as great request at Trieste as it was formerly in Rome; as is the Rhetian wine, so much extolled by Virgil, at Venice and Verona. The wines of Luna and Florence are even

* This wine was called *Pucinum*. The place now bears the name of Castel Duino, and corresponds with the description given of it by Pliny, *saxeo colle, maritimo afflatu*.—(A rocky hill, exposed to the sea breezes.)—Nat. Hist. xiv. 6.

now much esteemed all over the north of Italy, as are those of the Alban Mount, including Frascati and Gensano, in Rome. The vines that flourish on the sides, and around the base of Vesuvius, still continue to furnish a rich and delicious wine, well known to all travellers, and to most readers under the appellation of *Lachryma Christi*. To conclude, Horace has comprised, with his usual neatness, the four principal wines of Italy, all the produce of the coast which we have just traversed, in the following stanza :

Cæcubum et prælo domitam Caleno
 Tu bibes uvam, mea nec Falernæ
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 Pocula colles*.—Carm. l. xx. 10.

Before we arrived at Capua night had set in, but it was night in all its charms ; bright, serene, and odoriferous. The only object that could then strike our eyes, or excite our curiosity, were the *luciole*, bright insects, many of which were flying about in every direction like sparks of fire, casting a vivid light around them, and seeming to threaten the waving corn, over which they flitted, with a conflagration. We entered Naples at a late hour, and drove to the *Gran Bretagna*, an excellent inn on the sea shore, and close to the royal garden.

Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me when I awoke next morning. In front, and under my windows, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom : on the right the town extended along the semicir-

* From the Cæcubian vintage prest
 For you shall flow the racy wine ;
 But ah ! my meagre cup's unblest
 With the rich Formian or Falernian vine.

cular shore, and Posilippo rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till, sloping as it advanced the bold hill, terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the Castel del Uovo, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment; while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front, rose the island of Capreae with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to check the tempest, and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration, that border on enthusiasm*.

Nor are the charms of recollection, that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature, here wanting to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements, or the stage of grand and unusual incidents; but they have been the residence of the great and of the wise; they have aided the

* The bay of Leucadia, bounded by the bold coasts of that island on one side, and of Acarnania on the other, and interspersed with the *Teleboides Insulae* (the islands of Telebous), rising in every shape imaginable around, is, I think, more beautiful; but it is now a desert, peopled only by recollections!

meditations of the sage, and have awakened the raptures of the poet; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birth-place of Tasso.

CHAPTER VII.

Naples—Its History—Public Buildings—Churches—Hospitals—State of Literature at Naples.

NAPLES occupies the site of both *Palæpolis* and *Neapolis* in ancient times, though it inherits the name of the latter. It is of Grecian origin, and is first mentioned by Titus Livius as having in conjunction with Palæpolis joined the Samnites in a confederacy against the Romans*. Palæpolis was taken two years after, and Naples must have shared its fate. The latter seems indeed to have been of little consideration at that time, though it continued to increase rapidly, and in the course of not many years eclipsed the splendour, usurped the territory, and gradually obliterated the very name of the former. It seems to have attached itself closely to the Roman interest, in little more than a century from the above-mentioned period, and to have acquired under the protection of the Roman republic no small degree of prosperity and importance. It remained faithful to its allies even after the carnage of Cannæ and the revolt of the Campanians; and such was the strength of its ramparts that Annibal himself shrunk from the difficulties of an attack†. The generous offer which they had previously made to the Roman senate must naturally inspire a very favourable idea

* An. U. C. 427.

† Tit. Liv. xxiii. l.

of the opulence, and which is infinitely more honourable, of the magnanimity of this city*. This attachment to the Roman cause excited the resentment of the Carthaginian, who ravaged the Neapolitan territory with more than his usual ferocity.

From this period little or no mention is made of Naples for a long series of years, during which it seems to have enjoyed in undisturbed tranquillity its original laws and language, and all the advantages of its fertile soil, and unrivalled situation. Its coasts during this interval became the winter retreats of the luxurious Romans, and there were few among the illustrious characters which distinguished the fall of the republic and the birth of the monarchy, who had not a villa on its shores, or amid the romantic recesses of its mountains. The presence of Horace, Virgil, and his imitator Silius Italicus, and their fond attachment to its delightful scenery, were lasting and honourable distinctions; while the foul indulgences of Tiberius, and the wild and cruel freaks of Caligula, were its scandal and its scourge.

The first recorded eruption of Vesuvius† interrupted its enjoyments and wasted its coasts, and the civil wars and barbaric incursions that succeeded each other so rapidly during the ensuing centuries, involved it in the general calamities of Italy and of the empire. However, it seems to have suffered less than most other cities during this disastrous era, as it retained longer its legitimate sovereign, the Emperor of Constantinople, and with him its language and many of its ancient laws, and by his power, or rather by the veneration still attached to his name, it was not unfrequently protected from the ravages and insults of contending barbarians‡. When the

* Tit. Liv. xxii. 32.

† A. D. 79.

‡ It was taken by the Goths under Theodoric, but retaken and

eastern empire sunk into a state of irretrievable weakness and insignificance, Naples was threatened, harassed, and plundered successively by the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Normans, who in their turn became the prey of the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards. The latter at length remained its acknowledged masters, governed it for many years by viceroys, and at length gave it a king in the person of the present sovereign Charles IV. Of all these different tribes many traces may be discovered in the language, the manners, and the appearance of its inhabitants. Greek, its original language, remained the prevailing dialect long after its submission to the power of Rome; as appears from various circumstances, but particularly from that of Greek manuscripts only being discovered at Herculaneum. It may indeed be doubted whether pure Latin ever was the vulgar language at Naples; at present there are more Greek words intermingled with the common dialect than are to be found in any other part of Italy. French pronunciation has communicated some share of its infection, and Saracenic left considerable alloy behind.

No vestiges remain of the ancient beauty or magnificence of this city. Its temples, its theatres, its basilicæ have been levelled by earthquakes, or destroyed by barbarians. Its modern edifices, whether churches or palaces, are less remarkable for their taste than for their magnitude and riches. It is however highly probable that Naples is at present more opulent, more populous, and in every respect more flourishing than she has ever before been even in the most brilliant periods of her history.

restored to the Grecian empire by Belisarius. It seems to have been attached to its Gothic rulers, and when assailed by the Roman general made a vigorous but useless resistance.

Naples seated in the bosom of a capacious haven, spreads her greatness and her population along its shore, and covers its shelving coasts and bordering mountains with her villas, her gardens, and her retreats. Containing within her own walls more than four hundred thousand inhabitants, she sees one hundred thousand more enliven her suburbs, that stretch in a magnificent and most extensive sweep from Portici to the promontory of Misenus, and fill a spacious line of sixteen miles along the shore with life and activity. In size and number of inhabitants she ranks as the third city in Europe, and from her situation and superb show, she may justly be considered as the Queen of the Mediterranean*. The internal appearance of Naples is in general pleasing; the edifices are lofty and solid; the streets as wide as in any continental city; the Strada Toledo is a mile in length, and with the quay which is very extensive and well-built, forms the grand and distinguishing features of the city. In fact, the Chiaia, with the royal garden, Mergellina and Sta. Lucia, which spread along the coast for so considerable a space, and present such an immense line of lofty edifices, are sufficient to give an appearance of grandeur to any city.

As for architectural magnificence Naples possesses a very small share; the prevailing taste, if a series of absurd fashions deserve that appellation, has always been bad. Moresco, Spanish, and Roman, corrupted and intermingled together, destroy all appearance of unity and symmetry, and form a monstrous jumble

* It is impossible not to smile in perusing Thomson's description of the loneliness and devastation of this very coast, once swarming with inhabitants, now, as he represents it, turned into a desert. But some allowance must be made even for exaggeration, when the subject is so intoxicating.—Sec "Liberty," i. 280.

of discordance. The magnificence therefore of the churches and palaces consists first in their magnitude, and then in paintings, marbles, and decorations in general; which, however, are seldom disposed with judgment, and, when best disposed, are scattered around with a profusion that destroys their effect.

To describe the public edifices of Naples would be to compose a guide. I shall therefore content myself with a few observations on some remarkable objects in them, or connected with them. Several churches are supposed to occupy the sites of ancient temples, the names and memory of which have been preserved by this circumstance. Thus the cathedral is said to stand on the substructions of a temple of Apollo; that of the Santi Apostoli rises on the ruins of a temple of Mercury. St. Maria Maggiore was originally a temple of Diana, &c. Of these churches some are adorned with the pillars and the marbles of the temples to which they have succeeded. Thus the cathedral is supported by more than a hundred columns of granite, which belonged to the edifice over which it is erected; as did the forty or more pillars that decorated the treasury, or rather the chapel of St. Januarius. The church itself was built by an Angevin prince, and when scattered or rather destroyed by earthquakes, it was rebuilt by a Spanish sovereign. It is Gothic, but strangely disfigured by ornaments and reparations in different styles. In the subterraneous chapel under the choir is deposited the body of St. Januarius. His supposed blood is kept in a vial in the *Tesoro* (treasury), and is considered as the most valuable of its deposits, and indeed as the glory and the ornament of the cathedral and of the city itself. Into the truth of the supposition little inquiry is made; and in this re-

spect the Neapolitans seem to have adopted the maxim of the ancient Germans, *Sanctius ac reverentius de diis credere quam scire**. The blood of St. Stephen in the church of St. Gaudioso, belonging to the Benedictine Nuns, is said to liquefy in the same manner; but only once a year on the festival of the martyr†.

The Santi Apostoli is in its origin perhaps the most ancient church in Naples, and was, if we may credit tradition, erected by Constantine upon the ruins of a temple of Mercury; it has however been rebuilt partially more than once, and finally with great magnificence. The church of St. Paul occupies the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux; the front of this temple, consisting of eight Corinthian pillars, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1688. Two only were restored, and now form part of the frontispiece of the church. The interior is spacious, well proportioned, and finely incrustated with marble. The chancel is very extensive, and all supported by antique pillars; it is supposed to stand over the theatre where Nero first disgraced himself by appearing as a public singer: some vestiges of this theatre may still be traced by an observing antiquary. The church of St. Filippo Neri is remarkable for the number of ancient pillars that support its triple row of aisles on both sides of the nave. St. Lorenzo, belonging to a convent founded by Charles of Anjou, is a monument of the hatred which that prince bore

* It is more holy and more reverent to believe things that appertain to the gods, than to know them.—Tac. de Mor. Germ. 34.

† The Author has been accused of a want of candour, in not having expressed in a more explicit manner his opinion of the miracle alluded to; few readers, he conceives, will be at a loss to discover it; but if a more open declaration can give any satisfaction, he now declares, that he does not believe the liquefying substance to be the blood of St. Januarius.

to popular representation. It stands on the site of the Basilica Augusta, a noble and magnificent hall, which at the period of the first entrance of the French was the place of public assembly where the senate and people of Naples met in council. Charles, suppressed the assemblies, demolished the hall, and in the year 1266 erected the church which now occupies its place. The establishment of a free and just government would have been a work more agreeable to the will, and more conformable to the attributes, of the common Father of all, than the erection of a temple on the ruins of public property, and in defiance of justice.

Of all the Neapolitan churches, that Di Spirito Santo in the Strada Toledo is the most worthy of notice in my opinion, because the purest and simplest in architecture. The exterior is indifferent, or rather, it was never finished, or at least decorated. The interior is large, well proportioned, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and a regular entablature and cornice. It is well lighted, perhaps indeed too much so, on account of the whiteness of its walls and vault. It is not, however, entirely exempt from the usual defect, a superabundance of ornaments, and it wants a softer and mellowed colour to please the eye.

The chapel of St. John the Evangelist was erected by the celebrated Pontanus, and is remarkable for the Latin sentences, moral and political, engraved on its front. They are misplaced, and ostentatious; though solid, and in language not inelegant. The epitaph, composed by Pontanus himself, has the merit of originality; but his best and most durable epitaph is the tribute paid to him by Sannazarius*.

In the cloister of the canons regular, attached to

the parochial church of St. Aniello, stands the tomb of the poet Marini, ornamented with a bronze statue; the whole erected at the request of the celebrated Manso, the friend of Tasso and of Milton, who left by will a sum of money to defray the expense.

The sepulchral chapel of the family San Severo deserves to be mentioned, not so much on account of its architecture, or even of its decorations, or of the order with which the monuments are disposed (though all these are worthy of notice), as on account of three particular statues, two of which display the patient skill, the third, the genius of the sculptor. The first is a representation of Modesty (*Pudor*) covered from head to foot with a veil; but so delicate, so apparently transparent is the veil, that through its texture the spectator fancies he can trace not only the general outlines of the figure, but the very features and expression of the countenance. It has been asserted, that the ancients never veiled the whole countenance of their statues, and that the art of making the form appear as it were through the foldings, is a modern improvement. However, there are antique statues even to the north of the Alps, in which the same effect is visible, and every traveller who has visited the gallery at Dresden, will immediately recollect some female figures (Vestals, I think) where the knee, the arm, the breast, appear as if visible through the beautiful drapery thrown over them. It must, however, be acknowledged, that in the art of producing this illusion, the moderns equal the ancients; and of their skill in this respect, no better instances can be produced than the above-mentioned statue; a most beautiful one of St. Cecilia, in Rome; and a third in the chapel which I am now describing. It represents our Saviour extended

in the sepulchre; it is covered like the preceding with a veil, and like it exhibits the form which it infolds, with all its features majestic and almost divine even in death. This is, indeed, an exquisite piece of workmanship; it displays not only as much art and patience as that of Modesty, but the very soul, the genius, the sublime conceptions, of the sculptor. It is generally attributed to Corradini, as is the latter, and suffices alone to establish his reputation, and rank him among the first of artists. But the Neapolitans, who are a little jealous of the merit of strangers, ascribe it and the two others to Giuseppe San Martino, their countryman, whom they represent as the best sculptor of the times. The attention of strangers is generally directed to another statue or group in the same chapel, representing a man entangled in a net, and endeavouring, with the aid of a genius, to disengage himself. It is called *Il Disinganno* (the Undeceiving), and is supposed to represent, under this allegorical symbol, the conversion of one of the princes of the family to which the chapel belongs. The allegory is forced; and the execution of the work shows only the patience and nicety with which the sculptor managed the chisel.

To this catalogue one church more must be added, though it is inferior to most in Naples, in size, materials, and decorations. But it has a more powerful claim to our attention than either marble or architecture can give it; it has the genius of Sannazarius to recommend it, and its name is interwoven with the title of one of the most beautiful poems* which

* The poem opens with the following magnificent proemium —

Virginci partus, magnoque æquæva parenti
 Progenies, superas cœli quæ nōsa per auras,
 Antiquam generis labem mortalibus ægris
 Abluit, obstructique viam patefecit Olympi,

have appeared in the Latin language, since the revival of letters. The church is called, from the poem, *Del Parto* (of the Parturition) ; it was erected, with the little convent annexed to it, on the site of his

o Sit mihi, Cœlicolæ, primus labor : hoc mihi primum
Surgat opus : vos auditas ab origine causas
Et tanti critem, si fas, evolcite facti.

The virgin-born, coeval with his sire,
Who left the mansions of celestial bliss,
To wash away from fainting man the stain
Of sin original, and open'd wide
The long-obstructed way to light and heaven—
Be he my earliest theme ; with him, my Muse,
Begin. Ye Powers above, if nought forbids
My pious task, unfold the hidden cause
And all the progress of a scheme so great !

In the following verses, the poet describes the situation and the object of the church which he had erected : they are inserted not only on account of their connexion with the subject and their rich poetical colouring, but because with the preceding passage they afford a very fair specimen of the style and the manner of the author.

Tuque adeo spes fida hominum, spes fida decorum,
Alma parens, quam mille acies, quæque ætheris alti
Militia est, totidem currus, tot signa tubæque,
Tot lituomitantur, ovantique agmina gyro
Adglomerant : niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus : si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso se culmine Mergellina
Adtollit, natisque procul venientibus offert :
Si laudes de more tuas, si sacra, diemque,
Ac cœtus late insignes, ritusque dicamus,
Annua felicitis colimus dum gaudia partus :
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ, insuetumque labori,
Diva, mones, et pavidiis jam læta adlabere cœptis.

Celestial queen !

Thou, on whom men below and saints above
Their hopes repose ! on whom the banner'd hosts
Of Heaven attend—on thousand squadrons arm'd,
Ten thousand cars self-moved, the clarion still,
The trumpet's voice—while round, in martial pomp,

favourite Villa Mergellina, and was endowed by the poet. It took its name from the quarter in which it stood, which is still called Mergellina, occupying the brow and side of a hill that slopes gently to the bay. Its situation is delicious, and the view from it as extensive, as varied, and as beautiful, as the eye of a poet, *in fine frenzy rolling*, can contemplate. Its value was moreover enhanced by the dignity of the donor; and in the eyes of the poet, without doubt, the smiles of the royal patron added new lustre to the native beauties of the scenery. He accordingly frequently alludes to his beloved retreat of Mergellina in his different poems, and devotes one entire ode to its charms†. This villa was destroyed by the

Orb within orb the thronging seraphs wheel;—
 If on thy fane, of snow-white marble rear'd,
 I offer yearly garlands; if I raise
 Enduring altars in the hollow'd rock,
 Where Mergellina, lifting her tall head,
 Looks down upon the foamy waves beneath,
 A sea-mark to the passing sailor's eye;—
 If with due reverence to thy name, I pay
 The solemn rites; the sacrificial pomp,
 When each returning year we celebrate
 The wondrous mystery of the birth divine,—
 Do thou assist thy feeble bard, unused
 To tasks so great, and wandering on his way,—
 Guide thou my efforts, and inspire my song.

† Rupis O sacræ, pelagique custos *
 Villa nympharum domus, et propinqua
 Doridos, regni decus una quondam
 Deliciæque—
 * * *

Tu mihi solos nemorum recessus
 Das, et hærentes per opaca laurus
 Saxa; tu fontes, Aganippidumque
 Antra reclusis†

My villa fair! that seem'st to reign*
 O'er the tall rocks, the sparkling main!

Prince of Orange, who commanded the garrison during the celebrated siege of Naples by the French. Whether this act of destruction was necessary or not, it is impossible for us to determine; but it is not probable that it was or could be intended as a personal injury. However, the indignant poet resented it as such, and conceived an unrelenting hatred towards that general. On the ruins of the villa, the church of which we now speak was erected, and dedicated *Virgini parienti*, or *De Partu*. It is neither large, nor remarkable for its architecture or ornaments. The sole object of curiosity in it is the tomb of the founder, adorned with statues and basso relievos, representing the subject of his poems; the materials are rich, and the execution good; but figures representing pagan divinities, satyrs, and nymphs, are ornaments ill adapted to the tomb of a Christian poet, and strangely misplaced in a Christian church. It is impossible, however, not to smile at the awkward attempt of the good fathers to remedy this incongruity, by inscribing the name of David under the statue of Apollo, and that of Judith under Minerva. The epitaph was composed by Bembo:—

Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus musa proximus ut tumulo. †

Where Doris and her sister-nymphs resort,
Where once proud monarchs dwelt, and held their joyful court.

There many a cool recess is found,
There laurels shade the sacred ground;
In fancy there I drink Castalia's well,
And, to my fancy, there the tuneful Muses dwell.

† To the parturient Virgin, or Of the Parturition.

‡ Upon the sacred dust be flowerets spread : . .
He sung like Maro once; he rests by Maro, dead.

In one of the little chapels there is a picture of St. Michael trampling on Satan. It is observable, that the latter is represented with the face of a beautiful female, and the reason given is whimsical enough. The countenance of the devil is the picture of a very beautiful lady, who unfortunately fell in love with Diomedes Caraffa, bishop of Ariano, who, to show his abhorrence of her sacrilegious passion, when fitting up this chapel for his mausoleum, ordered the painter to degrade her into the infernal spirit, and place her prostrate under the spear of the archangel. For the satisfaction of the ladies, I must add, that this ungallant prelate has not been canonized. A Last Supper in another chapel is supposed to be a masterpiece, though the name of the painter is not known.

I must observe, in closing these few cursory observations on the churches of Naples, that notwithstanding the bad taste which prevails very generally in the architecture and the decorations of these edifices, the traveller will find in most of them something that merits observation. In paintings, in particular, the Neapolitan churches are very rich, and there are few among them that cannot boast of one or more exquisite specimens of this art.

But if the churches do no credit to the taste of the Neapolitans, the hospitals reflect much honour on their charity. These establishments are very numerous, and adapted to every species of distress to which man is subject in mind or body. Many of them are richly endowed, and all clean, well attended, and well regulated. "One circumstance" almost peculiar to Italian hospitals and charitable foundations, contributes essentially to their splendour and prosperity; it is, that they are not only attended by persons who devote themselves entirely, and without

any interested views, to the relief of suffering humanity; but that they are governed and inspected not nominally, but really, by persons of the first rank and education, who manage the interests of the establishments with a prudence and assiduity which they seldom perhaps display in their own domestic economy. Besides, to almost every hospital is attached one, and sometimes more' confraternities,* or pious associations, formed for the purpose of relieving some particular species of distress, or of averting or remedying some evil. These confraternities, though founded upon the basis of equality, and of 'course open to all ranks, generally contain a ^{very} considerable proportion of noble persons, who make it a point to fulfil the duties of the association with an exactness, as honourable to themselves as it is exemplary and beneficial to the public. These persons visit the respective hospitals almost daily, inquire into the situation and circumstances of every patient, and oftentimes attend on them personally, and render them the most humble services. They perform these duties in disguise, and generally in the dress or uniform worn by the confraternity, for the express purpose of diverting public attention from the individuals, and fixing it on the object only of the association. Instead of description, which would be here misplaced, I shall insert a few observations.

Of charitable foundations in Naples, the number is above sixty. Of these, seven are hospitals properly so called: thirty at least are conservatories, or receptacles for helpless orphans, foundlings, &c.: five are banks for the relief of such industrious poor as are distressed by the occasional want of small sums of money; the others are either schools or confraternities. The incomes of most of these establishments, particularly of the hospitals, are in general very con-

siderable, but seldom equal to the expenditure. The annual deficiency, how great soever it may be, is abundantly supplied by donations, most of which come from unknown benefactors.

The two principal hospitals are, that called *Degli Incurabili* (of the Incurable), which, notwithstanding its title, is open to sick persons of all descriptions, and constantly relieves more than eighteen hundred; and that *Della Sma. Annunziata*, which is immensely rich, and destined to receive foundlings, penitent females, &c. and said sometimes to harbour two thousand. To each belong, in the first place, a villa, and in the second a cemetery. The villa of the first is situated at *Torre del Greco*, and is destined for the benefit of convalescents, and such as labour under distempers that require free air and exercise. A similar rural retreat ought to belong to every great hospital established in large cities, where half the distempers to which the poorer classes are liable, arise from constant confinement, and the want of pure air. The cemetery is in a different way, of at least equal advantage to public health. It was apprehended, and not without reason, that so many bodies as must be carried out from an hospital, especially in unhealthy seasons, might, if deposited in any church, or church-yard, within the city, infect the air, and produce or propagate contagious diseases. To prevent such evils, the sum of forty-eight thousand five hundred ducats, raised by voluntary contribution, was laid out in purchasing and fitting up for the purpose, a field, about half a mile from the walls of the city on a rising ground. A little neat church is annexed to it, with apartments for the officiating clergy, and the persons attached to the service of the cemetery, and the road that winds up the hill to it is lined with cypresses. The burial-ground is divided into three

hundred and sixty-six large and deep vaults, one of which is opened every day in the year, and the bodies to be interred deposited in order. These vaults are covered with flags of lava that fit exactly, and completely close every aperture. The bodies are carried out at night-time, by persons appointed for the purpose, and every precaution taken to prevent even the slightest chance of infection. All is done gratis, and the expenses requisite supplied by public charity.

It is to be regretted that this method of burying the dead has not been adopted in every hospital and parish in Naples, and indeed in every town and city not in Italy only, but all over Europe. It is really lamentable, that a practice so disgusting, not to say so pernicious, as that of heaping up putrid carcasses in churches, where the air is necessarily confined, and in church-yards in cities, where it cannot have a very free circulation, should be so long and so obstinately retained. It would be difficult to discover one single argument, drawn either from the principles of religion, or from the dictates of reason, in its favour; while its inconveniences and mischiefs are visible and almost tangible.

In the early ages of Christianity the honour of being deposited in the church was reserved to martyrs; and the emperor Constantine only requested to be allowed to lie in the porch of the Basilica of the apostles, which he himself had erected in Constantinople. Hence the eloquent Chrysostom, when speaking of the triumph of Christianity exultingly observes, that the Caesars subdued by the humble fishermen whom they had persecuted, now appeared as suppliants before them, and gloried in occupying the place of porters at the doors of their sepulchres. Bishops and priests distinguished by their learning, zeal, and sanctity, were gradually permitted to share

the honours of martyrs, and to repose with them in the sanctuary itself. A pious wish in some to be deposited in the neighbourhood of such holy persons, and to rest under the shadow of the altars; and in others an absurd love of distinction even beyond the grave; to which may be added, I fear, the avarice of the clergy, who, by making such a distinction expensive, rendered it enviable; by degrees broke through all the wholesome restrictions of antiquity, and at length converted the noblest of public edifices, the Basilicæ, the temples of the Eternal, the seats of holiness and purity, into so many dormitories of the dead, receptacles of putridity, and vast infected charnel-houses.

Notwithstanding the decrees of synods and the representations of the faculty; notwithstanding the dictates of reason and the interests of health, this abuse went on increasing, and continued for ages in force and fashion. The first attempt I believe to check or rather to remove it entirely, was made by the emperor Joseph, who prohibited by edict the interment of bodies not in churches only, but even in towns and their suburbs. This edict still prevails in the Low Countries, and if I mistake not in the Austrian territories in general, though certain clauses gave considerable offence, and suspended for some time its full effect. The emperor, who in his zeal for reformation often forgot that opinion will not always bend even to power, conceived, it seems, that the sooner the carcass is reduced to dust the better; he therefore proscribed the use of coffins, as calculated to prolong the state of putrefaction, and ordered lime to be strewed over the corpse to accelerate its dissolution. This regulation excited universal disgust, not only because unusual and contrary to the natural feelings, or which is nearly the same thing,

to the universal practice of mankind ; but because very opposite to that tenderness and respect even for the ruins of the human form, which if not enforced by the precepts, has at all times been inspired by the genius of Christianity. Not perhaps without reason. That divine religion is ever intent on the grand object of raising, aggrandising, and perfecting our nature ; while it teaches us to consider ourselves as destined to act in a much higher and more glorious sphere than our present state, it naturally prompts us to look with some degree of veneration even on our bodies*, which, though doomed to death and putrefaction, shall yet one day shake off the dust of the tomb, and though *corruptible put on incorruption, and though mortal put on immortality*. The offensive clause was therefore suppressed, and the useful and laudable provisions of the decree carried very generally into execution.

Some regulation of the same kind was I think made in France, but it was not so comprehensive. To bury in churches was prohibited, but vaults were allowed, provided they did not open into the church, or into any covered court or building. This was a partial remedy to the evil, but still better than none ; and it cannot but appear surprising that the example of two such preponderant powers as France and Austria should not have been more generally imitated. It is still more astonishing that in a country governed by public reason and guided by public interest as England is (except in a few instances when the influence of the court or the spirit of party may accidentally bias the legislature), no attempts have been made to put an end to a practice so absurd and prejudicial ; especially as this practice is more

* "Honoro in cineribus semina æternitatis," says St. Ambrose.
I honour in our ashes the seeds of eternity.

evidently dangerous in Protestant than in Catholic countries; as in the former, churches in general are only opened for a few hours on one day in the week; while in the latter they are never shut, and have the additional advantage of being fumigated with incense and sprinkled with holy water*.

It cannot but appear strange that a people so dull and unenlightened as the Turks, should in this respect show more sense and even more taste than nations in every other respect their superiors. Their cemeteries are in general out of the precincts of their cities, most commonly on a rising ground, and always planted with cedars, cypresses, and odoriferous shrubs, whose deep verdure and graceful forms bending to every breeze, give a melancholy beauty to the place, and inspire sentiments very congenial to its destination. I have seen some Christian cemeteries (as at Brussels for instance) situate and laid out in the same advantageous and picturesque manner, with some additional precautions in the division, so as to preclude the possibility of heaping bodies on each other, or of crowding them indecently together. But even this arrangement is open to improvements; and it is to be hoped that such improvements will ere long be made by the wisdom of a British legislature.

One remark more upon the Neapolitan hospitals and I drop the subject. When a patient has recovered his health and strength, and is about to return to his usual occupations, he receives from the establishment a sum of money sufficient to compensate for the loss of time and labour unavoidable during his illness; a most benevolent custom and highly

* As holy water has always a considerable quantity of salt mixed with it, its effects when sprinkled about a church or room must be salubrious,

worthy of imitation. A long illness or dangerous accident deprives a poor labourer or artisan so long of his ordinary wages, and throws him so far back in his little economy, that he cannot without great difficulty recover himself and regain a state of comfort. From this inconvenience the small sum granted by the charity of the hospital relieves him, and restores him to his trade in health, strength, and spirits.

The *Conservatorii* are schools opened for poor children of both sexes, where they are educated, fed, and taught some handicraft or other. Some are in the nature of working houses, and employ a prodigious number of indigent persons of both sexes in separate buildings, while others are devoted entirely to children educated principally for music. These latter institutions have produced some or rather most of the great performers and masters of the art, who have figured in the churches or on the stages of the different capitals of Europe for the last hundred years. Paisiello, Caffarelli, and Pergolese, were formed in these seminaries. And indeed Naples is to Italy, what Italy is to the whole world at large, the great school of music, where that fascinating art is cultivated with the greatest ardour; an ardour oftentimes carried to an extreme, and productive of consequences highly mischievous and degrading to humanity. It is true that the castration of boys is rigorously prohibited by the laws both of church and state; but as long as the fashionable classes in London and Paris think proper to encourage and reward by enormous wages such performers; so long venal parents in Naples will find means to evade the laws, and still continue to sacrifice their unfortunate children to the hopes, or rather the certainty of profit. But this practice is on the decline even

here ; and in justice to the Neapolitans I must observe, that, if we may believe them, the operation alluded to is not permitted, nor indeed ever practised in their schools ; but such unhappy children when sent from other places are not excluded.

Of the numberless confraternities I shall only specify such as have some unusual and very singular object ; such as that whose motto is *Succurrere Miseric**, the members of which make it their duty to visit condemned criminals, to prepare them for death, to accompany them to execution, and to give them a decent burial. They carry their charitable attentions still farther, and provide for the widows and children of these unhappy wretches. This society was originally composed of some of the first nobility of the city ; but the tyrant Philip, influenced it seems by motives of political suspicion, forbid the nobles to enter into such associations, and in particular confined the one we are speaking of to the clergy.

The congregation De S. Ivone consists of lawyers, who undertake to plead the causes of the poor gratis, and to furnish all the expenses necessary to carry their suits through the courts with effect. To be entitled to the assistance and support of this association, no recommendation or introduction is required : the person applying has only to disclose his poverty, and to give a full and fair statement of his case.

Congregazione della Croce†, is composed principally of nobility, and its object is to relieve the poor and imprisoned ; and particularly to bury the bodies of such distressed and forsaken persons when dead.

The congregation Della Sta. Trinita dei Pelle-

* To succour the unfortunate.

† The Association of the Cross.

grini* is destined, as its name imports, more particularly for the relief of strangers, and is composed of persons of all classes who meet in its assemblies and fulfil its duties without distinction. It is governed by five persons, one of whom presides and is generally a prelate or high officer of state; the others are, a nobleman, a citizen, a lawyer, and an artisan. All the members attend the hospital in rotation, each for a week, during which they receive strangers, wash their feet, attend them at table, and serve them with the humility and with more than the assiduity of menials.

The congregation of nobles for the relief of the bashful poor: the object of this association is to discover and to relieve such industrious persons as are reduced to poverty by misfortune, and have too much spirit or too much modesty to solicit public assistance. The members of this association, it is said, discharge its benévolent duties with a zeal, a sagacity, and what is still more necessary for the accomplishment of their object, with a delicacy and kindness truly admirable.

All these confraternities have halls, churches, and hospitals, more or less grand and extensive as their object may require, or their means allow. I need not enlarge further upon this subject, as the institutions already mentioned are sufficient to give the reader an idea of these confraternities, and to show at the same time the extent and the activity of Neapolitan benevolence. Much has been said and, though exaggerations are not uncommon on this subject, much more may be said, against the voluptuousness and debauchery of the inhabitants of this city; yet it must at the same time be confessed, that in the first and most useful of virtues, the grand character-

* Of the Holy Trinity of Strangers.

istic quality of the Christian, in charity, she surpasses many and yields to no city in the world*.

Of the royal palaces, and of those of the nobility, the same may be said as of the churches; that the style of architecture is not pure, nor of course majestic; that they are in general too much encumbered with ornaments, though in several the apartments are on a grand scale, and ornamented with many fine paintings. In the garden of one, the Palazzo Berrio, is a group representing Venus and Adonis by Canova, of exquisite workmanship and beauty. The collection of pictures formerly at the Capo di Monte had been removed on the approach of the French and not replaced. This edifice is a royal palace of great extent, and in a delightful situation, commanding a fine view of the town, and of the bay with all its islands and surrounding scenery. It was never finished, and is not inhabited. Its apartments were employed as picture galleries, and the collection is numerous and rich in masterpieces. But as the access to this palace is inconvenient on account of its elevation, it is the intention of government to transport the whole to the Studii or University, a very spacious edifice, where is already a noble collection of statues. Among these the celebrated Hercules by Glycon is the most remarkable. All these statues

* Even in the very respect in which Naples is supposed to be most deficient, I mean in regard to chastity, there are instances of attention to morality not to be equalled in any transalpine capital. For instance, there are more retreats open to repentant females, and more means employed to secure the innocence of girls exposed to the dangers of seduction by their age, their poverty, or by the loss, the neglect, or the wickedness of their parents, than are to be found in London, Paris, Vienna, and Petersburg united. Of this latter description there are four hundred educated in one *conservatorio*, and not only educated, but when fit for marriage, portioned out according to their talents.

and monuments once adorned the Farnesian palace in Rome, and were transported thence by the King of Naples, who succeeded to the rich inheritance of the Farnesian family. The library of the Studii contains more than fifty thousand volumes and some valuable manuscripts. Neither this library nor the collection of statues suffered much from the rapacity of the French during their late invasion. This establishment is planned on a vast scale, and intended to contain all the royal museums and libraries, and to comprise the instruments and apparatus of all the arts and sciences.

Naples is very well supplied with the means of instruction as far as depends upon public establishments. It has four public libraries, the University which I have just mentioned, and six colleges, besides schools and conservatorii beyond number. The advantages arising from so many literary establishments are accordingly very perceptible, and the number of learned men produced by Naples is equal perhaps to that of any city of the same population. Some Neapolitan authors carry their pretensions so far as to place the number and merit of their writers upon a level with those of Paris, and from the list of publications which they produce, an impartial man would find it difficult to decide against them. Their Parisian rivals object, that even the names of their authors, not to say their works, have scarcely passed the Alps, and are not known even in Italy beyond the narrow circle of academicians, while the names of Voltaire, Marmontel, &c. are celebrated in every capital of Europe; and their works perused in every circle. To this observation the Neapolitans reply, that the superior fame of French authors is owing to the prevalence of the French language, and that that prevalence is certainly not to be ascribed either to its

intrinsic merit, or to the superior excellence of its literature, but to the preponderance of French power. Thus, say they, the French dress has been generally adopted at courts, and was during a considerable part of the last century the dress of Europe; but nobody surely can be so absurd as to pretend that it owed its universality either to its gracefulness or its convenience. The literature therefore like the fashions of France, was recommended first by power and afterwards by custom; and when we add to its intrinsic merits, a great deal of intrigue, of trick, and of noise, we shall discover the real causes of its ill-acquired superiority.

In truth, Frenchmen of every description are never wanting in the praises of every thing French, and whatever their differences in other respects may be, all agree in asserting their national pretensions to universal superiority. The Italians are more modest, because they have more solidity; they write to please their own taste and that of those who choose to read them: they employ no journals to puff off their compositions, send no emissaries to spread their fame over distant countries, and pay no agents in foreign courts. They leave their language and their works to their own native merit, and rest their claim to glory on the undisputed excellence of their predecessors. As for the present reputation of French literature, our Neapolitans consider it as the fashion of the day, the delirium of the times, and doubt not that it will ere long subside in contempt and indifference. Such indeed has been the fate of that absurd fondness for French dress which disgraced our ancestors; and as we now smile at their want of taste in giving the preference to garments so stiff, graceless, and unnatural: so our descendants may possibly contemplate with equal ridicule and surprise, the pre-

posterior partiality which the present age has shown to the frippery and the tinsel of French literature.

In justice to the Neapolitans it must be admitted, that the progress of French literature has been considerably advanced by the spirit and intrigues of the philosophic party. The French language was the medium by which they were to disseminate their opinions; no expense therefore was spared, no exertion was wanting, to extend its use and influence. Teachers were hired and sent to the most distant towns to disseminate its principles, and to facilitate its acquisition. Attempts were made to undermine, at least secretly to lessen, the respect paid to the ancient languages, particularly Latin; and the Gallic idiom with its lumber of auxiliaries, its nasal dissonance, and truncated syllables, was compared, nay almost preferred to the simplicity, harmony, and fulness of that divine dialect. But independent of language, the Neapolitans certainly have the advantage in point of science and of ancient literature, particularly Greek, a language much neglected in France, and indeed in most continental universities*.

* The writer happened to be present in a large party when the conversation turned upon modern literature, a discussion arose between two persons about the comparative merit of Italian and French literature. One, a gentleman of very general information and a traveller, well acquainted with the scenery and antiquities of Italy, expressed however great contempt for its literature, and seemed astonished that his opponent could even think of putting it in competition with the masterpieces with which the French language abounded. This brought on a comparison of poets, historians, essayists, &c. &c. in which the Italians must always have the advantage, both in numbers and excellence. Some months after the two disputants happened accidentally to meet again, when the same subject being slightly hinted, it appeared that the champion for French literature had entirely changed his opinion. The truth, seems, was that he had devoted his time and attention to the French language, and had imbibed among that vain people a con-

But whatever may be our opinion of the claims of our Neapolitan *litterati* to precedence on this occasion, we must acknowledge, that there exist in this capital a vast mass of information, a great activity of mind and a wonderful aptitude, fostered by the serenity of the climate, to excellence in every branch of science and composition.

Few cities stand in less need of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples; had it even fewer artificial recommendations, it would still be a most desirable residence. So beautiful is its neighbourhood! so delicious its climate! Before it spreads the sea, with its bays, promontories, and islands; behind it rise mountains and rocks in every fantastic form, and always clothed with verdure; on each side swell hills and hillocks covered with groves, and gardens, and orchards blooming with fruits and flowers. Every morning, a gale springing from the sea brings vigour and coolness with it, and tempers the greatest heats of summer with its freshness. Every evening, a breeze blowing from the hills and sweeping all the perfumes of the country before it, fills the nightly atmosphere with fragrance.

It is not surprising, therefore, that to such a country and such a climate the appellation of Felix should have been so often given; that its sweets should be supposed to have enervated an army of

tempt for their more learned and more modest neighbours. He had never heard the names, nor even suspected the existence of three-fourths of the Italian writers, and was surprised when he turned his attention that way to find a mine so rich and inexhaustible. The situation of this gentleman is perhaps that of many readers well acquainted with French writers, but total strangers to the Italian. Yet these latter have been, as Voltaire very candidly acknowledges, their masters, and have imparted to them that share of taste, science, and refinement, in which they glory, and vainly affect to equal their teachers.

barbarians ; that the Romans covered its coasts with their villas ; and that so many poets should have made *the delicious Parthenope* their theme and their retreat.

Nunc molles urbi ritus atque hospita musis
 Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum
 Sirenum dedit una, suum et memorabile nomen
 Parthenope*. SIL. ITAL. xii. 31.

CHAPTER VIII.

Virgil's Tomb—Grotto of Posilippo—Lago d' Agnano—Grotto del Canc —Astroni — Nisida — Pozzuoli — Cicco's Academia and Cuman Villa.

UNDER our windows and bordering on the beach is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange-trees. In the middle stands the *Toro Farnese*, the celebrated Farnesian bull, a group representing Amphion, and Zethus binding Dirce to the horns of a bull. It was discovered in the midst of a heap of rubbish in one of the halls of the baths of Caracalla at Rome, first deposited in the Farnesian palace, and thence transported to Naples. The bull is considered as the finest sculptured quadruped in existence ; the other figures are modern†. This garden has not the luxuriance of shade that promises coolness during the sultry hours of the day ;

* Now learned ease, by every muse adorn'd,
 And customs mild, and social manners grace
 Her happy walls, and free from gnawing cares,
 The tide of life there glides serenely on.
 To her Parthenope the Siren lent
 Her memorable name.

† [Or rather, "*a great part* of the other figures is modern."—This group when found was very much broken, but the greater portion is ancient. It was restored by Giuliano della Porta.—ED.]

but in the evening it affords a delicious retreat to the traveller who, as he reclines over the waves that bathe the terrace wall, enjoys at once their freshness and their murmurs.

Proceeding westward along the Chiaia and keeping towards the beach, we came to the quarter called Mergellina. To ascend the hill of Posilippo over whose sides this quarter spreads, we turned to the right, and followed a street winding as a staircase up the steep, and terminating at a garden gate. Having entered we pursued a path through a vineyard, and descending a little we came to a small square building, flat-roofed, placed on a sort of platform on the brow of a precipice on one side, and on the other sheltered by a superincumbent rock. An aged ilex spreading from the sides of the rock, and bending over the edifice, covers the roof with its ever-verdant foliage. Numberless shrubs spring around, and interwoven with ivy clothe the walls, and hang in festoons over the precipice. The edifice before us was an ancient tomb—the tomb of Virgil! We entered; a vaulted cell and two modern windows alone present themselves to view; the poet's name is the only ornament of the place. No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim. The epitaph, which though not genuine, is yet ancient, was inscribed by order of the Duke of Pescoscaglio, then proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains. Everybody is acquainted with it—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura duces*.

* In Mantua born, but in Calabria bred,
Fair Naples owns me now; the pastoral charge,
And agricultural toils, and arms I sung.

An Italian author, I think Pietro de Stefano, assures us that he himself had seen about the year 1526 the urn, supposed to contain the poet's ashes, standing in the middle of the sepulchre supported by nine little marble pillars, with the inscription just quoted on the frieze. He adds that Robert of Anjou, apprehensive lest such a precious relic should be carried off or destroyed during the wars then raging in the kingdom, took the urn and the pillars from the tomb, and deposited them in the Castel Nuovo. This extreme precaution had an effect very different from that intended, and occasioned the loss it was meant to prevent; for notwithstanding the most laborious search and the frequent inquiries made by the orders of Alphonso of Arragon, they were never more discovered*.

The story is related in a different manner by Alphonsus Heredia, Bishop of Ariano. According to this author, the urn, the pillars, and some little statues that adorned the sepulchre were presented by the Neapolitan government to the cardinal of Mantua, who, proceeding homewards by sea, was taken ill and died at Genoa. Of the urn and pillars no further mention is made. Perhaps indeed they never existed; their number and their size seem inconsistent with the plain and simple style prevalent in the time of Augustus; besides, if they had been the original ornaments of the place they would scarce have survived so many centuries of war and devastation, or

* One *Eugenio*, an author of 1625, informs us, upon what authority I know not, that a stone was found in a neighbouring villa, inscribed with these words:—

Siste viator, pauca legito :
 Illic Maro situs est.

Stop, traveller, and read a few words—
 Here lies Maro.

escaped the rage of so many barbarous invaders, indifferent to the glory, and frequently unacquainted even with the very name, of Virgil.

But there are authors who go still further, and venture to assert, that the tomb of which we are now speaking, is not the sepulchre of Virgil. Of this number are the classic Addison and the laborious and accurate Cluverius. The authority of two such eminent persons, without doubt, carries great weight with it, but that weight is upon this occasion considerably lessened by the weakness of the arguments on which their opinion is grounded. These arguments may be found in Cluverius, as Addison merely expresses his opinion without entering into any discussion. They are drawn from a few verses of Statius, which I cite the more willingly as they describe the surrounding scenery*.

En egomet somnum et geniale secutus
Littus, ubi Ausonio se confidit hospita portu
Parthenope, tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, et magni tumulis adcano magistri†.

And farther on,

Hoc ego Chalcidicis, ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Vesbius egerit iras,
Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis‡.

STAT. Sil. iv. 4.

* Sil. iv. 4.

† Lo! idly wandering on the sea-beat strand
Where the famed Siren on Ausonia's land
First moor'd her bark, I strike the sounding string;
At Virgil's honoured tomb I sit and sing;
Warm'd by the hallow'd spot, my Muse takes fire,
And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre.

‡ These strains, Marcellus, on the Chalcian shores
I penn'd, where great Vesuvius smokes and roars,
And from his crater ruddy flames expires,
With fury scarce surpass'd by Ætna's fires.

According to the geographer, Stadius here asserts, that Virgil's tomb stood on the beach, and at the foot of Vesuvius. He who follows the shore, says Cluverius, cannot be supposed to ascend the hills, and yet by following the shore, Stadius arrives at the temple (or tomb of Maro) and reclines within its precincts. Again, the poet, when within the verge itself of the temple of Maro, says that he wrote there, "ubi Vesbius egerit iras," &c. therefore Virgil's tomb must have been at the foot of Vesuvius. In the first place, the word *secutus* is here taken in a figurative sense, as is evident from the word *somnum*, and means following the genius, or in other words yielding to the influence of the coast. This mode of reasoning, drawn from the strict sense, or rather the sound of the words, is barely admissible, even in logical and metaphysical discussions; it is not certainly conformable to the latitude allowed in ordinary description, whether in conversation or writing; much less is it applicable to the boldness of poetical composition. The expressions alluded to seem evidently to describe the general features of the country, and not the particular spot where stood the tomb of Virgil. Besides, the word *littus* does not mean the beach only, but extends to the immediate neighbourhood of the sea; now the road to Virgil's tomb runs actually along the beach, and though it turns from it in ascending the hills, yet it is always within sight of it, and in reality never deviates half a quarter of a mile from it, even when it terminates in the sepulchre itself. In following such a road, a poet may literally say, that he traverses the beach, and always remains on the shore itself. Surely, a sepulchre standing upon an eminence a quarter of a mile from the sea, and looking down upon it, may be said to be upon the coast.

The argument drawn from the neighbourhood of Vesuvius has less foundation than even the explanation given to the word *littus*; the conjunction *ubi* is very different from the preposition *sub*, which the geographer substitutes as synonymous; as the latter marks an immediate vicinity and almost contiguity, while the former, unless restricted by an additional word or circumstance, merely implies a general neighbourhood, as in the same country or district. Thus *Sub tegmine fagi—Forte sub arguta—Hinc alta sub rupe, &c.*—are instances of the one, while the following verse sufficiently points out the sense given to the other.

Ad terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
Inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Tybris*.

Æneid. ii. 781.

The poet therefore here alludes to the general, and most striking features of the country, and not to the particular site of Virgil's tomb, as must appear evident to any reader, who peruses the passage above cited with a mind unbiassed by previous opinions; especially as Statius positively says, that he was on the hills when at Virgil's tomb, *magni tumulis ad-canto magistri*.

As for the two epigrams of Martial,* quoted by Cluverius, they only seem to insinuate that Silius Italicus was proprietor both of the tomb of Virgil and of the villa of Cicero; a circumstance very immaterial to the present discussion, but rather favourable than contrary to the common opinion; for we know that Cicero's villa lay on the same side of Naples as Posilippo, and as Virgil's tomb belonged to the same master as the villa, it may be supposed

* On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.—DRYDEN.

that they were not very distant from each other. In fine, in opposition to these arguments, or rather conjectures, founded upon the vague expression of a single poet (a poet often censured for his obscurity), we have the constant and uninterrupted tradition of the country, supported by the authority of a numerous host of learned and ingenious antiquaries; and upon such grounds we may still continue to cherish the conviction, that we have visited the tomb of Virgil, and hailed his sacred shade on the spot where his ashes long reposed*.

The laurel which (it is said) sprung up at the base, and covered the roof with its luxuriant branches, now flourishes only in the verses of youthful bards, or in the descriptions of early travellers; myrtle, ivy, and ilex, plants equally adapted to the genius of the place, and to the themes of the poet, now supply the absence of the withered bay, and encircle the tomb with verdure and perfume.

The sepulchre of Virgil, it may be imagined, must have long remained an object of interest and veneration, especially as his works had excited universal

* The reader will observe, that in this discussion, neither the testimony of Donatus, nor that of St. Jerom in the Chronicle of Eusebius, has been produced; as the life of Virgil, bearing the name of that grammarian, is generally rejected as spurious, and the chronicle is considered at best as suspicious, and the passage alluding to Virgil supposed to be an interpolation. The learned German editor of Virgil, Heync, accuses the monks of this double imposition, and represents them as employing all their accustomed machinery of magic and miracles to raise and emblazon the fame of the Roman poet. Alas! the charge is too complimentary. The poor monks, I fear, employed very little of their time or talents upon either the works or the reputation of Virgil. They perhaps transcribed him as they found him; the rest was probably the invention of the grammarians of the fifth and sixth centuries, with some additions and improvements by those of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth.

admiration, even in his life-time, and were very soon after his death put into the hands of children, and made with Homer a part of the rudiments of early education*. Yet Martial declares that it had been neglected in his time, and that Silius Italicus alone restored its long-forgotten honours.

Jam prope, desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
 Numina qui coleret, pauper et unus erat.
 Silius Andino tandem succurrit agello, •
 Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, colit†.

Epig. xi. 51.

* The reason given by Quintilian is honourable to both these exalted poets:—*Cætera admonitione magna egent; in primis ut teneræ mentes, tracturæque altius quicquid rudibus, et omnium ignaris insederit, non modo quæ diserta, sed vel magis quæ honesta sunt, discant. Ideoque optime institutum est ut ab Homero atque Virgilio lectio inciperet; quanquam ad intelligendas eorum virtutes firmiore judicio opus esset. Sed huic rei superest tempus; nec enim semel legentur. Interim et sublimitate heroici carminis animus assurgat, et ex magnitudine rerum spiritum ducat, et optimis imbuatur.*—Quintil. i. 5.

In other respects, much advice is necessary; in the first place that the tender minds of youth, upon which, as being unskilful and ignorant, every thing that is ingrafted will make a deeper impression, should not only learn what is eloquent, but rather what is virtuous. It has therefore been wisely instituted that their reading should begin with Homer and Virgil; though to understand the virtues inculcated by those writers, a firmer judgment might be necessary. But for this there is ample time, for they will not be confined to a single perusal. In the mean time the mind may both be elevated by the sublimity of heroic poetry, and from the greatness of the events may derive a nobler spirit, and become imbued with the most honourable principles.

† To honour Maro's dust, and sacred shade,
 One swain remain'd, deserted, poor, alone,
 Till Silius came, his pious toils to aid,
 In homage to a name, scarce greater than his own.

This honourable testimony to the judgment and the taste of Silius is confirmed by Pliny:—“*Virgilii (imaginem venerabatur) ante omnes, cujus natalem religiosius quam suam celebrabat Neapoli*

This negligence in an age of so much refinement cannot but appear astonishing, even though we are informed that the same age had been terrified by the cruelties of four successive tyrants, and distracted by two most destructive wars raging in the very heart of Italy. Our surprise, however, may cease when we recollect, that in the present most polished and enlightened century, in less than sixty years after Pope's death, at a time when his works were in the hands of every child, and had been translated into every language, his house was levelled with the ground, his grotto defaced, the trees planted by his own hand rooted up, and his whole retreat, the seat of genius and of the British muse, ravaged and stripped of the very ornaments which endeared them to the public; because they were the creation of the poet's fancy, and still seemed to bear the impression of his mind. Houses and gardens, grottos and sepulchres, are, it is true, the most perishable of monuments, and the Hero and the Poet must finally rest their hopes of fame on their virtues, and on their talents, the sole memorial *are perennius* (more durable than brass), superior to time and barbarism. Yet the longer even such frail monuments as the former are preserved the better; the attention paid to their conservation is a tribute to genius, and a proof of the influence of the arts, and of the pre-

maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire, ut templum, solebat *"—
 Epist. iii. 7. The custom of honouring Virgil's birth-day does not seem to have been peculiar to this poet, as Martial alludes to it more than once, if I do not mistake.

* Above all others, he venerated the image of Virgil, whose birth-day he kept more religiously than his own, for the most part at Naples, wheré he used to visit his tomb as he would a temple.

valence of information, honourable to the country itself*.

The reader will learn with regret that Virgil's tomb, consecrated as it ought to be to genius and to meditation, is sometimes converted into the retreat of assassins, or the lurking place of *Stirri*. Such at

Ah ! si dans vos travaux est toujours respecté
Le lieu par un grand homme autrefois habité,
Combien doit l'être un sol embelli par lui-même !
Dans ses sites fameux c'est leur maître qu'on aime— * * *

Loin donc l'audacieux, qui, pour le corriger,
Profane un lieu célèbre en voulant le changer :
Le grand homme au tombeau se plaint de cet outrage :
Et les ans seuls ont droit d'embellir son ouvrage.
Gardez donc d'attacher à ces lieux révévés ;
Leurs débris sont divins, leurs défauts sont sacrés.
Conservez leurs enclos, leurs jardins, leurs murailles— * * *

Tel j'ai vu ce Twickenham, dont Pope est créateur ;
Le goût le défendit d'un art profanateur,
Et ses maîtres nouveaux révérant sa mémoire,
Dans l'œuvre de ses mains ont respecté sa gloire.
Ciel ! avec quel transport j'ai visité ce lieu
Dont Mendip est le maître, et dont Pope est le dieu !

DE LILLE, Jardins, iii.

If on those roofs respect and honour wait,
Beneath whose shelter lived the truly great,
More dear the ground embellish'd by their hands ;
'Tis there the master's self our love commands— * * *

Far be the improving hand, that, bold and vain,
Scenes thus renown'd would alter, and profane.
Such outrage in their tombs the great bemoan :
Their works should be reform'd by Time alone.
Touch not these spots ; revere the hallow'd shrine ;
Sacred their faults, their ruins are divine.

Each garden, fence, and wall, preserve with care— * * *
Such spot is Twick'nam, Pope's admired domain ;
Taste there forbade the attacks of art profane.
Twick'nam's new lords revered the poet's name,
Marr'd not his works, but sacred held his fame.
Heavens ! with what joy I view'd that fair abode,
Whose master Mendip is, and Pope its god !

This passage will, I suppose, be expunged in the next edition.

least it was the last time we visited it, when wandering that way about sun-set, we found it filled with armed men. We were surprised on both sides, and on ours not very agreeably, at the unexpected rencounter; so lonely the place and so threatening the aspects of these strangers. Their manners, however, were courteous: and on inquiry we were informed that they were *Sbirri*, lying in wait for a murderer, who was supposed to make that spot his nightly asylum. It would be unjust to accuse the Neapolitans of indifference towards this or any other monument of antiquity; but it is incumbent on the proprietor or the public to secure them against such profanation.

On the whole, few places are in themselves more picturesque, and from the recollection inseparably interwoven with it, no spot is more interesting than the tomb of Virgil.

Tunc sacrum felix aluisti, Terra, Maronem ?

Tunc pio celas ossa beata sinu ?

Anne etiam, ut fama est, Vatis placidissimi saepe

Inter odoratum cernitur umbra nemus* ?

FLAMINIUS.

In truth, the hill or mountain of Posilippo† on which the sepulchre stands is beautiful in the extreme, and is justly honoured with its appellation, for no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the mind.

On the second of June after dinner we made an excursion to the Lago d' Agnano: the road is along

* Say, on thy soil did sacred Maro dwell ?

And dost thou still his honoured ashes hide ?

And does his peaceful shade, as legends tell,

Oft mid thy perfumed groves delight to glide ?

† It took its name from a villa of Vedius Pollio, erected in the time of Augustus, and called *Pausilypum*, from the effect which its beauty was supposed to produce in suspending sorrow and anxiety.

the Chiaia, and the Strada Pozzuolana (*Via Puteolana*) through the grotto of the same name. Doubt and obscurity hang over the origin and the author of this celebrated excavation : some have ascribed it to Lucullus, who indeed opened a communication between his fish-ponds and the sea, but differing widely both in form and direction from the grotto. Strabo attributes it to Cocceius, who is supposed by a learned Italian (Pontanus) to be the same who was appointed to superintend the Roman aqueducts, and was in high repute for his skill in that species of architecture. It is probable, that it was originally opened as a quarry, like many similar excavations in its immediate neighbourhood, and under the very same mountain, and when considerably advanced it might have been continued and completed, by public authority, as a road well calculated to facilitate the communication between Naples and the towns that lay eastward on one side, and Puteoli, Baiæ, and Cumæ on the other. It was at first, and seems long to have remained, a dark, dusty, and inconvenient passage. "Nihil," says Seneca, "illo carcere longius, nihil illis faucibus obscurius, quæ nobis præstant, non ut per tenebras videamus, sed ut ipsas*," that is, in the language of Milton, it rendered *darkness visible*. Great allowance must be made for the turgid style of this declaimer, as Strabo, a plain unaffected author, prior to Seneca, does not speak of these inconveniences. However, we may fairly suppose it to have been at that time both gloomy and narrow, as it owes its present breadth and elevation to modern labour. Alphonsus I. began, and Charles V. completed its improvement, and converted it into a wide

* Nothing can be more tedious than this prison-like passage, nothing more gloomy than the entrance, which enables us to see the darkness, but not to see through it.

and convenient passage. Its length is nearly three quarters of a mile, its breadth is about twenty-four feet, its height is unequal, as the entrance at each end is extremely lofty to admit the light, while the vault lowers as it advances towards the middle, where it is about twenty-five feet from the ground. It is paved with large flags of lava, and in many places lined, and I believe vaulted, with stone-work. During the day, two circular apertures bored through the mountain admit a dim glimmering light from above; and at night a lamp burning before an image of the blessed Virgin placed in a recess in the middle, casts a feeble gleam over the gloomiest part of the passage. Such, however, is the obscurity towards evening that nobody ventures to go through it without a torch, and even with a torch one feels a sort of joy on escaping from these subterraneous horrors. This grotto is, on the whole, a very singular and striking object; and the approach to it on both sides between two walls of solid rock, and its lofty entrances like the gates into the regions of the dead, and the shrubs and tufts of wild flowers that wave in loose festoons from the top of the precipice as if to soften the terrors of the chasm beneath, form altogether a picturesque and extraordinary combination.

No prospect can be more truly Elysian than that which presented itself, when we emerged from the grotto and passed the little suburb beyond it. The road runs in a straight line to the sea through a valley formed by two branches of Monte Posilippo. On both sides rise groves of poplars and mulberry-trees, united by vines interwoven in thick clustering garlands, suspended over rich harvests of wheat and maize all waving to the sea breeze. On the right a road turns off and leads through a dell to the Lago d' Agnano. A hill on one side, and a mountain on

the other, shaded with poplars, give freshness and verdure to the walk.

The lake, though it is a fine expanse of water of a circular form, about two miles in circumference, yet derives its greatest beauty from the verdure that borders its margin, and from the noble hills that rise around it and crown its basin. As there is no mention made of this lake among the ancients, we may be allowed to suppose that it is an artificial hollow, and perhaps the celebrated fish-pond sunk by Lucullus. His villa stood in the neighbourhood or rather close to the lake, and the communication which he opened between his ponds and the sea is still discernible. The situation corresponds with the account, and the extent is by no means too considerable, as Pliny the Elder assures us, that the ponds were more expensive than the villa itself, and must consequently have been prodigious sheets of water*. The silence of the ancients with regard to this lake is not, it must be acknowledged, a sufficient proof that it was originally a fish-pond; it may have been produced since by natural causes, and in a country so agitated by the working of subterraneous fires, such changes may be supposed, without improbability, to have occurred. But if such a phenomenon had taken place, it would have been recorded, like the origin of Monte Nuovo, in the annals or at least in the traditions of the times. Now, no mention is made, no memorial occurs, of any such revolution; while of the pond of Lucullus, so often alluded to by the ancients, not the least trace is to be found, if we except the vestiges of its communication with the sea. It is not therefore unreasonable to conjecture, that the lake of Agnano may be the pond of Lucul-

* Nat. Hist. ix. 54.

lus, as it occupies nearly the same site, and in magnitude corresponds with the grandeur and the opulence of that luxurious Roman.

As the traveller advances he finds on his right, a few paces from the borders of the lake, the Grotto del Cane (the dog's grotto), a small aperture in the side of the mountain, remarkable for a deadly vapour that rises from its bottom, and for the perpetual experiment of its efficacy on dogs. If we may credit Cluverius, the force of this exhalation has not been felt by dogs only, but sometimes tried with a result more destructive upon Turkish captives; and condemned criminals. Sometimes however it is said to have failed on the human species. The effects seem to vary, perhaps with the weather and the season, and perhaps with the working of the subterraneous ingredients from which it rises. It existed in the same neighbourhood, and perhaps in the same place, in ancient times; it is alluded to by the elder Pliny, and the spots that emit it are called by him in his lofty manner *Charoneæ scrobes**, and *spiracula Ditiæ*†.

Turning to the left the traveller will observe an edifice intended for the purpose of vapour baths; the vapour rises hot from the earth, and, when confined to a room, very soon throws the person exposed to its action into a violent perspiration. It is supposed to be of peculiar efficacy in rheumatic and gouty complaints. The air in the vicinity of this lake is considered as extremely insalubrious during the heats of summer; but this dangerous quality is ascribed not so much to the nature of the place

* Infernal vents.—Hist. Nat. ii. 93.

† The breathing place of Pluto.

Where Pluto pants for breath from out his cell.

itself, or to the exhalations that arise from the soil, as to the stench occasioned by the quantity of flax put into the water to steep at that season; a circumstance that will astonish the reader not a little, as it is natural to suppose that the government would prohibit a practice which even in cold countries is offensive, and which in hot climates must be pestilential.

From the baths we proceeded between two rows of trees, for some time along the margin of the lake, and then up a steep hill to Astroni, once the crater of a volcano, now a royal chase or forest. The sides and bottom of this vast orifice are covered with large trees, and form a scene very refreshing and beautiful. The circumference above may be about two miles and a half, and the descent a quarter of a mile. It is inclosed by a stone wall, and reserved for royal amusement. It is said to be well stocked with game of every kind. These objects furnished entertainment for a long and delightful afternoon: we returned by the same road, and entered Naples in the dusk of the evening.

On the third of June we set out on an excursion to Puteoli, Baia, &c. We took the same road as in our last excursion, but instead of turning off to Agnano, proceeded to the shore. When we arrived there, another view opened upon us, varied, rich, and beautiful: on our left, the rocky promontory of Posilippo, and the little island of Nisida rising steep from the waves; on our right the road ran along steep precipices formed of lava, and terminated in Pozzuoli. Before us appeared in succession the high coast and the castle of Baia, the promontory of Misenus, and the peak of *Inarime* (Ischia). This union of islands, promontories, rocks or castles, forms the enchanting bay of Pozzuoli. The point of the

promontory of Posilippo is naturally broken, and wrought into various bays, islands, and caverns, and these again are hollowed by art into grottoes, baths, and recesses, forming a scene singular, grotesque, and resembling the work of enchantment. Hence the Neapolitans call it the *Scuola di Virgilio*, and ascribe it to the magical powers of the poet. We may with more probability attribute it in part to Vedius Pollio, whose villa, so famed for its ponds, stood on the hill behind at a little distance; and to Augustus who inherited it after the death of Pollio. Lucullus may have had his share in the work, as well as numberless other Romans of equal opulence, who successively inhabited this delicious coast.

The island of Nisida, that lies at a little distance from the promontory, was anciently *Nesis*, and is represented as enveloped in noxious steams, and emitting pestilential exhalations.

—————
*
Nesis

Emittit Stygium nebulosis acra saxis,

Antraque lethiferi rabiem Typhonis anhclant*.

LUCAN. PHARS. vi. 90.

Its situation and modern appearance, however, are such as to give an idea of coolness and salubrity, and accordingly it enjoys a better reputation, and is at present made the seat of the Lazaretto.

Thence proceeding along the coast we entered Pozzuoli, anciently *Puteoli*, a town of Greek origin, and first called *Dicavarchia*. It was erected by the inhabitants of Cumæ as a sea-port, and is by some supposed to have derived its original appellation from the excellence of its government, an advantage

* From Nesis such, the Stygian vapours rise,
And with contagion taint the purer skies;
Such do Typhæus' steamy caves convey,
And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.—Rowe.

which few colonies have ever enjoyed. However, it owes its present name, and indeed its fame and prosperity, to the Romans, who about two centuries before the Christian era fortified it, and made it the emporium of the commerce of the East. Its situation as a sea-port is indeed unrivalled. It stands on a point that juts out a little into the sea, nearly in the centre of a fine bay, called from it Puteolano or Pozzolano. Its prominence forms a natural port, if a port can be wanting in a bay so well covered by the surrounding coasts, and divided into so many creeks and harbours.

It is easy to guess what the animation and splendour of Puteoli must have been at the time when the riches of the East were poured into its bosom, and when its climate, baths, and beauty, allured the most opulent Romans to its vicinity. Commerce has long since forsaken it; the attraction of its climate and its situation still remain, but operate very feebly on the feelings of a people little given to rural enjoyments. Its population, which formerly spread over the neighbouring hills, and covered them with public and private edifices, is now confined to the little prominent point which formed the ancient port: and all the magnificence of antiquity has either been undermined by time, demolished by barbarism, or levelled in the dust by earthquakes. Vestiges however remain, shapeless indeed and deformed, but numerous and vast enough to give some idea of its former extent and grandeur. In the square stands a beautiful marble pedestal with basso rilievos on its pannels, representing the fourteen cities of Asia Minor, which had been destroyed by an earthquake and rebuilt by Tiberius. It supported a statue of that emperor, erected by the same cities as a monument of their gratitude. Each

city is represented by a figure bearing in its hand some characteristic emblem. The cathedral is supposed to stand on the ruins of a temple, and is undoubtedly built in a great degree of ancient materials, as appears by the blocks of marble which in many places form its walls.

On the hill behind the town are the remains of an amphitheatre, called after that at Rome the Coliseum; it was of considerable magnitude, but not comparable to that whose name it assumes. The gates and a large portion of the vaults and under apartments remain. One of these apartments, or rather dungeons, in which St. Januarius, the patron of Naples, is said to have been confined, is now turned into a damp and gloomy chapel; the arena is a garden: vines, fig-trees, and pomegranates have gradually crept up the circumference, and now cover the steps and wave over the ruins—a melancholy yet pleasing picture! Close to the amphitheatre are other vast fragments, probably of the baths that stood in this neighbourhood.

But the most striking monuments of Puteoli are the remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and those of the Mole that formed the port; the former stands in the precincts of the town, partly in a garden and partly in the barracks, but surrounded and almost concealed by petty uninteresting buildings. The form of this edifice was nearly square, of about one hundred and thirty feet in length, and somewhat less in breadth. It was inclosed in a court divided into small apartments, several of which still exist. Of the four columns of the portico three are standing, the fourth lies extended on the pavement; they are of marble, forty feet high, and Corinthian; the building in the centre was ground, and its roof supported by sixteen pillars; the pedestals remain; the

shafts were transported to the palace of Caserta, and form, I believe, the beautiful vestibule of the chapel. The marble pavement of the court is nearly entire, but covered with mud and stagnant water. The vapours that rise from this infected pool during the heats of summer are not unfrequently fatal to the soldiers in the neighbouring barracks. Yet a few labourers could remove the mud in one day, and a pump might carry off the water! Some beautiful statues have been found buried in the earth or under the ruins, and many fine fragments of capitals, cornices, and sculptured friezes still remain scattered around in the midst of dirt and rubbish.

The Mole was a work of inferior beauty, but of far greater difficulty; several of its piles still stand unshaken: they are sunk in deep water, and once supported arches, parts of which remain suspended in shattered grandeur over the waves. This method of forming a mole like a bridge of arches instead of solid wall is much cheaper, and equally useful, and deserves to be imitated in similar works. When this vast mass was first erected, or by whom, it is difficult to determine. Seneca speaks of a mole under the name of *pilæ**, and Strabo mentions walls carried out into the sea to enable ships of burden to unload with convenience. But whoever built it, we know from an inscription at Pozzuoli that Antoninus repaired it when damaged or thrown down by the fury of the waves. Its solidity and durability is owing, in a great degree, to the quality of the cement, made of Pozzolano sand, which hardens under water, and acquires the strength and consistency of marble. These arches bear at present the name of Caligula, and are supposed by the people at Pozzuoli to be the remains of the bridge which that prince, in one of his fits of

* Epist. 77.

frenzy, threw over the bay from Puteoli to Baia or Baulis. But the learned reader need not be informed that Caligula's bridge was like that of Xerxes, whom he intended to imitate, a temporary bridge erected upon boats, formed principally of wood, and carried from the extremity of the Mole to the opposite coast. In length, solidity, and decoration, it probably surpassed its model, as it did also in extravagance and inutility*.

On the road that leads along the coast from Pozzuoli to the Lucrine lake stood Cicero's villa, called by him *Puteolanum* and *Academia*. Pliny relates that it was on the shore, and adorned with a grove, and a portico, which seems to have been remarkable for its beauty; he adds, that Cicero erected here a monument, and that shortly after his death a fountain of warm water, very wholesome for the eyes, burst forth, and gave occasion to an epigram, which the philosopher quotes with applause†. The portico is fallen, the groves are withered, the fountain dried up, and not a vestige of the Academic retreat left behind to mark its situation. The verses remain, and perpetuate at once the glory of the orator, the fame of the fountain, the beauty of the villa, and what is more honourable than all united, the gratitude of the writer Laurea Tullius, Cicero's freedman.

It appears from various passages in Cicero's letters that he had two villas on this coast, the one which I have just mentioned, on the shore; the other, on the hills beyond the Lucrine lake, called the *Cumanum*, as lying towards that city, and nearer to it than to Puteoli. Perhaps the latter was a mere lodge or

* Sueton. in Vit. Calig. 19; and for a fuller description of the bridge, and the exhibitions displayed upon it, see Dio. lviii. and Brotier's Tacitus, Supplement viii. Annal. cum notis.

† Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxi. 2.

summer-house, of course on a much smaller scale. Of these villas one stood on the hills, and commanded the *Campi Phlegræi* (the Phlegræan fields), the bay of Puteoli with its islands Misenus and Baia; the other on the beach enjoyed the breezes and murmurs of the sea, so delightful to a contemplative mind; Cicero knew not which of the two he preferred, but complained that the crowd of visitors that interrupted his leisure in these retreats contributed not a little to counterbalance their attractions. Cicero's Academics do not however take their name from his Academia, but from the subject itself; as the dialogue which the first book relates took place at the villa of Varro, somewhere in the neighbourhood, and within the distance of a walk. The scene of the two first books, *De Finibus*, is laid in the Cuman villa. The dialogue *De Fato* took place in the Academia. The spot, the subject, the speakers, both fated to perish in so short a time during the contest which they both foresaw, and endeavoured in vain to avert, were circumstances which give a peculiar interest to this dialogue, and increase our regret that it has not reached us in a less mutilated state.

CHAPTER IX.

Portus Julius—Lacus Lucrinus—Avernus, Observations on its original State—Bay and Castle of Baia—Port of Misenus—Marc Morto—Elysian Fields—Promontory and Town, of Misenus—Solfatara—Liternum, Scipio's Retreat—Cumæ—Grotto of the Sibyl.

IT is usual to take a boat at Pozzuoli, and row across the bay to the Lucrine lake. Passing near the shore, our guide showed us the remains of a mole, which is still called *Lanterna di Porto Giulio**, and is the only

* The light-house of the Julian harbour.

monument of the walls or substructions erected by Agrippa to form a harbour in the Lucrine lake, and of the name which it received when finished. I need not observe, that both Horace and Virgil have celebrated this magnificent undertaking, the one turning it as if incidentally mentioned into a delicate compliment; the other describing it in all the splendour of poetry, as one of the distinguishing features of Italy.

This work, on the one side, opened a communication between the lakes Avernus and Lucrinus; and on the other, seems to have inclosed a certain space of the bay itself to add to the last-mentioned lake, and form it into a capacious harbour. Before this undertaking, the Lucrinus was protected by a mole of such antiquity, that it was attributed to Hercules. It bordered on the beach, and formed a road as well as a mole. Of the Lucrine lake, a small part only remains, now a muddy pool half covered with reeds and bulrushes. The centre, though remarkable for its depth, was in one short night changed into a conical mountain*. The mountain is a vast mass of cinders, black and barren, and is called Monte Nuovo (the new mountain). The pool, however, diminished in its size and appearance, still retains the name and honours of the Lucrine lake.

We landed on its banks, and following a path that winded through a vineyard, came to the borders of the lake Avernus. This lake is a circular sheet of water, of about a mile and a half in circumference, and of immense depth; surrounded with ground, on one side low, on the other high, but not steep, cultivated all around, but not much wooded, a scene on the whole, light, airy, and exhilarating. How unlike the abodes of the Cimmerians, the *darkened lake*, the *gloomy forests*, the *blasts exhaled from the infernal*

* An 1538.

regions, the funereal cypress, the feeble screams, the flitting ghosts!—Does Avernus then owe all its horrors to poetical fiction? or is the face of nature entirely altered since the time of Homer? To both these causes much is to be attributed.

The Greeks in Homer's time knew but little of Italy, and what little they knew bordered greatly on the marvellous. They had heard perhaps of its numerous islands, its rocky coasts, and above all, of its volcanoes, possibly at an earlier period very numerous and destructive in their eruptions. Some exaggerated account of the wonders of the *Campi Phlegræi* had reached their ears, and while their sulphureous vapours and agitated surface seemed to them to announce the vicinity of hell, their caverns could not but appear as so many avenues to that region of horror. Such an opinion, however absurd it may appear to us, is still very natural. A volcano is the most tremendous phenomenon presented to the eyes of mortals. All the agitation of earthquakes, all the crash of thunder, all the horrors of darkness, all the blaze of lightning, and all the rage of conflagration, are united and armed with tenfold terror in an eruption. Its appearance and effects seem not to announce the arm of the Almighty, extended from heaven to chastise and to correct at the same time; but resemble the rage of demons broke loose from their prison, *armed with the flames of hell*, to disfigure nature, and to ravage the creation. Hence in an age far more refined, and among a well informed people, there were found several who, at the first celebrated eruption of Vesuvius*, imagined that the whole frame of nature was in the act of dissolution, and that both gods and men were about to perish in one common ruin†. Even in modern times, when

* An. 79.

† Plin. Epist. vi. 26.

enlightened by the rays of the gospel, and better acquainted with the destiny of man, both here and hereafter, the common people feel a propensity to suppose that a volcano is a sort of inlet into hell, through which demons move to and fro when commissioned to execute the decrees of divine justice. No wonder therefore that the Greeks, ignorant and half barbarous as they then were, should have believed, or that poets should have feigned, that a region, of which such terrific tales were told, was the vestibule of hell, *atri janua Ditis* (the gate of gloomy Pluto).

To this we may add, that the Avernus, which probably occupies the crater of an extinguished volcano, might, at that period, and long after, merely cover the lower part of the abyss, while the steep rocky banks, towering to a prodigious elevation above it, were shaded with shrubs, and its orifice was almost closed with a whole forest of trees hanging over the precipice and increasing its gloom. At the same time, in a place so impregnated with fire, it is probable that various sulphureous steams, rising from the bottom or bursting from the sides of the cavern, might fill the vast hollow, and undisturbed by the action of the air brood in pestilential clouds over its surface.

Such may have been the original state of the lake Avernus, corresponding sufficiently with the description given by the poets, and when accompanied by the supernumerary horrors which the superstition of the times threw around it, an object, in a very high degree, awful and terrific. Afterwards, the water may have increased (and in the neighbourhood of the Lucrine lake, and so near the sea, it may easily be supposed to increase) and have approached nearer the margin; at the same time, the woods may have

been diminished by the growing population of the towns of Cumæ, Puteoli, and Misenus, and of course the Avernus must have gradually lost much of its horrors and its malignity. The impression, however, had been made, temples had been built, priests established, and the worship of the infernal deities, *religio dira loci**, still continued to attract crowds to the banks of the Avernus. This fashion was prevalent enough even in Annibal's time to afford that crafty Carthaginian an opportunity of reconnoitring the ramparts of Puteoli, under pretext of offering sacrifice on the banks of Avernus†.

At length, in the reign of Augustus, the formation of the *Portus Julius* dispelled the few horrors that continued to brood over the infernal lake; the sacred groves that still shaded its banks and hung over its margin were cut down; the barrier that separated it from the Lucrinus was removed, and not only the waters of the latter, but the waves of the neighbouring sea, were admitted into the stagnant gulf of Avernus. This enterprise, however, was contemplated with some awe and apprehension: and the agitation of the waters, occasioned probably by the descent of those of the former lake into the lower basin of the latter, was magnified into a tempest, and ascribed to the anger of the infernal divinities.

* The terrific religion of the place.

† Tit. Liv. xxiv. 12.

Speaking of this visit Silius says—

Tum tristi nemore, atque umbris nigrantibus horrens
Et formidatus volucris, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cœlo, Stygiaque per urbes
Relligione sacer sævum retinebat honorem.

Bell. Pun. xii. 124.

Bane of the feather'd race, its sulphurous womb
Shot forth foul-steaming poison; black with gloom,
And shagg'd with dismal woods, the tribes around
Revered it with religious awe profound.

The statue of one showed, by a profuse sweat, either its fear or its indignation; that of another leaped, it was said, from its pedestal; and recourse was had as usual to sacrifices, in order to appease the irritated Manes. In the mean time, the port was finished; the *Avernus* was stripped of its infernal horrors, and ever after ranked among ordinary lakes:—

*Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia**.—*SIL. ITAL.* xii. 121.

On the southern bank stands a large and lofty octagonal edifice, with niches in the walls, and with halls adjoining. It is vaulted and of brick, and is supposed by some to be the temple of Proserpine, by others that of *Avernus* itself, whose statue, as appears from the circumstance mentioned above, stood in the immediate vicinity of the lake. This building was probably encrusted with marble, and decorated with pillars; it is now surrounded by a vineyard, and pleases the eye by its magnitude, site, and proportions. It would not be difficult to repair it, if the government or proprietors were disposed so to do. Many antiquaries imagine it to have been a bath; but though its form be well adapted to such an object, we do not find that the waters of the *Avernus* were employed for that purpose.

On the opposite side of the lake, under a steep overhung with shrubs and brambles, is the opening of a subterraneous gallery, called by the guides, and indeed by the people, the *Grotto della Sibilla*. The first gallery runs under the *Monte Grillo*, and its direction is towards *Baia*, but it opens into another on the right tending towards *Cumæ*; after some progress in this second passage we came to a piece of water now called the bath of the Sibyl, and were transported over it on the backs of our guides. On

* I may now celebrate thee among pleasant lakes.

the opposite side the ground rises rapidly, and all further progress is precluded by the fallen walls. The situation and appearance of this cavern correspond exactly with the description of Virgil, and are sufficient to authorise us in supposing it to be the same to which he alludes, if he had any real object in view, and not merely a general imitation of Homer :—

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu
Scrupca, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris'.

Æn. vi. 237

It probably branched out into several other gallerics, and may have communicated with many large caverns, as well as with the various vales and lakes that lie so thick on this peninsula, and once perhaps formed the whole scenery of the infernal regions, so beautifully coloured by Virgil. In this case, the stream which we passed might possibly have represented the Acheron; and indeed the black surface of the water; the feeble glimmering of the torches, and their red smouldering flames half lost in their own smoke and in the vapours of the place; the craggy vaults closing over us and losing themselves in darkness; the squalid forms of our guides and attendants, appearing and disappearing with their torches, as they carried us over one by one, all seemed well adapted to infernal scenery, and were appropriate appendages of the entrance into the regions of the dead :—

Per speluncas, saxis structas asperis, pendentibus,
Maximis; ubi rigida constat crassa infernum†.

ENN. apud Cic. Tusc.

* Deep was the cave, and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here the access a gloomy grove defends,
And here the unnavigable lake extends.—DRYDEN.

† Through caverns, shag'd with huge and hanging rocks,
Where thick, cold, Stygian darkness broods around.

Homer places the Cimmerians in these subterraneous abodes :—

· Ἐνθα δὲ Κιμμερίων ἀνδρῶν δῆμος τε πόλις τε
 Ἡέρι καὶ νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένοι οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτοῖς
 Ἡέλιος φαέθων ἐπιδέρεται ἀκτίνεσσιν,
 Οὐδ' ὀπότεν στείχεσι πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα,
 Οὐθ' ἔπ'αν ἔψ ἐπὶ γαίαν ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν προτράπηται
 Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ νύξ ὀλοή τέταται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι*.

Odyss. xi. 14.

This description, notwithstanding its poetical splendour, may possibly be grounded on reality†. We may easily conceive that in an early and half-savage state of society, men might have preferred caverns so large and commodious to such hovels as they were then capable of erecting; and there are many instances on record of human beings in considerable numbers inhabiting such receptacles. Not to speak of the barbarous inhabitants of the North, nor of

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
 The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
 The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats.
 When radiant he advances, or retreats:
 Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
 Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.

POPE.

† Pliny places the city of the Cimmerians on the banks of the Avernus, and Festus represents them as a real people who inhabited deep and gloomy dells.—“Cimmerii dicuntur homines, qui frigidibus occupatas terras incolunt, quales fiunt inter Baias et Cumas, in ea regione in qua convallis satis eminenti jugo circumdata est, qua neque matutino neque vespertino tempore sole contegitur‡.” Such *cold* and *sunless* valleys are common enough in Wales and Scotland, but we are rather surprised to find them discovered by this grammarian in the neighbourhood of Naples.

‡ The Cimmerians are said to be a race of men who inhabit regions subject to perpetual cold, such as used to be between Baia and Cumæ, in that part of the country where the valley is surrounded by eminences, so high as to be impervious both to the morning and evening sun.

some of the semi-barbarians of the South, who have chosen to live under ground; even the polished Romans themselves seem sometimes to have preferred grottoes to their palaces*, as we may collect from an expression of Seneca†; and from the account which Strabo gives of a place on or near the road from Rome to Naples, called *Spelunca*. This place is now by corruption turned into Sperlonga, and lies at the foot of Mount Cæcubus, on the promontory near the southern extremity of the Lacus Fundanus, about sixteen miles from Terracina. Of the many caverns here situate, containing magnificent and sumptuous villas according to Strabo, no trace remains. Tacitus speaks of an accident which happened, and the danger to which Tiberius was exposed, while dining in one of them‡.

In Malta, near the Citta Vecchia, are still shown the vestiges of a subterraneous city, for the extent of the galleries and the regularity of the streets almost entitle the place to this appellation. The rock is not only cut into spacious passages, but hollowed out into separate houses with their different apartments, and seems to have been capable of containing a considerable number of families. Such an abode must without doubt have been gloomy; but in a country like Malta, where the heat is intense, and the reflection from the stony soil is painful; where there is little verdure and still less shade; gloom and coolness under ground are perhaps preferable to glare and heat above.

The Cimmerians seem to have been given to the worship of the infernal deities, and to have acted as

* Of these summer grottoes some specimens may be seen on the borders of the lake of Albano.

† The expression of Seneca alluded to, *ex quo depressius æstivos specus fonderint*.—Cons. ad Helviam, ix.

“In consequence of which they dug their summer grottoes deeper.”

‡ Annal. iv. 69.

priests and interpreters of the oracle established in the centre of their subterraneous abode. This superstition was probably of a very lucrative nature, and accordingly survived the fall of those who first established it, and seems to have continued, though gradually declining, almost down to the time of the Cæsars. No country is better adapted to the practice of such a system of imposition, or more favourable to the illusions by which it is carried on. Deep caverns, the extent and outlets of which were known only to the priests who inhabited them; subterraneous waters, sometimes collected in cold stagnant pools, and at other times boiling up in hot fountains; *hollow sounds*, sulphureous vapours, and sudden flames, the natural effects of fire, always active, though not always visible, in this volcanic region, are circumstances wonderfully calculated to work strongly upon the imagination, and aid the operations of necromantic art. However, about the era of Augustus, the light of science had penetrated even these recesses, and banished thence the priests, the oracle, and all the phantoms they had conjured up; and the grotto of Avernus, formerly the haunt of the dead, was turned to the advantage of the living, and converted by Cocceius into a subterraneous communication between Puteoli and Cumæ. How long this passage remained open, or whether obstructed by time or by volcanic convulsions, it is not easy to conjecture: to re-open it would be an operation probably of no great difficulty, though of considerable expense; an evil perhaps of too great a magnitude to be counterbalanced by the gratification which it might afford to public curiosity*

* The lake of Avernus, with the neighbouring Lucrinus, are, like that of Agnano, infected in the hot months by the flux deposited in them; an evil which calls loudly for the interference of the government.

We returned by the path by which we came, leaving the Lucrinus on our right, and Monte Nuovo rising on our left, and crossing the mole of Hercules, we re-embarked, and proceeded along the coast to Baia. The bay of Baia is a semicircular recess just opposite the harbour of Pozzuoli, and about three miles distant from it. It is lined with ruins, the remains of the villas and the baths of the Romans; some advance a considerable way out, and though now under the waves are easily distinguishable in fine weather. The taste for building in the waters and encroaching on the sea, to which Horace alludes, is exemplified in a very striking manner all along this coast*. The first object that attracts the attention, and is pointed out by the guides, are the baths called the Terme di Nerone (Nero's baths). This emperor had here a magnificent villa, and had projected or, as Suetonius† says, commenced, a reservoir in which he intended to collect all the hot waters that spring up at or near Baia. This edifice was to have extended from Misenus to the lake Avernus, a distance of three miles and a half in a direct line, and more than four including the windings of the coast; it was to have been lined with porticoes and roofed. However, there is no particular reason (unless we admit the traditinary appellation of the place to be such) for supposing that the

* *Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente rēpa.*

Carm. ii. 18.

And though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Your guilty progress would restrain.—FRANCIS.

† Sueton. in Vit. Neron. 31.

baths in question belonged to this work, or formed any part of the villa of Nero. This villa was at or near Baulis.

The baths we are now contemplating, consist of several galleries worked through the rock, and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. The vapour that arises from this fountain fills the whole cavern, and is so hot and oppressive as to render the approach difficult to persons not accustomed to the effects of steam. The guides however run to it to fetch some of its water. The galleries are high, and wide enough to allow two persons to pass without inconvenience. There are also some apartments cut out of the solid stone for the accommodation of bathers. These mineral waters seem to pervade the whole region; they ooze through the rocks, work their way under the sands, and heat them even to a considerable distance from the shore. They have been known, and their utility has been experienced, for more than two thousand years; they were never probably more neglected than they are at present; no care is taken to collect them; no buildings have been erected for the accommodation of visitants. The Neapolitans behold with indifference all the beauties and all the treasures of their coasts.

Varia circum oblectamina vitæ
Vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias*.

STATIUS, *Sylv.* III. v. 95.

From the *Thermæ* we advanced to a little projection of the shore, on which stands an edifice octagonal on the outside, but within circular, called at present *Tempio di Venere* (the temple of Venus). Behind this edifice are a range of apartments called the

* Fair Baiæ's shores, for tepid springs renown'd,
Where all the gay delights of life are found.

Camere di Venere (the chambers of Venus); they are ornamented with basso rilievos in stucco, which are said to have some merit in point of execution, but are of too obscene a nature to admit examination. Venus had a temple on this coast, and it was so placed between the Lucrine lake and Baia as to take its name occasionally from either, as indeed the bay itself in which it stood was sometimes called *Baianus* and sometimes *Lucrinus**. We have no data to enable us to ascertain the precise spot on which this edifice stood, but we may confidently aver that no site could be better adapted to it than that assigned by popular tradition. Venus presided over this coast and all its bays, its baths, its fountains, and its lakes; she had deserted Paphos and Cythera, and settled, with all her train of loves and sports, on the delicious shore of Baia. A sky for ever serene, seas never ruffled, perpetual spring, and eternal verdure, may be supposed to have allured the goddess to her new abode; but her actual influence appeared in the general manners and amusements of the place,—in scenes of revelry, bacchanalian songs, wanton groups, and effeminate music. “Videre ebrios per littora errantes, et commessiones navigantium et symphoniarum cantibus perstrepentes lacus, et alia quæ, velut soluta legibus, luxuria non tantum peccat, sed publicat, quid necesse est†?”

* I must here observe that Cluverius upon this, as upon another occasion which I noticed above, seems to take the expression of poetry in the strict acceptation of geographical prose. He must have perceived that Baia, Cumæ, Lucrinus, and Avernus extend their appellation far beyond their natural limits, and sometimes include the whole vicinity. He himself observes, that the springs of Baia were once called Aqua Cumana, and quotes Lucretius to prove it.

† What necessity is there for us to view drunken men wandering along the shore, and to hear the revellings of people sailing

No situation is more appropriate to the temple of this presiding divinity than this little promontory, whose jutting point commands the whole bay, with all its scenery of hills, towns, lakes, and villas.

*Littus beatæ aureum Veneris!
Baiā superbæ blanda dona naturæ*.*

MARTIAL. Epig. xi. 21.

At a little distance from the temple of Venus rises another circular edifice, vaulted and lighted from above like the Pantheon, and still further on, another nearly similar; this latter is called the temple of Diana, as the former is termed the temple of Mercury; the traces of conduits for conveying water to all their apartments, and their situation on a coast where baths were probably in more estimation and request than temples, furnish a very plausible pretext to the supposition of their being Thermæ. Their shattered forms, shaded here and there with shrubs and flowers, rising on the margin of the sea on a coast so beautiful, yet so solitary, produce a fine and uncommon effect.

Advancing southward, we passed under the castle of Baia*; a fortress on the brow of a rocky precipice, rising to a considerable elevation above the sea, and forming the point of a little promontory. Its appearance at a distance is rather splendid and ma-

upon the lake, and musical concerts, and other symptoms of dissoluteness, which luxury, as if freed from all restraint, not only indulges in, but studiously makes public?—Seneca, Epist. li.

* Land of Venus! golden coast!
Nature's fairest gift, and boast,
Happy Baia!

† Baia is said to derive its name from one of the companions of Ulysses.

Sedes Ithacesia *Baii*.—SILIUS ITAL. viii. 539.
Baii, the-settlement of the Ithaccensians.

jestic, owing to its size and the rich colour of the stone of which it is built.

Somewhat more than a quarter of a mile beyond Baia, there rises almost on the beach, a semicircular building, with a gallery within, adorned with basso rilievos in stucco; popular tradition ennobles' this edifice with the appellation of the tomb of Agrippina. The reader may recollect that this empress, after having escaped the fate intended for her at sea on her return from Baia, was conveyed to her own villa on the Lucrine lake, and shortly after murdered there: she was burned privately, and her tomb, which was erected after the death of Nero, in the neighbourhood, and on the hill near the road to Misenus, corresponded rather with her misfortunes than with her rank*.

Baia, indeed, was not only the seat of voluptuousness, but sometimes also the theatre of cruelty; two vices intimately allied, and not unfrequently most notoriously displayed in places whence the smiling features of nature might seem to have banished at least the latter. The murder of a parent, the barbarous termination of the feast of Caracalla, and the secret executions of the island of Capræ, only show what a monster man becomes when his power is equal to his malignity. The supposed tomb of Agrippina may possibly be a part, perhaps the theatre, of the villa of Baulis, which once belonged to Hortensius, and was afterwards the favourite resort of some of the emperors, and, upon this

* Tac. Ann. xiv. 4—7. There is something awful and terrific in the sound of the trumpet heard on the neighbouring hills; and in the nightly lamentations, supposed to issue from the tomb of Agrippina. (Cap. 10.) Nero fled—*Obversabatur maris illius et littorum gravis aspectus.*—"The appalling sight of that sea, and of those shores, was perpetually before his eyes."

occasion, the scene of the last interview between Nero and his mother.

Under the little promontory of Baulis, are the *Cento Camerelle* (the hundred little chambers), a number of grottoes, opening in front to the sea, communicating with each other within, and branching out into several long galleries, that form a sort of labyrinth. Their object is not known; they may have been reservoirs of fresh water, or perhaps mere substructions supporting some edifice. Ascending the hill, we came to the *Piscina Mirabile* (the wonderful fish-pond), a subterraneous edifice, vaulted, and divided by four rows of arcades. Its date, author, and destination, are equally unknown. Some antiquaries suppose it to have been a fish-pond, as its present appellation imports, belonging to one of the great villas that rose on this eminence, perhaps to that of Lucullus, who is said to have spared no expense in the erection of such receptacles. Others imagine, that it was intended as a cistern of fresh water for the supply of the fleet, while it lay in the port of Misenus, situated immediately under the hill on which the *Piscina Mirabile* stands. If I might be allowed to add one conjecture more to the preceding, I should be tempted to ask, whether this artificial cavern, and many similar works in the same direction, may not be parts of that vast reservoir (to which I have already alluded) planned and commenced by Nero, but never finished. Its magnitude, proportions, and elevation, are all on a grand scale, and announce the opulence and magnificence of its author; while its vaults and arcades correspond precisely with the account given of that emperor's projected edifice—"Inchoabat," says Suetonius, "piscinam a Miseno ad Avernum lacum, *contectam*,

porticibus conclusam, quo quidquid totis Baiis calidarum esset, converteretur.*"

At the foot of the hill on which we stood, the port of Misenus expands inwards, and protected by high lands on either side, forms a haven, tranquil, though not very capacious. It was made, by Augustus, the principal station of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean, and by its central and commanding situation, is extremely well calculated for every naval object. It is separated at its extremity by a narrow neck of land from the Mare Morto; through this neck a canal, over which there is a bridge, opens a communication between the two basins, which anciently, may probably have formed parts of the same port. On the side opposite this canal to the west, another bed of sand protects the Mare Morto from the incursions of the sea; while the lofty promontory of Misenus on the south, and the mountains called Procida and Selvaggi on the north, cover it from every other breeze.

Along its shores, under the shelter of these hills, lay extended the Elysian fields, Campi Elisi! They are shaded by mulberries and poplars, garlanded by festoons of vines fanned by sea breezes from the south, refreshed by the waves of the Mare Morto (the dead sea), that eat into the shore, and form numberless creeks and recesses; and their lonely paths are lined on all sides by tombs intermingled with cypresses. Such a scene, by its secluded beauty, its silence, and its tranquillity, might attract the living; yet it seems to have been at all times abandoned to the dead, and from the sepulchres that adorn it, and the undisturbed repose that seems to

* He began a reservoir from Misenus to the lake Avernus, covered in, and inclosed by piazzas, into which all the warm springs at Baia were to be turned.—Vit. Neron. 31.

reign over it, it resembles a region secluded from the intrusion of mortals, and placed above the influence of human vicissitude and agitation,

Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe*.

LUCAN. Phars. i. 59.

The solitude of the place, its destination, and the recollection of Virgil's description, diffuse a certain melancholy over the mind, and dispose it imperceptibly to reflection and musing.

Such are the Elysian fields, a name that sounds so harmoniously to the ears of the classic youth, and opens so many enchanting scenes to his imagination. He will be disappointed in reading the description, and little less so in contemplating the reality. In the splendour of a Neapolitan firmament, he will seek in vain for that *purple light* so delightful to his boyish fancy; and on the sandy beach of the Mare Morto, he will discover no traces of the crystal Eridanus; he will look to no purpose for meadows ever green, rills always full, and banks and hillocks of downy moss. The truth is, Virgil improves and embellishes whatever he touches; kindled by the contemplation of nature, his genius rises above her, and gives to her features, charms, and beauties of his own creation. The hills, the groves, the paths, he copied from the scenery now before us; but he waters them with purer streams; he calls up unfading flowers to grace them; and he lights them with a new sun, and milder constellations.

We turned with regret from a spot so celebrated, and came to the rocky promontory of Misenus. It is hollowed into vast grotts and caverns, intended anciently perhaps for baths, and perhaps for docks for ship-building. The town, it is supposed, stood

* Far removed from human concerns.

on the summit of the promontory ; its site is marked by masses of ruins, and the vestiges of a theatre ; unless, with some antiquaries, we choose to consider these scattered heaps as the remains of one or other of the villas so numerous in the immediate neighbourhood of Misenus. The principal and most extensive of these seats was that of Lucullus, afterwards occupied by Tiberius. Phædrus informs us that it was situate on the very pinnacle of the hill, as it not only commanded the adjacent coasts, but extended its view to the seas of Sicily*. This villa, with its gardens and porticoes, must have occupied a considerable space, and left but little room for the town, which of course must have been situated lower down, and probably on the sea shore. That such indeed was its real site, we may infer in opposition to the common opinion, from Pliny the younger, who says that the house which he and his mother inhabited, was separated by a small court from the sea. "Residimus in area domus, quæ mare a tectis modico spatio dividebat†." The hill that forms the point of the promontory is steep and lofty. It does not appear to me to bear, as is frequently represented, any appearance of a mausoleum, nor can I believe that Virgil had any such imaginary resemblance in

* Cæsar Tiberius, quum petens Neapolim
In Misenensem villam venisset suam
Quæ monte summo posita Luculli manu
Prospectat Siculum et prospicit Tuscum mare.

- Fab. ii. 5.

When Tiberius Cæsar, on his way to Naples, had arrived at his Misenean villa, which, built by Lucullus on the summit of the hill, commands a prospect both of the Sicilian and Tuscan seas.

† The court of the house in which we resided, separated the sea from the buildings by a very short space of ground.—Epist. vi. 20.

view; he probably adopted a popular tradition, when he placed the tomb of Misenus on its base*.

Monte sub acro qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen†.

Æn. vi. 234.

It is not a little remarkable, that most of the points and promontories represented by the Roman poet as monuments of great personages or illustrious events, still retain their ancient appellations, while so many other titles and names, in many respects more important, have gradually yielded to modern substitutions, and sunk into oblivion. Is this difference to be ascribed to the influence of poetry, and have the latter perished because not recorded in verse? "Carent quia vate sacro‡." They had no poet, and they died.

As the evening approached we re-embarked, and crossing the bay, landed at Pozzuoli, and thence proceeded to the Solfatara, which lies about a mile north-east of the town. This appellation is a corruption of *Sulphurata*, and is given to an oval plain, extending on an eminence, but surrounded on all sides by an elevated border resembling a rampart. The shattered hills that form this rampart are impregnated with sulphur, and heated by a subterranean fire. They are destitute of all verdure and all appearances of vegetation. The plain below is a pale yellow surface of sulphureous marle, thrown like a vault over an abyss of fire. Its heat almost

* Solinus, Mela, and Strabo ascribe this appellation to the same origin as Virgil; and as they were nearly contemporaries with that poet, they cannot be supposed to have adopted one of his poetical fictions as an historical anecdote.

† ————— and deathless fame

Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.—DRYDEN.

‡ No bard had they to make all time their own.

scorches the feet of those who pass over it, and the workings of the furnace beneath are heard distinctly through it. A stamp, or the rolling of a stone over it, re-bellows in hollow murmurs, weakening as they descend, till they lose themselves in the vastness of the abyss below. Sulphurous exhalations rise from the crevices; and from an orifice at one of the extremities a thick vapour by day, and a pale blue flame by night, burst forth with a murmuring sound and great impetuosity. This ever-burning plain is supposed to have been anciently called the *Forum Vulcani* (the Forum of Vulcan). It is described in a poetical, but accurate manner, by Petronius Arbitrarius, and very appropriately made the scene of a tremendous apparition of Pluto:—

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
 Patthenopen inter magnæque Dicarchidos arva,
 Cocytia perfusus aqua, nam spiritus extra
 Qui furit effusus, funesto spargitur æstu.
 Non hæc autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
 Cespite lectus ager : non verno persona cantu
 Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur ;
 Sed chaos et nigra squallentia pumice saxa
 Gaudent, ferali circumtumulata cypressu.
 Has inter sedes, Ditis pater extulit ora
 Bustorum flammis et cana sparsa favilla*.

* A place there is,
 Betwixt Dicarchis and fair Naples' town,
 Sunk deep into the gaping ground beneath,
 And watered by the streams of Hell, for thence
 The blasts that breathe, with deadly heat are charged.
 Green autumn blooms not there ; no verdant turf,
 No herbage decks the soil ; nor in the spring
 Do the soft shrubs, with discord musical,
 Hold murmuring converse with the gentle breeze,
 But chaos there, and hopeless barrenness,
 Dark rocks and funeral cypresses are found.
 In this drear spot grim Pluto from the ground
 Rear'd his dire form, while play'd around his head,
 With smouldering ashes strew'd, sepulchral fires.

The tombs and the cypresses to which the poet alludes, bordered the road that leads from Puteoli to Naples, as also that called the *Via Campana* (the Campanian Way), now Strada di Campagna, which inclose the Solfatara between them, and are at no great distance from its southern and western extremities. Milton seems to have taken some features of his infernal regions from this repository of fire and sulphur. *The dreary plain—the seat of desolation—the land that burned with solid, as the lake with liquid, fire—the singed bottom all involved with stench and smoke—the uneasy steps over the burning marle—the fiery deluge fed with ever-burning sulphur*, compose, when united, a picture poetical and sublime indeed, but not inaccurate, of the Solfatara. The truth is, that all the great poets, from the days of Virgil down to the present period, have borrowed some of their imagery from the scenery which now surrounds us, and have graced their poems with its beauties, or raised them with its sublimity. Every reader knows that Silius Italicus has described most of them, and particularly the latter, with studied and blamable minuteness; that Martial alludes to them with rapture, and that Statius devotes the most pleasing of his poems to their charms. Dante has borrowed some of the horrors of his Inferno from their fires and agitations; and Tasso has spread their freshness, their verdure, and their serenity, over the enchanted gardens of his Armida.

Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
 Fior vari et varie piante, herbe diverse,
 Apriche collinette, ombrose valli,
 Selve, e spelunche in una vista offerse*.

Gerus. Lib. xvi. 9.

* Still lakes of silver, streams that murmuring crept,
 Hills, on whose sloping brows the sunbeams slept,

Some days after, we made an excursion to Cumæ. The road leads first to Pozzuoli, and thence ascending the hills, passes by the site of Cicero's Academic villa, runs at the foot of Mount Gaurus on the right, then crosses the mountains that command the Avernus on the left, and traversing the site of the ancient forest that surrounded that lake, terminates at the Arco Felice. This ancient mass is a sort of lofty wall, with a gateway through it; supposed by some to be one of the gates of Cumæ, and by others, the remains of the temple of Apollo. The view, which to the south commands all the scenery described in our last excursion, fixes the attention, however, on an object of no great beauty, a white tower to the north-west, standing on the flat shore, about four miles and a half distant, near a lake, and almost surrounded with a forest. The tower stands on the site of the ancient *Liternum*; the neighbouring lake is the *Liternina Palus* (the Liternian lake), and the forest the *Gallinaria Pinus* (the Gallinarian pine-forest).

The situation of Liternum is neither beautiful nor healthy, but its name is ennobled by the residence of Scipio Africanus, who passed there the latter years of his life, a voluntary exile, in obscurity, rural labour, and philosophical studies. Whether he was buried at Liternum or not, was a subject of doubt even in Livius's time; however, either a tomb or cenotaph was erected to him there, and a stone on which the word *Patria* (country) is still legible, is supposed to have contained part of the inscription*,

Luxuriant trees, that various forms display'd,
 And valleys grateful with refreshing shade,
 Herbs, flowerets gay with many a gaudy dye,
 And woods and arching grottoes met their eye.—HUNT.

* Tit. Liv. xxxviii. 53.

“*Ingrata patria,*” &c. (his ungrateful country), and gives to the modern tower the appellation of *Torre di Patria*. His villa remained in the time of Seneca, and seems to have been built with great solidity, and surrounded like a Gothic castle with a wall and towers. A rampart was indeed necessary, as it stood on the confines of the *Gallinaria Pinus*, a forest, at one time the abode, and at all times the occasional resort, of *banditti**. Valerius Maximus relates an anecdote, which shows both the necessity of the rampart, and the veneration shown to the person of the great Africanus†. The same author mentions his death as having taken place at *Liternum*, and cites his well-known epitaph. Perhaps his ashes were first interred at his villa, and afterwards conveyed to the family sepulchre in Rome, on the *Via Capena*, where a sarcophagus was found a few years ago inscribed with his name. Pliny the elder speaks of some olive trees, and of a very flourishing myrtle, planted by Scipio Africanus, as still existing at *Liternum* in his time‡. The *Torre di Patria* may not only occupy this site, but possibly be built of the materials of Scipio's villa.

As we proceeded we were shown a temple, dedicated, it is said, to the giants whom Hercules de-

* As Seneca's description is curious, it may not be improper to insert the passage. “*Vidi villam structam lapide quadrato; murum circumdatum sylva—turris quoque in propugnaculum villæ utrimque subrectas; cisternam ædificiis, ac viridibus subditam, quæ sufficere in usum vel exercitus posset: balneolum angustum, tenebri-
cosum, ex consuetudine antiqua,*” &c.—*Epist. lxxxvi.*

I saw a villa built of square stones; a wall surrounded by the wood—towers also erected on every side for the defence of the villa; a cistern, excavated under the buildings and pleasure grounds, which might serve an army; a bath, confined and dismal, according to the ancient custom, &c.

† *Sec Val. Max. v. 3.*

‡ *Hist. Nat. xvi. 44.*

feated on the neighbouring *Campi Phlegræi*. The size of this temple does not correspond with its title. Continuing to advance towards the sea, we came to a high craggy rock near the shore. On the top of the precipice stands the castle, erected in the middle ages on the ruins of an ancient fortress. In the side of this rock are two great chasms; in one, there are several steps leading upwards; the other tends downwards, was formerly lined with brick, and seems to have opened into several galleries. This cavern is now called the Grotto of the Sibyl, and is probably part of that celebrated cavern. The grotto existed in all its splendour in the year one hundred and five of the Christian era, and is described by Justin the Martyr, an author of that period, and represented by him as an immense cavity cut out of the solid rock, large as a basilica, highly polished, and adorned with a recess or sanctuary in which the Sibyl, seated on a lofty tribunal or throne, uttered her oracles. It may have been stripped of its ornaments, disfigured, and perhaps materially damaged, in the reign of Constantine, when the greater temples, and more peculiar seats of Pagan superstition, were demolished as objects likely to foster the ancient delusions. However, though despoiled and neglected, the cavern still remained entire, till the fatal and most destructive war carried on by Justinian against the Goths; when Narses, the imperial general, in order to undermine the ramparts of the fortress erected on the summit of the rock, ordered his engineers to work through the roof of the cavern beneath, and thus brought down the wall, towers, and even gates of the fortress into the cavity, which in part destroyed, and in part filled it with rubbish*.

* Vide Agathias Hist. i. apud Cluv.

The grotto, as I have already observed, branched out into various subterranean galleries, alluded to by Virgil, under the appellation of *approaches and portals*, which furnished the Sibyl with the means of forming those tremendous sounds; that in the moment of inspiration issued from the depths of the cavern*. Of these communications, two only are now visible; all the others, with the body and the recesses, or sanctuary of the temple, are filled with the ruins of the roof, and of the walls.

Excavations might here be made to advantage; the very materials, where sea carriage is at hand, are doubtless sufficient to pay the expense, and the discoveries might be interesting beyond expression. I must again repeat it, if Warburton's conjecture can be admitted, and if the Eleusinian mysteries contained such scenes as those described in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, no region can be better calculated for the exhibition than that which we are now treading. In a country where rocks are hollowed by nature into grottoes and caverns; where there are several deep dells, and hidden recesses, as *Astroni* now, and once perhaps *Avernus*; where various lakes lie concealed in the depths of forests and in the cavities of mountains; where fires and waters are ever working, under all their possible forms; where the land sometimes stretches out into the sea, and at

* *Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum
 Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
 Unde ruunt totidem voces, respicitur Sibyllæ.*

Æn. vi. 42, 44.

A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
 Through the hill's hollow sides: before the place
 An hundred doors an hundred entries grace;
 As many voices issue, and the sound
 Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.—*DRYDEN.*

other times the sea winds itself into the very bosom of the land; in such a country, particularly when thinly inhabited as in the early ages, how easy would it be to open sacred communications, and to conduct the adept through successive scenes of wonder, now buried in darkness, and now gleaming with light: here infected with sulphureous exhalations, and there refreshed with gales of perfume; sometimes exhibiting the horrors of Tartarus, and at other times displaying the delights of Elysium?

Cumæ was founded at a very early period by a colony of Greeks from Chalcis in Eubœa, and from Cumæ in Æolis; as it was the first Grecian establishment in Italy in point of time, so it was considered for many ages as the first also in power, opulence, and population. Its overflowing prosperity spread over the neighbouring coasts, and first Putcoli, and afterwards Naples, owed their origin to the energy and the enterprise of its inhabitants. Its situation was favourable to commerce and general communication, and its oracle, its sybil, and its temple, attracted votaries and visitants. As the Roman power extended, that of Cumæ declined; till without contest or warfare the city gradually adopted the interests of Rome, and its inhabitants were honoured with the title of Roman citizens. The principal cause, however, of the decay of Cumæ was the well-founded partiality of the Romans to the neighbouring coasts of Baia, Putcoli, and Naples, so superior in beauty and salubrity to the flat, marshy vicinity of the former city. Though Juvenal's* expression may imply only a comparative desertion and emptiness, yet the decline of Cumæ was so rapid,

* Vacuis . . . Cunis.—Sat. iii. 2.

Deserted Cumæ.

that in the sixth century it appears to have been reduced to a mere fortress seated on the rock, which formed indeed a military position, but could not be denominated a city. Its name however still remained, and we find it mentioned in the thirteenth century as the resort of robbers, rebels, and banditti, whose depredations at length provoked the vengeance of the neighbouring cities, and occasioned its total destruction.

Now the once opulent and populous Cumæ is a solitary wood; its once busy streets are now silent alleys; its only inhabitants are stags and wild boars. Here and there a range of broad smooth stones reminds the sportsman of its pavement, and some mouldering walls overgrown with vines and myrtles are the only vestiges of its existence.

Tot decora, artificumque manus, tot nota sepulchra
Totque pios cineres una ruina premit.

* * * * *

Et querimur, cito si nostræ data tempora vitæ
Diffugiunt? urbes mors violenta rapit!
Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces;
Nec tu quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis
Et te (quis putet hoc?) altrix mea, durus arator
Vertet; et Urbs, dicet, hæc quoque clara fuit†.

SANNAZ. Eleg. ii. 9.

† The graceful works of art, the sculptured tomb,
And all the sacred dust that rests beneath,
In one vast ruin lie!

* * * * *

And do we grieve, if our allotted day
So swiftly flies, when fate's destructive hand
Proud cities sweeps with violence away!
Nor thou, who on thy seven famed hills enthroned,
Sitt'st like a sceptred queen, shalt be eternal!
Nor thou, her rival, in the Adrian wave!
And thee, my native city, thee the plough
(Ah! who could e'er believe?) shall one day raze,
While the rough swain that guides it, sighing, cries,
"She too has had her day of glory!"

The forest which covers Cumæ is a royal chase, extends far beyond the limits of that city, and borders the lake of Fusaro, the ancient *Acherusia palus**, lying to the south towards Misenus. This lake is a long and shallow sheet of water. It answers very exactly the description of it given by Strabo, who calls it a *muddy irruption of the sea*, and differs as widely from the splendid picture of Lycophron, who represents it,

Ῥόχθοισι κυμαίνουσαν οἰδματος χύσιν†.

It has a small island with a castle, and terminates in a pool called L'Acqua Morta (the dead water). We proceeded along its banks to Baia, ranged once more over the delicious scenery in its vicinity, and embarking, bent our course to Procida.

CHAPTER X.

Bay and Castle of Procida—Evening Hymn—Beautiful View, Observations—the Island of Vivara—• Ischia, its Mountains, Eruptions, Appearance, and Population—Nisida—Vesuvius.

As we passed the bay of Misenus we observed the fine appearance of that promontory; it is separated by the harbour, and by Mare Morto (the dead sea), with the flat shore beyond, from the neck of land which it terminates; and thus it forms an insulated eminence, remarkable for its shape, its boldness, and its *aerial* elevation. After having doubled the cape, we crossed the strait which flows between it and the island of Procida. Here I landed, while my companions pursued their course to the island of Ischia, about four miles further.

* The Acherusian Lake.

† A roaring influx of the boiling waves.

Procida is about two miles from the continent : its shore, towards the west, is comparatively low, but it swells gradually towards the east, and terminates in a bold promontory, the summit of which is crowned with the castle or royal palace. The prominence of this point on one side, and the *Punta del Vomere* (plough-share point) about a mile from it to the south, form a little bay. The promontory is sufficiently lofty to entitle the island, of which it is the most conspicuous feature, to the epithet *alta** (lofty), which Virgil gives it, as the rocks which line its eastern and southern coast justify the word *aspera* (craggy) employed by Statius†. Besides the harbour which I have described; there are on the same coast several creeks, which afford shelter to fishing-boats and small vessels, and contribute much to the variety and the romantic beauty that eminently characterise this and the neighbouring shores and islands.

There is no regular inn, I believe, in the town, but strangers are received and very well treated in the castle. This edifice is large and very roomy, though almost unfinished ; it has a small garden to the west and north, surrounded by a wall that borders the brow of the precipice. A trellis supporting thick spreading vines covers this wall, and shades the walk along it, while large windows open at intervals, and enable the eye to range over the view that lies expanded beneath.

At one of these windows I seated myself, and enjoyed the glorious exhibition of the setting sun, which then hung in appearance over the distant island of Pandataria, and cast a purple gleam on all the promontories of Gajeta, and the hills of Formiæ. The purple tints, as the sun descended into the

* *Æneid.* ix. 715.

† *Sylv.* ii. 2.

waves, brightened into golden streaks, then softened into purple again, and gradually deepening into blue, at length melted away in darkness. The moon rose soon after; a table was placed before me covered with figs, apricots, and peaches.

The man and the woman who took care of the palace, a young couple, the husband strong and comely, the wife handsome, seated themselves opposite to me; their son, a smart lively boy, served at table. After a little conversation, the man took his guitar and accompanied his wife while she sung the evening hymn, in a sweet voice and with great earnestness. Occasionally the man and boy joined in chorus, and while they sung, the eyes of all three were sometimes raised to heaven and sometimes fixed on each other, with a mixed expression of piety, affection, and gratitude. I own I never was present at an act of family devotion more simple or more graceful. It seemed to harmonise with the beauty of the country, and the temperature of the air, and breathed at once the innocence and the joy of Paradise. Shortly after similar little concerts rose from the town below, and from different parts of the island, and continued at intervals for an hour or more, sometimes swelling upon the ear, and sometimes dying away in distance, and mingling with the murmurs of the sea. One would almost imagine that Milton, who had visited all this coast, had these concerts in mind when he speaks of

Celestial voices to the midnight air
Sole or responsive each to others' note
Singing their great Creator.—Par. Lost, iv. 682.

Next morning I was awakened earlier than usual by the rays of the sun shining full into my room, and getting up, I placed myself in the balcony to enjoy the air and the prospect. Misenus and Baia

rose before me; the Elysian fields and the groves of Camæ extended between them in full view still fresh with dew, and bright with the beams of the new-risen sun. No scene perhaps surpasses that which is now under my eye in natural beauties, and few equal it in those embellishments which the action of the human mind superadds to the graces of nature.

These intellectual charms are the most impressive, and even the most permanent; without them the exhibitions of the material world become an empty pageant, that pleases the eye for a moment and passes away, leaving perhaps a slight recollection, but producing no improvement. Hence, although Germany, and other more northern countries, frequently display scenes both grand and beautiful; yet, if I may judge of the feelings of other travellers by my own, they are viewed with indifference, and passed over in haste. Even the gigantic features of America, its interminable forests, and its mountains that touch the skies, its sea-like lakes, and its volcanoes that seem to thunder in another world, may excite wonder, but can awaken little interest, and certainly inspire no enthusiasm. Their effect is confined to the spot which they cover, and to the very hour which rolls over them; they have no connexion with other regions, no retrospect to other times. They stand vast masses, grand but silent monuments, in the midst of boundless solitudes, unenlivened by industry and unadorned by genius. But, if a Plato or a Pythagoras had visited their recesses in pursuit of knowledge; if a Homer or a Virgil had peopled them with ideal tribes, with heroes or with phantoms; if the useful ambition of an Alexander or a Cæsar had carried war and civilisation to their borders; if a courageous people had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses;

then indeed they would assume dignity and importance ; when they would excite interest, and acquire a title to the attention of travellers :—

Tunc sylvæ, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere fontes,
Tum sacer horror aquis, adytisque effunditur echo
Clarior, et doctæ spirant præsagia rupes*.

CLAUD. SEXT. CONS. HONOR. 32.

Nature has shed over the coast before us some of its terrors and many of its beauties. Homer either visited it, or heard accounts of it, when probably the former were predominant, and represented it accordingly, as the boundaries of the living world, and the confines of the infernal regions ; the groves of Proserpina, according to him, spread over the sullen beach, and covered it with a thick but barren shade.

Ἐνθ' ἀκτὴ τε λάχεια καὶ ἄλσέα Περσεφορείης
Μακρὰ τ' αἴγειροι καὶ ἰτέαι ὠλεσίκαρποι†.

Odys. x. 509.

Virgil beheld it at a time when beauty was its prevalent feature, and though he was obliged to adopt the mythology of his predecessor, yet he qualifies its horrors, by confining the infernal gloom to the precincts of Avernus ; while he improves upon it at the same time, by conducting his hero through the regions of the dead, and opening scenes grand, novel, and in the highest degree delightful. Thus, while the foundation was laid by the Greek, the elegant superstructure was raised by the Latin poet.

*. Then every forest, every grotto speaks,
The fountains gush with life, o'er every stream
A sacred horror broods, from each recess
Burst clearer echoes, and the learned rocks
A voice oracular return.

† The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods.—POPE.

The heroes, the appellations, the topography, are principally Homer's; but the graces, the decorations, the enchantment, belong to Virgil. The former is content with evoking the dead, and throwing an awful horror over the whole coast; the latter fixes on particular spots, and attaches to each some pleasing or instructive recollection. Thus, to yon promontory he consigns the name and the glory of Misenus,

———— quo non præstantior alter
 Ære ciere vitos, Martemque accendere cantu*.
 /En. vi. 164.

Into yonder grove on the borders of Avernus, which Homer had filled with phantoms, *the nations of the dead*, Virgil introduces the doves of Venus, and brightens its gloom with the vision of the golden bough:—

Species auri frondentis opaca
 Illice† ————— Ibid. 208.

The adventures of Dædalus were perhaps Homer's; but the temple with its sculptured walls, and the vain efforts of the father to represent the son's fate, are characteristic embellishments of Virgil:—

Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,
 Bis patriæ cecidere manus‡. Ibid. 32.

He also converted the cavern in yonder rock rising

———— none so renown'd
 The warrior-trumpet in the field to sound;
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
 DRYDEN.

† Such was the glittering, such the ruddy rind,
 And dancing leaves that wanton'd in the wind.—Idem.

‡ He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
 Idem.

on the level shore, into the abode of the Sibyl; he made its vaults echo with the voice of futurity, and peopled its recesses with generations yet unknown to the sun.

The Elysian fields, one of the most delightful fictions of antiquity, if that may be called a *fiction* which is founded on truth, belong almost exclusively to Virgil. He at least gave substance and locality to a notion before him vague, indefinite, and shadowy. He shed on yonder groves that cover the hills and border the sea, a *purer, a softer radiance*†, and introduced into them the immortal spirits of the good made happy.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi :
 Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat :
 Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti.

* * * *

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo‡.

Æneid. vi. 660.

In short, not a wood, a lake, a promontory, appears on the coast before me, that has not been distinguished by some illustrious name, or embellished by some splendid fiction. In contemplating a prospect thus adorned by nature, and thus ennobled by genius; the theatre of the most sublime and most instructive fables that the human mind ever invented; we may be allowed, as we bewilder ourselves in the mazes

† ——— lumine vestit

Purpureo ——— Æneid. vi. 640.

Vested with a purple sky. DRYDEN.

‡ Here patriots live, who for their country's good

In fighting fields were prodigal of blood :

Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,

And poets worthy their inspiring god.

* * * *

Those who to worth their bounty did extend,

And those who knew that bounty to commend. —Idem.

of classical illusion, to indulge a momentary enthusiasm :—

Audire et videor pius
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ*.

HORAT. CARM. III. IV. 6.

But the scenes before me owe not their graces and their interests to poetry only ; history has had its share in the decoration and renown of this favoured region. On the summit of that promontory (Misenus) rose the villa of Marius. Lucullus succeeded to it, and spread around it the amenity and the beauty which distinguished his character. On the slope of the hill beyond the harbour and looking towards Pozzuoli stood the villa of Baulis, where Cicero and Hortensius used to meet and exercise their rival powers. On the eminence above it rose the retreat of Cæsar, lofty in its site, but in the vicinity of Baia ; thus suited to the temper of that chief, high and imperious, but open to all the charms of literature, and to all the allurements of pleasure. Yonder in the curve of the bay and almost in the beach was Cicero's Academy, sacred, as its name implies, to meditation and philosophical research.

Around in different directions, but all within the compass of four miles, were the villas of Pompey, Varro, and Lucullus ; of Pompey, once the first of Roman citizens in power and moderation ; of Lucullus, famed alike for his talents, his learning, and his luxury ; and of Varro, renowned for his deep erudition and thorough insight into the laws, the literature, and the antiquities of his country.

What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much

* Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

greatness ! Baia indeed at that time was the resort, or rather „the very temple, of Wisdom and the Muses ; whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared, without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste, to minister at the tables, and season the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed *the feast of reason*.

Shortly after this era of greatness and glory, the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world ; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus himself felt its influence ; he had been educated in the principles and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman ; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a *citizen* ; he may therefore be considered as a republican prince. In the modesty of this character, he frequented the coasts of Baia, and conducted in his train improvement, opulence, and festivity ; Agrippa and Mæcenæ, Virgil and Horace. One of the most pleasing scenes of this emperor's life, and well calculated to close a career once so active, with tranquillity, took place in the bay of Puteoli*.

The spirit of the republic seems to have expired with Augustus : under his successor Rome was destined to taste the bitters of despotism, and during the following reigns, to drain the cup to the dregs. Then Baia became the receptacle of profligacy and effeminacy†, of lust and cruelty, as far beyond the

* Sueton. in Vit. Aug. 98.

† *Diversorium vitiorum esse cœperunt.*—Seneca, *Epist.* li.

“ It began to be the abode of every vice.”

bounds of nature as the power of the imperial monsters was above human control. The beauties of nature were tarnished by the foulness of vice, and the virtuous man turned away from scenes which he could not behold without disgust and horror. Silius, Martial, Statius, courted the Muse in vain on that shore which had inspired the strains of Virgil. They attempted to celebrate the beauties of Baia; but the subject was degraded; and their lines, forced and inharmonious, neither delight the ear nor win the understanding*. Baia and its retreats, defiled by obscenity, and stained with blood, were doomed to devastation; and earthquakes, war, and pestilence were employed in succession to waste its fields, and to depopulate its shores. Its pompous villas were gradually levelled in the dust; its *gay alcoves* were swallowed up in the sea; its salubrious waters were turned into pools of infection; and its gales, that once breathed health and perfume, now wafted

* With all due respect to the partial opinion of the admirers of Silius, Martial, and Statius, the compositions of these authors are the offspring of study and exertion, and though in different proportions, yet always in some degree, strained, harsh, and obscure. They have been praised, it is true, but principally, I believe, by their editors and annotators. Pliny, indeed, speaks with kindness and partiality of Martial, but his praise seems dictated less by his taste than his gratitude; and that his opinion of Martial's poetical powers was not very high, may be suspected from the equivocal expression with which he closes his eulogium. "At non crunt æterna quæ scripsit! non crunt fortasse: ille tamen scripsit tanquam futura†." In fact, Naples is more indebted to a single modern poet than to the three ancients above-mentioned united. I allude to Sannazarius, who has celebrated the scenery of his country in a strain, pure, graceful, and Virgilian, and interwoven all the characteristic features of the Bay with the subject of his eclogues and elegies.

† But his writings will not be eternal! they will not be eternal, though he wrote as if he expected that they would be so.

poison and death. The towns, forsaken by the inhabitants, gradually sunk to ruin, and the most delicious region the sun beholds in his course is now a desert, and seems destined to expiate in ages of silence and desolation the crimes of the last degenerate Romans*.

The morning was now far advanced, and I turned towards the west to view the island, which is highly cultivated, thickly inhabited, and presents to a spectator beholding it from the castle a most delightful grove of mulberries, poplars, and vines, with domes, and clusters of white houses intermingled. Juvenal† seems to allude to it as a solitary retreat in his time; it does not merit that appellation at present; in truth, it resembles a large town interspersed with orchards, gardens, and public walks.

* The present unwholesomeness of Baia and its bay, if real, must be ascribed partly to the same cause as that of the lakes Agnano and Averno; and partly to the streams and sources once collected on the hills behind it in aqueducts, and reservoirs, now spreading and oozing down the declivities, and settling in the hollows below. In a warm climate all stagnant water becomes putrid during the hot months. This inconvenience might easily be remedied, and will, without doubt, when the government becomes more active, and the taste of the Neapolitan gentry more rural.

† *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
Janua Baiarum est, et gratum littus amœni
Seccessus. Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.*

Sat. iii. 1—5.

Though, when I see my long-loved friend depart,
The mournful verse comes struggling from my heart,
Speed him, ye gods, to Cumæ's lonely fane,
And give one subject to the Sibyl's reign!
Sweet be his sojourn, in the pleasant land
That leads to Baia's salutary strand;
For me, I envy such a tranquil home,
And Prochyta itself prefer to Rome.—HODGSON.

The views which have been described above are not the only prospects which the castle affords; it extends its perspective over Naples, the lower part excepted, which is covered by the prominency of Pausilypus, includes Vesuvius, Stabiæ, Surrentum, and terminates in the island of Capræ. It is perhaps one of the finest points of view, as it looks down on the bay of Puteoli, which is the most delicious part of the crater*.

Close under the southern point of Prochyta rises another little island, now called Vivara. Whether this island has been detached from Prochyta by some subterraneous convulsion, or whether it existed in ancient times, and be that which Ovid mentions under the appellation of

oPithecusæ habitantum nomine dictæ†,

I leave the learned reader to determine. I shall content myself with observing, that it answers the description given by the poet, and swells into a little barren hill in the centre‡. The truth is, that the names of these islands have been applied in a very confused and indiscriminate manner by many of the ancients, and an attempt to reconcile their differences would employ more time and attention than the subject deserves; especially as every material circumstance connected with their history, situation, and features, is sufficiently ascertained, notwithstanding such verbal difficulties, and perhaps poetical mistakes or misrepresentations.

* The bay of Naples is often called the *Crater*:

† ——— And Pithecusæ, named
From its inhabitants (apes).

‡ ——— sterilique locatas
Colle Pithecusas————

Met. xiv. 90.

———— And Pithecusæ, perch'd
Upon a barren hill.

While I thus indulged myself in solitude and repose in the castle of Prochyta, my fellow travellers were employed in exploring the neighbouring island of Ischia, anciently *Arime*, *Inarime*, and *Ænaria*, and perhaps sometimes *Pithecusæ*. As it is only about two miles distant from the southern extremity of Prochyta, and as it is distinguished by a very bold and lofty mountain, its scenery, owing to the extreme clearness of the air, was brought as it were under my eye, and appeared as distinct as similar objects in northern climates at the distance of half a mile. The following particulars may suffice to give the reader a tolerable notion of this island.

The town of Ischia, from which the modern name is derived, stands in a little bay opposite the island of Vivara, about two miles from the nearest point of Prochyta. This bay is defended by a castle seated on a high rock, which communicates with the shore by an isthmus of sand. Ischia or Inarime was famed in ancient times for its eruptions, and all the varied and dreadful phenomena that accompany the constant action of subterraneous fires. Besides the ordinary effects of volcanic fermentation, earthquakes, torrents of lava rolling down the declivities, or showers of ashes and cinders overwhelming the country, historians talk of flames rising suddenly from the cracks and fissures of the earth, and spreading like a conflagration over the whole surface of the island; of hot water bursting out from unknown sources, and rolling through the fields with all the fury and mischief of a torrent; of mountains suddenly sinking into the abyss below, and as suddenly shooting up again increased in bulk and elevation; of vast masses of land detached from the shore and hurled into the sea, and again heaved

up by the waters and thrown back on the shore*. With such tremendous events on record before them, it is no wonder that the poets should have placed Typhæus himself under this island, and ascribed its convulsive throes to the agitations of that giant writhing under his tortures.

The principal feature of Ischia is the mountain anciently named *Epopeus*, now for euphony softened into Epomeo; but more generally called by the people Monte San Nicolo. To visit this mountain was our first business; therefore the next morning, about four o'clock, we mounted our mules, and began the ascent; the road is extremely steep and craggy, and at length with much exertion we reached the summit, but found it so enveloped in clouds, that one of the grand objects of our excursion, the extensive view, which is said to comprehend almost half the southern coast of Italy, was nearly lost to us. However, our disappointment was compensated by the local knowledge of the country, which our progress up and round the mountain enabled us to acquire. The summit is formed of a sort of grey or whitish lava, in the midst of which the form of the crater is easily distinguishable. Two hermits and a soldier inhabit this solitary spot, and occupy apartments cut out of the solid rock.

This mountain, and indeed the whole island, is evidently of volcanic origin, and formed of lava, tufo, and pumice-stone. No eruption, however, has taken place since the year 1302, when the convulsions that shook the mountain were so violent, and the rivers of burning fluid that poured down its sides so extensive and so destructive, that the towns and villages were all levelled with the ground, or consumed, most of the inhabitants were destroyed, and the few sur-

* Strabo, v. ; Plin. ii. 89 ; Jul. Obs. Sub. de Prod.

vivors were driven in terror from their homes. Since this tremendous explosion the island has enjoyed a state of tranquillity, and all apprehension of similar visitations seems removed. The subterraneous fire, however, is not extinguished, and the number of hot fountains that spring up in different places still attest its existence and activity.

The surface of Ischia is very beautifully varied by vineyards, gardens, groves of chesnut, and villages. It is intersected by numberless steep and narrow dells, which are shaded by forest trees, intermingled with aloes, myrtles, and other odoriferous shrubs, that shoot out of the fissures of the rocks, and wave over their summits. The soil is fertile, and peculiarly favourable to vines; hence the wine of Ischia is plentiful, and held in considerable estimation; it is lodged in caverns worked out of the rocks, and formed into very capacious and cool cellars; a method of keeping wine, practised not only here, and in some other parts of Italy, but in Austria, and various transalpine wine countries; it has many advantages, and implies a great degree of honesty and mutual confidence among the inhabitants.

Besides Ischia, there are nine towns, and several villages; one of the former, Foria, is as large as the capital itself, and I believe more populous. Panza is on the southern side of the isle, and near it, on an insulated and conical rock, stands a fortress. Casamicciola is placed nearly on the summit of Mount Epomeo; these towns have all one or two large churches, as many convents, and generally some medicinal waters, or hot baths, or sands, within their confines. The island of Ischia is extremely well peopled, and highly cultivated; and as its beauty, its waters, and the coolness and salubrity of its air, attract a considerable number of visitants to it in

summer time, it may be considered as very prosperous and flourishing. Its coasts present a great variety of romantic scenery, as they are in general bold and craggy, indented with little bays, jutting out in points, and lined with shapeless rocks, which have been torn in moments of convulsion from the shore, or hurled from the precipices above. Such is Inarime, at present the seat of rural beauty and fertility, the resort of health and pleasure, very different from the shattered mountain, tumbled in ancient days by Jupiter on the giant monster*, for ever resounding with his groans, and inflamed by his burning breath†.

On our return we touched at Procida, and again re-embarking, crossed the bay of Pozzuoli. The port that once engrossed the commerce of the East, and was accustomed to behold the Roman navy riding on its bosom, was all solitude and silence; not one sail was spread, not even a boat was seen to ply in its forsaken waters. The Julian mole, *Lucrinoque addita claustra*‡ no longer *repel the indignant waves*: the royal structure, which was numbered among the wonders of Italy, has scarcely left a trace of its existence; and the moral of the poet is literally exemplified

* Quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem. SIL. ITAL. xii. 148.

Whose load o'erwhelms
The rebel giant, from whose mouth expire
Eddies of lurid smoke, and ruddy fire.

† Ischia is about eighteen miles in circumference, and may contain about seventy square miles; the number of its inhabitants amounts to four-and-twenty thousand. It belongs to the king of Naples, and brings him a considerable income, arising principally from a tax on its wines.

‡ Vir. Geor. ii. 151.

in the very instance which he selected for its illustration.

Debemur morti nos nostraque ; sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus*—— HORAT. de Arte Poetica, 63.

We passed under Nisida, rising as a theatre from the sea ; its lower part is covered with buildings, the upper is crowned, as anciently, with wood.

Sylvaque quæ fixam pelago Nesida coronat†.—STAT.

It was once the rural retreat of Brutus, and frequently honoured with Ciceró's presence when on a visit to his friend.

On doubling the promontory of Posilippò, we beheld the bay with boats without number, skimming over its smooth surface, and Naples extended along the coast in all its glory full before us. The immense line of white edifices stretched along the beach, and spread over the hills behind ; the bold but verdant coasts on either side, glittering with towns, villages, convents, and villas ; and Mount Vesuvius raising its scorched summit almost in the centre, form a picture of singular beauty, and render this view from the sea preferable to every other, because it alone combines all the characteristic features of this matchless prospect. We landed at sunset, and sat down to dinner with our windows open full on the bay, the colours of which were gradually fading away, and softening into the dim tints of twilight.

* We and our noblest works to fate must yield ;
Even Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build,
Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging north our fleets defends.

FRANCIS.

† And the wood that crowns
The Nesian isle, deep rooted in the main.

We now turned our attention to Vesuvius, and resolved to visit the mountain without delay, and the more so as the increasing heat of the weather might in a short time render such an excursion extremely inconvenient. Therefore, leaving Naples about three o'clock next morning, we reached Portici, where guides with mules had been previously engaged to meet us at four, and instantly began the ascent.

Vesuvius rises in a gentle swell from the shore; the first part or base of the mountain is covered with towns on all sides, such as Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, on the sea coast; and Ottaviano, Somma, Massa, &c., on the inland side. These are all large towns, and with the villages and villas that encircle them, and extend over the second region of the mountain, may be said, without exaggeration, to cover the lower parts of it with fertility, beauty, and population. The upper tract is a scene of perfect devastation, furrowed on all sides with rivers of lava extended in wide black lines over the surface. This region may be said to terminate at the Atrio dei Cavalli (horse-court); and here the traveller is obliged to dismount and leave his horse till his return, as the summit of the mountain must be ascended on foot. This part has the shape of a truncated cone; it is formed almost entirely of ashes, and is extremely difficult of ascent, as it yields under the pressure of the foot, so that one step out of three may be considered as lost. The guides however afford every assistance, and by means of a leathern strap thrown over their shoulders ease the traveller not a little in his exertions. It is advisable to proceed slowly and rest at intervals, as the fatigue otherwise is sufficient to try even strong and youthful constitutions.

When we reached the summit we found ourselves

on a narrow ledge of burnt earth or cinders, with the crater of the volcano open beneath us. This orifice in its present form, for it varies at almost every eruption, is about a mile and a half in circumference, and may be about three hundred and fifty feet in depth; its eastern border is considerably higher than the western. Its sides are formed of ashes and cinders, with some rocks and masses of lava intermingled; they shelve in a steep declivity, inclosing at the bottom a flat space of about three quarters of a mile in circumference. We descended some way, but observing that the least motion or noise brought great quantities of ashes and stones rolling together down the sides, and being called back by our guides, who assured us that we could not in safety go lower or even remain in our station, we re-ascended. We were near enough to the bottom however to observe, that it seemed to be a sort of crust of brown burnt earth, and that a little on one side there were three orifices like funnels, from whence ascended a vapour so thin as to be scarcely perceptible. Such was the state of the crater in the year 1802. We reached the summit a little before seven, and as we had ascended under the shade of the mountain we had yet felt no inconvenience from the heat; while on the top we were refreshed by a strong wind blowing from the east, and sat down on the highest point of the cone to contemplate the prospect.

Vesuvius is about three thousand six hundred feet in height, and of course does not rank among the greater mountains; but its situation is so advantageous, that the scene which it unfolds to the eye probably surpasses that displayed from any other eminence. That scene is Naples, with its bay, its islands, and its bordering promontories; the whole of that delicious region justly denominated the

Campania Felice (happy Campania), with its numberless towns and townlike villages. It loses itself in the immensity of the sea on one side, and on the other is bordered by the Apennines, forming a semi-circular frame of various tints and bold outline. I own I do not admire views taken from very elevated points: they indeed give a very good geographical idea of a country; but they destroy all the illusions of rural beauty, reduce hills and vales to the same level, and confound all the graceful swells and hollows of an undulated surface, into general flatness and uniformity.

The most interesting object seen from the summit of Vesuvius is the mountain itself, torn to pieces by a series of convulsions, and strewed with its own ruins. Vesuvius may be said to have two summits; the cone which I have described, and separated from it by a deep valley, a ridge called Monte Somma, from a town that stands on its side. The distance between these two summits in a straight line may be nearly two thousand feet. The ridge on the side towards the cone presents a steep rugged barren precipice; on the other side, it shelves gently towards the plain, and is covered with verdure and villages. The Atrio dei Cavalli, a valley or deep dell that winds between these eminences, is a desolate hollow, formed entirely of calcined stones, cinders, and ashes, and it resembles a vast subterraneous forge, the rocky roof of which has given way, and admitted light from above. Hence it is conjectured, that it is part of the interior of the mountain, as the ridge that borders it, or the Monte Somma, is the remnant of the exterior, or original surface so much celebrated for its beauty and fertility, previous to the eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era. It is indeed probable, that the throes and convulsions of the mountain in that first

tremendous explosion may have totally shattered its upper parts, while the vast ejection of ashes, cinders, ignited stones, and melted minerals, must have left a large void in its centre. One entire side of the mountain seems to have been consumed or scattered around on this occasion, while the other remains in Monte Somma. The cavity thus formed was filled up in part by the matter ejected in subsequent eruptions, and gradually raised into the present cone, which however varies its shape with every new agitation, and increases or diminishes according to the quantity of materials thrown out by the mountain. Even in the last eruption*, it lost a considerable share of its elevation, as the greater part of it, after having been raised and kept suspended in the air for some minutes, sunk into the crater and almost filled its cavity. The fire raging in the gulf below having thus lost its vent, burst through the flank of the mountain, and poured out a torrent of lava that, as it rolled down the declivity, swept all before it, and in its way to the sea destroyed the greater part of Torre del Greco.

It is not my intention to describe the phenomena of Vesuvius, or to relate the details of its eruptions, which have been very numerous since the first recorded in history in the reign of Titus, so well described by Pliny the younger† in two well-known epistles to Tacitus the historian. I shall only observe that although this eruption be the first of which we have an account, yet Vesuvius had all the features of a volcano, and particularly the traces of a crater, from time immemorial. Strabo speaks of it as being hollowed out into caverns, and having the appearances of being preyed upon by internal fires; and Florus relates a stratagem employed by a Roman

* An. 1794.

† Epist. vi. 16, 20.

officer, who, he says, conducted a body of men through the cavities and subterraneous passages of that mountain*. These vestiges however neither disfigured its form nor checked its fertility; and it is represented as a scene of beauty and abundance, covered with villas and enlivened by population†, when the eruption burst forth with more suddenness and more fury than any similar catastrophe on record. The darkness, the flames, the agitation, the uproar, that accompanied this explosion, and ex-

* Silius Italicus, who probably witnessed the grand eruption, seems to have been induced by the previous appearances of Vesuvius to indulge himself in a poetical fiction, and represent it as portending the carnage of Cannæ by a tremendous explosion—

*Ætneos quoque contorquens e cautibus ignes
Vesbius intonuit, scopulisque in nubila jactis
Phlegæus tetigit trepidantia sidera vertex.*

Bell. Pun. viii. 653.

Then too Vesuvius from his hollow womb
Sent forth, with hideous din, Ætnean flames,
And hurling rocky masses to the sky,
The top of Phlegra touch'd the stars of heaven,
That trembled at the uproar.

† *Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesvius umbris :
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quam Nysæ colles plus Bacchus amavit,
Hoc nuper Satyri montè dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi :
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favilla :
Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi !*

MART. Epig. iv. 44.

Here late Vesuvius fed the abundant vine,
The generous grape here pour'd the streaming wine ;
On these fair hills their dance the Satyrs wove ;
These more than Nysa's top did Bacchus love ;
More dear to Venus this than Spartan ground ;
This for Alcides' name was far renown'd.
All now is lost, consumed, forlorn, and drear ;
The gods might wish their powers contracted here.

tended its devastation and its terror so widely, might naturally excite among many of the degenerate and epicurean Romans that frequented the Campanian coasts, the opinion that the period of universal destruction was arrived, and that the atoms which formed the world were about to dissolve their fortuitous combination, and to plunge the universe once more into chaos.

The last eruption took place in 1794 ; the ashes, cinders, and even water, thrown from the mountain did considerable damage to the towns of Somma, Ottaiano, and all the circumjacent region ; but the principal mischief was, as usual, occasioned by the lava, rivers of which, as I have already related, poured down the southern side of the mountain. These, and several other torrents of similar matter, but earlier date, are seen from the summit, and may be traced from their source through the whole of their progress, which generally terminates in the sea. They are narrow at first, but expand as they advance, and appear like so many tracks of rich black mould just turned up by the plough. When their destructive effects are considered, one is surprised to see villas placed in their windings, vineyards waving over their borders, and towns rising in the very middle of their channels. Ravaged and tortured as the vicinity of Vesuvius has been for so many ages, it must appear singular, that it has not been abandoned by its inhabitants, and consigned to the *genius of fire and desolation* as his own peculiar territory. But such is the richness of the soil, and so slight the damages occasioned by the volcano, when compared to the produce of the lands fertilised by its ashes ; so delightful is the situation, and of its numerous inhabitants so small the number that suffer by its agitations, that the evil when divested of its terrific

appearances seems an ordinary calamity, not exceeding in mischief the accidents of fire and inundation so common in northern countries. The alarm is indeed great on the approach of an eruption, because it is usually preceded by earthquakes; but when once the fermenting matter finds vent, the general danger is considered as over, and the progress of the phenomena becomes an object of mere curiosity to all, excepting to the cultivators of the lands which the lava actually rolls over, or seems likely to ravage in its progress.

We descended the cone or upper part of the mountain with great ease and rapidity, as the ashes yielding to the tread prevented slipping, and enabled us to hasten our pace without danger. From the *Atrio dei Cavalli* we proceeded towards a bed of lava ejected in the last eruption, and found its appearance very different from that which we had observed from the summit. Thence it resembled long stripes of new ploughed land; here it was like the surface of a dark muddy stream convulsed by a hurricane, and frozen in a state of agitation; presenting rough broken masses rolling over each other, with a huge fragment rising here and there above the rest, like a wave distorted by the tempest and congealed in its fall. The exterior parts of this torrent of fire are cold, but the sand produced by the friction and the crumbling of the interior parts, although it is now eight years since the eruption, is still too hot to hold in the hand, as is indeed the earth itself under, or in immediate contact with these once glowing masses. We continued our descent, and again reached *Portici* about eleven o'clock*.

* Notwithstanding the encomium of *Martial*, the summit of *Vesuvius* is represented by *Strabo*, that is sometime before the eruption of 79, as flat and totally barren. It is reported that in the

CHAPTER XI.

Herculaneum, Papyri—Torre del Greco—Pompeii; its Theatres, Temple, Porticoes, and Villa, general Appearance and Effect—Excursion to the Aqueduct, and Palace of Caserta.

PORTICI is a small town about six miles from Naples, on the sea shore, and at the foot of Vesuvius; its principal ornament is a royal palace. Under this town and palace lies buried, at the depth of seventy feet under accumulated beds of lava, the city of Herculaneum, the first victim of the fires of Vesuvius. Its name and catastrophe were too well recorded to be forgotten; but its site, though marked out by the ancients with tolerable precision, was a subject of debate among the learned, till an accident determined the controversy. A peasant sinking a well in his garden found several fragments of marble. The prince D'Elbeuf, being informed of the circumstance, purchased the spot, and continuing the excavations discovered various statues, pillars, and even a whole temple of the finest marble, adorned with statues. The Neapolitan government then interposed, and suspended all further excavations for the space of twenty years; at which time, instead of satisfying the public curiosity and doing itself immortal honour by purchasing the village and buildings above, and laying open the whole city below, it bought the ground, but with characteristic stupidity resolved to cover it with a palace. The excavations were indeed

intervals of some of the eruptions, its summit, and even the hollow of the crater, was covered with verdure and forest trees, as Astroni, a long-extinguished volcano, is at present. The number of eruptions, including that of 1794, is said to be about thirty-one; it is not probable that in all these eruptions more than fifteen thousand persons perished, while in one eruption of Etna three times that number were buried under the ruins of one town only, Catania.

continued occasionally but negligently, and rather for the purpose of profit than of liberal curiosity. However, a basilica, two temples, and a theatre, were successively discovered and stripped of their numerous pillars and statues. Streets were observed, paved, and flagged on the sides, and private houses, and even monuments explored. A prodigious number of statues of bronze of different sizes, pillars of marble and alabaster, and paintings and mosaics, many entire and in high preservation, others fractured and damaged, have been drawn from the edifices of this subterraneous city, and give a high idea of its opulence: to these we may add every species of ornaments used in dress, of weapons and armour, of kitchen utensils and domestic furniture, of agricultural and chirurgical instruments. More treasures, without doubt, might be extracted from this long-forgotten mine of antiquity, but the almost inconceivable indifference of the court, and the indolence with which the excavations have been carried on; as well as the manner, which is more influenced by a regard for the safety of the heavy useless modern palace, than by any considerations of curiosity and interest in the ancient city, have hitherto in spite of public eagerness checked or rather suspended the undertaking*. At present, the theatre is the only part open to inspection; the descent is by a long flight of stairs wide and convenient, but the darkness below is too deep to be dispelled by the feeble glare of a few torches; and some of the seats for the spectators, and the front of the stage, are the only objects distinguishable. The other excavations are filled up, as the method is to open one only at a time, always filling that which is abandoned with

* [The real reason, after all, is the great expense.—Ed.]

the rubbish drawn from that which is newly opened.

Emerging from this gloomy cavern we turned to the palace, and proceeded directly to the repository of the numberless articles collected in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Unfortunately the furniture of these apartments, which had all been packed up and carried to Palermo on the approach of the French, either had not arrived, or had not been unpacked; we had therefore the mortification to find the numerous cases empty, and were obliged to content ourselves with the inspection of some pictures in the rooms below, and some pavements in those above. Of the former, the subjects are generally taken from mythology; some, however, are fantastic landscapes, and others arabesque decorations; the design is bold and graceful, but the execution oftentimes indifferent, hence they are supposed to be copies of celebrated pictures taken by ordinary painters. The pavements of the upper rooms are ancient, and some of uncommon beauty, formed of marble of the most brilliant colours, and arranged with exquisite taste and effect.

But of all the articles of this collection however curious, and of all the treasures drawn from Herculaneum however valuable, the most curious and most valuable are, without doubt, the manuscripts there discovered. Of these a considerable number dissolved into dust as soon as exposed to the air, while others, though scorched or rather burnt, resist the action of that element. The number of the latter may, I believe, be about eighteen hundred. As a very small part of Herculaneum has hitherto been explored, it is highly probable, that if a general excavation were made, ten times the number of manuscripts above-mentioned might be discovered, and among them perhaps, or rather very probably some

of the first works of antiquity, the loss of which has been so long lamented. The destruction of the palace of Portici, and of the village of Resina, would, without doubt, be abundantly compensated by the recovery of the Decades of Titus Livius, and of the books wanting in Tacitus*, or of the treatise of Cicero *De Gloria*, or of his Dialogues *De Republica*, that grand repository of all the political wisdom of the ancients. The first manuscripts unfolded were Greek, and as Herculaneum was known to be a Greek city, it was presumed that the whole collection might be in that language, but several Latin works have been found since; and there is every reason to believe, that in a city so rich, and inhabited by so many wealthy Romans, there must have been considerable libraries, both public and private, and of course, complete collections of Roman authors.

The mode of unrolling these manuscripts was invented by a priest of the congregation of the *Somaschi* (a body of clergy who devote themselves to the education of youth), but as the government of Naples, though it employed him and an assistant, whom he instructed in the process, did not, however, give much encouragement to the undertaking, the work languished, and the manuscripts long remained a neglected treasure. At length, the Prince of Wales, with a munificence that does equal honour to his taste and his public spirit, undertook to defray the expenses, and selected a person, not only qualified for the task by his deep and extensive information, but peculiarly adapted to it by his zeal and persever-

* [This is an oversight. Tacitus, born in Nero's reign, was not more than *twenty-four* when the eruption took place; and he begins his history by acknowledging the favour of Domitian, and speaks of Trajan. His condensed style bears the character of matured age and deep thinking.—Ed.]

ance. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Hayter, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is now established at Portici, and superintends the process of unfolding the *papyri* with indefatigable assiduity. Never indeed were vigilance and patience more necessary, as the method employed requires the most delicate touch, and the most unremitting attention. One hasty gesture may spoil a whole volume, and the most important and most laborious task of the superintendant is to prevent such accidents by repressing the eagerness of the workmen. To this tediousness, inseparable from the very nature of the operation itself, and to the difficulty of procuring steady workmen, in a country where ardour and impetuosity are the predominant features of the national character, must be attributed the slow and almost imperceptible progress of this undertaking. It is indeed melancholy to reflect, that supposing the work to be carried on with the same zeal, and on the same principles as at present, centuries must elapse before the manuscripts now in hand can be unrolled, and their contents given to the public. To which we may add, that such is the extreme frailty of the *papyri* themselves, that with all the care and precaution imaginable, not one probably can escape mutilation, and pass through the process without some detriment, or rather without material defalcation.

The fate of Herculaneum naturally reminds us of Pompeii, which was destined to perish by the same disastrous catastrophe in the first century, and to arise again from its tomb in the eighteenth. We accordingly made an excursion to this town on Monday the 7th of June. It is about fourteen miles from Naples, on the road to Nocera. From Naples to Torre del Greco the highway is almost a street, so

close are the villas, villages, and towns to each other. As the road runs along the coast, and at the foot of Vesuvius, every break gives, on one side, a view of the bay, on the other of the mountain.

Torre del Greco still presents, in its shattered houses, half-buried churches, and streets almost choked up with lava, a melancholy instance of the ravages of the last eruption. The depth of the destructive torrent is in some places five-and-twenty feet; so that the entrance into several houses is now in the second story; and into one church, through the great window over the western door. Some edifices were entirely destroyed; others were surrounded, incrustated and filled with lava, and may perhaps give a very accurate idea of the state of Herculaneum at the time of its destruction. The inhabitants, after having seen their town in part levelled with the ground, or swallowed up in the fiery deluge, and in part shaken and disjointed, would have been excusable if they had transferred the wreck of their property to some other less obnoxious quarter. But the disasters to which their country is exposed seem rather to increase than diminish their attachment; and when we passed, a new city was already rising upon the ruins of the former.

A French traveller who noticed this persevering spirit some years ago, attributes it to the blindness and folly of the human race, and very *ingeniously*, and at the same time much to the *credit* of his species, compares them to ants, which never fail to repair their nests how often soever they may be ravaged and crumbled to pieces. Addison observed, near a century ago, that even in his time the principal object of some French writers seemed to be to degrade and vilify human nature: and since that period, whole swarms of declaimers and sophists have risen in suc-

cession to provoke and justify a more extensive application of the remark. The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect, as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbours, and is united with the wise, the good, the great of all ages and countries, in a glorious confederacy to support the dignity and the grandeur of our common nature. In opposition therefore to the *sagacious president*, we may venture to praise the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, and consider their perseverance, which undismayed by the most tremendous disasters, still pursues its object, as a sublime sentiment that indicates the greatness of man, and displays at once his courage and his resources. Camillus preferred a cottage, amid the ruins of Rome, still smoking after the Gallic conflagration, to the palaces of Veii; and the natives of this town prefer their country, though on the verge of a fiery abyss, to a secure, but foreign mansion. We applaud the patriotism of the former; why should we not praise the spirit of the latter*?

The town of Torre del Greco was supposed by Cluverius to occupy the site of Herculaneum, because the distances nearly corresponded, and inscriptions have been found that seem to corroborate this conjecture. In fact, making allowances for the extent of the ancient town, there is little more than three quarters of a mile difference, so that its name and jurisdiction extended probably much farther. Hence the *Salinae* (salt-pits), which lay on the coast further on, and probably near if not beyond Torre del An-

* Adeo nihil tenet solum patriæ, nec hæc terra quam matrem appellamus; sed in superficie, tignisque caritas nobis patriæ pendet?—Tit. Liv. v. 54.

Is then the soil of our country, and this land which we call our mother, of no account? And is our affection for our country connected only with the plot of ground on which our house is built, and the beams of which it is composed?

nunziata, were called *Herculanenses*. The road to this last-mentioned town crosses various beds of lava, poured out at different periods : it is, notwithstanding this circumstance, bordered with houses and villas, and enlivened by perpetual crowds and agitation.

Beyond Torre del Annunziata the road turns a little from the sea, and crosses the ancient *Palus Pompeiana*, once perhaps a marsh, now a rich plain, raised and fertilised by the very ashes which buried the unfortunate Pompeii. We stopped at a farmhouse in appearance, and alighting in the court found ourselves in the quarters of a legion of Roman soldiers : the destination and date of this edifice, its form and colouring, the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, fresh as if written yesterday, are objects sufficiently curious to interest without the aid of architecture, of which this building cannot boast ; it is an oblong square, with a portico on all sides, supported by Doric pillars of brick plastered over and painted alternately red and yellow, with the exception of the two in the middle of each side, which are blue ; behind are numerous apartments about fourteen feet square. Immediately behind the barracks are two theatres, one small and supposed to have been covered, the other large ; both these edifices were lined with marble, beautifully paved, and in every respect highly finished. The pavement of the arena of the smaller theatre is entire, and engraved on it, in a line parallel with the stage, are the following words in large brass letters :—

M. OCULATIUS, M. F. VERUS II VIR PRO LUDIS*.

In other respects these theatres have very much the form of the Teatro Olimpico of Palladio at Verona : having, like it, a narrow proscenium, and three

* Marcus Oculatius, and Marcus F. Verus, overseers of the public games.

entrances (one large, the other two less) to the stage from the scenery behind. In the larger of these fabrics the seats rest on the side of a hill, above which was a colonnade or portico communicating with a public walk, or rather forming part of a forum. The side of a hill was indeed peculiarly favourable to the arrangements of an ancient theatre, and seems to have been frequently chosen for the purpose. These theatres when discovered were nearly entire; they have since been stripped of their decorations, but still retain all their characteristic features.

The temple of Isis is behind the little theatre, and occupies an angle formed by two streets. It consists of a small court supported by Doric pillars, at one end of which is the *cella* raised on several steps; to this *cella* there are two doors, one in front opening on the court, the other on the side; in the back of the *cella* is a piece of brick-work nearly breast high, running from side to side, and leaning against the wall; it is hollow and arched, and open at each end with steps conducting to it. This circumstance has induced the *Ciceroni* to represent it as a lurking-place for the priests, who, they say, gave answers from thence in the name of the idol that stood above; and it has thus afforded the *profound president* Dupaty an opportunity of declaiming against priestcraft; while a female traveller, with all the piety and tenderness of her sex, laments the fate of the *poor deluded votaries*. It is a pity that so much eloquence and so much compassion should be thrown away, but so they have been upon the present occasion. In the first place, it does not appear that oracles were ever given at Pompeii, as this was a privilege reserved to the ancient and more renowned temples; in the second place, oracles had ceased everywhere long before this temple or edicula (for

it scarce deserves the former appellation) was erected; thirdly, these entrances are too public, and the whole contrivance too gross to dupe the dullest peasant, much less the polished inhabitants of Pompeii. There is, close to the *cella*, a room in which a skeleton was discovered. There are niches where various statues of Venus, Priapus, &c., were found, which with the furniture, marbles, and pictures, were transported to Portici. The whole of this edifice appeared to me ill-proportioned in form, and poor in materials; its pillars are brick plastered, and most of its ornaments are stucco.

Behind this temple is a court surrounded with a portico, supported by twenty Dóric pillars: from a sort of pulpit, I should suppose it intended for some public assembly. It communicates with the grand portico of the theatre, supported by nearly a hundred stone pillars of the same order, that is Doric, but in proportion bordering upon Tuscan. Near this portico lie several fragments of columns, of a much larger size and of bolder proportions; as the excavations have been carried no farther on this side, it is difficult to form any conjecture about their destination; perhaps they belonged to the temple of Neptunc, and may have been thrown down and laid in their present situation by the earthquake which nearly destroyed this city a few years previous to the eruption that buried it finally. The damage occasioned by the first disaster was never probably repaired, and seems to account for the apparent want of architectural magnificence in a city, equal perhaps in size and population to Herculaneum, and complimented by Seneca with the addition of "*celebrem Campaniæ urbem*.*"

* A celebrated city of Campania.

The street which runs from the neighbourhood of the soldiers' quarters to the gate is narrow, that is, only about thirteen feet wide, formed like the Via Appia at Itri, and other places where it remains entire, of large stones fitted to each other in their original form, without being cut or broken for the purpose. There are on each side parapets raised about two feet above the middle, and about three feet wide. The pavement is furrowed by two deep ruts, which show evidently that the carriages always kept the same line, and that the wheels were about four feet asunder; of course they must have all moved in the same direction, and had regular hours for coming and going, as there is not room for two, and even if there were, the stone posts which are placed at intervals would oblige them to return to the track. The houses on either side stand close to each other, seem to have been shops of different kinds, were of the same elevation, and nearly the same size, all paved and painted much in the same manner. In one of these buildings were found several unfinished statues, that announce the workshop of a statuary. In another, the word *Salve* (welcome), engraved in large characters on the threshold in Mosaic, indicate, it may be supposed, the readiness of a publican to welcome his guests. In one, the amphoræ, which contained wine, still remain; and on the marble slab that served as a shopboard are the marks of cups or glasses. The gate has one large central and two less openings on the side, with parapets of the same breadth as the street; without, but close to it, are semicircular recesses with stone seats, and beyond a tomb and a palumbarium or receptacle of cinerary urns.

The most perfect and most curious object that has been yet discovered is a villa at a little distance from

the town. It consists of three courts; in the centre of the last and largest is a pond, and an edicula or little temple; there are numerous apartments of every description paved in Mosaic, coloured and adorned with various paintings on the walls, all in a very beautiful style. The baths in this villa seem to have been the principal object of luxurious indulgence, and are laid out with a refinement of art and contrivance that can receive few or no improvements from all our modern inventions. In the cellars under the portico of the great court, were discovered several female skeletons in a row, with their backs against the wall: the ashes which had gradually worked their way into every corner, had hardened into a solid mass, which when removed was found in some places impressed with the form of the bosom, and even retaining part of the garment. At the door of the same court were found two other skeletons, one with a key, the other with a purse grasped in his hand. This villa is said to have belonged to Arrius: the name of Arrius has no charm in its sound! what traveller while visiting it would not wish to persuade himself that he was ranging over the apartments of Cicero's *Pompeianum*. It stood in the neighbourhood of this town, and possibly on this very spot. It was a favourite retreat, and much frequented by Cicero and his friends Atticus, Hortensius, Sulpicius, &c. From it he sailed to Greece, in order to join Pompey, after having declined the dubious offer of the three cohorts stationed at Pompeii. At all events, if the excavations were carried on with spirit, and on a large scale, there is no doubt but that Cicero's villa would be found, and probably some inscription, statue, or other circumstance, recording the name of the most illustrious of its proprietors.

The houses are on a small scale, generally of

one, sometimes of two stories; the principal apartments are always behind, enclosing a court with a portico round it, and a marble cistern in the middle; two had glass windows, in the others shutters only were used; the pavements are all mosaic, and the walls are stained with mild colours; the decorations are basso relievoes in stucco, and paintings in medallions. Marble seems to have been common. On the whole, Pompeii, in all the circumstances which I have mentioned, bears a strong resemblance to modern Italian towns, with this only difference, that in point of general appearance the latter have, I think, the advantage. It must however be remembered, that Pompeii had already been damaged by an earthquake*, that the roofs and upper parts of the houses have been borne down by the weight of ashes and pumice-stones upon them; and in short, that, as not more than a quarter of the town has been hitherto explored, buildings of greater magnificence may still remain undiscovered.

It is generally supposed, that the destruction of this city was sudden and unexpected; and it is even recorded that the people were surprised and overwhelmed at once by the volcanic shower while in the theatre†. But this opinion seems ill-founded; the number of skeletons discovered in Pompeii does not amount to sixty, and supposing it to have been ten times that number, it would still be very inconsiderable when compared to the extent and population of the city. It may perhaps be doubted, whether Pompeii was ever fully restored and re-peopled after

* Motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum, Pompeii, corrui.

Tac. Ann. xv. 22.

Pompeii, a celebrated town of Campania, was overthrown by an earthquake.

† Dio. lxvi.

the earthquake of sixty-three; but it certainly was repaired in part, and inhabited by a very considerable body of citizens, as must appear from the state in which the houses and apartments are at this day, that is, painted and ornamented not only with neatness, but even with elegance.

As for the circumstance of the inhabitants, of either Herculaneum, or Pompeii, being surprised while in the theatre, it is so palpable an absurdity, that it is difficult to conceive how the historian above-mentioned could relate it with so much gravity. It may be questioned whether even one skeleton was found in or near the theatres at either place. The first agitation, and the threatening aspect of the mountain, must have banished mirth and amusement far from its borders, and filled every heart with awe, expectation and terror. While the earth was rocking under their feet, and the mountain bellowing over their heads; while the country was deluged with liquid fire, and the whole atmosphere was loaded with ashes and sulphur, the people of the towns immediately within the range of destruction could not have been so frantic as to sit down quietly to theatrical exhibitions. Symptoms, indeed, of the approaching explosion had manifested themselves in numbers and manner sufficiently terrific to alarm the strongest minds, particularly when not accustomed to volcanic phenomena. Not to speak of the previous earthquakes mentioned by Pliny*, because not uncommon on that coast, Dio relates that the summit of the mountain was thronged with spectres, who sometimes moved along its brows, and sometimes raising themselves from the ground, flitted through the air in hideous and gigantic shapes.

* Epist. vi. 20.

This appearance was probably occasioned by the vapours working through the crevices of the earth, and rising and expanding as they escaped from confinement; an appearance which a superstitious and terrified populace might easily metamorphose into fiends and furies. Pliny, in the same epistle, describes the cloud rising from Vesuvius in the form of a pine, observed at Misenus about the seventh hour of the day, or one o'clock *post meridiem* (in the afternoon). The elder Pliny embarked shortly after; (the younger, who remained at Misenus, seems from his own account to have been deficient either in spirit or curiosity, on this occasion so well calculated to call forth both *). As the wind was fair, he must have reached the coast of Herculaneum or Pompeii about four o'clock.

As he approached, the shallowness of the sea, occasioned perhaps by the agitation and the swell of the earth under (not certainly by the ruins of the mountain, as his nephew expresses it) obliged him to change his course, and to turn to Stabiæ. Stabiæ stood on or near the side of Castel a Mare, which still bears its name, at least in ecclesiastical proceedings and records, and is about three miles from Pompeii. Here he found his friend prepared for the event, with vessels ready and his baggage on

* *Jubet Liburnicam aptari : mihi, si venire una vellem, facit copiam. Respondi studere me malle ; et forte ipse quod scriberem, dederat†.* [Plin. Epist. vi. 16.] What lesson could books afford equal to that which nature was then exhibiting? We find him afterwards making extracts from Livy, in circumstances still more astonishing.

† He orders his pinnace to be got ready, and offers to take me with him, if I was so disposed. I replied that I had rather attend to my studies; and in fact he himself had given me something to write.

board ; the alarm had been general long before, for we find that a message from *Retina* (now *Resina*) a naval station at the very foot of *Vesuvius*, had reached him before he set out from *Misenus*. He converses with his friend, goes to supper, and retires to rest. In the mean time the mountain appears on fire, probably from the eruption of the lava ; and ashes and pumice-stones, which had begun to fall some hours before, now showered down in such quantities as almost to fill the adjoining court. This shower, which seems to have continued all night and during part of the morning (*jam dies alibi, illic nox omnibus noctibus nigrior densiorque**), was probably that which overwhelmed *Pompeii*, as it ceased shortly after, and with it the agitations of the mountain. This appears from the circumstance of the body of the naturalist having been found on the third day after, on the spot where he had fallen, not covered, as must have been the case had the fall of ashes and pumice-stones continued even one hour after his death.

Pompeii, as has been already observed, is only three miles from *Stabiæ* ; but it is on the very side itself of *Vesuvius*, and only about five miles from its crater. The bed of ashes was in some places scarce three feet in depth, so that it must appear wonderful that the town had not been discovered long before the middle of the last century ; or rather that the ashes were not removed, and the city restored immediately after its catastrophe. We may therefore conclude, that the far greater part of the inhabitants of *Pompeii* had time to escape, and that those whose skeletons remain were either decrepit slaves, or criminals

* Now, though it was day elsewhere, darkest and thickest night continued there.

in a state of confinement. Of the latter, indeed, some were found in chains; and as for the former, when we consider the immense number employed in Roman villas, we shall wonder that so few have been hitherto discovered. However it must be admitted, that during the course of the eruption, and taking in the whole range of its devastations, many persons perished, and among them some of distinction, as may be collected not only from Dio but from Suetonius*, who relates that Titus, then emperor, devoted the property of those who lost their lives on that occasion and had no heirs to the relief of the survivors†. Though the catastrophe took place within the space of twelve or twenty hours at the utmost, yet time was found to remove most portable articles of value, such as plate, silver, and gold ornaments, &c., as very little of this description has been discovered. The furniture which remains is to moderns of equal, perhaps of greater value, as it is better calculated to give a clear and accurate idea of Roman manners, as far as they are connected with such objects.

It has been often regretted, that the pictures, furniture, and even skeletons should have been removed, and not rather left, and carefully preserved in the very places and attitudes, where they were originally discovered. Without doubt, if articles so easily damaged, or stolen, could with any prudence have been left in their respective places, it would have heightened the charm, and contributed in a much greater degree to the satisfaction of the spectator.

* Suet. in Vit. Titi, 8.

† The greatest number of sufferers was probably in the villas, where the proprietors themselves might very naturally have loitered too long, as they were there secure from the effects of the earthquake: the slaves might be detained even to the last moment.

Pictures, statues, and pillars, or other decorations, can never produce the same effect, or excite the same interest, when ranged methodically in a gallery at Portici or Naples, as they would when occupying the very spot, and standing in the very point of view for which they were originally destined.

But independent even of this advantage, and stripped as it is of almost all its moveable ornaments, Pompeii possesses a secret power that captivates, I had almost said melts, the soul. In other times and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column, was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond but hopeless longing. Here, not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a column, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets, tread the very same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects, and out of the same windows we contemplate the same scenery. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms you may, without any great effort of imagination, expect to meet some of the former inhabitants, or perhaps the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders, who dread the appearance of any of the family. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner, lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a house, the least sound startles, as if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments.—The traveller may long indulge

the illusion, for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot to disturb the loneliness of the place, or to interrupt his reflections. All around is silence, not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation; the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant:—

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent*.

Æn. ii. 755.

Immediately above the buildings, the ground rises, not into a cliff, casting gloom, as the sides of a grave, on the hollow below, but as a gentle swell formed by nature to shelter the houses at its base. It is clad with corn, poplars, mulberries, and vines in their most luxuriant graces, waving from tree to tree, still covering the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming, with the dark brown masses half buried below, a singular and most affecting contrast. This scene of a city raised from the grave, where it had lain forgotten during the long night of eighteen centuries, when once beheld must remain for ever pictured on the imagination; and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

Among the modern works that adorn the territory, or rather the vicinity of Naples, the two noblest are the aqueduct and the palace of Caserta. Both lie north of Naples; the former is most distant; the road is over a delicious plain to Acerra, a very ancient town, remarkable however for nothing but its attachment to the Romans, even after the

* All things were full of horror, of affright,
And dreadful even the silence of the night.

battle of Cannæ, and in the presence of Annibal * Some miles farther we passed Sessola, now a village, once *Suessula*, a city, noticed frequently in Titus Livius for a Roman camp, long stationary on the hills above it: we shortly after skirted Maddaloni, and entered the valley to which it gives its name. This valley is formed by a branch of Mount Taburnus on one side, and on the other by Monte Gazzano, which is a branch of Tifata. It is long and deep; its sides are rugged, and its appearance is wild and solitary.

In the midst of this lonely dell, the traveller is surprised to behold an immense bridge, formed of a triple row of lofty arches, crossing with gigantic stride from one side to the other. This bridge forms part of the celebrated aqueduct of Caserta; it is near two thousand feet in length, and two hundred in height, and conveys a whole river of the purest water across the valley. The stream itself is collected in the neighbourhood of Mount Taburnus, and carried round the mountains, and over this valley to the palace; but though the work may in many places have been difficult, it in no other part assumes the magnificence of this aqueduct. In length, elevation, and effect, it surpasses all similar edifices of

* Tit. Liv. xxiii. 17. It is perhaps better known for the fertility of its soil extolled by Virgil, or rather for the harmony of the verses which terminate in its name.

Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non æquis Acerris.

Georg. ii. 224.

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius, yields;
And such a country could Aceria boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd the unhappy coast.—DRYDEN.

The inhabitants seem to have secured themselves by embankments against the mischievous swells of the *Clanius* (now Chiagno, and sometimes Lago), alluded to in the last line.

modern construction, and may, indeed, vie with some of the noblest Roman monuments. The first row consists of nineteen arches, the second of twenty-seven, and the third of forty-three. The stream is about four feet wide, and three and a half deep. From a reservoir on the top of Gazzano, it is precipitated down the declivity to the plain; where collected in a long straight canal it loses its rapidity, and assumes the appearance of an old-fashioned stagnant pool*.

From the hill we descended along the side of the aqueduct to the gardens of Caserta, extensive and regular, and if we except a part in the English style uninteresting. We then entered the palace, one of the noblest edifices of the kind in Europe for magnitude and elevation. It is a vast quadrangle near eight hundred feet in length, six hundred in breadth, and in height one hundred and twenty. It is divided into four great courts; a portico, supported by hundred pillars, and wide enough for carriages to pass, extends from the grand entrance to the opposite side. An octagonal hall, in the centre of the edifice, opens on the portico, and at the same time on the

* The arches of the upper row in this aqueduct are the highest, and those of the under the lowest, an arrangement contrary to ancient practice, and certainly not pleasing to the eye; but whether it may be considered as a defect or not, I will not presume to determine. It is to be regretted that an edifice of such magnitude and solidity is of brick with a sort of pumice-stone intermingled; it ought to have been coated with marble in the Roman manner. The difference which it might have made in the expense could not have been a matter of importance in a country where marble is so common. The architect was Vanvitelli, a man of great, and, as may well be supposed, of merited reputation. The inscriptions on the middle arch under which the road goes are long and, as usual, pompous, and therefore misplaced. Such a work requires no eulogium.

courts, and the principal staircase. The staircase is about twenty feet wide, consists of at least one hundred steps, each of one piece of marble, and ends in an octagon vestibule, supported by twenty-four marble pillars. From these pillars rise arcades, which cover the entrances into the grand apartments; that opposite the staircase is the chapel, which is well proportioned and highly decorated. Its form is ancient, terminating in a semicircular recess, for the altar. The royal gallery is over the entrance and in front of the altar; it is on the same level as the side galleries, and with them forms a most beautiful colonnade, supported by four-and-twenty pillars of the finest marble. This chapel is on the same plan as that of Versailles; but in size, proportion, materials, and ornaments, far superior, and may be considered, when united with the staircase, as the noblest part of the palace.

The other apartments do not seem to correspond with it in grandeur; and of the whole edifice of Caserta, it may be said, that notwithstanding the advantages of magnitude and regularity, it is deficient in effect, because it wants *greatness of manner*. The whole is on a great scale, and so ought the component parts to have been, but the reverse is the case. Though the building be more than a hundred feet in height, yet the columns that adorn the front are not more than fifty. Again, the length of the front is near eight hundred feet, the colonnade, therefore, that adorns it, ought to have been extremely prominent; on the contrary, it has very little relief, and indeed scarcely seems to project from the wall behind it. The interior portico is six hundred feet in length, yet the pillars that support it are not twenty in height: it has therefore the appearance of a long low gallery. Whether these defects are to be ascribed to

the interference of the king himself (Don Carlos of Spain), who is supposed to have given the general plan, and may be suspected of having sometimes entered into the details of execution, or whether they result from the original design, we know not; but they certainly lessen the effect, and deprive this palace of the grandeur to which its materials, situation, and magnitude, entitle it.

I mean not by these observations to disparage the work, or to lower the reputation of the architect. The fame of Vanvitelli is above the reach of censure; as long as the aqueduct of Maddaloni stands, so long will his name be placed with that of Michael Angelo, and of Bramante; and as long as the stranger ascends by the marble staircase of Caserta to its marble chapel, so long will it be numbered among the first palaces in Europe. I only lament that the former either did not, or could not, realise his own sublime conceptions; and that the latter, with all the advantages which it possesses, was not carried one degree nearer to perfection.

The observations which I have ventured to make on Caserta, might be extended to almost all the palaces which I have had an opportunity of visiting. The imperial residences, whether at Vienna, Innsbrück, or Prague, have no claim to architectural ornament, at least externally; and it is to the exterior that my observations are at present confined. The palaces of the Tuileries and Versailles are of a different description, and cannot be said to want ornament, or even symmetry, but the style varies so often, and the scene is so perpetually changing on the eye, that proportions are constantly counteracting each other, and no part produces its full effect. Thus the front of the Tuileries consists of five parts; a lofty pavilion in the centre, two long low buildings on each

side, and again a lofty pavilion at each end. The central pavilion consists of three stories, adorned with pillars, the wings of two, the pavilions at each end, of one story, and a most enormous attic.

The decorations of the two latter are Corinthian pilasters; massive, bold, and majestic; and had the same style been continued throughout the whole length, the effect would have been truly noble, but as it is, the greatness of manner so conspicuous in these two members, only makes the two orders of the wings, and the three of the centre, appear mean and diminutive. The Louvre, at least the front which faces the river, is simple and manly. The celebrated colonnade, which forms the principal front, is, with many defects, certainly beautiful.

Versailles may be said to have two fronts, one facing the road, the other looking on the garden; the former consists of several courts opening into each other, and contracting as they recede from the gate, so that angle succeeds angle, and roof sinks behind roof. The *façade* towards the garden presents a considerable length, but the order which decorates it is petty; moreover, the wings fall back, and by breaking the line destroy the unity of the view. Thus, are these huge edifices, notwithstanding their magnitude, reduced by the puny proportions of their component parts to *vast heaps of littleness*.

The palace of Mafra is the most magnificent of the royal residences in Portugal: it presents a long and stately front, and consists of several courts, containing, besides the royal apartments, a convent, a library, and a very handsome church. So far it seems to mimic the Escorial; but its front, though its size and materials are grand and costly, is disfigured by a profusion of useless ornaments, an

ill-proportioned colônade, and a broken whimsical entablature and pediment.

The King of Prussia can boast of a palace which, though inferior to all the above-mentioned edifices in extent, is yet in *style* superior. It is in the vicinity of Potzdam, and called the *Red Palace*, from the colour of the stone of which it is in part built: its front is simple, formed of few members, and decorated with a bold Corinthian portico. * Frederic the Great was fond of the arts, he seemed ambitious of giving both his capital and his residence as much architectural splendour as possible, and to a certain degree he has succeeded, as few cities present so much pillared scenery as Berlin and Potzdam. Unfortunately, either he has not always followed the best models, or his architects have as usual deviated from ancient proportions. Hence the columns are generally too thin, and the pediments too high, and hence also those perpetual interruptions of the *line*, and those *zigzags* and flourishes so unnatural in stone and marble, and yet so frequent in modern decorations. To these defects we may add another scarcely less reprehensible; these porticoes and colonades are frequently like a theatrical decoration, mere deceptions; so that the spectator, when he has admired a noble front and enters the portal with the expectation of seeing a church or a hall of corresponding grandeur, is surprised to find himself sometimes in a petty meeting-house, and sometimes in a narrow dirty passage. However the *Brandenburg Gate*, which is an imperfect imitation of the *Propylæum*, has a noble appearance, and may perhaps be considered as the most faultless piece of architecture in Germany*

* The French have since carried off the bronze quadriga with the figure of Victory, which surmounted the pediment of this gate.

The country palace of Wilhelmshöhe in the neighbourhood of Cassel, erected by the present Landgrave, has an Ionic colonnade of considerable boldness and beauty, and is in *manner* comparable if not superior to most royal residences. The palace of Lacken, erected by the Archduchess Christina and the Duke Albert, has one fine feature, a beautiful colonnade and dome.

It has been observed that there is not in England a single royal palace fit for the residence of the sovereign of so great and opulent a nation. With the exception of the feudal mansion of Windsor, which derives not a little grandeur from its site and magnitude, and more majesty from its antiquity and connexion with the history and the literature of England than the noblest architecture could give it; with this single exception the remark may be just. But whence comes this deficiency? it cannot be said that the Kings of England have wanted either the inclination or the means of building, as scarce a reign has passed that has not seen a new palace, castle, *box*, cottage, pavilion, or nameless and shapeless *something*, arise for the royal accommodation. Nor can it fairly be objected that the King of England cannot, like other sovereigns, draw at pleasure upon the treasury. Till the Revolution the monarch could command what portion of the public income he thought proper, and since that period sovereigns do not appear to have been too economical, or parliaments very parsimonious. The truth is, that the King of England possesses as many royal residences

✱ know not whether, defied and challenged as they had been by the Court of Berlin, they were not justifiable in this act of plunder. *Victory* of course follows the *victor*. Prussia has recovered *Victory* and its reputation. It will, I hope, profit by the lesson, and never more expose itself to the danger of forfeiting *both* by duplicity, treachery, and a vile, selfish system of atheistic politics.

as any prince in Europe, and as much money has been expended upon them here as in any other country; but at the same time it is to be remembered, that *taste* has been wanting in the designs, and economy in the expenditure. However, if the royal mansions be deficient in grandeur, the defect is abundantly compensated by the splendour and the princely *state* of the villas and the country-houses of the nobility and the gentry. Here, indeed, England outshines all the countries in the world, and far eclipses the glories even of Italy. The palaces that rise in the most distant provinces, the colonnades and porticoes that grace them, and all the *temple-like* magnificence that surrounds them, give a stranger the idea of so many imperial abodes, and present scenes of architecture superior to all modern exhibitions, and inferior only to the splendour of ancient Rome!

CHAPTER XII.

Excursion to Beneventum—Furcæ Caudinæ—Mount Taburnus—Beneventum, its Triumphal Arch—Excursion—Núterria—Cava—Salernum—Mount Alburnus—Pæstum, its History and Temples.

OUR next excursion was to Beneventum, an ancient city now belonging to the Pope, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. The road passes through Acerra, and about five miles beyond enters the mountains that border the plains of Campania. Some beautiful scenery here amuses the eye as it wanders over the hills. To the right, on the summit of a bold eminence covered with wood, stands a Gothic castle, which might, beyond the Alps, be deemed interesting; not only from its appropri-

ate site, but from its magnitude^b and antiquity; but in Italy such an edifice appears misplaced and incongruous. It reminds us of the irruption of barbarians, of the fall of the arts, of the desolation of the finest region in the world, and of the many ages of disaster that have since passed over it. The eye is soon relieved from the frowns of this feudal prison by a scene better suited to the character and the general features of the country. In the middle of a sylvan theatre, formed by the bending of a hill, carpeted by deep verdure and shaded by thick foliage, swells an eminence; on that eminence rises a rock, and on the summit of the rock, under a spreading olive-tree stands a hermitage, that seems from its situation to be the cell of one of the holy solitaries of times of old;

Ch' in aerea magion fa dimoranza^c.—TASSO.

Shortly after, we passed through Arienzo; it forms a long street at the foot of hills branching out from the Monti Tifatini, and it contains some good buildings intermingled with groves, orchards, and gardens. This town stands at the entrance of a defile, which contracts as it advances, and almost closes at the village called Le Forche d' Arpaia (the Forks of Arpaia).

Arpaia is generally considered as the ancient *Caudium*, and the defile is supposed to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ* (the Caudine Forks). If this supposition be well-founded, time and cultivation, aided perhaps by earthquakes and torrents, must have made a considerable alteration in its original appearance. The former have long since levelled the forests that once

——— but oft

I dwell on airy Lebanon aloft,
Or fix on Carmel's brow my high abode.—HUNT.

clothed the sides of the mountains: the latter may have swept away the sand and loose soil from the declivities, and thus lowered the hills; while the ruins of Caudium, and the formation of the Via Appia, in conjunction with the preceding causes, may have filled, raised, and widened the narrow path in the middle. Thus the difficulties of the passage may have been removed, and the gloom that hung over it dissipated. The bordering mountains are indeed on one side steep and naked; but on the other they are covered with olive, ilex, and corn-fields: the interval between is, in the narrowest part of the defile, at least three hundred feet; and on the whole it presents nothing to alarm any, and much less a Roman, army.

On stopping at Arpaia we were accosted by the pastor of the place, a venerable old man, who immediately concluding that we wished to examine the defile, took us first to his house to show us an Italian work on the subject, and thence conducted us to the convent of the Capuchins. It stands on an eminence called Giogo (*Jugum*) de Sta. Maria* on the right, where from a threshing-floor we had a very distinct view of the ground, and could compare appearances with the description of Titus Livius. Our worthy guide cited the historian with great volubility, enlarged upon the critical situation of the Romans and the generosity of the Samnites, whom he considered as his countrymen and called *Nostri Sanniti*, and inveighed with great vehemence against the ingratitude and cowardice of the former, who returning with superior numbers almost exterminated their generous adversaries. It was amusing to see passions so long extinguished revive, and patriotism, which

* The hill of St. Mary.

had lost its object for more than two thousand years and had been absorbed in well-grounded attachment to a more glorious and more extensive country, glow with useless ardour in the bosom of a solitary individual. In truth, these generous passions that long made Italy so great and so illustrious, and turned every province and almost every city into a theatre of deeds of valour and achievements of heroism; that armed every hand, first against the ambition, and afterwards for the glory of Rome, the capital and the pride of their common country; all these passions exist still in Italy, burn with vigour even in the bosoms of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.

Upon an attentive inspection of the valley now before us, it is impossible for the candid traveller, notwithstanding popular tradition* strengthened by some great authorities, to consider it as the defile described by Livius, or consequently admit it to be the Furcæ Caudinæ. "Saltus duo," says the historian, "alti, angusti, sylvosique sunt, montibus circa perpetuis inter se juncti, jacet inter eos satis patens, clausus in medio, campus herbidus aquosusque, per quem medium iter est. Sed antequam venias ad eum intrandæ primæ angustiæ sunt, aut eadem qua te insinuaveris via repetenda; aut si ire pergas, per alium saltum arctiorem, impeditioremque evadendum†." In this *picture* we may observe, that the

* Popular tradition, when very ancient and very constant, may be considered as almost decisive on such subjects; it then becomes uninterrupted remembrance. In the present case it is neither ancient nor constant.

† There are two tall, narrow, and woody forests, joined together by continuous mountains which closely surround them; a grassy and well-watered plain of some extent, but confined in the middle,

valley of Caudium is closed at both ends and watered by a stream. The valley of Arpaia is open at one extremity and has no stream. Besides, the vale of Arpaia lay out of the way, which the consul, whose object was despatch, could not be supposed to wish to lengthen. These reasons given by Cluverius, and confirmed as we thought beyond contradiction by the inspection of the ground, obliged us to resign, though reluctantly, the pleasure of believing ourselves on a spot described by such an historian, and ennobled by such an event*.

When we had passed the defile, we observed on our right a noble ridge of mountains covered with verdure, and broken into various rocks and precipices; and on our left another of a less beautiful but bolder form, lifting its stony surface to the clouds, that rolled in thick mists over its brow and added to the majesty of its appearance. Naked, craggy, and furrowed by the torrents that roll down his sides, Mount Taburnus, which we are now contemplating, either never possessed, or has long since resigned, the olive forests with which Virgil *wished to robe* his gigantic mass†. The road thence becomes stony,

lies betwixt them, through the midst of which the road runs. But before you arrive at it, the first strait must be entered, or the same road by which you wound into it must be retraced; or if you persist in going forward, you must make your way out through another forest still more narrow and impassable.—Tit. Liv. ix. 2.

* Cluverius places the *Furcæ Caudinæ* a little higher up, and near the town of Sta. Agatha, where a defile watered by the Faenza, anciently the *Isclerus*, and closed at both ends, is said to answer the description of Livy, and to correspond with the direction of the consul's march. The town of Airola he supposes to be the ancient *Caudium*. This defile almost joins the Forche d'Arpaia at one end.

† Neu segnes jaccant terræ; juvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, atque olea magnum vestire Taburnum.

Georg. ii. 37.

And

and continues to wind through a country less fertile indeed than Campania, but finely varied with hill and dale, and presenting in every view a pleasing mixture of wildness and cultivation.

We were now once more on the Via Appia, and passed two rivers over two Roman bridges, still in good repair. From the first we had a delightful view of the mountains which we had passed, as the evening sun cast a strong golden glow over the shining verdure of their sides and summits. After having crossed the Sabato, which still retains its ancient name, we entered Beneventum about sunset. This city is of so ancient a date as to claim Diomedes for its founder; however, though well known and much frequented, it never seems to have acquired any celebrity. It long bore the inauspicious appellation of *Meleventum*, which it changed when made a Roman colony into *Beneventum*, a name well suited as a happy omen to the occasion. After the fall of the empire, it was with the rest of Italy possessed by the Goths, then, upon their expulsion, by the Greeks, and afterwards became an independent principality under the Lombards. Thence it rose to a dukedom, and after having been governed by various princes, Lombard, Greek, and Norman, and been the subject of many contests and intrigues, at length it passed under the peaceful domination of the Roman Pontiff.

Beneventum stands on a gentle elevation, at the foot of a bold ridge of hills on one side, with an open swelling country on the other. Its northern walls are bathed by the Calore, still proud of its

And let no spot of idle earth be found,
 But cultivate the genius of the ground :
 For open Ismarus will Bacchus please ;
 Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.—DRYDEN.

ancient name. A lofty bridge crosses this river, and gives a very pleasing view of its banks, lined with poplars and bordered by meadows and gardens. One of the gates is a triumphal arch of Trajan; it consists of a single arch, is of Parian marble and entire, with the exception of a part of the cornice. Both its sides are adorned with four Corinthian pillars raised on high pedestals. Its frieze, pannels, and indeed every part both without and within the arch, are covered with rich sculpture representing some of the achievements of the emperor in whose honour it was erected. This triumphal arch is by many considered as the most perfect of the kind existing; in that light it did not appear to me. The decorations, though all of the best and purest style, are yet so compressed and crowded together as to leave no vacant space for the eye to rest on, no *plane* to contrast with the *rilievo* and set it off to advantage; they seem consequently to encumber the edifice, and thus deprive it of the first of architectural beauties, *simplicity*. How inferior in this respect is the monument which we are now contemplating to that of Ancona!

The cathedral is a large fabric in the Gothic or rather Saracenic manner, but of ancient materials; it is supported within by fifty columns of white marble, forming on each side a double aisle. The inward row has only half as many pillars as the outward, a circumstance which with the arches springing from the pillars lessens the effect of a colonnade in other respects very magnificent.

Beneventum has on the whole a good appearance, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and seems to have passed through the vicissitudes of so many turbulent ages without much glory indeed but with few reverses. The inn is not remarkably good, though

superior probably to that which harboured Horace and his friends, if we may guess from the repast prepared for them, the accident that alarmed them, and the haste of the guests to snatch their portions from the flames*.

I need not inform the reader that Beneventum is in Samnium, and was considered as one of its principal cities; or that the Samnites were the most warlike people of Italy, the most attached to independence, and the most devoted to the cause of liberty. Their stubborn opposition to the predominant fortune and genius of Rome employed the talents, and called forth all the skill and all the energies of the Fabii and the Papirii, and with many intervening reverses furnished the materials of four-and-twenty triumphs. Their resistance, prolonged beyond the bounds of prudence and the means of success, at length assumed the features of a war *ad internecionem* (of extermination), and terminated during the dictatorship of Sylla in the almost total annihilation of the Samnite race. The army perished in the field, or in confinement at Rome; the survivors were driven into exile,

* Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Pene macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igne.
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cœnam servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.

Sat. i. v. 71-76.

At our next inn our host was almost burn'd,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd.
Through his old kitchen rolls the god of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire;
But hunger all our terrors overcame;
We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame.

FRANCIS.

There are few inns in modern Italy that cannot afford better fare and better accommodations.

and one of the most populous provinces of Italy was almost turned into a desert.

On our return we alighted at the Forche d'Arpaia and proceeded through the valley on foot ; the heat was great, but a strong invigorating wind blowing full in our faces rendered it tolerable. The harvest was going on, and the fields around were crowded. Among other lively scenes, we particularly noticed a set of harvest-men amusing themselves with the notes of a bagpipe. Mirth and music are the passions of the climate, and of course did not excite our surprise ; but we were rather astonished to hear the drone of a bagpipe in a Campanian valley, and almost wondered how an Italian echo could repeat a sound so heavy and inharmonious. The road was lined on each side with groves of cherry-trees, and several women and children were employed in gathering their fruit. Overtaking an old woman who was carrying a large basket full of cherries on her back, one of the party took a handful, and stepping before her, asked how she sold them. She shook her head and smiled ; but on the question being repeated, she replied, that *God had given enough for all, and that we might take as many as we pleased for nothing.* She was afterwards with much difficulty prevailed upon to accept a trifle. Shortly after, as we were sitting on the wall of one of the orchards, a hearty-looking man came up, and observing that the day was sultry, begged us to stop in and make free with his fruit, which he assured us was particularly wholesome and refreshing. We returned to Naples very well pleased with Samnium and its inhabitants.

Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples, Pæstum though the most distant is perhaps the most curious and most interesting. In scenery it yields, not only to Baia and

Putcoli, but to every town in the vicinity of the *Crater*; but in noble and well preserved monuments of antiquity it surpasses every city in Italy, her immortal capital Rome alone excepted. It is generally supposed that the ruins of Pæstum were for many ages unknown even in the neighbouring country, and at length accidentally discovered; some say, by a shepherd, and others, by a young painter in the course of a morning's ramble from Capaccio. This discovery is said to have been made about the middle of the last century. The truth is, that the attention of travellers was first directed to them about that period, and that views and descriptions were published then for the first time. But they were perfectly well known at all times, not to the peasantry of the immediate neighbourhood only, and to the fishermen of Salerno, who passed within view of them almost every day, but to the bishop and the canons of Capaccio, who take their titles from Pæstum, and may look down upon the ruins of their original residence from their windows. That it was not much visited we know, but this was owing rather to the indifference than to the ignorance of the learned, and perhaps a little to the state of the country, ever lawless and unsafe whilst under the domination of absent sovereigns. We are too apt to conclude, that nobody had seen what we did not see, and that what travellers have not recorded was not known to exist; without reflecting that the ignorance of the latter is often the consequence of the little acquaintance which many of them have with the language and with the natives of the countries which they undertake to describe.

The road to Pæstum leads through Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and, passing the gates of Pompeii, gives a transient glimpse of its

solitary streets and lonely theatres, extending at the foot of steeps crowned with vines and mulberries. Continuing our course over the exuberant plains of Pompeii,

Quæ rigat æquora Sarnus*.—VIRG. Æn. vii. 738,

we traversed the town of Scafati, drove along the banks of that river, still the Sarno, beautifully shaded with poplars, and entered Nocera, formerly *Nuceria*, a town of the highest antiquity, but remarkable only for its unshaken attachment to the Romans at all times and for the sad disasters to which it has been exposed in consequence of that attachment†. Its fidelity to the republic during the second Punic war drew down upon it the vengeance of Hannibal, who, after some vain attempts to seduce its inhabitants into his party, plundered and destroyed their city. Its adherence to the cause of a Roman Pontiff during the great schism roused the fury of a still more irritable enemy, Ruggiero king of Naples, who again rased its walls and dispersed its citizens. They instead of rebuilding the town when the storm was over, as their ancestors had done before, continued to occupy the neighbouring villages. Hence the appearance of the modern Nocera, which, instead of being inclosed within ramparts, spreads in a long line over a considerable extent of ground, and displays some handsome edifices intermingled with rural scenery. It is still a bishopric, and derives the additional appellation *dei Pagani* (of the Pagans), from the circumstance of its having been for some time in possession of the Saracens.

Not far from Nocera we entered the mountains, where the scene improves in beauty, without losing

* The plains which Sarnus laves.

† Liv. xxiii. 15.

much either in fertility or animation. Various villages, castles, and churches adorn the defile, an aqueduct intersects it, and the town of Cava occupies the most elevated and picturesque point. Behind this town, the mountain Fenestra swells to a considerable elevation; its steep sides are covered to the very summit with one continued forest of chesnuts forming a mass of foliage of the deepest shade, and most beautiful verdure, and presenting to the eye one of the most refreshing views imaginable during the heats of a Campanian summer :

O quis me gelidis sub vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra*!

VIRG. Georg. ii. 488,

is a wish that often bursts from the lips of a traveller panting up the acclivities of the Apennines under the beams of a meridian sun, and looking round with a longing eye for some hospitable thicket. In such a sultry hour the sight and the fancy repose with delight on the *immensity of shade* suspended over the defile of Cava.

This town is not ancient, at least not classically so. It seems to have been formed gradually, like many considerable towns, not on the Continent only but in England, by the attraction of a rich Benedictine abbey. Its origin is usually dated from the invasion of Genseric, and from the destruction of the neighbouring town of Marciana, whose inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, and at the persuasion of the abbot settled round the monastery of the Trinity, and built Cava. It has several manufactories at present, and has an appearance of life and prosperity

* O lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down;
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race!—DRYDEN.

It stands on the borders of Picenum, and opens a fine view of Salernum, its bay, the opposite coast, the plains around, and the mountains beyond Pæstum. The declivity is steep, but the road which runs along the edge of the precipice and looks down upon the sea, is well guarded by a parapet wall, and excellent all the way.

As we had set out very early we entered Salerno about noon, with an intention of proceeding to Pæstum; but the unexpected want of horses detained us, and indeed obliged us to stop for the night. We had, however, no reason to regret the delay, as Salernum presents a sufficient number of objects for observation and amusement. Its antiquity is acknowledged, though the date of its foundation and the names and countries of its founders are equally unknown. It became in its turn a Roman colony, but does not appear to have risen to any consequence; the mildness of its air during the winter seems to have been its principal distinction*. It is supposed to have stood formerly on the hills, and is ranked by Pliny among the inland towns of Picenum. But this writer is perhaps more eloquent than accurate in his geographical descriptions, and I doubt whether his authority is a sufficient argument to induce us to conclude with Cluverius that Salernum has changed its original position.

Salerno is the see of an archbishop, has a university once celebrated for medicine, and various schools and academies. Its streets are as usual narrow, and the buildings high; some few seem to deserve notice. The court before the cathedral is supported by eight-and-twenty ancient granite columns with Corinthian capitals of good workmanship, but

*Horat. Epist. i. 15.

apparently not made for the columns which they now adorn; the church itself though built of ancient materials, and decorated with some good pictures, is a tasteless edifice. The most remarkable objects in it are the two *ambones* or ancient pulpits, one on each side of the nave before the steps of the chancel; they are both of marble, the largest is covered with beautiful mosaic, and supported by twelve Corinthian pillars of granite. The inn stands almost on the beach, and our rooms opened on the bay, which appears beautiful even when compared to that of Naples.

The promontory of Surrentum, which bounds it on the west, increases as it projects in boldness and in elevation, presents various crags crowned with towns, and terminates in a long lofty ridge covered with a forest. In the centre and half way up the declivity stands Amalfi, once so famous for its skill in the medical art; while the little town of Vitri seems to hang from the rock as if ready to fall into a torrent that tumbles through a deep dell below.

On the opposite side of the bay the coast gradually sinks into a plain, that extends without interruption to Pæstum, whose grey temples are dimly discernible, at the distance of fifteen miles. This plain is bounded by a ridge of mountains. In the bosom and centre of the bay, at the foot of a fine ridge of well cultivated hills, stands Salernum, equally well situated for beauty and commerce; if the neighbourhood of such a vast mart as Naples did not attract and absorb all the commerce of this coast. There is a mole to cover the harbour and to protect the shipping from the south wind, which sometimes raises a considerable swell. During the afternoon some of the party took a boat and rowed

about the bay, which in the creeks and windings of the western coast furnishes objects for many delightful excursions. Such are the Capo d'Amalfi (the Cape of Amalfi), the Punta di Conca (Shell point), and, above all, the Syrenusæ islands, once the abode of the Syrens, famed in ancient story, and proverbial in modern languages. They are three in number, about eleven miles from Salerno, and four from the point of the promontory of Minerva (now of Surrentum), but one only from the nearest land. They are now called Galli, perhaps with a traditional allusion to the form of the Syrens, and are still as described by Virgil, barren rocks, without other inhabitants than sea-fowls, and other sounds than the murmurs of the waves echoing amid the crags and the caverns.

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenium advecta subibat,
 Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos;
 Tum rauca adsiduo longe salæ saxa sonabant*.—Æn. v. 864.

It seems singular that Virgil, while he alludes to Homer's account of these islands, instead of adopting and as usual improving the instructive fiction of the Greek poet, should upon this occasion in particular have abandoned him, and, in order to avoid the appearance of imitation, fallen into a poetical anachronism. Such at least a direct contradiction to Homer, the great oracle of mythological chronology, must be deemed. Thus, while he admits the fable itself, he represents these islands as deserted at the very time, or rather before the time, when, according to Homer, they were the residence of the Syrens. Æneas passed them before Ulysses, and if the Syrens

* Glides by the Syrens' cliffs, a shelvy coast,
 Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
 And white with bones: the impetuous ocean roars,
 And rocks rebel from the sounding shores.—DRYDEN.

had forsaken them at that period, we see no reason why they should return to them at a later. The truth seems to be, that Virgil inadvertently describes them as a geographer; Homer paints them as a poet; but why should the former in this single instance descend from the regions of poetry, and by an incongruous mixture of reality, banish one of the most moral and amusing illusions of fable?

A temple of the Syrens is supposed to have stood upon the opposite shore; the precise spot has hitherto been unexplored. Farther on, and on the most advanced point of the Surrentine promontory rose the temple of Minerva, supposed to be founded by Ulysses, an object so conspicuous as to have given its name to the promontory itself in ancient times.

—————c vertice Surrentino
 ————Tyrreni speculatrix virgo profundi*.

STATIUS, Syl. v. 3.

The road beyond Salerno intersects a rich plain, bordered on the right by the sea, on the left by fine hills, which as they wind along present on their sides and amid their breaks, a perpetual succession of varying landscapes.

About six miles from Salerno we went through the little town of Vicenza, supposed to be the ancient *Picentia*. About six miles further, during which we had Mount Alburnus rising full before us, we came to Evoli (*Eburi*) then turning to the right we entered a vast plain wild and uncultivated, but neither naked nor barren. Large herds of buffaloes, that fed on the heath and wandered through the thickets, seemed to be its only inhabitants. The royal chase, called Di Persano, covers a considerable part of

* The martial virgin from Surrentum's cliffs
 Looks o'er the Tuscan main.

this solitude, and gives employment to two hundred gamekeepers, who not only guard the game but serve to escort travellers over these wastes, almost as much infested by banditti at present as was the Gallinaria Pinus (the Gallinarian pine-forest) in ancient times.

We had now reached the *Silaris* (Silaro and Sele) whose banks are bordered by fertile fields and shaded by groves and thickets. This river forms the boundary of Picenum and Lucania; it receives the Calore in the forest of Persano, and higher up the Tanagro, which, with the addition of other lesser streams, make a considerable river. Mount Alburnus, inseparably united with the Silaris in Virgil's beautiful lines, and consequently in the mind of every classical traveller, rises in distant perspective, and adds to the fame and the consequence of the stream by the magnitude of his form and by the ruggedness of his towering brow. Forests of ilex wave on the sides of the mountain, and fringe the margin of the river; while herds innumerable wander through their recesses, and enliven the silence of the scene by perpetual lowings*.

*The resemblance may be carried still farther, as the same insect, if we may credit the observation of a most accurate and indefatigable traveller, Cluverius, confirmed by the authority of some Italian authors, still continues to infest the same forest, and to terrify and disperse the cattle over the whole mountain and bordering plains. I cannot vouch for the fact upon my own observation or inquiries. The circumstance is trivial of itself, but it is classical because connected with the scenery of the following beautiful lines, that is, the scenery which now surrounds us.

Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
 Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asilo
 Romanum est, æstron Graii vertere vocantes;
 Asper acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita sylvis
 Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus æther

Concussus, sylvæque et sicci ripa Tanagri.—Georg. iii. 146-51.

About

As the country still continues flat and covered with thickets, the traveller scarce discovers Pæstum till he enters its walls. We drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wanderèd about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion. The good bishop had been so obliging as to send one of his chaplains to meet us, and provide everything requisite for our comfortable accommodation, a commission which that gentleman performed with great punctuality and politeness.

Obscurity hangs over, not the origin only but the general history of the city, though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched perhaps with accuracy: the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned Mazzochi, Pæstum was founded by a colony of Dorenses or Dorians, from Dora, a city of Phœnicia, the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called Posetan or Postan, which in Phœnician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It

About the Alburnian groves, with holly green,
 Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen;
 This flying plague, to mark its quality,
 Æstros the Grecians call; asylus, we;
 A fierce, loud buzzing breed; their stings draw blood
 And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
 Seized with unusual pains they loudly cry;
 Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.

DRYDEN.

was afterwards invaded and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event perhaps took place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters Pæstum assumed the Greek appellation Posidonia, of the same import as its Phœnician name, because a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed by Mazzochi to have extended from the present ruin southward to the hill on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination Agropoli. The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of Posidonia, which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly; vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of Spinazzo or Saracino. The original city then recovered its first name, and not long after was taken, and at length colonised by the Romans*.

From this period Pæstum is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness, and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats,

Victura rosaria Pæsti †,

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans; who, each in their turn, plundered Pæstum, and at length compelled its remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and to take shelter in the mountains. To them Capaccio, Vecchio and Novo, are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situate on the hills: the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of Pæstum.

* U. C. 480.

† The eternal sweets of Pæstum's rosy bowers.

It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of Pæstum, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: not to the Romans, who never seem to have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighbouring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? to judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and contemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link between the Egyptian and Grecian manner, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the graceful proportions of the latter. In fact the temples of Pæstum, Agrigentum, and Athens, seem instances of the commencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.

The first temple that presents itself to the traveller from Naples is the smallest; it consists of six pillars at each end, and thirteen at each side, counting the angular pillars in both directions. The architrave is entire, as is the pediment at the west end, excepting the corner stones and triglyphs, which are fallen, and the first cornice (that immediately over the frieze), which is worn away. At the east end, the middle of the pediment with much of the frieze and cornice remains; the north-east corner is likely to fall in a very short time. The *cella* occupied more than one third of the length, and had a portico of two rows of columns, the shafts and capitals of which, now overgrown with grass and weeds, encumber the pavement and almost fill the area of the temple.

The second temple has six columns at each end, and fourteen on each side, including those of the angles; the whole entablature and pediments are entire. A double row of columns adorned the interior of the *cella*, and supported each another row of small pillars; the uppermost is separated from the lower by an architrave only, without frieze or cornice. Of the latter, seven remain standing on each side; of the former, five on one side, and three on the other. This double story, which seems intended merely to support the roof, rises only a few feet higher than the external cornice; and on the whole produces no good effect from the great disproportion between the under and upper columns. The *cella* had two entrances, one at each end, with a portico formed of two pillars and two *antæ**. The whole of the foundation and part of the wall of this *cella* still remain; under it was a vault. One of the columns with its capital at the west end has been struck with lightning, and shattered so as to threaten ruin if not speedily repaired; its fall will be an irreparable loss, and disfigure one of the most perfect monuments now in existence. It might indeed be restored to its original form with little expense and labour, as the stones that have fallen remain in heaps within its inclosure.

The third edifice is the largest; it has nine pillars at the ends and eighteen on the sides, including the angular columns as before. Its size is not its only distinction; a row of pillars, extending from the middle pillar at one end to the middle pillar at the other, divides it into two equal parts, and is considered as a proof that it was not a temple. Its destination has not been ascertained; some suppose it to have been a *curia* others a *basilica*, and others

* Jambs, or square pillars, placed on each side the door.

a mere market or exchange. There is at some distance an aperture, like the mouth of a well, which, as our guides informed us, had been examined, and was probably intended to give air and light to a long and intricate subterranean gallery, which extended to the sea on one side, and on the other communicated with the temples.

Such are the peculiar features of each of these edifices. In common to all it may be observed, that they are raised upon substructions* forming three gradations (for they cannot be termed steps, as they are much too high for the purpose), intended solely to give due elevation and *rilievo* to the superstructure; that the columns in all rise without bases from the uppermost of these degrees; that these columns are all fluted, between four and five diameters in height, and taper as they ascend, about one-fourth; that the capitals are all very flat and prominent; that the intercolumniation is a little more than one diameter; that the order and ornaments are in all the same; and the pediment in all very low; in fine, that they are all built of a porous stone, of a light or rather yellow grey, and in many places perforated and worn away.

In the open space between the first and second temple were two other large edifices, built of the same sort of stone, and nearly of the same size. Their substructions still remain encumbered with the fragments of the columns and of the entablature, and so overgrown with brambles, nettles, and weeds, as

* These substructions are observable in all the Doric temples of Italy and of Sicily, and seem essential to give a corresponding support as well as *rilievo* to the massive forms of that order. Ordinary steps seem to sink under the weight, and are quite lost in the cumbrous majesty, of the Doric column. I need not observe that the second temple is the most beautiful of the three, and the nearest to the proportions of the temples of Agrigentum.

scarcely to admit a near inspection. It is a pity that neither the government of Naples, nor the proprietor of Pæstum, has public spirit enough to remove the rubbish that buries the monuments of this city, and restore to their primitive beauty edifices which, as long as they exist, can never fail to attract travellers, and not only redound to the glory, but contribute very materially to the interests, of the country*.

All the temples which I have mentioned stand in a line and border a street that ran from gate to gate, and divided the town into two parts nearly equal. A hollow space scooped out in a semicircular form seems to be the traces of a theatre, and as it lies in front of the temples gives reason to suppose, that other public buildings might have ornamented the same side and made it to correspond in grandeur with that opposite; in which case few cities could have surpassed Pæstum in splendid appearance. The walls of the town remain in all the circumference, five at least, and in some places twelve, feet high; they are formed of solid blocks of stone, with towers at intervals; the archway of one gate only stands entire. Considering the materials and the extent of this rampart, which incloses a space of nearly four miles round, with the many towers that rose at intervals, and its elevation of more than forty feet, we must acknowledge that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magnificence.

Within these walls that once encircled a populous and splendid city, now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles spreading over the ruins, or buried under

* Since this was written the three temples have been cleared out.—Ed.]

yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of *biferi rosaria Pæsti**, flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and in December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable for their fragrance. Amid these objects and scenes rural and ordinary, rise the three temples like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent and majestic.

It was now dusk, and on our entrance into the bishop's villa, we found a plentiful repast, and excellent wines waiting our arrival. Our beds and rooms were all good, and everything calculated to make our visit to Pæstum as agreeable in its accompaniments as it was interesting in its object. The night was bright, the weather warm, but airy, a gale sweet and refreshing blew from the neighbouring hills of Agropoli and Callimara; no sound was heard but the regular murmurs of the neighbouring sea. The temples, silvered over by the light of the moon, rose full before me, and fixed my eyes till sleep closed them. In the morning, the first object that presented itself was still the temples, now blazing in the full beams of the sun; beyond them the sea glittering as far as sight could reach, and the hills and mountains round all lighted up with brightness. We

* The Pæstan roses, and their double spring.

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Virgil, Georg. iv. Virgil and Ovid just mention the Pæstan roses—Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison. Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.

Idyll. xiv. 11.

The rosy bowers that Pæstum's vale adorn
I saw all glistening with the pearls of morn.

passed some hours in revisiting the ruins, and contemplating the surrounding scenery.

Pæstum stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the west by the Tyrrhene Sea, and about a mile distant on the south by fine hills, in the midst of which Agropoli sits embosomed; on the north, by the bay of Salerno, and its rugged border; while to the east the country swells into two mountains, which still retain their ancient names Callimara and Cantena*; and behind them towers Mount Alburnus itself with its pointed summits. A stream called the Solofone (which probably may be its ancient appellation) flows under the walls, and by spreading its waters over its low borders, and thus producing pools that corrupt in hot weather, continues, as in ancient times†, to infect the air, and render Pæstum a dangerous residence in summer. As the heats were increasing, and the season of malaria approached, we did not deem it prudent to prolong our excursion; and we left Pæstum without accomplishing the whole of our object; which was to examine the ruins of Posidonia, visit the island of Licosa (the ancient *Leucosia*, which, like Naples, takes its name from a Syren) and the Cape Palinurus; to explore the recesses of Alburnus, and to wander over the vale of Diano watered by the classic Tanagro.

The ruins of Posidonia, and even the plain that extends from Pæstum to Agropoli, cannot but exhibit, if duly examined, some monument of the opulence and the refinement of its founders, the luxurious Sybarites. These people, when enslaved by the Lucanians, and afterwards subjected to the Romans,

* These hills and the neighbouring plain were the theatre of some bloody skirmishes between the Roman armies and the bands of Spartacus.

† Strabo, v.

still retained a fond attachment to the name and to the manners of Greece, and are said to have displayed their partiality to their mother country in a manner that evinces both their taste and their feeling. Being compelled by the will of the conquerors, or by other circumstances, to adopt a foreign language and foreign manners, which Aristoxenus, who relates the anecdote, emphatically calls being *barbarised*, they were accustomed to assemble annually, on one of the great festivals of Greece, in order to revive the memory of their Grecian origin, to speak their primitive language, and to deplore with tears and lamentations their sad degradation*. It would be a peculiar pleasure to discover some monument of a people of so

* As the passage alluded to is very beautiful, and at the same time uncommon, I insert it.

Διόπερ Ἀριστοξένος ἐν τοῖς Συμμίκτοις Συμποτικοῖς, "Ὀμοιον, φησί, ποιούμεν Ποσειδωνιάταις, τοῖς ἐν τῷ Τυρσηρικῷ κόλπῳ ποικουσί, οἷς συνέβη, τὰ μὲν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Ἑλλησιν οὔσιν, ἐκβεβαρβῶσθαι, Τυρρῆνοισι ἢ Ῥωμαίοις γεγονόσι, καὶ τὴν τε φωνὴν μεταβεληκέναι, τὰ τε λοιπὰ τῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων, ἄγειν τε μίαν τινὰ αὐτοῦς τῶν ἑορτῶν τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν ἔτι καὶ νῦν, ἐν ᾗ συνιόντες ἀναμνησκονται τῶν ἀρχαίων ἐκείνων ὀνομάτων τε καὶ νομίμων, ἀπολοφράμενοι δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους, καὶ ἀποδακρύσαντες, ἀπέρχονται. Οὕτω δὲ οὖν, φησί, καὶ ἡμεῖς, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τὰ θεάτρα ἐκβεβαρβάρωται, καὶ ἐς μεγάλην διαφθορὰν προελήλυθεν ἡ πάνδημος αὐτῆ μουσική, καθ' αὐτοὺς γενόμενοι ὀλίγοι ἀναμνησκόμεθα, οἷα ἦν ἡ μουσική. Ταῦτα μὲν ὁ Ἀριστοξένος.

Athenæus, xiv. 31. apud Mazzochi.

Wherefore Aristoxenus, in his Convivial Miscellanies, says, "We resemble the Posidonians, who dwell in the bay of Tuscany, and whose fate it was, having been originally Greeks, to be barbarised, becoming Tuscans or Romans, and to change their language and the rest of their institutions. Nevertheless they still keep one of the Grecian festivals, at which having assembled, and commemorated their ancient names and customs, they indulge in mutual condolence, and depart with tears. So it is with us also," says he; "since our theatres have become barbarised, and the public music been greatly corrupted, a few of us meet together to commemorate what music formerly was." So far Aristoxenus.

much sensibility, and of such persevering patriotism. Beyond the ruins, and separated from them by a little stream now called Pastona, rises the hill of the Acropolis, where some vestige must surely remain, and might be discovered by diligent researches*.

We returned by the same road, and regretted as we passed over the plain, that we had not sent a boat before us to take us back along the coast, and thus afford us an opportunity of examining the shore,

* The reader will observe that I have confined myself to the general measures and appearances of the temples, in conformity to the plan of this tour; for details he may be referred to the work of Mr. Wilkins, the minute accuracy of whose measurements and delineations he may depend upon. This gentleman, in conjunction with other travellers, supposes the pillars of Pæstum to be covered with a sort of plaster or stucco, which by its long duration seems to have acquired the hardness, consistency, and certainly has the appearance, of the stone which I mentioned.

As the plains that extend for some way on each side of the Silaris are very thinly inhabited, and at the same time covered in many places with woods and thickets, they are become the resort of banditti and outlaws. One of these miscreants was presented to us by the clergyman who had been commissioned by the bishop to receive us, and was recommended as an object of charity. Upon inquiring into his case, we discovered that he had shot his wife, because she had shown a partiality for *the strangers* (the French) and had *threatened him*, as he said, with poison. To avoid the pursuit of justice, he had run away from his home, and become a wanderer in the forests, and amid the ruins of the plain of Pæstum. Our refusal was accompanied with an observation, that he was an object of justice, not of charity. He stalked away in sullen disappointment. His figure was that of an assassin; tall, bony, and stark, with black hair and thick eyebrows, a dark complexion and glaring eyes. He was armed with a gun and pistols; and was on the whole an object very unwelcome to the eye in such a solitude.

It may not perhaps be useless to observe, that there are four mineral springs near Pæstum, said to be of considerable efficacy in different complaints: from these springs flow as many little streamlets which form the *fume salso* (the salt river), which falls into the Solofone close to the walls of the city.

and exploring the site of the temple of Juno Argiva, that stood at the mouth of the ¹Silaris; according to Strabo, on the Lucanian bank; according to Pliny, on that of Picenum. As the former is the most circumstantial and less declamatory of the two, his authority seems preferable. This temple was of high antiquity, and attributed even to Jason, and as it was of great celebrity it may possibly have left some traces of its existence. On our way we observed several objects connected with antiquity, or mentioned by ancient writers, which we had passed unnoticed, or not particularised before. Thus in descending from the mountains of La Cava, we had on our left the Monte Lattario; so called both in ancient and modern times from its excellent milk, which was noticed and recommended by Galen.

The Sarno, though not unhonoured by the ancients, has yet been celebrated with more complacency by the modern poets. Sanuazarius, whom I have before mentioned with due applause, frequently alludes to it, and on one occasion describes the river and the scenery that borders its banks with much truth and beauty.

Vitabant æstus qua pinguis culta vadusus
Irrigat et placido cursu petit æquora Sarnus,
Grata quies nemorum manantibus undique rivis
Et Zephyris densas inter crepitantibus alnos*.

These fertile plains have often been stained with hostile blood, and once witnessed the defeat and death of a Gothic monarch. Narses was the Roman general; Teia the barbarian chief.

Stabiæ, now Castel a Mare di Stabia, had in Pliny's

-
- * They shunn'd the heat, where through the cultured plain
Mild Sarnus gently journeys to the main.
How sweet the groves! where whispering Zephyrs blow
Through the thick leaves, and murmuring streamlets flow.

time disappeared as a town, and given place to a villa*. It is now once more a populous town, and surrounded with rural retreats. At the very gates of Naples, under the Ponte de la Maddalena flows the Sebethus, with all the honours of its ancient name, but too inconsiderable a rill to be represented by Silius, as a characteristic feature of Naples.

Doctaque Parthenope, Sebethide roscida nympha†.

We continued our route without stopping at Salerno, and arrived at Naples on the same day, but very late.

CHAPTER XIII.

Return of the King to Naples—Rejoicings—Ornamental Buildings—Court—Character of that Monarch—of the Queen—Illuminations—Lazzaroni—Character of the Neapolitans—Return to Rome.

WE had now made all the excursions which are usually pointed out to travellers, or rather, all which the time of our arrival and the advanced season would permit us to make with convenience, and perhaps safety. Our curiosity however was far from being abated. The south of Italy, Apulia, Bruttium and Calabria, which still retain the forest wildness that attracted the Romans, when they were sated with the softer beauties of Latium and of Campania‡, now lay before us, and presented so many interesting objects, that it was impossible not to feel

* It was destroyed by Sylla, and never seems to have revived :—
 “Quod nunc in villam abiit.”—[Plin. Nat. Hist. iii. 5.] Because it has now dwindled into a villa.

† Parthenope, for learning famed, refresh'd
 By the fair nymph of cool Sebethus' stream.

‡ Seneca de Tranquillitate, 2.

a most ardent desire to continue our excursions. The lake Amsanctus was within our reach; not much farther, on the banks of the Aufidus, Mount Vultur rises; numberless lakes expand, forests spread, and cities flourish in the windings of the Apennines, as they stretch their ramifications over the southern provinces, which have never yet been visited by travellers, and scarcely noticed by geographers. In these unexplored haunts what a harvest awaits some future traveller! how much of the languages, manners, names, and perhaps even buildings, of ancient Italy may be hereafter discovered! Some villages are known still to retain the Greek language, and are even said to speak it with more purity than the modern Greeks themselves; a proof that they have not been much visited by the successive invaders that have overrun the more open and frequented parts, and a presumptive argument that their manners and blood may have hitherto been but little adulterated.

But it was vain to long after new excursions; circumstances strong enough to control our classical projects called us homewards, and obliged us to abridge our stay at Naples. Being thus under the necessity of departing, we wished to be at Rome for the festival of St. Peter, in order to see the illumination of the dome, one of the grandest ideas of Michael Angelo, and supposed to be the finest exhibition of the kind in the world. But the return of the Neapolitan court from Palermo, and the festivities and rejoicings which were to accompany that event, induced the party to remain a week longer at Naples. This determination has since been a subject of regret, and with reason. Kings and courts are objects neither uncommon nor very curious; illuminations and balls are ordinary amusements. But the mausoleum of Adrian turned into a volcano, and the dome

of the Vatican enveloped with fire, are spectacles sublime and wonderful, exhibited at Rome alone, and seldom beheld more than once by an *ultramontane*. These however we did resign, and the court of Naples we have seen.

Preparations had been making for the reception of the royal family for some time, and temples and triumphal arches, superb porticoes and splendid theatres, all on the ancient model, had been erected in the widest streets and the most frequented squares. Opposite the palace stood a Corinthian, and on the road to Portici, an Ionic temple; on the Largo del Castello a theatre, which, with a Doric colonnade and some imitations of the Pæstan ruins, formed the principal of these temporary edifices. Their proportions, style, and decorations were in general in very good taste, and gave them an air of antique grandeur admirably adapted to the name, the history, and the scenery of the place. Every reader must have observed, that in theatrical decorations artists have a great facility in catching the manner of the ancients, and copying the *simple* and *beautiful*; while in solid and permanent fabrics they almost invariably lose sight of these qualities, and give us whim and deformity in their place. The truth seems to be, that in trivial and occasional works they content themselves with a display of knowledge only; while in grand and lasting undertakings, they aspire to the higher praise of genius and of invention, and scorning to imitate, they endeavour to surpass their masters. In vain! failure has hitherto been their invariable fate.

The inscriptions on these ornamental buildings by no means corresponded with their appearance; long, strained, and inflated, they betrayed either the barrenness of the subject or the dulness of the writer.

On the twenty-seventh of June (Sunday) early in the morning, the king's ships appeared off Capreae, accompanied by the *Medusa* (Captain Gore) and a few English sloops. About ten the royal family landed at Portici, and between five and six the king set out on horseback to make his public entry into Naples. The multitudes that crowded the road, and their frantic demonstrations of joy, impeded the procession, so that it was nearly sunset before it entered the palace, when he immediately hastened to the chapel, and attended at the *Te Deum*. Thence he proceeded to the hall of audience, where a numerous and brilliant assembly, composed of all the nobility of the country, and of all the foreign ministers, were waiting to receive him. On his entrance the ladies rushed forward, and kissing his hands with tears and exclamations of joy, prevented him for some time from advancing. The king received these effusions of loyalty and personal attachment, not with kindness only, but with emotion, and returned them with many affectionate expressions and inquiries.

As he passed towards the upper end of the hall, he spoke to his old courtiers with great affability, and taking his usual place in the circle instantly addressed himself, with visible satisfaction, to Mr. Drummond, the English minister; asked him several questions with that rapidity of utterance which great joy occasions, and without waiting to hear the names of the persons presented, exclaimed, politely at the same time directing his looks to each person—
“They are English, and of course my friends; I am very glad to see them all, and bid them welcome to Naples.” After some conversation, perceiving the French minister, who stood close by him, visibly mortified at such a marked preference, he seemed to recollect himself, and turning to him, asked the usual

questions, with common politeness. About half-past nine his majesty retired.

Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age ; in his person he is tall and straight, rather thin than corpulent ; his face is very long, his hair, and eyebrows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely ; but it is lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity and without either defect or excellency ; a state the best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister ; if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph ; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederick, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and to direct it ; and of these advantages he was unfortunately deprived, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or by the design, first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him, to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such

as to extend to articles known among us to every person above daily labour, and it not unfrequently shows itself in conversation, and betrays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed that it was no wonder as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe : the king asked with surprise, 'where such a deed had been perpetrated before ; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked with a look of disbelief, what king of England was ever put to death by his people ? the other, of course answering Charles I. His majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation—"No, sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed ; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime." He added : "Depend upon it, sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation ; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not, I hope, dupe us !" On this occasion my readers may be disposed to excuse the king's incredulity, which, however great the ignorance it supposes, arose from a generous attachment to the glory and credit of his allies.

The following anecdote may in some degree palliate the lamentable effect of which I am speaking, by showing that it is to be ascribed rather to the arts of others than to any natural indifference or levity in the monarch himself. A French minister,

being secretly commissioned by his court, in a very early period of the king's reign to call his attention if possible to serious and becoming occupations, took an opportunity of enlarging upon the pleasures of reading in his presence, and did it with so much effect, that the young king some days after told him that he was determined to try the experiment, and asked him what book he would recommend as at once both useful and amusing. The minister ventured to mention the life of Henry IV. as a work well calculated for the purpose, and begged leave to present it to his majesty. A month passed, during which the minister was waiting with impatience for the result, and expecting at every levee to hear the royal opinion of the book he had recommended. *In vaine*; the book and subject seemed utterly forgotten. At length being admitted into his majesty's apartment, he saw the life of Henry lying on the table, and fixed his eye upon it, which the king perceiving said with a smile—"There is your book untouched; they don't wish me to read, so I have given it up."

So far the royal mind appears to disadvantage; we will now place it in a more favourable light, and point out some features that never fail to delight even in the absence of intellectual accomplishments. Though nursed in the bosom of majesty, and almost cradled in the throne, of course flattered and idolised; that is hardened against every feeling but that of self-interest, he is yet reported to have shown upon all occasions a tender and compassionate disposition. The following instance would do credit to the feelings of a private citizen, and when it is considered how seldom public distress penetrates the palace and is felt within the circle of royalty, must be acknowledged to be doubly honourable and praiseworthy in a prince.

In the year 1764, when a great scarcity prevailed at Naples, and the misery among the lower classes was extreme, some of the courtiers agreed together to give a ball and supper at Posilippo. The king heard of this ill-timed project of amusement, and though then in his thirteenth year only, observed, with some ill humour, that parties of pleasure were unseasonable in such circumstances, and that it would be more becoming those who were engaged in it to share than to insult public distress. The hint was of course taken, and the arrangement given up. Upon another occasion, while almost a child, he is said to have been prevailed upon by one of his attendants to beg the council of regency to set a certain criminal at liberty: the council very properly rejected the king's request: upon which he went to his apartment, and with a sort of boyish resentment threw open a cage of canary birds, saying—"At least, I will give liberty to these prisoners, since I cannot free any others." One instance more I think myself obliged in justice to mention. One day, shooting, an amusement of which Ferdinand is passionately fond, happening to be the subject of conversation at court, the king expressed a dislike to double barrelled guns, because the attendants were exposed to some danger from the unexpected discharge of one of the barrels; when a German prince not very remarkable for the humane treatment of his subjects, observed, that, after all, the persons so exposed were only gamekeepers and servants. The king's countenance instantly reddened; and he replied with a warmth very unusual to him—"Sir, I would sooner break all my guns, and renounce shooting for ever, than hurt the little finger of the lowest human being on the face of the earth." These instances of benevolence, strengthened and

developed by an affability and good humour that seemed to increase as he advanced in life, added considerably to the partiality and attachment which the Neapolitans had conceived for him, from the circumstance of his being destined to remain with them, to govern them in person, and to deliver them from all the evils of delegated authority. This popularity, though founded at first rather upon the hopes and wishes than the experience of the people, he has had the good fortune never to forfeit; and after a reign of more than forty years, the latter part of which has been marked by reverses and disaster, he still continues to enjoy the affection of his subjects.

The queen is an archduchess of the imperial family, sister to the late queen of France, and to the archduchess Christina who once governed the Low Countries. In countenance and manner she resembles the latter; in spirit I believe the former, and has always been supposed to have a very considerable share in the management of public affairs. That queens should have influence, is natural, and howsoever mischievous, perhaps unavoidable; but that they should be admitted into the privy council and take their place at the board, is a phenomenon first witnessed I believe at Naples, at the marriage of the present queen. As the sex is very generally, without doubt unjustly, supposed to be influenced by personal considerations, and guided rather by the feelings of the heart than by the dictates of the understanding, every obnoxious and unsuccessful measure is invariably attributed to queens, where their influence is visible and acknowledged. Thus has it happened at Naples: every amelioration of the laws, every indulgence in government are supposed to flow from the natural and unbiassed goodness of the monarch, while every unwise regulation or oppressive measure

is constantly ascribed to the predominance of the queen. But the Neapolitans are by no means an ill-humoured or discontented race, and till the late French invasion, they seem to have been strangers to complaint and faction. Nor indeed, as far as the king's conduct was concerned, was there much room for either.

The kingdom of Naples had for ages laboured under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of vice-regal administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population; while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country, with a view, not to its own interests, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature proud, suspicious, and vindictive. From the last of these evils the accession of Ferdinand IV. delivered the Neapolitans. King of the Two Sicilies only, he had no distant realms to look to as a more brilliant and engaging inheritance. Naples was not to him a step to a more elevated situation; it was his home, and his and its interests became too closely interwoven in his mind and feelings to be ever separable. The feudal system was an evil that had taken deeper root, and entwined itself with so many institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, that to disentangle them without danger required time and delicacy. Those who lost by reform, and who, though few in numbers were yet far the most powerful part of the community, of course opposed it at every step, and retarded its progress. Much however, or rather what must appear much when due regard is had to circumstances,* has been done by the present king since his accession, first, under the administration of Tanucci, who, from the chair of law in the university of Pisa, was advanced to

the dignity of first minister at Naples; and afterwards of Sir John Acton, who has pursued, it is said, the beneficial plans of his predecessor.

But in a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions, and customs taken from the codes, decrees and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled or invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller; while the reform whose operations are slow and silent, sometimes reaches him only as a report, and sometimes entirely escapes his notice. Certain it is, that since the commencement of Ferdinand IV.'s reign, the power of the barons has been checked; the number of ecclesiastical establishments diminished; the surplus of the income of the church applied to objects of public utility; many academies and schools established, a marine and an army almost created, the police better regulated, and the morals and manners of the common people raised and refined. Now these improvements, great in themselves, and still greater because they lead naturally and unavoidably to other ameliorations, are sufficient to entitle the reigning monarch to the love and gratitude of his people.

The assembly at court, as has been remarked, was numerous and brilliant, and its brilliancy augmented by the number of stars and ribbons that blazed in every direction. The multiplicity of these honorary badges (for where almost every individual is graced with them they can scarce be called distinctions) may contribute to the splendour of the show, but must diminish the value of the ornament; insomuch indeed

that the absence of all such decorations seemed to confer a more honourable distinction on the English minister, than any that could be derived from the united lustre of all the stars of all the orders.

It was dark when the court broke up, and as the whole city was illuminated we directed our course to the principal squares and ornamental buildings, all of which were lighted up with a profusion of lamps, arranged in such a manner as to show the form and ornaments of each edifice to the best advantage. In illuminations both the French and Italians surpass us; and on this occasion the Neapolitans, I thought, showed more taste and magnificence than I had witnessed before in any country. The most splendid, and to us the most novel object was the Carthusian Abbey of San Martino, which stands on the same hill as the fortress St. Elmo. The regularity of this edifice, its magnitude, and its elevated situation, adapt it in a peculiar manner to the display of well combined lights, and show off to advantage the whole plan of a regular illumination. This abbey is perhaps the most beautiful site in the vicinity of Naples; it stands so high, and is placed at the same time in so central a point that it commands the whole city, which spreads immediately under it, the bay with all its borders, islands, and windings, Mount Posilippo, and the promontory of Misenus on one side, and on the other Mount Vesuvius, and the promontory of Surrentum; a view that might charm solitude itself, if the tediousness of *ever-during* solitude was susceptible of any charm.

When the immense front of this edifice is illuminated, and all its divisions are traced in light; when its windows are framed in flames; when its pillars become masses of fire, and their capitals so many crowns of stars; when its cornice is converted into

one long lambent blaze, and its roof glows from end to end with brightness, it appears like a fairy fabric seated in the clouds, or a palace of fire suspended in the sky, the residence of some genius superintending the welfare of the city below. A vast mass of darkness immediately under and around it forms a strong contrast, while a few lamps scattered here and there down the side of the hill seem to mark the way from this aerial mansion to the earth. The effect of this and indeed of the general illumination, might be seen to most advantage from the bay; a little beyond the Castel del Uovo; whence the eye could take in at once the whole city and its vicinity, with the towns of Portici and Castel a Mare, the lights of which spread over the hills were reflected from the bay, and played in long lines on the surface of the water.

The illuminations were renewed for three successive nights, during which the streets were thronged with a population surpassing even that which swarms in the most frequented streets of London at the very hour of business. On account of this crowd, carriages, with the exception of those belonging to the court and to a few privileged persons, such as foreign ministers, strangers, &c. who did not abuse the exemption, were prohibited; a precaution both prudent and popular. Yet notwithstanding this pressure we witnessed no disorder, not a single scene of riot, drunkenness, quarrelling, or indecency. In many streets, particularly in the Strada di Toledo and along the Chiaia, there were little tables and cook-shops, where the passengers stopped and supped as appetite prompted them; these tables, with the parties grouped around them in different attitudes and dresses, with their gestures and lively tones, gave a sprightliness and animation to the scene quite peculiar to the place and climate.

It is impossible to witness the general good humour that reigns amid such an immense populace at all times, and particularly when the joy of the moment lays them most open to sudden impulse, and not to conceive a good opinion of their temper, and to reflect with surprise on the very unfavourable accounts given of the Neapolitans, as indeed of the Italians in general, by some hasty and prejudiced observers, who have not hesitated to represent them as a nation of idlers, buffoons, cheats, adulterers, and assassins. Of these imputations some are common, I am afraid, to all countries, and others are grounded upon misconceptions, ignorance, and sometimes a quality still less excusable, a propensity to censure and misrepresentation. That animation of gesture, and that imitative action so much recommended by the ancient orators when under the management of taste and judgment, is the result of deep sensibility, and common both to the Greeks and Italians. In the higher class, when polished by education, it is graceful and pleasing; in the lower it is lively and natural, but sometimes apt, at least in the opinion of a *phlegmatic northern*, to degenerate into buffoonery. Yet even this buffoonery shows great quickness of apprehension, and constitutes the groundwork of that pantomime which was a favourite amusement among the ancients, even during the most refined ages. To reproach them therefore with it, is only to say, that the lower class in Naples has not sufficient discernment to employ the gifts of nature to the best advantage, and that their talents are not improved and perfected by education.

The imputation of idleness cannot be founded on the appearance of the country, cultivated as it is on all sides to the highest degree of perfection; it seems rather to have arisen from the manners and appear-

ance of the Lazzaroni, a class whose very existence has been represented as a political phenomenon, a reproach to the government and the character of the country. The fact is, that this peculiar tribe is neither more nor less than the poorer part of the labouring class, such as are attached to no particular trade, but willing to work at all, and to take any job that is offered. If in London, where there is a regular tide of commerce and a constant call for labour, there are supposed to be at least twenty thousand persons who rise every morning without employment, and rely for maintenance on the accidents of the day; it is but fair to allow Naples, teeming as it is with population and yet destitute of similar means of supporting it, to have in proportion a greater number of the same description, without incurring the censure of laziness.

The Lazzaroni are the porters of Naples; they are sometimes attached to great houses under the appellation of *facchini della casa* (house-porter), to perform commissions for servants, and to give assistance where strength and exertion are requisite; and in such stations they are said to have given proofs of secrecy, honesty and disinterestedness, very unusual among servants. Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers; their diet, macaroni, fish, water-melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation, the portico of a church or of a palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food, and simple habits. Yet these very circumstances, the consequences, or rather the blessings of the climate, have been turned into a subject of reproach, and represented as the result of indifference and indolence in a people either ignorant of the comforts of life, or too lazy to procure them. It

would be happy however if the poor in every other country could so well dispense with animal food, and warm covering.

The name, or rather nickname, by which this class is designated, naturally tends to prejudice the stranger against them, as it seems to convey the idea of a sturdy beggar: its derivation is a subject of conjecture; the most probable seems to be that adopted at Naples itself, which supposes it to originate from the Spanish word *lacero*, derived from *lacerus*, signifying tattered, torn, or ragged, pronounced by the Spaniards, as by us, *lassero*, and converted by the Neapolitans into *lazzero*, *lazzaroni*. It ill became the Spaniards after all to give contemptuous appellations to a people whom they oppressed, pillaged, and degraded; and to ground those appellations on the misery, nakedness, and general poverty, produced by their own injustice.

Several anecdotes are related of the Lazzaroni, that redound much to their credit, and imply feelings which do not superabound in any rank, and would do honour to the highest. They are said to have shown a rooted aversion to the inquisition, and to have prevented its establishment in the kingdom of Naples, by their resolute and unabating opposition, while the other inhabitants submitted to the measures of the court, and received it without a struggle. They have manifested, whenever an opportunity enabled them to express their feelings with energy, a warm attachment to the cause of liberty, and an abhorrence of oppression, which have more than once checked the career of government in its way to despotism. In these exertions they had the danger and the glory entirely to themselves, and may with reason boast that where the nobles yielded they made a stand, and by their perseverance saved from utter hopeless

slavery, that country which their superiors were ready to betray. Even in the late invasion, they generously came forward, and offered their persons and lives to their sovereign, and finding neither chiefs to command, nor officers to lead them on, they reluctantly submitted to inaction, but with a surly silence and a threatening aspect, that awed the invaders, and checked for once the insolence and rapacity of a French army. Such is their public spirit—their private feelings have oftentimes been displayed with equal advantage.

When, in 1783, the coasts of Calabria were desolated by a most extensive earthquake, and thousands of families reduced to absolute misery; while the court, the nobility, and the clergy at Naples exerted themselves with becoming zeal to alleviate their distress, and to supply them with clothes, provisions, and other articles of absolute necessity; the Lazzaroni gave all they could command, their daily labour, and volunteered their services in collecting, transporting, and accelerating the conveyance of the different stores to the place of their destination.

The truth is, if we may believe some Neapolitan writers, the Lazzaroni, properly so called, are the most laborious and disinterested part of the population, attached to religion and order, simple and sincere in their manners and expressions, faithful to those who trust them, and ready to shed the last drop of their blood sooner than betray the interests of their employers. It is however to be observed, that they confine these encomiums to the true-born Neapolitan Lazzaroni, who are to be carefully distinguished from a set of beggars, who infest the churches and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places, endeavouring to procure by begging what the others earn by labour; these, they assure us, are in general

strangers, who resort to Naples on account of the climate, and beset the doors of inns and force themselves upon travellers under the appellation of *Lazzaroni*. From these vagrant and unprincipled mendicants, many writers seem to have taken the odious picture which they have drawn of that hard-working, faithful class of people*.

With regard to the third charge, that of debauchery, it must be recollected that nations, like individuals, have their favourite virtues and vices; their attachment to the former, they fondly imagine may compensate their indulgence in the latter. The northern nations were anciently distinguished by their chastity†, and have at all times been reproached

* These vagrants are oftentimes known by the contemptuous epithet of *Banchieri*, from the benches in public places on which they sleep at night. The others take their application from their stands, as *I Lazzari del Mercato, del Lavinaro, del Molo* (*Lazzaroni* of the market, of the pier), &c. It is remarkable, that they were once called *Vastasi*, a word derived from the Greek, so long prevalent in Naples.

† *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* have, as is generally known, praised the chastity of the Germans. Near four centuries after we find, not the Germans only, but the *Goths* and *Vandals*, celebrated for an exemplary display of the same virtue. *Salvian*, a presbyter and afterwards bishop of *Marsilles*, witnessed the invasion of *Gaul*, *Spain* and *Africa*, by the *Goths*, *Visigoths*, and *Vandals*, and ascribes their success to their chastity. The picture which he has drawn of the universal and almost incredible corruption of the *Roman provinces*, and the description which he has given by way of contrast of the chastity and even innocence of the barbarians, appear both overcharged; yet he speaks of the manners of the times, and records events actually passing under his own observation, and of course he could scarce have indulged himself in any material exaggeration. Thus speaking in the name of the *Romans*, he says, "Inter pudicos barbaros impudici sumus. Plus adhuc dico offenduntur barbari ipsi impuritatibus nostris. Esse inter Gothos non licet scortatorem Gothum; soli inter eos præjudicio nationis ac nominis permittuntur impuri esse Romani . . . fornicatio apud illos crimen atque discrimen est, apud nos decus." Of the *Vandals*, who had overrun *Spain*, he says, "Accessit hoc ad manifestandam

with a strong propensity to intemperance. The inhabitants of the warmer and more genial regions of the South have ever been prone to the enjoyments equally sensual, but more sentimental, of lawless love; while they have been remarkable for their moderation in the pleasures of the table, though surrounded with all the means of convivial indulgence. This latter virtue still remains a characteristic quality in Italy, while the preceding vice seems to have extended its empire over the North, and kindled there its lawless fires, that now spread as widely and burn as fiercely under the frozen as under the torrid zone. This vice, pernicious as it is in its consequences, and destructive of the best qualities and of the sweetest

illic impudicitie damnationem ut Wandalis potissimum, id est pudicis barbaris, traderentur." He afterwards gives the character of the different tribes of barbarians, "Gothorum gens perfida; sed pudica est; Alanorum impudica, sed minus perfida; Franci mendaces, sed hospitales; Saxones crudelitate efferi, sed castitate mirandi.*"—[Salvian. de Gubernatione Dei, vii. 6, 7. 15.] The Romans, when they conquered Greece, adopted not the vices but the arts of the subjugated nation; the northern barbarians, on the contrary, seem to have copied not the arts but the vices of the enslaved Romans; for chastity soon ceased to be a predominant feature of the invading tribes, while barbarism constituted the ground-work of their character for many ensuing ages.

* In the midst of chaste barbarians, we are unchaste. I say still more; the barbarians themselves are scandalised at our impurities. Amongst the Goths, a Goth is not permitted to be a whoremonger: with them, the Romans alone are allowed to be impure, through a prejudice attached to our nation and our name With them fornication is a crime and a disgrace; with us, an honour.

To make still more manifest the condemnation of their unchastity, they were delivered over to the Vandals in particular; that is, to chaste barbarians.

The Gothic nation is perfidious, but chaste; the Alans unchaste, but less perfidious; the Franks false, but hospitable; the Saxons, distinguished by a savage cruelty, but admirable for their chastity.

enjoyments of human nature, unfortunately seems to accompany riches and refinement ; it has infected all civilised nations, and is at once the bane and the scandal of the *humanised* world.

In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus idem*.

VIRG. Georg. iv. 244.

The guilt is, I fear, common to all ; and so far is it from being confined to the South, that for libertinism in all, even its most odious and disgusting forms, Berlin and Petersburg equal any two cities that lie between them and the equinoctial.

In this general depravity, to divide the guilt and to portion it out to different nations, would be presumptuous and unjust ; it would also require more intimate acquaintance with them than a traveller can possibly be supposed to acquire, I will not say in one, but in many years of residence. This much we may venture to say, that in Naples, even in the very highest classes, there are women of a most depraved and shameless character, who seem to have resigned all the delicacy of their sex, and abandoned themselves without reserve to the impulse of passion. This conduct is not accompanied by that disgrace and public reprobation which among us brands lawless indulgence, and compels even impudence itself to withdraw from the walks of life, and to hide its infamy in retreat and obscurity. The titled prostitute makes her appearance at court, and is received with the same smile ; she flaunts in parties of pleasure, and is treated with the same distinction as the most virtuous and exemplary matron ; a mode of conduct which the moralist will reprobate as a crime in itself, because a connivance ; and which the man of the world will lament as a degradation of the sex, upon whose honour and reputation depend the domestic comforts

* All rush into the guilty delights of lawless love.

and the happiness of mankind. Whatever tends to diminish the delicacy of women, or weaken that keen sense of honour which Providence has made their best protection and their surest claim to love and respect, is a certain source of private misery, and a step towards public infelicity and ruin*.

The untravelled reader will ask with surprise the motives of a conduct so contrary to the common feelings and interests of the sex, as well as to the lessons of religion imprinted deeply on their minds in their earliest infancy. Many reasons have been assigned; and in the first place the mode in which marriages are contracted, with little regard to the feelings, but a great and almost exclusive consideration of the interests of the contracting parties. This inattention to the affections has sometimes produced very serious evils in England, where it seldom occurs, and may without doubt occasion similar inconveniences in Naples, or rather on the Continent at large, where it is perhaps too general; but taken singly, it does not seem capable of effecting such extensive mischief. The parties, it is to be remembered, are generally of the same age, always of the same rank, and not often remarkable for any defect moral or physical on either

* *Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.*

HORAT. *CARM.* III. vi. 17.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profaned
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
That various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.

FRANCIS.

No nation ever neglected the lesson so emphatically expressed in these lines with impunity.

side ; of course they cannot be said to be ill-assorted, and in such cases, mutual attention and habitual intimacy cannot fail to produce attachment.

The qualities of the climate have been sometimes supposed, and not without reason, to influence the moral feelings ; but allowing such causes their full effect, it must be recollected that they are not all-powerful, and that they frequently counteract each other. Thus, if a genial climate softens the mind, it also unbraces the body, and by that means weakens the temptation while it diminishes the power of resistance. But the truth seems to be that a warm atmosphere produces neither of these effects, as the greatest instances of self-denial on one side, and of sensual excess on the other, occur under suns almost tropical, and in climates far south of Italy. May it not be ascribed to the corruptions of the national religion, to the facility of absolution, and to the easy purchase of indulgences ? Their religion teaches the pure morality of the gospel : they know full well that absolution is an empty form, unless preceded by thorough heart-felt, well-tryed repentance ; as for *indulgences* as they are called, they extend not to guilt, but to canonical punishments only ; or in other words, they are a change of fasts and corporal punishments imposed by ecclesiastical authority, into alms, prayers, pious lectures, and charitable works.

Perhaps the real cause of this lamentable depravity may be found in the defects of the government, which, by confining the whole management of public business to the councils of the sovereign, deprives the nobility of their natural and only honourable employment. Hence, without inducement to application, without motive for exertion, they allow the nobler faculties of the soul, which have no object to engage them, to slumber in lethargic indolence, while the

sensual appetites, whose indulgence is always within reach, are in full activity and engross all their time and attention. Hence their days are spent in visits, gaming and intrigue, and their minds are confined to the incident of the hour, the petty cabal of the court, and the vicissitudes of their own circle. They are never called to the country by the management of their estates, which they leave entirely in the hands of stewards; they live in the capital, and forgetting themselves and their duties in an uninterrupted vortex of dissipation, have neither opportunity nor perhaps inclination to harbour serious reflection.

Literature may, and certainly does engage the attention of some men of genius and talents; but the charms of information are too feeble to influence the multitude, unless information leads to emolument or renown, and little of either is to be expected from it at Naples. Idleness therefore is the curse and the misfortune of the Neapolitan, and indeed of all foreign nobility; it is the bane which in despotic governments enfeebles the powers and blasts all the virtues of the human mind. To it we may boldly attribute the spirit of intrigue (if lawless intercourse carried on without shame or concealment can be called intrigue) which at Naples so often defiles the purity of the marriage bed, and dries up the very sources of domestic happiness. The remedy is in the hands of government.

Otia si tollas, perire Cupidinis artes.*

OVID. *de Rem. Amor.* 139.

Let the high-rank class have that influence in public administration, which they may claim as their birth-right, and let the nobler passions have that exercise and scope which become them! then as their importance increases, their morals will improve; with more

* Cease to be idle—Cupid's shaft is broke.

manly pursuits they will assume more manly feelings, and from the fatigue of public business they will learn the value of domestic enjoyments*.

But having admitted that a spirit of libertinism pervades the higher classes, and infects too many females of rank, I would not be understood to sanction the exaggeration of many travellers, and represent the sex at Naples as totally lost to all sense of duty and delicacy. There are in this capital, and in the very class which are most liable to just censure, many persons of virtue and reputation, who might be considered as patterns of conjugal affection and domestic virtue in any country. But unfortunately, ladies of the former description are of much easier access; they may be seen in every large party and at every public amusement, and are seldom deficient in affability and condescension, particularly to foreigners; while the latter appear in select societies to which few strangers are admitted, and receive the visits of such only as are introduced by their intimate and habitual friends. Superficial observers therefore, who are well acquainted with the former, and scarcely know the existence of the latter, to whom they have no access, naturally form their notions of the morality of a city from those instances that fall under their observation.

It must be recollected that in every great capital, and particularly in Vienna and Paris, there are certain houses occupied by persons of an intermediate rank, and occasionally of dubious character, where the best and the worst company are sometimes and not unfrequently seen intermingled; where at the

* ——— teneræ nimis

Mentes asperioribus

Formandæ studiis.—HORAT. Carm. iii. 24.

With manly toils a firmer soul inspire.—FRANCIS.

same time there is much splendour and magnificence, much ease and affability, and where everything is combined that can give an idea of fashion, and raise consideration. To such houses introduction is not difficult; and strangers, particularly when young and inexperienced, are generally so far deceived by appearances, and by the rank of the persons whom they often meet at such rendezvous, as to imagine themselves in the very best company, and content themselves with it as a fair specimen of the first society of the place. To give particular instances would be both odious and ungrateful; for in many such houses, travellers receive very flattering attentions, totally free from interested views or sinister motives; for such kindness grateful acknowledgments are due, and to expose them because their society is made up of heterogeneous particles, would be ungenerous. But from these mixed companies, writers have not unfrequently formed their ideas of foreign manners, and have given the public descriptions in *caricature* as just and accurate representations. Of this mode of drawing national characters, foreigners frequently and justly complain, and every man of candour will join with them in condemning such partial and injurious sketches*.

The style of society in a country is not that which takes place merely between two and three, or even ten persons of rank and fashion at an accidental interview; there are in every capital occasional parties where conversations may take place, and liberties be allowed, which not one of the same party would take or encourage in his own family. The style therefore

* I do not mean to reproach English travellers as peculiarly guilty in this respect, I merely wish to caution them; if attacks can justify retaliation, we need only open some French and German accounts of England.

of good company is the general behaviour and manner of persons of fashion in their *own* societies, whether domestic or more extensive. Now in such society no indecorum either in word or manner is allowed in Naples, nor I believe in any capital in Europe; and all pretended conversations or secret anecdotes that represent such company in any other light, are mere fictions, intended to show either the importance or the wit of the writer, and to impose on the simplicity of the credulous untravelled reader.

As for the remaining charge of assassination, it has been treated of in the account given of the Italian character at large; however, a few additional remarks applicable to Naples in particular may not be misplaced. In this city the streets are not regularly lighted; the lamps before the *madonnas* and the chapels give indeed some light, but not sufficient for the security of passengers. The police is by no means either vigilant or active; its agents keep too much in a body, and are not sufficiently spread through the different streets; the passions of the inhabitants are easily inflamed, and the multitude of poor and of vagrants is considerable; yet with all these temptations and opportunities, the number of murders is inconsiderable. Even jealousy itself, which is reported to have been in former times the most mischievous passion of the place, seldom or never produces bloodshed at present; and robbery, and above all, that most odious and diabolical species of assassination, murder planned and executed in cold blood for purposes of profit, are crimes rarely known at Naples. Mr. Swinburne and M. De la Lande made this observation so favourable to Neapolitan morality many years ago, and at a time when it was generally believed, beyond the Alps, that it was impossible to walk the streets of Naples without feeling or witness-

ing the effects of a *stiletto*. The police, as indeed almost every branch of public administration, has been considerably improved since the period alluded to by those travellers; so that what was then rare, is now almost unknown.

Drunkenness, one of the great causes of quarrels and of bloodshed, and an invariable source of poverty, distress, and consequently of robbery, is very seldom observable, and thus one of the incentives of so many dangerous passions is extinguished, and all their perilous effects prevented. When to this exemption we add, that there are few temptations to perjury, a crime to which the regulations of our system of taxation exposes our people on too many occasions, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that the Neapolitans are not infected by so many vices, and cannot be such a vile degraded race as some travellers have represented them. I speak not here however of the inhabitants of the whole kingdom of Naples, as I am aware that the oppression of the barons, the injustice of magistrates partial and mercenary, as too many of them are said to be, and the folly of former governments alternately negligent and cruel, have almost *barbarised* certain districts in Calabria, and have peopled the mountains and forests with outlaws and banditti. I confine my observations and panegyric to the inhabitants of Campania, Samnium, and Picenum, and of them I will say that they are in general gifted with some great, and many amiable qualities; and I will even venture to apply to them the poetical compliment which Tasso has paid to a tribe in mind and body, as in country and climate, far inferior:

La terra molle, e lieta, e diletta,
 Simili a se gli habitator produce*.—Ger. Lib. i. 62.

* Worthy her sons the land from which they sprung,
 For ever smiling, joyous, light, and young.—HUNT.

We are now about to take our leave of this people and of the *Felix Campania*, and we regret that circumstances had not permitted us to make our visit at an earlier season, and do not allow us to prolong our stay for some months. The beauty of the country is unequalled, and leisure is required to see it in perfection; the climate is delicious, but to enjoy its sweets, leisure again is indispensable; excursions are both instructive and amusing, but here also leisure is essential both to pleasure and to improvement: the heat of summer, tolerable to those who repose on the verge of the sea, or in the numberless recesses of the bay, and circumjacent islands, may be rendered insufferable by perpetual motion. Tours succeeding each other, with little or no interval of repose, harass the body, and new objects crowding on each other too rapidly leave nothing in the mind but confused images and shadowy recollections. In short, leisure is the very genius of the place, and still as anciently reigns over *Parthenopen, in otia natam**. In this respect indeed, and in many others, Naples still retains its ancient character; the same ease, the same tranquillity, the same attachment to literary pursuits†, and the same luxurious habits of the Greeks, so often ascribed to it by the ancients‡, still distinguish it, and render it as formerly the favourite retreat of the aged and of the valetudinarian, of the studious and of the contemplative.

Pax secunda locis et desidis otia vitæ

Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti§.

STAT. SYLV. III. 5.

* Ovid. Met. xv. 711.—Born for ease.

† The reader will recollect that this expression, and others of a similar tendency employed in a former chapter, do not extend to the nobility.

‡ Strabo, v.

§ With careless ease, and peaceful quiet blest,
Unbroken slumbers and untroubled rest.

To enjoy such a place in all the vicissitudes of season and scenery ; to observe such a people under every variation of character ; to visit all the towns and isles, and mountains of *ancient fame*, without hurry or fatigue, is a most desirable object, and may claim a whole year, and fill up every day with pleasure and improvement. But our time was no longer at our disposal, and on the seventh of July we were dragged reluctantly from Parthenope and the Campanian coast †.

Pausilypi colles, et candida Mergellina,
Et myrteta sacris consita littoribus—

* * * *

Me tibi, terra beata, dico ; tu meta laborum,
Jamque senescentis grata quies animi.

Tu, dum fata sinunt, lucemque auramque sinistra ;
Tu, precor, extincti corporis ossa tege ‡.

Such were the wishes of Flaminius ; such might have been ours, were not England our country!

The first stage from Naples, is Aversa, a well-built modern town. A few miles from thence we crossed the Clanis, now called Chiagno, and sometimes Lagno, and proceeded rapidly over the plain of Campania. We arrived at Capua rather too late to visit the ruins

† Naples retains all the features of its Grecian origin, excepting its language, which at present is more Roman than ever it was in ancient times : it is a singular circumstance that Latin, though spoken in Gaul, Germany, Britain, Spain, and Africa, with their dependent islands, yet never became the language of *all* Italy. Greek still kept its ground in the southern provinces, and enjoyed a pre-eminence over the *imperial* language, even to the fall of the Western empire, and during the two succeeding centuries.

‡ Pausilypo ! and Mergellina's dome !
And sacred shores, where groves of myrtle bloom,

* * * *

Receive me to yourselves ! my labours there
Shall find repose, and age forget its care.
* Thou, happy soil, the means of life supply,
And take me to thy bosom when I die !

of the ancient city of the same name, which lie about two miles from the modern town. They are shapeless masses spread over a vast extent of ground, or so at least they appear when viewed from the walls of the present city; the theatre retains somewhat of its original form, and if disinterred, might perhaps display some remains of the grandeur for which it was once celebrated. So great indeed was the magnificence of Capua, that while Carthage stood it was compared to it, and long after the fall of Carthage, and even after its own humiliation and disfranchisement, it is represented by Cicero* himself as superior to Rome, for the wideness, convenience, and appearance of its streets and edifices.

Capua was built by the Etrurians, that singular nation to which Italy owes its arts, and its noble tuition; but it was occupied partly by force and partly by treachery by the Samnites; afterwards it was united to the Romans by interest and alliance; then it became hostile to Rome under the influence of Annibal, and soon after it was taken, plundered, and stripped of all the honours of a city, that is, of its senate, its magistrates, and its popular assemblies. In this chastisement the Romans punished the body of the state, that is, the ringleaders only, but spared the populace, and the town itself, which continued to stand a monument of the power, the justice, and the clemency of the conquerors. "Consilio ab omni parte laudabili," says Titus Livius (xxvi. 16), "severo et celeriter in maxime noxios animadversum . . . non sævitum incendiis ruinisque in tecta innoxia murosque . . . quæsita lenitatis species incolumitate urbis nobilissimæ, opulentissimæque†." He

* Cic. de Leg. Agrar. ii. 32.

† With a wisdom in every respect to be praised, the most guilty were quickly and severely punished . . . no anger was wreaked

adds a consideration that had no small influence in the decision of the senate on this occasion, "Confessio expressa hosti, quanta vis in Romanis ad expetendas pœnas ab infidelibus sociis, et quam nihil Annibale auxilii ad tuendos*." In truth, Capua was taken, and its magistrates put to death, almost in the presence and under the eyes of the indignant Carthaginian.

There are few events recorded in Roman history, that display the great prominent features of the character of that magnanimous people to more advantage, than the siege and fall of Capua. Their perseverance, justice, and humanity, here shine in their full lustre; the reader shares their well-earned triumph, and only laments that Corinth, a city more renowned and less guilty than Capua, was not treated with the same indulgence, and like it allowed to stand a monument of Roman forbearance. Capua therefore still flourished, not as a corporate body, but as a delicious residence, surrounded with beauty and pampered with plenty. It was reserved for a more ignominious fate, and destined under the feeble Honorius to fall by the hands of Genseric king of the African Vandals. It never recovered from this catastrophe, and has remained a heap of uninhabited ruins ever since.

The modern town was built about the middle of the ninth century by the count, and the bishop of the title of Capua, on the site of the ancient *Casilinum*, remarkable for its fidelity to the Romans in the second

upon the innocent buildings and walls, by burning and destroying them . . . there was a studied appearance of lenity, in preserving uninjured a noble and wealthy city.

* A confession was extorted from the enemy, how great was the power of the Romans to take vengeance on their faithless allies, and how little Annibal could do for their protection.

Punic war, but decayed and sunk into insignificance even in the time of Pliny. This city is neither large nor well-built, and contains no very remarkable edifice; its greatest recommendation is its name. The cathedral, supported by pillars of granite collected from the neighbouring ruins, and the church of the Annonziata, supposed to be an ancient temple, though much disfigured by modern decorations, deserve a visit. The Vulturnus bathes the walls, a river now as formerly, rapid, muddy, and in some places shallow: thus it still retains both its fame and its characteristic qualities.

—multamque trahens sub gurgite arenam
Vulturnus*. OVID. Met. xv. 714.

We here entered the Falernian territory, and as we drove over its delicious plain we contemplated on the right, Mount Callicula, and in front Mount Massicus, both remarkable, independently of other circumstances, as inclosing and indeed in part forming the scene of the manœuvres of Fabius and of Annibal. The celebrated stratagem of the latter took place in a defile on the right†.

We then crossed the *lazy Savone* and proceeded to Francolisi, whence ascending the hills, we took a parting view of the delicious region which lay expanded behind us. We had traversed it in every direction, and examined its features in all their combinations. Plains shaded with rows of poplars and mulberries; vines waving in garlands from tree to tree; rich harvests bending under this canopy; hills clad with groves and studded with houses; mountains covered with forests; and in the midst, Vesuvius lifting his scorched front, and looking down upon

* Vulturnus, rolling his discolour'd waves.

† Tit. Liv. xxii. 4.

cities, towns, and villages rising promiscuously round his base. Add to these a sea that never swells with storms, a sky never darkened with clouds, and a sun that seldom withdraws his cheering beams. All these beauties, that portray Paradise to our fancy, and surpass at once the landscape of the painter and the descriptions of the poet, are all combined in the garden of Italy, the *happy Campania**.

But the scenery was now fading away with the light, and a deep azure sky bespangled with stars, all sparkling with a brilliancy unusual to our more troubled atmosphere, guided us on our way. Lighted by their beams we crossed the Liris,

Qui fonte quieto

Dissimulat cursum ac nullo mutabilis inebri,
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas†.

SIL. ITAL. IV. 350.

We just distinguished the black masses of Minturnæ on its banks, with the arches of its ruined aqueduct, and at a late hour in the evening we entered Mola.

The bay of Gaieta, though seen before, had not with its novelty forfeited its charms; inferior as it is to that of Naples, it had still influence sufficient to delight and to detain us. Ascending the hill, we revisited the grove where Cicero fell, and the tomb which popular tradition has erected to his memory, without permitting any hypercritical doubts to disturb

* We had intended to return by the inland road, and visit the great Parent abbey of the Benedictine Order situated on the summit of Monte Cassino; Venafrum, so celebrated for its olives; Arpinum and the Fibrenus. Fora, Anagnia, and Præneste. . . But the state of the country, which had not yet recovered from the convulsions of an invasion, rendered such a journey imprudent at the moment, and on the representations of some friends, we reluctantly gave up our projected route.

†

Whose tranquil stream

Scarce seems to move, and unincreased by showers,
Eats with his crystal wave the silent banks.

our feelings. "Fama rerum standum est," says Titus Livius, "ubi certam rebus derogat antiquitas fidem*." At the foot of the tomb sat a little shepherd boy reading a book with great attention, while his flock spread along the sides of the road before him. He smiled when I looked at the book; it was *La Vita della SS. Vergine—estratta della Scrittura Santa, coi riflessioni, &c.*—lessons of purity, humility and piety! examples of filial love and of parental tenderness! His pastoral predecessors in Virgil and Theocritus were not so well employéd, and must yield to the modern Alexis in innocence and in simplicity. After having winded through the defiles of Mount Cæcubus, we descended into the plain of Fondi.† The beauty of this fertile spot was now enlivened by occasional groups of country people collected with their dogs and flocks, under the shade of the thickest clumps of trees, and indulging themselves in rustic mirth and festivity.

We entered the Roman territory shortly after, and stopped to refresh ourselves at Terracina. We again passed Feronia, now a solitary scene, once remarkable for the splendour of its temple, which, as Livy relates, was plundered by Annibal in his return from Rome, in order to avenge on the goddess his late disappointment. We crossed the Pomptine Paludi (marshes), then delightfully shaded, with great rapidity. The season of *malaria* was now commenced, and to sleep while passing the marshes is supposed to be extremely dangerous. The death of the archbishop of Naples, which had taken place some days before our departure from that capital, was attributed

* We must abide by tradition, when antiquity derogates from the certainty of facts.

† The life of the Most Holy Virgin, extracted from the holy Scripture, with reflections, &c.

to his having merely passed this swampy tract, though with all possible precaution. It is to be recollected, however, that the archbishop was in his seventy-sixth year, and if at such an age a man be carried off very suddenly, his death may be accounted for without the aid of marshy exhalations. Still it must be admitted that the air of this territory both is, and must probably continue, in a certain degree, unwholesome during the summer months, because it must ever remain a flat intersected by many streams, and of course always humid. • We indeed found that several drivers were ill at the different post-houses, owing partly to fatigue during the heats, and partly to the bad qualities of the atmosphere. To take every precaution therefore is prudent, and of course to abstain from sleep, however difficult it may be in such heat, especially when confined to a carriage.

While a traveller is conveyed smoothly and rapidly over the present Via Appia (Appian Way), he must naturally reflect on the slow and almost creeping pace of the ancients. Horace, while he acknowledges his own indolence in dividing one day's journey into two, seems to consider Forum Appii as the regular stage from Rome, which was a distance of about thirty-five miles. He passed the second night on the canal. On the third, he seems to have slept at Anxur or Terracina; and the fourth, after a *fatiguing* journey, at Formiæ or Mola.

In Mamurrarum lassî deinde urbe manemus*

Sat. l. v. 37.

This *fatiguing* journey was not more than thirty miles. But Mæcenas might well have considered it

* From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests.

as such, as he is related to have taken two days to go from Rome to his villa at Tibur, only eighteen miles distant. Augustus is also said to have travelled very slowly and loitered much on the road in his excursions from Rome to the different parts of Italy. The mode of conveyance was not at that time either pleasant or convenient, and whether managed by a *lectica* (litter, or sedan) or a *rheda* (chariot), was in the first instance slow, in the other rough, and either way far inferior in ease, rapidity, and even dignity, to a post-chaise. The inns seem to have been no better, if not worse, than the modern, and to have been as ill provided both with fare and furniture. Of the fare we have some account in Horace, when describing the spare diet of Beneventum; and as for furniture, we have a short inventory of a bedroom in Petronius, viz. a bedstead and a bed without curtains, and a wooden candelabrum with a table. The inns in fact were bad for the same reason then as now; travellers of rank instead of frequenting inns, went from villa to villa, and abandoned such receptacles to the lower orders; a custom very general at present in Italy; so much so, indeed, that an Italian nobleman, hearing an Englishman complain of the accommodation at country inns, expressed his surprise that he frequented such places, and observed, that with a few recommendatory letters he might traverse Italy from one extremity to the other without being once under the necessity of entering an inn.

We intended to pass the night at Velletri, in order to visit some palaces in the town, and some interesting places in the neighbourhood, and at the same time to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Alban Mount, in our last passage over it. But in this we were disappointed: we entered Velletri rather late,

found the inn full, and were obliged most reluctantly to pursue our journey in the darkness of the night to Albano, and thence for a similar reason to Rome:

As we approached, the beams of the rising sun darted full on the portico of the Basilica Laterana, in itself, from its elevation and magnitude, a grand object, and now rendered unusually splendid and majestic by the blaze of glory that seemed to play around it. The groves of deep verdure that arose on each side, and the dark arches of the ruined aqueducts bending above the trees, formed a striking contrast, and gave the approach a magnificence and solemnity highly conformable to the character and the destinies of the Eternal City.

CHAPTER XIV.

Magnificence of Ancient Rome—its Cloacæ—Aqueducts—Viæ—Forums—Temples—Thermæ—Theatres—Instances of private Magnificence—Greatness the Characteristic of Roman Taste at all times.

I KNOW not whether the traveller is not more struck with the appearance of Rome on his return from Naples, than he was on his first entrance. Not to speak of the grandeur of the objects that meet his eye, even at the gate, and are certainly well calculated to make a strong impression, it has been justly observed that the stir, the animation, the gaiety that pervade the streets of Naples, still fresh in his recollection, contrast singularly with the silence and solemnity that seem to reign undisturbed over all the quarters of Rome. The effect of this contrast is increased by the different style of building, the solidity and magnitude of Roman edifices, and the

huge masses of ruin that rise occasionally to view, like monuments of a superior race of beings. We seem in our journey to have passed over not miles, but ages, and to have arrived at a mansion where the agitations of the *present* are absorbed in the contemplation of the *past*, and the passions of this world are lost in the interests of that which is to succeed it. Rome is not therefore, like Naples, the seat of mirth and dissipation; of public amusement, or even of private conviviality. The *severe majesty* that seems to preside as the genius of the place, proscribes frivolity, and inspires loftiness of thought and gravity of deportment. It imposes even on scenes of relaxation a certain restraint, that without infringing on the ease of conversation, and the confidence of familiar intercourse, gives a serious bias to the mind, and disposes it imperceptibly to reflection*.

But if, in Rome, we seek in vain for the lighter amusements, such as balls, routs and operas; we are supplied with other entertainments of a much higher, and to a man of solid judgment, of a much more satisfactory nature. Independently of the arts and the sciences, that seem to expand all their treasures, and to court our observation at every step; he who delights to range in thought over the past, and to converse with the great of ancient times, will here find an inexhaustible fund of occupation in every street, and the memory of some noble achievement or illustrious person meeting him

* *Il decoro* (decorum) is the word used at Rome to express this restraint so peculiar to the place; a word little used, as the quality expressed by it is little known, in other parts of Italy. English is the only transalpine language, I believe, that possesses the word, as indeed England is almost the only country where its influence is much felt or acknowledged.

at every turn. "Id quidem infinitum est in hac urbe," says Cicero, speaking of Athens, "quacumque enim ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus*:" an observation far more applicable to Rome, because it is a grander theatre, more fertile in events, and more productive of heroes.

To these recollections, which spring from the very soil itself, and are inseparably attached to its localities, we must superadd the antique statues that fill the cabinets both public and private, and place the worthies of ancient times before us in all the dignity of dress and attitude. The Capitol, in fact, was never so crowded with heroes and senators, with consuls and dictators, as it is at present; never were so many kings assembled in its halls, and never was it visited by so many emperors in succession, as are now united in one grand assembly under its roof.

The same may be said of the collection in the Vatican, where long galleries and capacious temples are lined with rows, frequently double, of busts and statues representing all the demigods and heroes, the statesmen and orators, the poets and philosophers, in short, all the great persons real or imaginary, that have figured in the history and literature of the ancients, and have filled the world with their renown for so many ages.

Ora ducum et vatum, sapientumque ora priorum†.

STAT. Syl. ii. 2.

Private cabinets, some of which are almost as considerable as the two great repositories just men-

* De Fin. v. 2. In this city that is a thing which is inexhaustible; for whichever way we move, we tread upon some history or other.

† The busts of sages, poets, chiefs of old.

tioned, increase the prodigious stock, and give altogether a number of statues that equals the population of some cities; combining the most perfect specimens, not of Greek and Roman only, but of Etruscan and Egyptian art, and expanding before us, in the compass of one city, all the treasures of the ancient world*. Encircled with such company and surrounded with such monuments, who shall dare to complain of want of occupation? especially as the classics are always at hand to heighten the enjoyment: and where can they be^aperused with more pleasurè or advantage than at Rome, amidst the monuments of the heroes whom they celebrate, and on the very theatre of the actions which they describe?

But to proceed to the immediate object of this chapter.—On our first visit we contemplated ancient Rome as she *now* appears, and from thence we passed to the consideration of the modern city. We will now turn to ancient Rome again, and while we still tread the spot on which *she stood*, we will recollect what she *once* was, and endeavour to trace out some of her majestic features still faintly discernible through the gloom of so many ages. The subject is intimately connected with the views of a classical traveller, and is indeed forced upon him in every morning walk. While he ranges over the seven hills, once so crowded with population and graced with so many noble fabrics, now inhabited only by a few friars, and covered with piles of ruin, he cannot but recollect that under the rubbish which he treads lies buried Imperial Rome, once the *delight*

+ "On trouve ici," exclaims the Abbé Barthélemi, on his first visit to the Capitol, "l'ancienne Egypte, l'ancienne Athènes, l'ancienne Rome!"

We here find ancient Egypt, ancient Athens, ancient Rome.

and the beauty of the universe. Deep interred under the accumulated deposit of fifteen centuries, it now serves for the foundation of another city, which, though the fairest in the world, shines only with a few faintly reflected rays of its tarnished glory. If then the magnificence of modern Rome be an object of admiration and wonder, what must have been the majesty of the ancient city? Greater probably than the imagination of moderns, little accustomed to works of unusual beauty or magnitude, can conceive, and capable of astonishing, not strangers only, but even the Greeks themselves, though the latter were habituated to architectural scenery, and almost educated in the midst of temples and colonnades.

Constantius, a cold and unfeeling prince, who had visited all the cities of Greece and Asia, and was familiar with the superb exhibitions of Ephesus, Magnesia, and Athens, was struck dumb with admiration as he proceeded in triumphal pomp through the streets; but when he entered the forum of Trajan, and beheld all the wonders of that matchless structure, he felt for once a momentary enthusiasm, and burst into exclamations of surprise and astonishment*. Strabo, who had traversed Greece in every direction and was without doubt intimately acquainted with all the beauties of his country, and, like every other Greek†, not a little partial to its claims to pre-eminence, describes the magnificence of Rome as an

* The emperor is said to have fixed his attention on the equestrian statue of Trajan, that stood before the Basilica, and asked where such another horse could be found? when a Persian Prince who accompanied him, answered, "Supposing we find such a horse, who will build him such another stable?"

† Græci, genus in gloriam suam effusissimum.—PLIN.

The Greeks, a race intensely partial to their own glory.

object of transcendent glory, that surpassed expectation, and rose far above all human competition.'

If Greeks, so jealous of the arts and edifices of their native land; if Emperors of the East, who idolised their own capital, and looked with envy on the ornaments of the ancient city, were thus obliged to pay an involuntary tribute to its superior beauty, we may pardon the well founded enthusiasm of the Romans themselves, when they represent it as an epitome of the universe, and an abode worthy of the gods*. And 'indeed, if Virgil, at a time when Augustus had only begun his projected improvements, and the architectural glory of the city was in its dawn, ventured to give it the proud appellation of *rerum pulcherrimat*, we may conjecture what it must have been in the reign of Hadrian, when it had received all its decorations, and blazed in its full meridian splendour. Even in its decline, when it had twice experienced barbaric rage and had seen some of its fairest edifices sink in hostile flames, it was capable of exciting ideas of something more than mortal grandeur, and raising the thoughts of a holy bishop from earth to heaven†. After the Gothic war, itself, which gave the last blow to the greatness of Rome, when it had been repeatedly besieged, taken and ransacked, yet then, though stripped of its population, and abandoned with its tottering temples to time and desolation; even then, deformed by barbarism, wasted by pestilence and bowed down to the ground under the accumulated judgments of heaven, the "Eternal City" still retained its imperial features, nor appeared less than the

* Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 15.

† The fairest city that the world can boast.

‡ The period I allude to is the reign of the Goth Theodoric, and the prelate is the eloquent Fulgentius.

Mistress of the World, and the excess of glory obscured.

Rome was in this state when Gregory the Great made those pathetic complaints, of the scenes of misery and ruin that surrounded him; and yet the magnificence of Trajan's forum, which was still standing though disfigured, was such as to draw from that pontiff, who neither wanted taste nor feeling, an exclamation of affectionate regard towards its founder*.

* When I say that Gregory wanted neither taste nor feeling, I am aware that I speak in opposition to Gibbon, who represents him as deficient in both, as well indeed as in every other generous and liberal accomplishment. Gregory lived at a period perhaps the most disastrous recorded in history: when Italy and Rome itself had been successively visited and desolated by the four severest scourges that heaven employs in its anger to chastise guilty nations — war, inundation, famine, and pestilence. The war was the Gothic war, the most destructive contest ever carried on in the bosom of Italy, not excepting the invasion of Annibal in ancient, and of the French under Charles of Anjou in modern times. This contest was followed after a short interval by the irruption of the Longobardi, who continued to waste and convulse Italy from the end of the sixth to the beginning of the ninth century. The inundation was occasioned by the Goths, who imprudently during the siege broke several of the aqueducts, and let the rivers confined in them range without control over the plain; to which we may add an overflow of the Tiber, that rose to a prodigious height, and not only deluged the country but flooded the streets, and undermined several edifices in the city itself. Famine is the natural consequence of war, when carried on without mercy or precaution; and in a warm country, stagnant waters and swampy grounds, the unavoidable effects of inundations, emit vapours that never fail to produce infection. So violent was the pestilence, that in a procession in which the pontiff marched at the head of the people, he had the mortification to see seventy of his flock fall down and expire in his presence.

To alleviate these calamities, was the occupation of Gregory, and in the discharge of this melancholy duty, he could have had little time and little inclination to indulge himself in the pleasures of literary pursuits. To which we may add, that such researches are

The modern capitals of Europe, and indeed most ancient cities, derived their fame from one, or at the

the amusements of leisure and prosperity, when the mind, free from external pressure and distraction, can expatiate at ease over the regions of fancy and invention, and cull their flowers without fear or interruption. But in the fall of empires, when misery beaets every door, and death stares every man in the face, it is timely and natural to turn to objects of greater importance, and while *the fashion of this world passeth away*, to fix the thoughts and affections on more substantial and more permanent acquirements.

But with all these disadvantages Gregory possessed talents and accomplishments, that would have entitled him to consideration even in more refined ages; and whoever peruses his epistles, will acknowledge that he was not deficient either in imagination or in judgment, and still less in the nobler qualities of a benevolent and lofty mind. His style, though deeply tinged with the increasing barbarism of the times, is genuine grammatical Latin, and in purity and perspicuity superior to that of some authors who flourished in the preceding age; such as Cassiodorus and Ammianus Marcellinus. It is indeed related, to his honour, that he endeavoured to support upon all occasions the language, the manners, and the dress of the Romans, in opposition to the remains of Gothic corruption, and to the uncouth jargon and savage demeanour of the Longobardi. About his person and in his court he employed none but native Italians free from every Gothic mixture in blood, or dialect; and by his attachment to his country, his active benevolence, and his mild but steady patriotism, he has deserved the honourable appellation of the *Last of the Romans*.

After his death the barbaric inundation spread without obstacle, and swept away almost every remnant of civilisation; the language hitherto spoken at Rome, at least with grammatical accuracy, was rapidly mutilated and disfigured; the number of inhabitants continued to decrease, and the few surviving Romans, though still free and still spectators of the most stupendous monuments of ancient grandeur, began to lose sight of the glories of their country, and to forget that their ancestors had once been masters of the universe.

This Pope is abused by Gibbon, because he reprimanded a bishop for teaching (not for studying, as the historian chooses to word it) the Latin poets, and opening a grammar school in his palace. Yet it will surely be admitted that a bishop may justly be expected to devote his time to duties of a more elevated nature, than the

utmost, a few edifices. Thus London glories in St. Paul's, St. Martin in the Fields, the two St. Georges, &c. Paris boasts of the colonnade of the Louvre, the front of the Tuileries, the Church of the Invalids, St. Genevieve, St. Sulpice, &c. Berlin has its Brandenburg Gate, and Dresden its Electoral Chapel. So, anciently, Ephesus had its Temple of Diana; Halicarnassus its Mausoleum; Rhodes its Colossus. Athens itself, the mother of the arts, could not exhibit more than twenty edifices of extraordinary beauty, among which the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Propylæum, and the Portico, were the principal. Rome seems to have presented a perpetual succession of architectural scenery, and exhibited in every view groups or lines of edifices, every one of which

invocations of an ordinary schoolmaster, and that he exposes himself to censure if he devotes to literary amusements the time and attention which he owes to his flock, and to the sublime studies of his profession. A most respectable prelate of the church of England when promoted to the episcopacy is said to have renounced the study of chemistry, which he had prosecuted before with zeal and success, as inconsistent with the more important labours attached to his new dignity. The reader will probably applaud a resolution so conformable to the dictates of religion, and will consequently approve of the conduct of Gregory, who enforced the same principle at a time when the prevalence of barbarism and increasing ignorance required all the zeal and all the efforts of the episcopal body.

He is also accused of having burned the Palatine Library, and destroyed several temples, &c. The Palatine Library was burned in the conflagration of Nero, and when restored, if restoration were possible, a second time under Domitian, and finally and utterly by Genseric. As for temples, he orders St. Augustin, the monk, to spare them in England*, and to convert them into churches; why then should he destroy them in Rome? These accusations cannot be traced farther back than the twelfth century, that is, five hundred years at least after this pontiff's death. His real crimes in the eyes of both Bayle and Gibbon, are, that he was a pope, and that he converted England to Christianity!

* Bed. Hist. Eccles. 30.

taken separately would have been sufficient to constitute the characteristic ornament of any other city.

But to enable the reader to form a clearer idea of this magnificence, I will descend to particulars, and give a concise account of some of its principal edifices, such as the *Cloacæ* (sewers)—*Aqueducts*—*Via* or *Roads*—*Forums*—*Porticoes*—*Thermæ* (baths) and *Temples* : after which I will subjoin some singular and striking instances of private grandeur.

A Greek author* has observed, that Roman greatness manifested itself most conspicuously in the *cloacæ*, the *aqueducts*, and the *high-roads* ; works peculiarly Roman, and from a singular combination of utility, solidity, and grandeur, indicative in a very uncommon degree of the genius and character of that wonderful people. Some of these works, such as the *cloacæ*, were built in the very infancy of the city, and seemed to have been considered as omens and pledges of its duration and future greatness. Many of the aqueducts, and I believe most of the roads, were of the republican era, when magnificence was confined to public edifices, and the resources of architecture were employed for the convenience or the amusement of the people at large. To treat of each separately.

CLOACÆ.

It appears singular to rank *sewers* among objects of admiration, yet no edifices are better calculated to excite it. The *Cloacæ* were arched galleries carried under the city in every direction : they were wide enough for a loaded cart or boat to pass with convenience, and all communicated with the *Cloaca Maxima* (the greatest or principal sewer). The

* Dion. Halic. Antiq. Rom. iii. 57.

latter is about sixteen feet in breadth and thirty in height; its pavement, sides, and arch, are all formed of blocks of stone, so solid in themselves, and so well connected together, that notwithstanding the weights that have rolled over them, the buildings that load them, and the ruins that encumber them, not one has given way during the space of more than two thousand years. To cleanse them, various streams were introduced, which rolled along with a rapidity sufficiently violent to weaken any ordinary edifice; when obstructed, the expense of clearing them was enormous, and upon one occasion amounted to a sum exceeding one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The Cloaca Maxima was erected, as is well known, in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus*, and shows to what a degree of perfection the arts were carried at Rome, then in its infancy. They were all still unimpaired in the reign of Theodoric, and drew from that prince some exclamations of surprise and admiration. The Cloaca Maxima stands even now (though almost

* Ad alia traducebatur opera, foros in Circo faciendos, Cloacamque Maximam, receptaculum omnium purgamentorum, urbis; quibus duobus operibus vix nova hæc magnificentia quæquam adæquare potuit.—Tit. Liv. i. 56.

He turned his attention to other works, to making the galleries in the Circus, and the great Cloaca, the receptacle of all the filth of the city, to which two works the magnificence of modern days has scarcely been able to produce anything equal.

Sed tunc senes aggeris vastum spatium et substructiones insanas Capitolii mirabantur; præterea cloacas, operum omnium dictu maximum . . . durant a Tarquinio Prisco annis prope septingentis inexpugnabiles.—Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxvi. 15.

But at that time old men were astonished at the vast space of the mound, and the immense substructions of the Capitol; not to mention the Cloacæ, the most wonderful of all works . . . they have continued entire from the time of Tarquinius Priscus, a period of almost seven hundred years.

choked up with rubbish and weeds and damaged at one end not by time but by interest and folly) a monument of proportion and of solidity.

AQUEDUCTS.

Ancient Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts, of which the first was opened by Appius and bears his name. The others were Anio Vetus—Martia—Tepula—Julia—Virgo—Alsietina (Augusta)—Claudia—Anio Nova*. These aqueducts ran a distance of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole rivers through mountains and over plains, sometimes under ground, and sometimes supported by arches, to the centre of the city†. Two in particular, the *Claudia* and *Anio Nova* (New Anio), were carried over arches for more than twenty miles, and sometimes raised more than one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the country. The

* The reader will observe, that in the names and number of the aqueducts I confine my statements to the reign of Nerva; succeeding emperors increased the numbers, and changed the names.

† The short description which Statius gives of some of the principal aqueducts is poetical, and indeed in his best style:—

Vos mihi quæ Latium, septenaque culmina Nymphæ
Incolitis, Tybrimque novis attollitis undis,
Quas præceps Anien, atque exceptura natatus
Virgo juvat, Marsasque nives, et frigora ducens
Martia, præcepsis quarum vaga molibus unda
Crescit, et innumero pendens transmittitur arcu.—Syl. i. 5.

Ye Nymphs who dwell in Latium, who rejoice
In seven hill'd Rome's high honours, and increase
Prodd Tiber's stream with waters not his own;
Whose waves o'er many a pendent arch roll on,
Huge and stupendous aqueducts! o'er that
From rapid *Anio* call'd, and that which bears
The *Virgin's* name, where sportive swimmers play,
And *Martia*, from the Marsian hills that brings
Cold, chilling snows.

channel through which the water flowed in these aqueducts (and in one of them two streams rolled unmingled the one over the other) was always wide and high enough for workmen to pass and carry materials for repair; and all were lined with a species of plaster hard and impenetrable as marble itself, called by the ancients *opus signinum*. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern Rome, though it contains not less than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a profusion of water superabundantly sufficient for all private as well as public purposes; what a prodigious quantity then must the nine have poured continually into the ancient city!

As I have already given some account of these aqueducts, I shall here confine myself to a few additional observations. Authors differ as to their number, because the same great channel often branched out into lesser divisions, which on account of the quantity of water which they supplied, were sometimes considered as separate aqueducts. To this we may add, that the same aqueduct sometimes bore different names. I have adopted the number given by Frontinus, who was employed by the emperor Nerva to inspect and repair these important works, and must of course be considered as decisive authority. Most parts of the city were supplied by two aqueducts, in order to prevent the inconveniences occasioned by derangements and reparations: and one aqueduct, which conveyed a stream of less pure and wholesome water was appropriated exclusively to supply the Naumachias, Circuses, and Cloacæ. The number of public reservoirs of water called from their depth and extent *lakes*, is supposed to have been more than thirteen hundred, and that of fountains scarcely credible;

since Agrippa alone, as has been noticed elsewhere, opened more than one hundred in the space of one year. When the extent, the solidity, the decorations, and above all, the utility of these immense works, are taken into consideration, the reader will find no difficulty in preferring them with Frontinus, to the idle bulk of the pyramids, and even to the graceful but less useful edifices of Greece*.

I have already hinted at the ornaments that graced the lakes and fountains, such as pillars, temples and statues. The latter generally represented river gods, and among them were the Nile, the Tiber, the Arduus, the Achelous, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Rhine, the Danube, and many others discovered at different periods amidst the ruins; some of which still remain, and others have been transported to Naples, to Florence, and recently to Paris.

Many inscriptions have also been found belonging anciently to these fountains. That which Pope translated for his grotto, seems to have been of the number. It is now in the grotto of Egeria. Another is well known, comprising the same sense in three words,

NYMPHÆ LOCI
BIBE LAVA TACE†.

The ruins of these prodigious edifices towering far above all modern buildings, attract the eye on the Celian and Esquiline Mounts, but fix the atten-

* Tot aquarum tam multis necessariis molibus, pyramidas videlicet otiosas comparem, aut cætera inertia, sed fama celebrata, Græcorum opera?—Front. de Aqued. Romæ, i.

To these immense aqueducts, so numerous and so necessary, shall I compare the idle pyramids, or the other useless, though celebrated works of the Greeks?

† To the nymph of the place :—Drink—Bathe—Be Silent.

tion still more powerfully when sweeping in broken lines over the solitary Campagna, they present in the midst of desolation one of the most awful instances ever perhaps exhibited of magnificence in decay.

VLÆ.

Rome was indebted to Appius Claudius for her aqueducts; to the public spirit and talents of the same censor she owed also her *viæ* or roads. As these works though they show the taste which the Romans had for the great and the useful, yet have little connexion with the magnificence of the city, I shall confine myself to very few observations. In the first place, there stood in the Roman Forum a pillar of gold, on which were inscribed the distances of the great cities of Italy, and of the empire, which pillar was from these two circumstances called *Milliarium Aureum**. At this column the roads commenced, and thence branched off from Rome to every part of Italy, and were carried on in straight lines, sometimes cut through the solid rock, and sometimes raised on arches. They were literally speaking *viæ stratæ*, not paved but flagged, and composed frequently of vast blocks, neither hewn nor shaped by art, but fitted together in their original form. This method had an uncommon advantage, as the natural coating, if I may so call it, of the stone, enabled it to resist with more effect the action of the weather, and the friction of carriages. Hence such parts of the Via Appia as have escaped destruction, as at Fondi and Mola, show few traces of wear and decay after a duration of two thousand

* The golden mile-stone.—This column was erected by Augustus, and stood near the temple of Saturn. Notwithstanding its name we may suppose it to have been of brass gilt.

years. When hewn stones were used they were cut out into large blocks of two, three, or even five feet square, and laid together without any cement, yet so firmly and closely connected, as to appear rather a continued rock, than an artificial combination; they have resisted both the influence of time and the pressure of the enormous loads that have passed over them, in a manner altogether inconceivable. These roads were in process of time extended to the most distant provinces of the empire, and formed an easy communication between Britain and Mesopotamia, between Daoia and Egypt. Thus the civilised world owes to the Romans the first establishment and example of a commodious intercourse; one of the greatest aids of commerce, and means of improvement that society can enjoy.

The barbarians who overturned the Roman power were for many ages so incredibly stupid as to undervalue this blessing, and almost always neglected, sometimes wantonly destroyed, the roads that intersected the provinces which they had invaded. But the example of the Roman pontiff, the authority of the clergy, and the remains which they still beheld, gradually though slowly opened their eyes and called their attention to an object of such prime importance. I have said *slowly*, as to this day, the different governments of Germany*, Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and Greece, are still so far immersed in barbarism as to leave the traveller to work his way through their respective territories with infinite fatigue and difficulty, by tracks and paths oftentimes almost impassable. Even in countries where the greatest attention has been paid to the roads, how inferior are all modern works in firmness and dura-

* The Austrian territories in Germany are excepted from this censure.

bility to the ancient *viæ*. I know it has been said, that there was barely sufficient room on the Via Appia for two carriages to pass each other, and this, if the observation be confined to a very few narrow passes, such as sometimes occur in our best and newest roads, may be true; but if meant to be general it is certainly ill-founded, as the average breadth of the Via Appia is from eighteen to twenty-two feet.

The reader will recollect without doubt, that all these magnificent outlets and approaches to the imperial city were bordered on each side, not with rows only, but with streets of tombs, and thus converted into so many avenues of death, and scenes of mortality. The last object that a Roman beheld at his departure, and the first that struck him on his return, was the *tombs of his ancestors*. The sepulchres of the heroes of the early ages were, during the reign of liberty, the most conspicuous; but under the Cæsars, they were eclipsed by the funereal pomp of the freedmen, the parasites, the sycophants of the emperors. Hence that indignant epigram,

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet: at Cato parvo,
Pompeius nullo: credimus esse deos*?

Though every road presented the tombs of many illustrious persons, yet the Via Appia was ennobled by the greatest number of celebrated names, and beheld on its sides rising in melancholy state the sepulchres of the Servilii, the Metelli, and the Scipios; of Archias and of Ennius. Most of the inscriptions

For Licinus a marble tomb is made;
Cato beneath a narrow stone is laid;
No tomb, no stone great Pompey's ashes find;
Who now shall say the gods regard mankind?

The satirist might have spared the gods; perhaps in *their* eyes the *barber* (for such was Licinus) might have been superior both to the hero and the philosopher.

that marked these receptacles of departed greatness, were like the views of the *minute philosophers*, who precipitated the fall of Rome, narrow, earthly, and mortal.

Non nomen, non quō genitus, non unde, quid egi,
Mutus in æternum sum cinis, ossa, nihil *

How mean, how pusillanimous, how unworthy the high-minded Roman! The following christian epitaph would have been more appropriate on the tomb of a Cato, a Scipio, or a Cicero†:—

Ingenio superest Cordus, mens ipsa recepta est
Cælo, quod terræ est maxima Roma tenet ‡.

But to pass from roads, which, as I have already hinted, are not immediately connected with my present object, the ancient Greeks pretended, and their admirers at present are often heard to maintain, that Rome owed all her magnificence to the arts of Greece, which she learned during the Etolian and Macedonian wars. If *Cræce's* acknowledgment seems

* My name, my past pursuits inquire thou not,
How into being raised, by whom begot;
Dumb are my lips, life's transient journey o'er;
Earth, dust, and ashes, I exist no more.

† "Maximum vero argumentum est," says the latter, with his usual magnificence of language, "naturam ipsam de immortalitate animorum tacitam judicare, quod omnibus curæ sunt et maxime quidem quæ post mortem futura sint. . . . quid propagatio nominis . . . quid testamentorum diligentia, quid *ipsa sepulchrorum monumenta*, quid elogia significant, nisi nos futura etiam cogitare?"

Tuscul. i. 14.

But the strongest argument is, that nature herself tacitly concludes the soul to be immortal, is, that all men take the most lively interest in what is to take place after their death. . . . What is implied by the continuation of our names. . . . what by the careful attention we pay to our wills, what by our very monuments, what by inscriptions and eulogies, if it be not that we are anxious about futurity?

‡ Still Cordus lives: heaven is the home of mind;
Great Rome contains the clay he left behind.

to confirm this pretension so flattering to Grecian pride and vanity*. But however ancient or general this opinion may be, it stands on no solid foundation; the truth is, that of the three grand works which I have mentioned, the first was erected at a time when Grecian architecture was in its infancy, and the two others, before any regular intercourse had taken place between the Greeks and Romans. The latter derived their arts and sciences from their neighbours, the Etrurians, a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, for some ages before the Greeks began to emerge from their primitive barbarism; and to them the Romans probably were indebted for that solid taste which distinguished them ever after. They seem indeed, in all their works and edifices, to have had constantly in view the three great qualities which in architecture give excellence without the aid of ornament, and by their own intrinsic merit command admiration. This simple and manly style showed itself in the very infancy of the city, expanded with the greatness and the resources of the republic, and displayed itself, not in the capital only, but in the most distant provinces; it survived the fall of the empire, it struggled for ages of convulsion with the spirit of barbarism, and at length, as a monument of its triumph, it raised over the fanes, the porticoes, the triumphal arches of the mistress of the world, the palaces, the obelisks, the temples of the *Modern City*.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. Epist. ii. i. 156.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts,
She triumph'd o'er her savage conqueror's hearts. FRANCIS.

The arts to which Horace alludes are the arts of Poetry, Criticism, and Rhetoric, and to these his acknowledgment must be confined.

Whether this effect be attributed to the example and lessons of the Etrurians, and to the architectural school established by Numa, or to that magnanimity which seems to have grown out of the very soil, and to have been inhaled with the air of ancient Rome, I know not; but it cannot be ascribed to the influence of the Greeks, as it arose before they were known, and flourished long after they were forgotten, among the Romans. At a later period they certainly borrowed the Greek orders, but they employed them upon a scale commensurate with their own greatness and far above the means of the Greeks. The latter seem, in a great measure, to have confined their magnificence to gates, mausoleums, and temples; while the former, allowing their splendour a much wider range, extended its influence to baths, circuses, forums, curiæ, and basilicæ. Nay, they seem, even in the opinion of the Greeks themselves, who speak of the wonders of Rome with an admiration that could have arisen from a sense of inferiority only, to have surpassed them even in those very fabrics in which the principal boast and glory of Greece consisted, and to have left them at length the sole advantage of having first invented the orders. In reality it would be difficult to find a temple equal in beauty to the Pantheon, in magnitude to that of Peace, and in splendour to that of Jupiter Capitolinus. The tomb of Hadrian, in materials, elevation, and ornament, equalled, perhaps excelled, the Halicarnassian mausoleum*, and all the theatres of

* The dimensions of the latter were, according to Pliny, sixty-three feet in length, somewhat less in breadth, and in height twenty-five cubits or about forty feet; its whole circumference, including a square or open space around it, was four hundred and eleven feet. On the mausoleum rose a pyramid of the same elevation as the mausoleum itself, that is, between thirty-eight and forty feet, and

Greece sunk into insignificance before the enormous circumference of the Coliseum.

Some travellers, in order to disparage the monuments of Roman grandeur and to raise the fame of Greece, have remarked, that the former are of brick and were lined or cased only with marble, while the edifices of the latter were entirely of marble; but this remark originated in hasty and imperfect observation, and is inaccurate in both its parts, as many of the public buildings at Rome were of solid stone or marble, and several of the Grecian edifices were of brick cased with marble pannels. Of this latter kind was the mausoleum above-mentioned*. Mausolus, indeed, is said to have first invented the art of incrusting brick walls with marble, a practice introduced into Rome in the reign of Augustus, by Caius Mamurra. Part of the walls of Athens, were formed of the same materials, as was the palace of Cræsus, that of Attalus, and several public edifices at Lacedæmon. Pliny goes so far as to assert, that the Greeks preferred brick to stone in great buildings as more durable, and adds that brick walls, when the perpendicular line is duly attended to, last for ever.

FORUMS.

We next come to the *forums* or squares, which are represented by the ancients as alone sufficient to eclipse the splendour of every other city. There were two kinds of forums, the *fora venalia*† and the *fora*

on its summit stood a *quadriga*. The elevation of the whole was one hundred and forty feet. It was supported by thirty-six pillars, and its four sides were sculptured by four of the most eminent artists. I leave the task of reconciling these dimensions with the rules of proportion to professed architects. I must however add, that they are far inferior to those of the Roman mausoleum.

* Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxv. 14.

† Forums for sale.

*civilia**. The former were merely markets, and were distinguished each by a title expressing the objects to which they were appropriated, such as the Forum Boarium, Piscatorium† &c., of these, of course, the number was indefinite, though commonly supposed to be about twelve. The *fora civilia* were intended, as the name implies, for the transaction of public business, and were five in number; the Forum Romanum—D. Julii—Augusti—Nervæ (frequently called Transitorium) and Trajani.

The Forum Romanum was in rank the first; its name was coeval with the city, and its destination was connected with all the glories of the Republic. It was indeed the seat, or rather the throne of Roman power. It was encircled with buildings of the greatest magnificence; but these buildings were erected at different periods, and perhaps with little regard to regularity. They circumscribed its extent within very narrow limits, but these limits were consecrated by omens and auguries, and ennobled by fame and patriotism; they were too sacred to be removed. It was therefore found inadequate to the reception of the crowds which flocked to the public assemblies, and Julius Cæsar took upon himself the popular charge of accommodating the Roman people with another forum, without however violating the dignity and pre-eminence of the first, which always retained exclusively the title of *Great*, and the appellation of *Roman*.

Nomen terribile fatale regendis ‡.—PROP.

Of this new forum, called the Julian, we only know, that the ground on which it stood cost nine

* Forums for transacting civil business.

† The ox-market, fish-market, &c.

‡ A name, by fate ordain'd to rule the world.

hundred thousand pounds, and that its principal ornament was a temple of Venus Genetrix*.

The Forum of Augustus was lined on each side by a portico, and terminated by the temple of Mars Bis Ultor†. Under the porticoes, on one side stood in bronze the Latin and Roman kings, from Æneas down to Tarquinius Superbus; on the other were ranged the Roman heroes, all in triumphal robes. On the base of each statue was inscribed the history of the person whom it represented. In the centre rose a colossal statue of Augustus‡.

The Forum Nervæ, or Transitorium, so called because it formed a communication between the three other forums and that of Trajan. There are still some remains of this forum, as part of the wall that inclosed it, some Corinthian pillars belonging to one of its porticoes, and the portal of the temple of Minerva§. It was begun by Domitian, but finished by Nervæ.

The Forum Trajani, or Ulpianum, was the last in

* Venus the Procreatrix.

† Ovid. *Fast.* v. 552.—The twice-avenging Mars.

‡ The account given by Suetonius is highly honourable to Augustus:—"Proximum a diis immortalibus honorem memoriæ ducum præstitit qui imperium populi Romani ex minimo maximum reddidissent. Itaque. . . . statuas omnium triumphali effigie in utraque fori sui porticu dedicavit. Professus est edicto, *Commentum id se ut illorum velut ad exemplar et ipse dum viveret, et insequentium ætatum principes, exigerentur a civibus.*"—Oct. Cæs. Aug. xxxi.

To the memory of the chiefs, who from small beginnings had raised the Roman empire to the highest pitch of greatness, he rendered an honour next to that of the immortal gods. He therefore erected triumphal statues to all of them, in each of the porticoes of his own forum. He made it known by an edict, that he had come to this resolution, in order that both he himself during his life-time, and all succeeding princes, might be tried, as it were, by their fellow-citizens, after the standard of those illustrious men.

§ [This was removed as late as Paul V.—Ed.]

date, but the first in beauty. The splendour of these edifices was indeed progressive; the Julian was supposed to have surpassed the Roman; that of Augustus is ranked by Pliny among *pulcherrima opera, quæ unquam**, and yet it was acknowledged to be inferior to that of Nerva; the latter yielded in its turn to the matchless edifice of Trajan. This forum consisted of four porticoes, supported by pillars of the most beautiful marble: the roof of the porticoes rested upon brazen beams, and was covered with brazen plates; it was adorned with statues and chariots all of brass gilt: the pavement was of variegated marble. The entrance was at one end by a triumphal arch, at the other and opposite was a temple; on one side a basilica, on the other a public library: in the centre rose the celebrated column crowned with the colossal statue of Trajan. Apollodorus was the architect of this wonderful pile, and so great was the beauty, I might almost say, the perfection of the architecture, and so rich the materials, that those who beheld it seem to have been struck dumb with astonishment, and at a loss to find words to express their admiration†.

* The most beautiful of all possible works.

† Such at least appears to have been the sensation experienced by Ammianus Marcellinus, who, in his semi-barbarous style, betrays the confusion both of his feelings and his language. His words are *untranslatable*—"Cum ad Trajani forum venisset, (Constantius) singularem sub omni cælo structuram ut opinamur, etiam numinum assertione mirabilem, hærebat attonitus per gigantes contextus circumferens mentem, nec relatu effabile, nec rursus mortalibus expetendos ‡"—Among the statues that decorated this

‡ When he (Constantius) arrived at the Forum of Trajan, a building, in our opinion, unrivalled beneath the sun, and which even the gods themselves have affirmed to be wonderful, he stood still in utter amazement, examining its gigantic construction, of which no idea can be conveyed by words, and which the eye of man must never expect to see again.

When this wonderful edifice was destroyed it would be difficult to determine; the triumphal arch which formed its entrance was dismantled so early as the reign of Constantine, as its materials, or at least its ornaments, were employed to grace the arch erected in honour of that emperor. The forum itself existed, as I have already observed, in the time of Gregory the Great, and consequently had survived, at least as to its essential and constituent parts, the repeated sieges and disasters of the city. It seems, from an expression of John the Deacon, to have existed in the beginning of the ninth century; its destruction must therefore be ascribed to the avarice or the fury of the Romans themselves in their intestine contests.

PORTICOES.

From the forums we pass naturally to the porticoes, so numerous and so frequently alluded to by the Roman writers. It would be difficult to state the precise number of these buildings, though we know it to have been considerable; and it would be still more difficult to describe their site, extent, and various decorations. Of the following however we have some details, by which we are enabled to form an idea of the others. It must be observed, that I speak not here of such porticoes as merely formed the vestibules or decorated the entrance of temples, as these made part of the edifices to which they were annexed, but of those only which were erected solely for the convenience of the public in sultry or inclement weather.

forum, two were remarkable for their materials, one of Nicomedes king of Bithynia, of ivory; the other of amber, representing Augustus. The celebrated equestrian statue of Trajan was in front of the basilica.

The **Porticus Duplex**, so called from its double row of pillars, was erected by **Cincius Octavius**, after the defeat of **Perses**; it was of the **Corinthian order** and ornamented with **brazen capitals**; the walls were decorated with **paintings**, representing the achievements of the founder. It stood near the **Circus Flaminius**.

The **Portico of Pompey**, annexed to his theatre, was supported by one hundred **marble columns**; it opened on both sides into **groves of plane-trees**, and was refreshed by **fountains and streams**. It was therefore in summer the favourite resort of the young, the gay, and the gallant*.

Augustus, attentive as he was to the general embellishment of the city, did not neglect a species of edifice so ornamental, and at the same time so useful as the portico. We find accordingly that he erected several porticoes himself, and that, prompted by his example, his most distinguished and opulent friends vied with each other in similar works of magnificence†. Among the former were the portico of **Caius and Lucius**, with a **basilica** annexed to it; that of **Octavia**, which rose near the theatre of **Marcellus**, and contributed not a little to its beauty as well as convenience; that of **Livia**, near the **Roman forum**. The latter was ornamented with a collection

* **Propertius** describes it with its characteristic ornaments—

Scilicet umbrōsis sordet *Pompeia* columnis

Porticus aulais nobilis Attalicis :

Et ciber pariter platanis surgentibus ordo,

Flumina sopito quaque **Marone** cadunt.—**Eleg. ii. 32.**

Though rich with tapestry from the conquer'd East,
Despised is now great Pompey's portico,
The plane-trees tall, in order'd ranks that rise,
And the pure streams, whose gentle murmurs late
Lull'd Maro's muse to rest.

† **Suet. in Vit. Aug. 29.**

of ancient pictures, and shaded by a vine of prodigious luxuriance. Ovid alludes to it in his usual lively manner.

But this and every edifice of the kind prior to this era, was eclipsed by the splendour of the Palatine portico, dedicated to Apollo. It was supported by pillars of Numidian marble, enlivened with exquisite paintings and statues, and emblazoned with brass and gold. It inclosed the library and temple of Apollo, so often alluded to by the writers of the Augustan age, and was deservedly ranked among the wonders of the city*

* The description which Propertius gives of this portico is the best extant, and contains a sufficient number of details to enable us to form a very accurate idea of its decorations.

Aurea Phœbi

Porticus a magno Cesare aperta fuit :
 Tota erat in speciem Pœnis digesta columnis .
 Inter quas Danaï femina turba senis,
 Hæc equidem Phœbo visus mihi pulchrior ipso
 Marmoreus tacita carmen hære lyra.
 Atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
 Quatuor artificis vivida signa boves.
 Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
 Et patria Phœbo carius Ortygia.
 Auro solis erat supra fastigia currus,
 Et valvæ Libyci nobile dentis opus ;
 Altera dejectos Parnassi vertice Gallos,
 Altera morebat funera Tantalides.
 Deinde inter matrem, deus ipse, interque sororem
 Pythius in longa carmina veste sonat.—Eleg. ii. 31.

The golden portico, from Phœbus named,
 Was open'd by imperial Cæsar's self.
 In fairy array disposed, tall columns rose,
 From Punic quarries brought, whose ranks among
 Old Danaus' daughters stand, a lovely train.
 A marble Phœbus, whom the breathing god
 Had scarce surpass'd in beauty, in his hand
 Held the mute lyre, and from his unclosed lips
 Pour'd forth to Fancy's ear his loudest song.

Another portico erected by this emperor, was called Ad Nationes, from the statues with which it was furnished representing various nations in their respective habits. It was perhaps still more remarkable for a statue of Hercules, standing neglected on the ground. That such a divinity should remain thus neglected and dishonoured, is surprising; but the reason of a conduct apparently so impious, is highly honourable to Roman feeling. The statue thus degraded had been brought from Carthage,* and was the very one to which the Carthaginians were accustomed to offer human victims, "Sacrum," as Titus Livius remarks, "minime Romanum †."

The Porticus Septorum. Cicero speaks of this portico as about to be erected, and intended to embrace in its whole extent the space of a mile. Pliny † gives us to understand that it was finished or repaired by Agrippa, and inclosed not the *septa*

Four oxen round the altar seem'd to low,
The boast of Myron's art; and in the midst
Stood the proud temple, raised of Parian stone;
His own Ortygia to the god less dear.
High on the roof the chariot of the sun
Blazed in refulgent gold; the expanding valves
Were form'd of whitest ivory; one display'd
The sculptured Gauls, from sacred Delphi driven,
And one, the tragic doom of Niobe.
Then, 'twixt his mother placed and sister fair,
The Pythian god, in flowing vestments clad,
Sings heavenly music.

* See Tit. Liv. xx. 57. Inhonorus est nec in templo ullo Hercules, ad quem Pœni omnibus annis humana sacrificaverunt victima, humi stans ante aditum Porticus Ad Nationes.—Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 5.

The Hercules, to which the Carthaginians every year used to offer human sacrifice, is unhonoured, and not placed in any temple, but stands on the ground at the entrance of the Portico Ad Nationes.

† A sacrifice by no means Roman.

‡ Plin. Nat. Hist. xvi. 40.

tributa comitii, where the people assembled to vote, but the *Diribitorium*, or place where the legions were mustered and paid. These edifices were all of marble, and the latter in particular unusually magnificent.

Agrippa also built and gave his name to another portico, which some suppose to have been connected with the present portico of the Pantheon, and to have been carried round it. But as he had erected thermæ and other noble fabrics near that edifice, it is more probable that his portico inclosed the whole and united them together in one grand circumference. That it was extensive is evident from Horace, who represents it as a public walk, much frequented :

Cum bene notum

Porticus Agrippæ et via te conspexerit Appi *.—Epist. i. vi. 26.

The materials were, as in all Agrippa's works, rich marbles ; and the ornaments were paintings and statues.

The Portico of Hercules or of Philippus, so called because rebuilt by the latter at the instigation of Augustus, and dedicated to Hercules, whose temple it inclosed, under the appellation of *Musagetes*, or leader of the muses. It was erected solely for the ornament of the city, and of course was decorated with an unusual profusion of splendid objects ; as the reader will easily conceive when he is informed, that the paintings of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Antiphilus, formed part of its furniture.

Several porticoes took their appellations from the temples to which they were annexed, and seemed to have formed either vast squares or courts before, or immense galleries round, their respective temples,

* For though Agrippa's awful colonnade,
Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd.—FRANCIS.

thus detaching them from ordinary buildings and giving them a solitary grandeur*.

The Portico of Quirinus and that of Europa, are mentioned by Martial † as fashionable places of resort, and must consequently have been very spacious. That of Isis was remarkable not only for paintings, but mosaics. It would be a useless repetition of the same terms to enumerate more of these edifices, especially as in order to give the reader some idea of the numbers, it will be sufficient to inform him that the approach to the curiæ, the basilicæ, the forums, was generally by porticoes; that several ranges of porticoes led to the Capitol, and lined the sides of the declivity; that the Campus Martius was surrounded by an uninterrupted colonnade; that almost every emperor distinguished himself by the erection of a new edifice of the kind; and that Nero is said by Suetonius ‡, to have lined the streets of Rome (those probably which he himself had rebuilt) with a continued portico §.

* The temple of Jerusalem, both first and second, was surrounded by a portico; and most of the ancient churches in Italy are separated from the street by a court, generally supported by pillars. Such is the Ambrosian Basilica at Milan, the cathedral of Salernum, and the most ancient of all churches, St. Clement's at Rome. This mode of insulating places of worship, so conformable to taste and reason, has been adopted and applied with unparalleled magnificence to the Basilica Vaticana.

† Epig. xi. 1;—ii. 14;—iii. 20.

‡ Suet. in Vit. Ner. 16.

§ Several porticoes were erected by later emperors of astonishing extent. Such was that of Gallienus, extending near two miles along the Via Flaminia, that is, from the Via Lata to the Pons Milvius: that of Gordian in the Campus Martius, which was a mile in length, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns, opening upon plantations of box, cedar, and myrtle. The Gordian family were remarkable for their opulence and magnificence. Their villa on the Via Prænestina contained baths as large as some of the *thermæ* in

THERMÆ.

There were in Rome sixteen public baths, usually called *thermæ*, supplied with hot and cold water and open at all hours of the day. Though they differed both in magnitude and splendour, yet they had some features in common, and contained spacious halls for bathing and swimming; for reading and declamation; for conversation and exercise. These halls were all lined and paved with marble, and adorned with the most valuable statues and paintings. They were surrounded with plantations and walks, and combined every species of polite and manly amusement. The account which I have already given of the baths of Diocletian, Caracalla, and Titus, render any further description useless in this place. I must however observe, that it is to be regretted that we have deviated so widely from the ancients in this particular, and that the use of baths both hot and cold, so wholesome and sometimes so necessary, should not be rendered more easily attainable to those who stand most in need of them, the poor and labouring class of mankind. It must indeed be acknowledged that in cleanliness the moderns are far inferior to the ancients, or rather to the Romans, who seem

Rome; three basilicæ, of one hundred feet in length each; and a portico supported by two hundred pillars of the rarest marbles.

Before I give up this subject I cannot but express both my surprise and my regret that the public portico has never been introduced into England, or employed in the decoration of the capital. If we consult utility, no edifice is better adapted to a cold and rainy climate; if magnificence, none can be more beautiful or more stately. Every square at least might be lined, and every church and theatre surrounded, with porticoes; the want of them around places of public resort is a real nuisance. But our taste in public edifices is still in its infancy.

to have carried this *semi*-virtue to a degree of refinement almost incredible*.

It is not surprising that the *thermæ* covering such a space of ground, and inclosing so many different buildings and so much wood and water within their precincts, should be compared by one of the ancients to *provinces*, or that the noblest and most opulent provincial should look with envy on the lot of a Roman, who could enjoy every day, without trouble or expense, scenes of splendour and luxury which the proudest monarch might in vain attempt to emulate.

TEMPLES.

There were in Rome four hundred and twenty temples. Of the far greater part of these edifices we have at present no account. Of some of the few with which we are acquainted, I have already spoken: I will therefore, confine myself at present to a few additional remarks.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, though not the largest in Rome, was from its destination the most sacred, from its site the most conspicuous, and from its furniture and decorations the most opulent. It was filled with the treasures of vanquished monarchs, adorned with the plunder of palaces and temples, and enriched with the spoils of the conquered world. It was in fact the treasury of Rome, the deposit of the accumulated triumphs of ages of victory, and conquest. Crowns, shields, and statues

* The following verse of Lucilius shows how many operations a polite Roman underwent, even in that rude age, before he finished, or rather before he began, his toilet.

Scabor, suppilor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,
Expolior, pingor

I scratch myself, pluck out my superfluous hairs, rub off my scales, punice my skin, decorate, polish, and paint myself.

of gold, the offerings of kings, emperors, and heroes, blazed on all sides, and adorned with equal profusion the interior and exterior of this palace of dominion, this throne of empire and religion. Its threshold was bronze, the valves of its portals were gold; the roof was bronze, but bronze doubly and trebly gilt*; the pediment, the sides, and the summit of the roof, presented horses, chariots, heroes, and gods, the Roman eagle and its attendant Victory, all of bronze, silver, or gold, glittering to the sun, and dazzling the eyes of the spectator*.

Acies stupet igne metalli,
Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro‡.—CLAUD.

The temple of Peace was probably the largest in Rome, and is ranked by Pliny among the noblest edifices in the world. Of its architecture we can form no distinct idea, as we find no regular description of it. The ruins which now bear its name have not the slightest resemblance to a temple, but much the appearance of the great hall of a bath, such as that of the Thermæ of Diocletian. However, as popular tradition and the consent of antiquaries has affixed to these remains the appellation of the temple of Peace, it would perhaps be deemed presumption to question its propriety at present. This edifice seems to have answered the purposes of a museum, and to have been the general repository of the various

* The gilding alone amounted to the enormous sum of three millions sterling. This costliness belonged to the Capitol, as restored by Domitian. The conflagration of this edifice, the seat of Roman power, was deemed by the Gauls a certain prognostic of the fall of the empire, and of the transmission of the power to the Transalpine nations, "superstitione vana" (a vain superstition), says Tacitus.—Hist. iv. 54.

† Vide Claudian, Tacitus, &c.

‡ From the bright gold reflected lightnings fly,
And flashing metals mar the shrinking eye.

statues and paintings collected by Vespasian and the Flavian Family. The sacred spoils of the temple of Jerusalem formed part of its decorations, and numberless masterpieces of sculpture, to several of which Pliny alludes, were arranged around it; so that if we may believe Josephus, it comprised in one grand collection all the wonders of art which had formerly been dispersed over the various provinces of the empire. A library formed part of its furniture, enriched probably by the numberless manuscripts which Vespasian and Titus might have collected in the eastern provinces.

The temple of Peace was consumed by fire in the reign of Commodus. It had been erected by Vespasian as an omen and a pledge of that general peace which commenced on the conclusion of the Jewish war, and lasted with little interruption till the death of the former prince. Its destruction, occasioned by an invisible and unknown agent, was ascribed to divine vengeance, and considered as a portent that announced war and disaster. This apprehension was increased by the extent of the conflagration, which reached the temple of Vesta, consumed that cradle of the religion of Rome, and for the first time exposed the Palladium itself to the gaze of the profane*. These presentiments of disaster were unfortunately justified by the event, and the fall of the temple of Peace was followed by centuries of war rebellion, and convulsion.

The reader will perceive that I do not pretend to do full justice to the subject, or attempt to draw a perfect picture of the magnificence of the ancient city. It would fill an ample volume were I to detail the *basilicæ*, the *curiæ*, the *theatres*, and the *circuses*†,

* Herodian, i. 14.

† There were five theatres, two amphitheatres, and seven circuses.

that rose in every quarter, especially as they were all of the most solid and beautiful architecture, and all adorned with statues and paintings. The number of statues indeed was incredible; they crowded not the public buildings only, but even the streets and the lanes. They were of various sizes and materials; eleven of colossal magnitude adorned the Capitol alone, and nineteen of gold, and thirty of solid silver, shone in different parts of the city. Those of bronze and marble appeared on all sides in such profusion as to form, if we may credit the hyperbolic expression of Cassiodorus, *a population equal in number to the living inhabitants.*

It is to be remembered, that all the above-mentioned edifices were supported by pillars, and that these pillars were all of granite or of marble, oftentimes of the most beautiful species, and that generally each shaft was of one single piece. When we take this latter circumstance into consideration, and combine it with the countless multitude of these columns, and add to these again, the colonnades that graced the imperial palaces, and the courts and porticoes of private houses, we shall be enabled to form some idea of the beauty and magnificence that must have resulted from the frequent recurrence and ever varying combinations of such pillared perspectives. Well indeed might foreigners contemplate such a city with astonishment, natives behold it with pride, and the calm philosopher feel the enthusiasm, and assume the language of the poet, when he describes its matchless wonders. “*Verum*” says Pliny, “*ad urbis nostræ miracula transire conveniat . . . et sic quoque terrarum orbem victum ostendere; quod accidisse toties pene quot referentur miracula ap-*

The Circus Maximus contained, according to some authors, three hundred thousand spectators.

parebit ; uniyersitate vero acervata, et in quemdam unum cumulum coniecta, non alia magnitudo exsurgit, quam si mundus alius⁴ quidam in uno loco narraretur*.”

But I have already observed that Rome, in every period of its existence, from its infancy down to its modern decrepitude, has ever been distinguished for grandeur in design, and for magnificence in execution. Nor was this characteristic spirit confined to the public works and edifices which I have enumerated above ; it showed itself even in fabrics raised for such transient objects as accidental or annual amusements. Two instances deserve notice. One is of Marcus Scaurus, who, when edile; erected a *temporary* theatre, and adorned it with three hundred and sixty *marble* columns, and three thousand *bronze* statues†. The other is perhaps still more astonishing in execution, though less magnificent in appearance. It was a wooden edifice erected by Curio, for the celebration of funeral games in honour of his father, and was so contrived as to form, according to the nature of the exhibition, either a theatre or an amphitheatre. In the morning the semicircles were placed back to back, so that the declamations, music, and applauses of the one did not reach the other : in the afternoon they were rolled round face to face, and the circle was completed. It is to be observed that these

* Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 15. But let us turn to the wonders of our city . . . and thus also show that she has conquered the world ; an achievement which will appear to have happened as many times as there are wonders to be recounted ; but when they are all collected, and as it were thrown together in a heap, there arises an infinity of grandeur, as if in that one spot we were giving an account of another world.

† This theatre was capable of containing eighty thousand persons. The lower range of pillars were thirty-eight feet in the shaft, and their weight such that Scaurus was obliged to give security for the reparation of the cloacæ, if damaged by their conveyance.

changes were performed without displacing the spectators, who seem to have trusted themselves without scruple to the strength of the machinery, and to the judgment of the artist. These two instances must, to the unlearned reader, appear incredible, and will perhaps be admitted with some degree of diffidence by the scholar, even though he knows that they rest on the authority of the Elder Pliny, and from their great publicity were well known to him* and his contemporaries. These works were, I admit, not the display, but the prodigality of magnificence. As such, they are justly censured by the philosopher, and placed far below the more solid and more permanent, though less showy splendour of the Martian and Claudian aqueducts. Yet they are stupendous both in conception and execution, and show the natural tendency of the Roman mind to the grand and the wonderful†.

The same noble taste shone forth with unusual splendour at the restoration of the arts in the sixteenth century, and displayed itself in numberless instances, too well known to be enumerated; but above all in the removal of the Vatican obelisk, and the conception and erection of that stupendous edifice, the Basilica Vaticana. Nay, even in our days, and almost under our eyes, works have been planned and

* Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 15.

† When we consider the prodigious number of pillars, and various species of marble alluded to above, we shall cease to wonder that Rome still exhibits so many superb columns, which a late learned French writer ‡ represents as including in granite only six thousand, or that her ruins, even after so many ages of research, form a quarry still unexhausted. We may even conclude, that the pillars dug up bear a small proportion to those that still remain interred, and indulge a hope that in more tranquil times many a forgotten colonnade may once more arise in all its ancient beauty.

‡ Abbé Barthélemi.

executed in or near Rome, which would have reflected honour on the greatest of the Roman emperors. Among these we may rank the restoration of three of the ancient obelisks, the formation of the Museum Pium Clementinum, and above all, the draining of the Pomptine marshes. The late pontiff shares the honour of the two first of these undertakings, and may claim the exclusive credit of the last, the most difficult, the most useful, and consequently the most glorious. He had formed two other projects, which, if executed, would have contributed in a singular manner to the splendour of the city. The first was the erection of a forum at the Porta del Popolo, on the plan of Vitruvius, which would have made the grandeur of the principal entrance into Rome adequate to the expectation of the traveller, and to the fame of the city. The other was on a scale still greater than the preceding, and intended to form a becoming approach to St. Peter's, by a double colonnade from the Ponte St. Angelo, to the entrance of the portico. The distance is nearly a mile, and the extent of such an edifice, combined with the unequalled magnitude and elevation of its termination, the obelisk, front and dome of the Vatican, would have formed a scene of beauty and grandeur, equalling, perhaps surpassing, any single perspective in the ancient city.

I need not add, that these and several other similar designs were frustrated by the agitations of the revolution, the invasion of Italy, and the occupation of Rome itself; but in justice to the deceased pontiff, I must repeat what I have elsewhere related, that his last project was the most noble and most glorious, because, if crowned with success, it would have been more beneficial to Rome, to Italy, and to Europe, than all the others united. The design I allude to was no less than a confederation of all the states,

and a union of all the forces and means of Italy in order to protect the common country against a French invasion *. The infatuation of the different govern-

* The attitude and feelings of the Italian sovereigns is not inelegantly expressed in the following lines of the poet Monti.

Spumava la Tirrena onda soggetta
Sotto le Franche prore ; e la premea
Il timor della Gallica vendetta ;
E tutta per terror dalla Scillea
Latrante rupe la selvosa schiena
Infino all' Alpe l' Apennin scotea.
Taciturno ed umil volgea l' arena
L' Arno frattanto ; e paurosa e mesta
Chinava il volto la regal Sirena.
Solo il Tebro levava alto la testa ;
E all' elmo polveroso la sua donna
In Campidoglio rimettea la cresta,
E divina guerriera in corta gonna,
Il cor piu chè la spada all' ire e all' onte,
Di Rodano opponeva et di Garonna.

Beneath the stern invader's keel
White grew with foam the Tuscan main,
And toss'd and restless, seem'd to feel
The vengeance of the Gallic train.
From the tall Alps, to where the waves
Roar round black Scylla's howling caves,
His spacious woods of lofty pine
Shook on the back of Apennine.
Silent meanwhile, submissive and slow,
Fair Arno's stream was seen to flow ;
And sad, and fill'd with coward dread,
The royal Siren † hung her head.
His front alone majestic Tiber rear'd ;
Indignant on her dusty helm in haste
Her plumed crest the Roman Dame replaced ;
A heaven-born champion she appear'd :
Though long to her martial deeds unknown,
Proud she opposed her gallant heart alone
To the fierce threats of Garonne and of Rhone.

This poetical representation of Rome is a description of the famous statue in the Capitol.

† Naples, so called from the Siren Parthenope.

ments defeated the patriotic efforts of the pontiff; they were annihilated, and he was dragged into exile. These disasters have for the present time, and probably for many years to come, checked all public exertions, and suspended the numberless projects which had been formed for improving and beautifying the city.

How long the destructive influence of France may last, it is difficult even to conjecture; but this we may affirm, that if it should extend to many years, it will half dispeople Rome, open its deserted palaces and temples to the rains and the tempests, and bequeath the Vatican itself, shaken and dismantled, to the wonder and the regret of posterity.

*Immutabile nihil mundi compage tenetur,
Non orbis, non regna hominum, non aurea Roma*!*

CHAPTER XV.

Observations on Ancient Names—On Roman Architecture—Defects of the Modern Style—Progress of the Art—Papal Government—Its Character—Consequences of the French Invasion and Preponderance on the present and future State of Rome.

I now proceed to state various observations as they occurred during my solitary walks, without order or connexion with each other, prompted sometimes by the scenery before me, sometimes by the recollections of the past, and not unfrequently by the precarious state of the present times.

As the principal charm and attraction of Rome is its connexion with antiquity, I have often wondered that more care has not been taken to preserve or to restore the ancient names of the streets and the

* No sublunary grandeur is immortal;
Not the great globe itself, nor empires vast
Built up by human power, nor glorious Rome!

public buildings. The turbulence of the middle ages may serve as a justification, or at least may plead as an excuse, for former negligence; but what can have prevented the government during the two last centuries of peace and tranquillity, from turning its attention to this object? All the members of this government are literary men, and in no capital are the knowledge and love of antiquity more prevalent. What more easy than to change *Strada* into *Via*, the ancient general appellation of street, still in use at Florence, Naples, Milan, and Palermo? *Via Lata* is as pure Italian and sounds better than *Il Corso*; *Capitolio* has the same advantages over the barbarian *Campidoglio*; and *Foro Romano* is surely in sound, in sense, and in dignity preferable to *Campo Vaccino*. I will not criticise the name of the river, because the ancient Romans, like the modern Greeks, may very possibly have pronounced the *v* as we now do the *b*, so that the difference may be very slight; but the *Porta del Popolo*, the *Porta Pia*, the *Porta San Sebastiano*, *San Pancrazio*, *San Lorenzo*, might with much advantage both to sound and recollection, be restored to their ancient appellations of *Porta Flaminia*, *Nomentana*, *Capena*, *Aurelia*, and *Esquilina*. The *Porta del Popolo* may be ancient, as it derives its name not from the people, as many have imagined, but from the poplar grove that surrounded the mausoleum of Augustus, and long formed the most conspicuous feature in its neighbourhood.

The *Piazza* though derived from *Platea* might be replaced by the ancient *Foro*, and in some cases by the *Circo*; and euphony at least would not suffer from the change of *Piazza Navona* and *Piazza di San Pietro* into *Circo Agonale* and *Foro Vaticano* *.

* Some German writers insist that *Piazza* comes from *Platz*

The seven hills still retain their ancient appellations, except the Quirinal, which is more frequently called Monte Cavallo by the common people*, in allusion to the two celebrated horses, which, however, notwithstanding their beauty, ought not to be put in competition with the founder of the city, Quirinus himself.

Next to the restoration of the ancient names, which would awaken so many delightful recollections, and greatly increase the reverence of the classic traveller, I should propose the reparation of some at least of the ancient edifices: and here it is impossible not to express once more both surprise and indignation at the miserable manner in which many of the noblest monuments of antiquity have been disfigured by modern barbarism. I speak not of the depredations made upon such edifices for the sake of the

(a place): I cannot agree with them. The Germans were unacquainted with the thing signified by the word *Platea* (a broad street), and of course with the word itself, till in some degree civilised by their intercourse with the Romans. They had no towns originally, and consequently neither streets nor squares. "Nullas Germanorum populis," says Tacitus, "urbes habitari, satis notum est; ne pati quidem inter se junctas sedes. Colunt discreti ac diversi ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit," &c. This custom of living in separate hovels remained long after their acquaintance with the Romans, as Ammianus Marcellinus, in his account of the Roman wars in Germany, three hundred years after the time of Tacitus, makes no mention of towns. At last they adopted the more commodious mode of dwelling in use among their neighbours, and with it they probably borrowed the names annexed to it, giving them as usual a rougher sound and harsher termination. Thus *Platea* barbarised became *Platz*.

* In all papal briefs or letters, written from the palace of Monte Cavallo, the ancient name is preserved.

† Tacitus, de Mor. Germ. xvi.—It is well known that the German nations do not dwell in cities, and that they do not even permit their habitations to join one another. They dwell separately and by themselves, as they happen to have been attracted by a fountain, a field, or a grove.

materials, but I allude to the alterations, additions and adaptations which under various pretexts have taken place in almost every quarter of Rome, and have always been carried on without the least regard to the nature of the monument, or to the embellishment of the city. I have already pointed out some instances of this absurdity: here one more will be sufficient,—the magnificent remains of the temple or portico of Antoninus Pius, now converted into the Dogana, in which the intercolumniations of one of the noblest porticos of ancient Rome have been walled up to form magazines for a custom-house.

But to pass to modern works; in a city where so many masterpieces of architecture still remain, and every day presents their beautiful forms to the eye of the artist, it is natural to expect that good taste should prevail, and that every public building should exhibit some similarity in design and proportion to the ancient models. But by some strange fatality, the greater part of the Roman architects seem to have conceived an antipathy to imitation, and in order to avoid every appearance of it, have studiously deviated into the new, the grotesque, and the whimsical. How far the moderns have profited by abandoning the tracks of antiquity in other arts and sciences, I will not inquire; but I may venture to affirm with regard to architecture, that every deviation from ancient forms and proportions is a step towards deformity, and that every attempt to innovate, however it may have been applauded at the time, has always terminated with disgrace to the artist. Such has been the case at Rome, where architects of great fame have succeeded each other in an uninterrupted line, and with all the models of ancient perfection before them, have indulged themselves in fancied improvements, and left behind them

works remarkable only for the folly which contrived to turn the finest materials to the most insignificant purposes, and to provoke criticism where admiration might have been commanded. Unfortunately, the most fantastical fashions have generally had the greatest run, and of all the modern architects few have had more employment than the absurd Borromini *. This man seems to have laid it down as a rule, that a straight line is a mark of deformity, and of course that the grand study of an architect is to avoid it upon all occasions. Hence cornices for ever broken and interrupted, angles and curves in succession, niches, twisted pillars, inverted capitals, and all the freaks of a delirious imagination playing with the principles and the materials of architecture. It is easier to imitate extravagance than simplicity; it has followed therefore that while the plainer, nobler, and more graceful models of Bramante and Palladio have been often neglected, the absurd deformities of Borromini have been very generally copied, and after having infected Rome itself, have spread over Italy, Spain, and indeed almost every region of the world.

From the contemplation of this evil, which has disfigured some of the noblest edifices, and squandered away the richest materials for near three centuries, we will now turn to the consideration of the progress of the art at Rome, and follow it in its different stages. For this purpose we may divide the history of Roman architecture into five eras, the boundaries of which are strongly marked.

The first era commences with the kings, includes the infancy of the republic, and may be considered as extending to the destruction of the city by the

* Borromini was born in the year 1597, and died 1667.

Gauls. The architecture of this period was entirely Etruscan, and its characteristic qualities were solidity and grandeur, in both which features it resembled the Egyptian, with less gigantic but more graceful forms. The principal edifices of this age were constructed by the kings, and prove that the foundations of Roman taste and Roman greatness were laid at the same time. Of these early monuments that seem formed for eternal duration, the principal, the Cloaca Maxima, still remains; and some massy traces of the foundations of the Capitol laid by Tarquinius Superbus may be seen under the palace of the Senator. It is to be observed, that these edifices were all of public utility, or rather necessity, and that their magnificence was the result and not the object of their destination.

The second era commences with the restoration of the city, and extends to the fall of the commonwealth. Public utility was still the object, and grandeur still accompanied the progress, of the art. The celebrated roads, and more celebrated aqueducts, were its first productions, and even now continue its noblest monuments. A few tombs simple and solid, such as that of Caius Publicius erected at the public expense, and that of the Scipios lately discovered, with a few temples now disfigured, such in particular as that of Fortuna Virilis, attest the same manly taste though on a smaller scale.

Towards the termination of this period the public temper, influenced by the luxuries and the opulence of Asia, then flowing in full tide into the republic, seemed to demand more splendour and ornament, and was gradually prepared for the magnificence and glory of the third and imperial era, which opened with the reign of Augustus. As this prince retained himself and encouraged in others the simplicity of

republican manners, so like his uncle Julius Cæsar, and the other great popular leaders before him, he was content to inhabit a plain unadorned mansion, while he displayed all his riches and munificence in edifices devoted to public use*. Nero was the first who ventured to expend the public treasures in the erection of an imperial residence; and he built that celebrated palace of which Pliny† relates some wonderful particulars, and which, from the gold that shone in such profusion on every side, was called *Domus Aurea* (the golden house)‡. His example, however, was deemed opposite to the civic character affected by the earlier emperors, who, as Tacitus judiciously observes, satisfied with the reality, avoided the parade of power. Hence Vespasian ordered the *Domus Aurea* to be destroyed, and he and his immediate successors, Titus and Domitian, erected on its site various edifices, of less costliness perhaps, but of equal magnificence and greater utility; such as the temple of Peace, the Thermæ called by the name of Titus, and the Flavian amphitheatre or Coliseum, &c. Forums, porticoes, thermæ, triumphal arches, and mausoleums, still continued the favourite objects of impe-

* Suet. in Vit. Oct. 72.

† Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 15.

‡ Sueton. in Vit. Neron. 31.—The latter gives some curious details of this enormous edifice. In the vestibule stood a colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet in height; there were three porticoes, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of pillars; the garden seems to have resembled a park, and contained an immense piece of water, woods, vineyards, and pasture-ground, herds, and even wild beasts. On the banks of the lake rose various edifices that resembled towns. In the palace itself the rooms were lined with gold, gems, and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were adorned with ivory panels, so contrived as to scatter flowers and shower perfumes on the guests. The principal banqueting-room revolved upon itself, representing the motions of the heavens: the baths were supplied with salt water from the sea, and mineral water from the *Albula* (now Solfatara), near Tibur.

rial pride and expense, and Rome daily increased in beauty for the space of three hundred years, till the empire was divided under Diocletian, when the seat of the sovereign was translated to the East, and the Capital of the world was abandoned to hostile attacks and rapacity. However, its decay was slow and gradual. The solidity of its edifices guarded it against the sudden devastations of time or weather; while the barbarian was often checked in the full career of victory, and awed into reluctant reverence, by the irresistible majesty that still encompassed the Imperial City.

The most remarkable edifices erected during the fourth long era, first of declining taste, and then of barbarism, were the churches, the principal of which were raised by Constantine, and the Christian emperors, on the model, and oftentimes with the very materials, of the ancient Basilica. Of these some still remain, and display in their different appearances, strong features of the greatness of manner that still survived, and of the bad taste that too much prevailed in their respective ages. One of the most striking peculiarities of these edifices is the construction of arches over the pillars instead of a regular entablature, a deformity introduced a little before or during the reign of Diocletian, and adopted or rather imitated in our modern arcades. All the buildings that rose successively on the ruins of the ancient city, so long the sepulchre of Taste and of Beauty, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, were formed indeed of costly materials, but these materials were heaped together with little regard to order, proportion, and symmetry.

At length a happier period succeeded in the fifth era, the arts and sciences smiled once more upon their ancient seat, and architects of high name and reputa-

tion succeeded each other; their exertions were called forth and rewarded by the authority and munificence of Pontiffs; they had sites formed by nature before them, and every material ready prepared at hand. In such circumstances, and with such models as Rome presents on every side, who would not have expected to see architecture carried to its highest perfection, and even the ideal fair and beautiful, so long conceived in theory, at length realised in practice? But such was not the event. Architects imagined that with so many advantages, it would be mean to copy, and easy to surpass antiquity. They sought in the luxuriance of an irregular imagination forms more fair, combinations more majestic, and even proportions more beautiful than the ancient world had beheld. They all made the attempt; they have all failed; and have proved by their failure that in the same proportion as we follow or abandon the ancients, we approach or deviate from perfection.

It must be acknowledged however, notwithstanding the censure which I have ventured to pass upon modern architecture, that it has produced edifices splendid, rich, and magnificent, with all their defects inferior only to the models of antiquity, and still sufficiently great and numerous to render Rome the first of cities. The grandeur that results from these modern structures, combined with the majesty of the ancient monuments, induced a French writer* to observe that Rome is a map of the world *in rilievo*, presenting to the eye the united wonders of Asia, of Egypt and of Greece; of the Roman, Macedonian, and Persian empires; of the world ancient and modern †. But the glory of man, although consigned

† Montaigne.

† This compliment is nearly copied from Propertius—
 Omnia Romanæ cedent miracula terræ;
 Natura hic posuit quidquid ubique fuit :

to marble and bronze, is doomed to perish; even those noble features which it was believed would bloom for ever and confer immortal beauty on the city fondly entitled *Eternal*, have, each in its season, flourished and faded away.

Of the five eras of architecture, four have already departed, and left vast and often shapeless heaps of ruins to mark the spot where their lofty structures once rose; the fifth age is on the decline; some of its proudest palaces are deserted, and not a few of its noblest temples are already forsaken and neglected. A century or two will probably strew the seven hills with its splendid embellishments, and the future traveller may have to admire and to deplore the ruins of the Medicean as of the Augustan age, the fragments of pontifical as of imperial grandeur*.

Arms apta magis tellus, quam commoda noxæ,
Famam, Roma, tuæ non pudet historia.

Eleg. iii. 21.

All the world's wonders to great Rome must yield:
Whate'er the globe through all its various realms
Contain'd, is placed by bounteous Nature here.
In arms illustrious, but averse from crime,
Nought in her peerless history is found
For Fame to blush at.

Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and some other imperial monsters, nearly deprived Rome of the culgium contained in the two last verses.

* The Villa Manliana, Villa Sacchetti, &c. are in ruins; Villa Medici, Palazzo Farnese, Palazzo Giustiniani, &c. &c. are uninhabited, unfurnished, almost abandoned.

Vos operum strætæ moles, collesque superbi,
Queis modo nunc Romæ nomen inane manet;
Vosque triumphales arcus, cœloque colossi
Æquati, Pariis cæsa columna jugis:
Edita Pyramidum fastigia, templa deorum,
Digna vel æthereis amphitheatra locis:
Vos ævi tandem attrivit longinqua vetustas!
Vos longa tandem fata tulere die.

At

OBSERVATIONS.

The contemplation of the ancient monuments, and the study of Vitruvius, had first excited attention, and then, wakened a spirit of emulation. Bramante and Sangallo began the work of reformation with spirit, and at the same time with singular modesty, and a well-founded apprehension of the danger of forsaking the tracks of antiquity. Peruzzi and Raffaelle pursued the work with equal intelligence but more boldness. The principles of Vitruvius were reduced into a system, and adapted to modern edifices by Palladio. So far there was much to praise and little to criticise in the new system. But the genius of Michael Angelo, sublime, daring, and impatient of control, is accused of deviating from antiquity, and of introducing innovations which,

At Romæ Æneadum magnam et memorabile nomen
 Tempus edax rerum tollere non potuit.
 Nec poterit, donec clari monumenta vigeant
 Ingenii, quæ non ulla senectæ rapit.
 Cætera labuntur tacito fugientia cursu ;
 Calliope æternum vivere sola potest.

BONAMICO, ap. Fab.

Ye prostrate fabrics, and ye lofty hills,
 That nought can boast, save Rome's undying name ;
 Ye arcs of triumph, and ye statues tall,
 Uplifted to the skies ; ye pillars huge,
 Torn from the entrails of the Parian rocks ;
 Ye sacred temples, lofty pyramids
 And theatres that Heaven itself might claim,
 Ye all are conquer'd by the lapse of ages !
 The fates have brought at length your day of doom.
 But Time, the grave of all things, has not quench'd,
 Nor e'er shall quench, the glorious name of Roman,
 While those great monuments of genius live,
 Which years can never wither nor destroy.
 All other mortal works must pass away ;
 The Muse alone exults in endless youth.

copied and exaggerated by his followers, soon degenerated into defects, and became at length the bane of the art itself in the following century, when the check of his authority was removed, and the impulse only which he had given remained. The defects of the style to which this great man is supposed to have given rise, and which Borromini finally carried to the very height of deformity and folly, are principally the following:—1. Pillars that support nothing, that are coupled together, or hid in niches and recesses.—2. The repetition of the same order on a different scale, or the introduction of another order in the same story or on the same plane.—3. The same order carried through different stories, and the consequent confusion of proportions.—4. Multiplicity of pedestals and pilasters.—5. Prodigality of ornaments.—6. Breaks, interruption, or waving of the cornice.—7. Profusion of pediments, and pediments of various forms, such as curves, semi-circles, arcs of circles, advancing, receding, &c.—8. Abuse of the rustic.—9. The introduction of low stories, called *mezzanini*, and little windows between the principal stories.—10. The protuberance of columns in the shaft.—11. Multiplication of slips of columns and pilasters, with portions of capitals crowded together in the angles of edifices. Though many more might be mentioned, these are sufficient to give the reader an idea of the censure passed by the rigid admirers of antiquity on the modern style; and certain it is, that if greatness of manner consist in presenting few, and those essential parts to the eye, the more breaks, interruptions, and divisions there are, the more the appearance of the whole must tend to littleness and deformity*.

* To enlarge upon this subject is the business of a professed architect, whose observation might easily enable him to fill a use-

THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

Of the Roman government the reader may expect some account, although ere these pages become public, that government may cease to exist: all that can be said of it at present is, that though despotic and above all control, it is exercised by the Pontiff with mildness, and submitted to by the people with respect. The sacred character of the bishop influences both the sovereign and the subject. The love and reverence with which it inspires the latter may be useful; but its effects on the former are perhaps less beneficial, as the justice of the prince is often suspended, and sometimes defeated, by the indulgence of the pastor. But of this inconvenience we ought not to complain; it is not now, nor ever was it, a common or characteristic defect of any government, and few sovereigns recorded in history are reproached with want of severity. The worst consequences of pure unmix'd monarchy—the general indolence which it inspires, and the lethargy in which it involves all the powers of the mind, by excluding the nation from all share in the management of its own interests—are felt without doubt in the Roman territory, but perhaps in a less degree than in other countries under the influence of the same perverted system. The government is elective; promotion depends in a great degree upon talents and virtues, and consequently there is a stimulus to exertion, and a scope for honourable ambition; moreover many salutary regulations have been made by the present Pontiff, and some vague reports have been circulated,

ful and entertaining volume on the subject. It is a pity that some gentleman of the profession, whose mind has been enlarged and whose taste has been matured by travelling, does not undertake the work.

and have excited a hope that he intends to establish a senate, and to govern his states by their advice and with their concurrence. Such a step, the result of an enlightened policy, would contribute more to the prosperity of Rome and to the independence and union of Italy, than all the edifices he can erect at home, and all the alliances he can contract abroad. But this report is probably the effusion of patriotism, or perhaps the modest expression of the public wish and opinion. But be it as it may, Rome is now under the iron sceptre of the French ruler; no change can take place without his approbation, and the amelioration of its government, most undoubtedly, forms no part of his system.

As for the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, it may, without any reference to imperial donations real or imaginary, be most honourably and firmly established on the free consent of a grateful and admiring people*. After the expulsion of the Goths, when the arms of the Eastern Emperors had reconquered, but were incapable of protecting Italy, —when the incursions and menaces of the Lombards kept the city in constant alarm, and pestilence and famine preyed upon it—the Romans naturally turned their eyes to their bishops, and found in them the support which they had vainly solicited from their sovereigns. The Pontiffs had till that period been as eminent for their virtues as for their station, and when forced by public distress to take a considerable share in the administration of the state, they displayed a prudence equal to their sanctity, and a benevolence as extensive as the possessions of the Roman church, even when augmented by their own private fortunes†.

* Gibbon.

† If the reader wishes to know how great were the exertions, how extensive the charities, how active the patriotism of the Popes

We see them in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries protecting Rome on one side against the attacks of the Lombards, and securing it on the other from the rapacity and treachery of the Exarchs—repairing its walls, feeding its inhabitants, engaging distant princes in its interests, and finally restoring the majesty of its name in the new empire. Rome indeed seems to owe her existence to her Pontiffs, and had not the chair of St. Peter replaced the throne of the Cæsars, and the seat of empire become the sanctuary of religion, Rome would probably have sunk into a heap of uninhabited ruins, and left to posterity nothing more than the *whistling of a mighty name*.

From the re-establishment of the Western Empire to the tenth century, the Popes employed their influence in opposing the growing power of the Saracens, and in protecting the coasts of Italy and the Capital itself against the predatory incursions of those barbarians. Shortly after commenced their contests with the German Cæsars—contests which arose more perhaps from Roman pride and a rooted hatred to Transalpine, that is, in their eyes, barbarian domination, than from prelatical arrogance; the cause to which they are very generally and very confidently attributed. That such arrogance existed is indeed sufficiently evident, and that it operated as a very active principle is equally clear; but it may be questioned whether the insolent claims of universal dominion advanced by Gregory VII. did not originate as much from the lofty spirit of the Roman, as from the ambition of the Pontiff. Certain it is that this extraordinary personage seemed better formed to fill the imperial throne than the pontifical chair, and

in the sixth and seventh centuries, he need only peruse the epistles of Gregory the Great.

that if he had been a prince only, and not a bishop, he might, with such a daring and intrepid spirit, have restored the grandeur of the empire, and fixed its seat once more on the seven hills.

But however we may censure the Popes as ecclesiastics in these bloody and destructive quarrels, as princes and as Romans they may claim our indulgence, as they struggled against foreign influence, and finally succeeded in freeing Italy from the yoke of a German, that is, a barbarian and absentee ruler. The disputes of the Popes with the barons and the Roman people were founded on the just opposition of a firm government to the arrogance and the tyranny of an aristocratic body on the one side, and to the licentiousness of a turbulent populace on the other; but Rome has just cause to deplore and to condemn the folly and the perversity of her pastors, when they forsook her venerable walls, and instead of discharging in the Vatican the sublime duties of prince and of pastor, submitted to while away their unprofitable days in voluntary exile, alternately the instruments and the victims of French intrigue and ambition.

Of all the disasters that befel Rome in the long series of her eventful history, this, perhaps, was the most pernicious both in its immediate effects and distant consequences; and to it may be ascribed the degradation of the noblest monuments, the depopulation of the Capital and its neighbourhood, and the multiplicity of evils that anarchy and tyranny never fail to bring in their train. These evils continued to operate, as is natural in political as well as physical distempers, long after their efficient causes had ceased to exist; and the Popes, during many ages after their re-establishment in Rome, had to struggle with the restless and unbridled passions excited by the guilt or the folly of their absentee

predecessors. Q. Sixtus V. at length succeeded in the arduous undertaking, and after having broken the stubborn spirit of the barons, and tamed the people to submission, restored order, peace, and industry in the Roman states.

From this period Rome rapidly increased in prosperity, riches and population, and became the seat of the arts and sciences, the centre of political negotiation, and, not unfrequently of courtly intrigue. Most of the succeeding Popes did not fail to take an active part in the public transactions of the times, sometimes indeed as mediators, a character well becoming the common Father of Christians, but too frequently as parties concerned, with a view to national interests or to family aggrandizement. Their conduct in this respect, though little conformable to the principles of their profession, was however very advantageous to their territories, as it brought wealth to the inhabitants, and reflected lustre on a city, at the same time the metropolis of the christian world and the Capital of an extensive and flourishing country.

The Reformation produced at the time little or no diminution of the temporal greatness and consideration of the Popes; so little indeed, that, in the century following that event, Rome seems to have enjoyed a splendour and prosperity not witnessed within her walls since the fall of the empire. Hence, a judicious historian has observed, that if Pyrrhus' ambassador could with propriety call the Roman senate in his time a congress of kings,* a similar appellation might with equal veracity be applied to the modern senate of Rome, the college of cardinals, during the seventeenth century. That assembly was, strictly speaking, composed of princes, the sons,

* Denina, Rev. d'Italia.

nephews, brothers, or uncles of the first sovereigns in Europe; men who not unfrequently, as statesmen and ministers, had held the reins of empire at home, or, as ambassadors, represented their royal relatives abroad. They either generally resided or frequently assembled at Rome, not only to discharge their duties about the person of the Pontiff, but to support the interests of their respective courts; and in order to attain this object the more effectually, they displayed a splendour and a magnificence nearly royal. The officers of their household were often nobles of high rank; their secretaries and chaplains were men of talents and business; a long train of guards, servants, and retainers attended their persons when they appeared in public, and the blaze of the purple, in itself so dazzling, was heightened by all the adventitious circumstances of birth, power, and opulence. The union of so many illustrious personages, vying with each other in talents and magnificence, gave Rome the appearance of a universal court, where all the sovereigns of Europe were assembled to discuss the general interests of Christendom, and to display their rival glories in peace and security. Such indeed was its state under the Pontiffs of the Borghese, Barberini and Panfilii families, as it had been before under those of the Medicæan and Farnesian houses; nor is it wonderful if at such periods of glory it should have recalled to the memory of the spectators the republican era, when Pompey and Cæsar, Crassus and Lucullus were seen to parade the streets and forum, surrounded by their friends and clients.

From this epoch the character of the Pontiffs became more episcopal and pacific; occupied with the government of the Catholic church over which they preside, and with the civil administration of

their own territories sufficiently extensive to engross their utmost attention, they seem to have lost sight of foreign, or at least of *ultramontane* politics, and have only interfered, as far as decency permitted or necessity required, their interposition. Their fondness for their families, a defect pardonable in an old man, was, where it may have existed, betrayed them perhaps into hasty promotions, but has seldom engaged them, as formerly, in mischievous projects of aggrandisement. The arts and sciences have at all times, but particularly during the latter centuries, met with their special encouragement; and Rome, enlivened by their constant presence, embellished by their munificence, and fed by the produce of several extensive, populous, and well-cultivated provinces, had gradually resumed her robes of glory, and began to promise herself once more the return of ease, dignity, and permanent prosperity. She had been great even in her fall, and venerable in her disasters. She had ceased to be the mistress of the world in arms, but she still remained the mistress of the world in arts; she was no longer the capital, but she was the metropolis of Europe,—not the residence of the first sovereign, but the see of the first pastor. She had not been subjected to slavery as Athens; she had not been reduced to a heap of ruins as Babylon. She still reigned, widowed, but independent; and still claimed and enjoyed the veneration of kings and of nations. Without fleets or armies, she reposed in fearless tranquillity: public reverence, more mighty than military power, covered her head with an invisible ægis, guarded her frontiers, and secured her repose*. Even the nations which had forsaken her

* Forti eserciti allor ti armaro; ed ora . . .

T'arma il rispetto.

FILICAIA, CANZ. XX.

communion, and in days of irritation had defied the thunders of her fulminating pontiffs, now looked towards her with respect, and beheld with affection and reverence, the benevolence, the sanctity, and the humility of her pastors*. Such was the state of Rome during the eighteenth century; a state happy in the present enjoyment of peace, plenty, and increasing improvement, and big with the hopes of future and accumulating prosperity. The French invasion closed the scene†.

Then mighty armies guarded thee, and *now*
Respect and reverence are thy sure protection.

A passage from a speech of Mr. Pitt may explain this observation. Alluding to the suppression of the papal government by the agents of Buonaparte, he says, "A transaction accompanied by outrages and insults towards the pious and venerable Pontiff, in spite of the sanctity of his age, and the unsullied purity of his character, which even to a protestant seem hardly short of the guilt of sacrilege."—*Speech of Mr. Pitt, Feb. 3, 1800.*

† Here it may not be improper to mention, that we went (July 22, 1802) to Frascati, to pay our respects to Cardinal York, who receives all English visitants with cordial hospitality. It is impossible to behold this prince without emotion; he is in the seventy-second year of his age, stoops much, but retains a glow of health and ruddiness, the remains of early beauty, in his countenance; he talks English with ease and accuracy, and seems to speak it with pleasure. There is however in his pronunciation, as may easily be supposed, somewhat of that thickness or heaviness which is observable in the accent of Englishmen who have been long accustomed to converse with foreigners only. His manners, though dignified, are easy and unaffected. He speaks of England with warm affection, and, to employ his own expression, is always happy to see his *countrymen*, for he glories in being a Briton. His generosity to his attendants of every denomination is boundless; hence they all flourish under his influence, and soon grow up into fortune and independence. The poor of his diocese bless his benevolence, and owe to the charity of their pastor a degree of comfort which the inhabitants of few towns in Italy are so fortunate as to enjoy. He resides at Frascati, and seldom visits Rome, unless when some public function requires his presence as Dean of the Sacred College, Archpriest of St. Peter's, or Chancellor of the Roman Church. He

The reader may expect some account of the conduct of the republican army while in possession of

passes his mornings in his cathedral, and in the library of his seminary, where he transacts business with his clergy, and where about eleven or twelve o'clock he receives the visits of such persons of rank, or foreigners, as come to wait upon him. He soon dismisses them, and if English, sends his carriage to convey them to such places as they may choose to visit in the neighbourhood. About one he drives out himself, and returning at two dines with his family and guests, always placing the English near him, and addressing his conversation to them with visible complacency. His table is served plentifully, but without any affectation either of magnificence or simplicity. About four o'clock he withdraws, and according to the Italian custom reposes for some time; after which he returns to business, and finally terminates the day with the accustomed act of devotion.

Such is the ordinary tenor of the cardinal's life, plain, useful, and untrifled, and I doubt much whether his days would have flowed so smoothly had his brother's daring attempt succeeded, and placed him on the steps of the throne of Great Britain. Disappointment or failure in this enterprise can therefore scarce be considered by him as a misfortune; especially as the dignities which he enjoyed in various countries, and the pensions which he received from the Bourbon princes, not only raised him above want, but enabled him to support the dignity of his title and family with sufficient splendour. Some pretend that his income amounted to forty, but others more moderate calculate it at thirty thousand pounds a-year; a sum fully adequate, particularly in Italy, to all the purposes of episcopal charity and of princely magnificence. But the consequences of the French revolution, a revolution which has cost the human species so many tears and so much blood, reached the venerable cardinal, drove him from his see, stripped him at once of his whole income, and sent him in his old age a needy wanderer, to seek for refuge in Austria, in Corfu, and in Sicily. He relates his adventures during this distressing period with satisfaction, and enlarges upon them as a favourite topic of conversation. In this state of exile and dejection he was suddenly relieved by the well-timed but unexpected generosity of his illustrious relation, our gracious Sovereign. George the Third accustomed to deeds of benevolence, distinguishes every month of his honourable life by some act of generosity. But never did he confer a benefit with better grace, or place it to more advantage. A pension of four thousand pounds a-year, paid in advance, relieved the Cardinal from the prospect of present want, and placed him above the reach of future distress. The nation, I may venture

Rome, and of the consequences of their invasion. On the first of these topics little need be said; the public papers have given various details, and where they are silent, there are accounts in everybody's hands that make up the deficiency. From these we learn that the behaviour of the soldiery and subalterns was in general civil and orderly, but that of the generals and their immediate dependents in the highest degree insolent and rapacious. For this assertion, we have the best authority, that of the army itself, expressed, first, in a representation to Massena, then commander, and next in an address to the citizens of Rome, published the 23d and 24th February, 1798.

With regard to the public plunder of the churches and pontifical palaces, as also of some private houses, many of the masterpieces in statuary and painting were sent to Paris, a valuable collection of gold medals dispersed, several inestimable manuscripts

to assert, applauded the generosity of its sovereign, while I can assure the public, that the cardinal feels and expresses the most grateful acknowledgment, and glories in owing to his country only his present comfort and independence. He is, as is well known, the last of the illustrious line of the Stuarts, which, elevated in all its branches, and peculiarly unfortunate in some, has never sunk either into meanness or contempt, and will terminate ere long its chequered career in religious dignity and virtuous resignation*.

* The cardinal's defects are those of his rank and age: fond of the ancient glories of his family, he delights in the sound of royalty, and is offended if the title of *royal highness* be not frequently used by those who speak to him; a title which, as grandson to a king of Great Britain, he perhaps has a right to claim. Prince Augustus, while at Rome, frequently visited the cardinal, and with that delicate politeness which distinguishes the present race of British princes, gratified his eminence's ear with the frequent introduction of the favourite epithet. Some unrelenting revolutionists may perhaps condemn this piece of innocent flattery, but men of feeling and men of the world will unite in applauding it.

purloined, and without doubt much mischief done in every respect. But when the reader recollects that there are sixty thousand ancient statues in Rome, that of most of the masterpieces in painting that have been carried away, there are mosaic copies superior in colouring and duration to the originals; nay, that the first of paintings, those which form the very school of the art itself, are impressed on the walls of the Vatican, and may indeed be disfigured but cannot be removed; and, in short, that the models of modern skill and the monuments of antiquity stand yet untouched, he will agree with me that so far the evil is neither very great nor irreparable. Rome is still the seat of the arts; and the painter, the sculptor, the architect, must frequent its schools, if they wish to attain perfection and aim at any reputation. I mean not to excuse, much less defend, the atrocious deed of the French government or the conduct of its generals. How far such acts of plunder are justifiable even in a legitimate war, carried on according to the lenient maxims of modern times, I know not; but neither Louis XIV. nor Louis XV. thus pillaged the libraries, galleries, or churches of the Netherlands, notwithstanding the allurements which the works of Vandyke and Rubens held out to them, particularly at Brussels and Antwerp. Nor did Frederic of Prussia, though passionately fond of pictures, and not easily controlled by considerations of justice and humanity, take from the gallery of Dresden one painting, not even the *Notte** of Correggio, notwithstanding his enthusiastic admiration of that masterpiece. But the war which the French waged on Rome (I may add, on Venice, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, &c. &c.)

* Night.

was an unprovoked attack, a speculation of rapacity, an act of wanton violence, an abuse of confidence, and a cowardly stratagem, where every means had been employed first to deceive and then overtly an unsuspecting and, as they themselves at their first entrance into Rome called it, a friendly government. In such a ruffian aggression, for it merits not the appellation of war, every subsequent deed of rapacity is a violation of the law of nations, and every life sacrificed to usurpation is a murder.

The example of the Romans has, I know, been adduced in justification or at least in extenuation of this national felony. But, in the first place, the Romans did not take one statue from the Greeks, during the first war, nor even the second, till the Etolians and their allies brought down upon themselves a reluctant and long-suspended chastisement. In the next place, this high-minded and generous people never by public authority compelled the Greeks to surrender the masterpieces that adorned their cities; they never entered as friends and acted as enemies; they never employed cunning and intrigue to deceive their enemies, but open declaration to caution them, and power and wisdom to subdue them. The destruction of Corinth* was a signal act

* That very Mummius, who destroyed Corinth, rebuilt the temple of Jupiter on or near the site of that city, erected a brass statue to Jupiter at Olympia, and contributed very largely to the embellishment of the temple of Delphi. In fact, the Romans were so far from depriving the cities which fell under their power of their statues and public ornaments, that they even restored to the owners those which had been carried away. Thus when Scipio took and destroyed Carthage, he restored to the Sicilian cities the various articles, and particularly the statues and paintings, which the Carthaginians, a cruel pilfering people, had deprived them of. He extended this benefit not to Italy only, as that was just and natural, but even to Africa, and directed that every community should be

of vengeance justifiable by the laws of war as then admitted; but yet it was more the act of the general than of the Roman people, and not altogether sanctioned by the senate*. When the Romans became corrupt, their prætors and proconsuls were often personally unjust; but never was such pillage publicly authorised till the maxims of Roman justice were neglected and the majesty of public rule was abused and turned into an instrument of tyranny by the emperors. The French since the revolution have indeed often compared themselves to the Romans; but the resemblance is only in vice; here indeed they surpassed the original†.

But to come to the consequences of the French invasion; the evil here is of very different, and indeed of very alarming magnitude. In the first place, they have separated the opulent city and territory of Bologna, and almost all the Adriatic coast, from the Roman state, thus retrenching near one-half of its income, and one-third of its population; a defalcation which must considerably affect the dignity and resources of the capital, and consequently reduce the number of its inhabitants. In the next place, by the enormous contributions which they raised, they annihilated the credit, and swallowed up the income of the state, burdened the rich with debt, and deprived

allowed to resume all the articles of public property which it could identify.—Liv. Supp. li. 50.

We find, moreover, that so late as the era of Pliny, when Greece had felt not the resentment of Sylla only, but the madness of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, the different cities were in possession of several of the masterpieces which had distinguished them at an earlier period.—Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxiv. and xxxv.

* Cicero hints censure of this act of severity.—De Officiis, i. 11.

† Nero, it is true, took *five hundred* statues from Greece in the course of his reign (fourteen years). The French took twice as many from Italy in one year.

the poor of employment. The fall of public credit occasioned the ruin of the greater part of the hospitals, schools, and charitable establishments, which, generally speaking, derived their income from the apostolical exchequer. However, the fertility of the soil, and the industry of the inhabitants, aided by the exertions of government, might perhaps repair even this evil; and it is said that Cardinal Ruffo, by an improved system of finance, by the suppression of exemptions, and by a more equal distribution of burthens, has already made a very considerable progress towards that desirable object.

But another and greater evil still remains. A secret and, it is much to be feared, a well-founded suspicion exists that the French have other and, if possible, far more mischievous designs in contemplation than any they have hitherto attempted to execute; and so deep is the policy and so great the influence of the first consul, that the success of his projects, whatever they may be, is scarcely problematical. In such circumstances, when the last years have been all calamity, and the future are all uncertainty, there can be no energy, no decision, and little dignity in public administration. To what purpose, it will be said, are ameliorations in a system not destined to last? or regulations shortly to be abrogated? why ornament a city which may be plundered again next year? why repair ancient monuments to be again disfigured by a barbarian soldiery? or why discover and restore statues to see them borne away by our enemies? While such are the fears of government, individuals cannot indulge themselves in much security. Why embrace a profession, one may say, from which I may perhaps derive no adequate provision? why, says another, build a house in a city open to a second attack? The nobles partake, as may well be

supposed, the general apprehension; and while on the one side they are obliged to sell the valuable furniture of their cabinets and galleries to meet the exigencies of the moment, on the other hand they have no means to replace them, nor indeed can they have any inclination to amass with great difficulty and expense objects to allure and gratify foreign rapacity. The French therefore have deprived Rome of its credit, its resources, its dignity, and its independence; they have robbed it of all that constitutes the prosperity and security of a state, and have thus caused it more real and permanent injury than the predatory attacks of Genseric and Bourbon, or the transient fury of Odoacer and Totila.

The Gauls have, indeed, at all times been the bane of public felicity, and the torment of the human species. In ancient times, restless, bold, and ferocious, they invaded and ravaged Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. Tamed by the power and civilised by the arts of Rome they slumbered for a few centuries, till they were conquered and barbarised again, first by the Franks and then by the Normans, when they arose with redoubled impetuosity to disturb the neighbouring states, and to convulse all Europe with an uninterrupted succession of ambitious projects, plundering excursions, and unprovoked attacks. One consolatory reflection is suggested by the history of this turbulent race, and upon its solidity we must for the present rest all hopes of liberty and independence in Europe. It is this, that while the ardour, the impetuosity, and the numbers of the French have almost constantly given them the advantage in the beginning, the insolence and frivolity, apparently inseparable from the national character, have as invariably foiled them in the end, and involved them in shame and disaster. Their present leader, it is true,

is an Italian: his depth and perseverance may perhaps fix for a time the volatility, and with it the fate of the nation over which he presides; but durability, so seldom granted to the wisest of human institutions, can never be annexed to French domination.

It may perhaps be asked, what will be the probable fate of Rome? Is it destined to be a dependencé, or the capital of the Italian republic? or rather may it not be left in its present state as the destined seat of the consul's uncle, when plac'd by his influence in the papal chair? Rome, if united to the Italian republic, would probably in a short time become the capital of all Italy, and form as anciently a state of such power and magnitude as might rival and perhaps humble France herself*. To raise such a rival cannot be the object of the first consul. To keep Rome in a state of dependence is certainly his intention; but whether as a republic under the government of one of his brothers, or as the pontifical residence of his uncle, is still a matter of mere conjecture. The latter may be the most probable destination of Rome.

As the catholic religion is the most extensive Christian communion, and has numerous votaries, not only in the countries where it is exclusively established, but even in those where the Reformation prevails, it is without doubt the interest of every government, that the head of such a body should be independent, and that his residence, for different motives, should be regarded as sacred. Here the piety of the catholic and the prudence of the politician must agree. To this consideration another may be added. The residence of the common father of Christians ought to be the seat of universal charity and

* To realise this event is the interest and ought to be the grand political object of England, of Austria, and of Russia.

untroubled peace; its gates ought to be open to all nations; and all tribes of the human species, whatever their variances and wars may be elsewhere, ought there at least to meet as brethren, and find the comforts of a common home. It would indeed be an inestimable advantage to have one city thus exempt from the destructive influence of human passions, impervious to the horrors and alarms of war, and wholly consecrated to peace, benevolence, and humanity; to the study of religion, to the improvement of science, and to the perfection of art.

CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

One of the most striking objects in the approach to Rome is, as I have elsewhere observed, that vast uninhabited, and in many places uncultivated extent of country that surrounds it on all sides, and is called the Campagna. Its present state of desolation is certainly singular, and naturally calls for inquiry. Some travellers attribute it to the destructive influence of papal government and of catholic *superstition*, working here as in their very focus, and with all their pernicious activity. It must appear fortunate in the eyes of such *observers*, that causes which strike the earth with barrenness and taint the air with pestilence, have not also darkened the face of heaven and involved Rome in clouds and tempests. And singularly lucky it must be considered that their malignity is restricted to the plains, and that while it extends on one side to thirty it is on the other confined to twelve or sixteen miles; that they sometimes spare certain favoured regions, and now and then fix on others apparently more distant from their sphere of action; and in short, that they are not very regular and systematical in their progress;

as otherwise they must have reached the mountains of Albano, Tibur, and Sabina, extended over Umbria, and spreading from the Tuscan to the Adriatic Sea, from Bologna to Terracina, they must have long since turned one of the most fertile countries in the world into a dreary desert. But as these causes, so active in the Campagna, are perfectly inefficient in every other part of the Roman territory, and particularly at Loretto, Ancona, Fano, and in all the delicious environs of Bologna, though as much under their deadly influence as Rome and its immediate neighbourhood, the reader may be disposed to seek for some more satisfactory solution of the difficulty. To obtain it we must go back to antiquity.

Strabo observes, that the coasts of *Latium* were in some places unhealthy, and ascribes that quality to the marshes that border them*. It naturally follows that in ancient as well as in modern times the air of the coast must not unfrequently be carried by sea breezes into the interior, and as the Campagna is surrounded by mountains on every other side, these vapours may, particularly in the calm and sultry months of summer, remain suspended in the air, and considerably affect its salubrity. The same effect is produced in the gulf of Corinth by a similar cause every autumn, when the exhalations from the swamps and marshes at the mouth of the Achelous, are carried up the gulf, and being confined by the high hills and mountains that border it, hang brooding over the sea and neighbouring shore, and oftentimes

* Lib. v.—Columella indeed seems to consider the vicinity of the sea as generally insalubrious. "Præstat," says he, "a mari longo potius intervallo quam brevi refugisse, quia media sunt spatia gravioris halitus."

It is better to be at a great distance from the sea than a short one, because the atmosphere of the intervening space is unwholesome.

rise so high as to render Corinth itself, though seated on an eminence, for some months almost uninhabitable. To confirm this conjecture, I need only observe, that several ancient writers, and among others Horace, Martial, and Frontinus, represent the air of Rome itself as unwholesome during the great heats; and at present, the wind which blows from the coasts in summer, particularly since the forests that formerly covered them have been thinned by the late pope, is considered as peculiarly noxious*. A marshy soil, under the influence of a warm sun, must naturally emit gross exhalations, and the more serene the sky, the more permanent and destructive must be their influence.

We must recollect at the same time, that the Campagna is not the only unhealthy tract in Italy; that Etruria has its *maremma*, and that its coasts were never remarkable for salubrity. "Est sane," says the younger Pliny, "gravis et pestilens ora Tuscorum, quæ per littus extenditur†." Rutilius

* Agues, intermitting fevers, and phthisical symptoms were common in Rome anciently as well as now, according to Asclepiades, who flourished in the time of Pompey, and is quoted by Galen, who confirms his report.

Of the insalubrity of the immediate neighbourhood of Rome we have a striking instance in Columella, who, speaking of Regulus, says—"Nam Pupinie *pestilentis* simul et exilis agricultorem fuisse cum loquuntur historia‡." Now this tract gave its name to the *Tribus Pupinia*, and was only seven or eight miles distant from Rome towards Tusculum.

The Vatican valley, now called Val d'Inferno, and anciently *Vallis Infera* (the lower valley), was formerly, as it is at present, though close to the city, deserted because unhealthy.—See Tac. Hist. ii. 93.

† *Epist. v. 6.*—The coast of Tuscany, which extends along the sea-shore, is unwholesome and infectious.

‡ For history informs us that he was a cultivator of land in the Pupinian district, which is at once infectious and barren.

confirms this observation when he describes Gravisæ and Cosa.

Inde Gravisæ fastigia rara videmus.
Quas premit æstivæ sæpe paludis odor—

* * *
Cernimus antiquas, nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatæ membra fœda Cosæ†.—Iter. i. 281.

Silius, speaking of another town on the same coast, alludes to its insalubrity produced by the same cause.

Obsessæ campo squalente Fregellæ‡.

Bell. Pun. viii. 475.

Even in England, where the summer heat is so moderate, and of such short duration, and where the wind blows strong from one point or other ten months out of the twelve, the fens, marshes, and low lands in Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, diffuse their influence wide enough to enable us to calculate its effects in a hotter climate. Freedom and industry united have not yet been able to purify the air of the fenny islands of Zealand.

From these observations I am inclined to infer, that the air of the Campagna could never have been more healthy than it is at present.* I admit, however, that cultivation and population might then have counteracted the causes above mentioned; and I must observe also, that at a very remote period those causes did not perhaps exist, and that many portions of land, now marshes, might then have been covered with the sea, as the flatness of the coast and the consequent shallowness of the water

† Gravisæ's scanty roofs we next descrie,
By fetid air from stagnant swamps annoy'd—
* * *

And soon the unhealthy ruins met our eye
Of Cosa, long deserted and destroy'd.

‡ Fregellæ, circled by a filthy swamp.

must have been considerably increased in the course of time by the perpetual depositions of the Tiber. The population of this territory seems to have been greatest during the infancy of the Roman republic, whose energies were first displayed in contests within her immediate vicinity, and almost in sight of the Capitol.

Not to mention Gabii, Fidenæ, Collatium, &c., Pliny enumerates more than fifty nations inhabiting Latium at the same time; and what must appear more extraordinary, places thirty-three towns within the narrow compass of the Pomptine marshes. These towns, like the cities mentioned in the Scripture during the time of Abraham, were probably little more than our ordinary villages. But whatever they were, the fifty nations and the thirty-three cities had disappeared, and scarcely left any trace behind:—"Ita, ex antiquo Latio LIII. populi interiere sine vestigiis*." Among these tribes Pliny enumerates the Albans, the Fidenates, the Coriolani; and indeed of the depopulation of the Campagna during the most flourishing period of Roman prosperity, we have sufficient and unquestionable evidence. Horace, to give a full idea of a lonely deserted spot, says,

Gabiis desertior atque,
Fidenis vicus†.— Epist. i. xi. 7.

It is to be observed that Fidenæ was five, Gabii ten miles from Rome‡. Propertius expresses the

* Hist. Nat. iii. 5.—Thus, fifty-three nations have disappeared out of Latium, without leaving a trace behind them.

† Emptyer than Gabii, and Fidenæ's streets.

‡ It is probable, that most of the persons killed by the fall of an amphitheatre at Fidenæ in the reign of Tiberius were Romans, who flocked from the capital to the amusements of a neighbouring village or rather suburb.—Tac. Ann. iv, 62.

solitude of Gabii in a very concise but emphatical manner.

Et qui nunc nulli, maxima turba *Gabii**.—Eleg. iv. 1.

Strabo, who lived in the time of Tiberius, represents the cities of Ardea and Laurentum as having been destroyed by the Samnites, and still in ruins in his time. To these he adds many others, such as Lavinium, Collatia, Antemnæ, Fregellæ†, &c. which he says had dwindled into villages; so that the central regions of Italy, and Latium itself, do not appear to have abounded with population, even during that prosperous period. That Ostia, though the seaport of Rome, should lose almost all its inhabitants, when the capital was on the decline, must appear very natural, when we consider that the air was infected by the neighbouring marshes and the harbour nearly choked up with sand. Every reader is acquainted with the beautiful description of Lucan, who, as a poet, affects to foretel at the battle of Pharsalia, the desolation which he himself witnessed‡. Juvenal represents the Pomptine marshes as a recep-

* And Gabii, crowded then, deserted now.

† Strabo, v.

‡ Gentes Mars iste futuras
 Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
 Erepto natale feret. Tunc omne Latinum
 Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
 Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruina; ;
 Albanosque Lares, Laurentinosque penates
 Rus vacuum, quod non habitat, nisi nocte coacta
 Invitus. Phars. vii. 389.

How shall this day the peopled earth decay,
 Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
 Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name
 To unbelieving ears be told by fame.
 Low shall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
 And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head.—Rowe.

tacle of robbers, and speaks of guards employed for the protection of travellers*. I need not repeat what I have related elsewhere, that Cicero mentions an attack made upon a friend of his at the foot of Mount Albanus; that the Via Appia was lined with tombs and mausoleums from the very walls of the city to the neighbourhood of Alba; that the other roads were by no means void of such gloomy decorations; and that amidst this crowd of monuments little room was left for habitable mansions.

From all these circumstances I should be led to suspect that the population of the Campagna was not very great even in the time of Augustus and of Trajan; and if this should really have been the case, I know of no satisfactory method of accounting for a deficiency so extraordinary in the neighbourhood of such an immense capital other than the unwholesomeness of the air. That there were anciently a very great number of villas rising in every part of this region I admit, but this multiplicity of country-houses cannot be adduced as a proof of its general salubrity, because many of them were erected in places acknowledged even then to be unwholesome, and were moreover designed for temporary accommodation, and as occasional retreats in winter, spring, and the beginning of summer, seasons when the whole Campagna is perfectly salubrious. The *Laurens* or Laurentine villa of Pliny seems to have been of this description, as we may very fairly infer from the many precautions taken to catch every gleam of sunshine, and to exclude all the cooler winds. He speaks also of the convenience of one particular apartment, especially during the Saturnalia, that is, in December.

* Sat. iii. 307.

As for the cultivation of this territory, a very considerable part was anciently, as it is now, entirely given up to pasturage. Such in particular was the territory of Laurentum, "multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum, boumque armenta*," says Pliny the younger, when describing his villa near Laurentum; he also in the same epistle alludes to the woods which covered the coasts, and extended in various directions around his house:—"Modo occurrentibus silvis via coarctatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit†," are his expressions when describing the way to it. "Suggerunt," adds he, "affatim ligna proximæ silvæ‡." Such is precisely the present appearance of the coast from Ostia to the promontory of Circe, a vast extent of plain covered in many places with forests, and in others expanding into wide meadows and pastures. Much does not seem to have been anciently under corn, as immense supplies were regularly conveyed to Rome from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa, supplies which the fertility of the plains of Latium and Etruria, if called forth by the arts of cultivation, would have rendered unnecessary§. At present

* Epist. ii. 17.—Many flocks of sheep were there, many droves of horses, and of oxen.

† Sometimes the road is confined by woods that meet each other, sometimes it spreads over meadows of wide extent.

‡ The neighbouring woods supply abundance of timber.

§ We find in ancient historians frequent mention made of years of scarcity at Rome, an evil which could not have occurred so frequently, if Italy had been as well cultivated anciently as it is at present. Thus in the earliest ages of the republic we find Rome reduced to the greatest distress for want of corn, as in the year v. c. 301, again in the year 314 and 343. I am aware that the scarcity on both these occasions is ascribed by the historian to other causes than the sterility of the soil; such as the dissensions that occupied the minds and time of the people, and the harangues of the tribunes that captivated and riveted them to the forum. But this

several extensive tracts are cultivated, particularly on the left of the Via Tiburtina, and of the Via Appia, in the *Pomptine* marshes. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and on the banks of the Tiber, excepting however the gardens that lie between that river and the Monte Mario, are used as meadows, and produce great quantities of the finest hay. It is indeed a grievous mistake arising partly from inattention and partly from prejudice, to imagine that the Campagna, because uninhabited, is therefore totally neglected and unproductive. At stated periods the population of the neighbouring towns is employed in its cultivation, and the yearly produce, if I may believe the assurance of a very intelligent Scotch gentleman, who had passed twenty years at Rome, and was thoroughly acquainted with the state of the capital and the country around, was upon an average valued at two pounds per acre. Such a produce seems to imply no small attention to cultivation, especially when it is considered that in some parts, the soil neither is nor probably ever was very fit for agricultural purposes. Such at least is the opinion of a very candid, learned, and worthy author, who viewed it without prejudice, and examined it with scientific minuteness. His words are — “I will boldly affirm, that the most striking parts, the whole plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the Pomptine marshes, never were or could be in a much better state than at present. I have walked

cause of neglect must be confined to *chægens*, or at least to freemen, and they were only a part, or rather the masters of the cultivators, who were in general slaves or bondsmen. But the same scarcity returned more frequently, without the same or any similar cause, under the emperors, twice during the reign of Tiberius, as often under Claudius, &c. &c. A similar evil is seldom heard of in Rome in modern times, though its population exceeds one hundred and eighty thousand souls.

over in shooting great part of the plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the soil, which consists of a deep white crystallised sand, generally covered with a coat of black sand not half an inch, and oftener not a quarter of an inch deep, evidently proves that it never could be in a state of ordinary cultivation. Immense expense may have carried soil to some spots to make gardens; but even that adventitious fertility could not be of long duration, it would soon disappear through the hungry unconnected sand beneath*.”

Whether any, or if any, what degree of blame may attach to the papal government, it is difficult to determine, because it is not very easy to discover what right the sovereign has to interfere in the management of individual property, and the cultivation of private estates. That the Roman government and nobility have hitherto, like most continental governments and nobles, paid little attention to agriculture, is I believe generally admitted, and that the system of corn laws established in the papal territory was impolitic and pernicious, is equally acknowledged on all sides; but the last of these defects has been removed by the recent suppression of all the ancient regulations on this head, and by the introduction of a new code, founded upon more enlightened principles: while the former can only be remedied by time, and by a very general revolution in continental manners and feelings. The papal government is not indeed in its nature very active, and that agriculture is not, or rather has not hitherto been one of its principal objects is undeniable; a defect which is the more to be lamented, as few territories are better calculated for all the purposes of cultivation, in consequence of the fertility and the variety

* Theory of the Earth, by Philip Howard, Esq.

of the soil, of the profound peace which the character of the Pontiff generally ensures to his subjects, and of the site of the country itself, in the very centre of Italy, commanding two seas, and affording all the means of easy exportation*.

A spirit of improvement is at present gone abroad in the various states of Italy, and as it has reached Rome in its progress, it is to be hoped that its influence will be active and efficient. One means of amelioration the authority of government might without any difficulty introduce into the Campagna, by planting the road sides, and increasing the growth of the forests along the shore, and by giving premiums and every other possible encouragement to that particular branch of agriculture. The multiplication of trees, ornamental and useful in most countries, would be particularly so in the Campagna, where wood only is wanting to complete the picture, and to shelter at the same time the capital, and the inland tracts, from the exhalations of the marshes along the coast †.

The *malaria* or unwholesomeness of the Campagna is supposed to commence with the great heat or dog-days, and last till the autumnal rains precipitate the noxious vapours, refresh the earth, and purify the atmosphere. During this period of time, that is, during the space of two months, the country is

* Non sine causa dii hominisque hunc urbi condendæ locum elegerunt, saluberrimos colles, flumen opportunum, quo ex Mediterraneis locis fruges devehantur, quo maritimi commeatus accipiuntur; mare vicinum ad commoditates . . . regionum Italiæ medium, ad incrementum urbis natum unico locum. — Tit. Liv. v. 54.

Gods and men, not without reason, selected this spot for the building of the city; hills remarkable for salubrity, a river, convenient for carrying down corn from the Mediterranean districts, and for receiving imports by sea. The sea near enough for all purposes of convenience . . . a spot in the centre of the countries of Italy, and singularly adapted to the increase and advancement of the city.

† See Venuti on the cultivation of the Campagna.

deserted, and except the delightful retreats of Tivoli, and the Alban Mount, placed by their elevation above the reach of infection, every villa, casino, and even abbey and convent is deserted. So strong is the prejudice of the Romans in this respect, that it is considered as dangerous and almost mortal to sleep out of the walls, though perhaps not twenty yards from the very gates of the city*. It is certainly reasonable to allow that the natives of a country are the best judges of its climate, and it is prudent and right that strangers should follow their advice and example in guarding against its inconveniences; yet it is impossible not to suspect that there is on this occasion a considerable degree of groundless apprehension. In reality, if a cold is taken in a rural excursion during the hot months, it is attributed to the *malaria*. Every fever, and indeed every indisposition caught by travellers who pass the Pomptine marshes, or the Campagna during the summer months, is ascribed to the influence of the air; while such disorders might very naturally be supposed to arise from heat and fatigue, causes sufficiently active to produce fatal distempers in any climate.

The conclusion which I am inclined to draw from these observations is, that the Campagna di Roma may, from very obvious causes, be in some places and at certain seasons unhealthy; that active cultivation, draining, extensive plantations, and, above all, an increase of population, might in a great degree remedy this insalubrity; but that it is unjust and uncandid to attribute to the Popes an evil which the ancient Romans either did not, or could not remove, though they might command and combine for that purpose all the skill, and all the riches of the uni-

* As in the Villa Borghese, for instance.

verse*. If there be any difference between ancient and modern Rome in point of healthiness, I am inclined to think that the latter must have the advantage, as the site of the modern city is considerably raised by the ruins; and consequently the inundations of the Tiber are less frequent and less mischievous, and the quantity of stagnant water is much diminished. In fine, whatever the air of Rome may be for infants and youth, it is now considered as peculiarly favourable to riper age, and is said to be, as anciently, highly conducive to longevity.

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Rome—Character of the Romans, ancient and modern.

AT length the day fixed for our departure approached, and on the second of August we made a last visit to the Forum, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Capitol. We once more hailed the genius of Rome in the colonnade of St. Peter, and retired after sunset to the gardens of the Villa Medici on the Pinian Mount (*Collis Hortulorum*, the hill of gardens). There we seated ourselves under a cluster of pines and poplars that hung waving over the ancient walls

* The appearance of the few peasants that inhabit the Campagna is frightful and disgusting; bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexion, livid eyes and lips; in short, all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague, seem united in their persons. But though I am far from maintaining that the qualities of the air have no share in the production of these deformities, yet I am inclined to attribute them in some degree also to bad water and bad diet. The first of these causes produces similar appearances in several mountainous countries, particularly in Switzerland, and the latter disposes the constitution to receive with tenfold effect the action of the air, and the impression of noxious exhalations.

of the city, and as we enjoyed the freshness of the evening air, we reflected upon the glorious objects we had seen, and the happy hours we had passed in this grand capital of the civilised world, the seat of taste, literature, and magnificence. We were now about to take our leave for ever, probably, of these noble scenes, and felt (and who would not have felt?) a considerable degree of regret at the reflection that we now beheld the towers of Rome, vanishing in darkness for the last time! It is indeed impossible to leave this city without emotion; so many claims has it to our attention; so many holds upon our best passions.

As the traveller paces along her streets, spacious, silent, and majestic, he feels the irresistible genius of the place working in his soul, his memory teems with recollections, and his heart swells with patriotism and magnanimity; two virtues that seem to spring from the very soil, and flow spontaneously from the climate: so generally do they pervade every period of Roman history. While the *great republic*, the parent of so many heroes, rises before him, he looks around like Camillus at the hills—the plain—the river—for ever consecrated by their fame, and raises his eyes with reverence to the sky that seemed to inspire their virtues.

In truth, no national character ever appeared so exalted, rose with such an accumulation of honour from so many trials, or retained its hard-earned glory for so long a period as that of the Romans. “Nulla unquam respublica nec major, nec sanctor, nec bonis exemplis ditior fuit*,” says Titus Livius†; and the assertion was not the effusion of national vanity, for

* No republic was ever either greater, or more holy, or richer in examples of excellence.

† Præf. ad lib. 1.

the Romans were too great to be vain, but the result of well-grounded conviction. That deep sense of religion which distinguished the republic from every other state, and was according to Cicero one of the sources of its grandeur; that benevolence which taught them to respect human nature in their enemies, at a time when to slaughter, or at best enslave the conquered, was deemed even by the Greeks themselves the right of the victor; that strict attention to justice and the law of nations in proclaiming and carrying on war*; that contempt or rather defiance of danger and calm perseverance in spite of difficulties and obstacles; that disinterestedness and neglect of all personal indulgence; and above all, that manly and unshakable consistency which in a peculiar manner marked and supported their conduct both in public and private†: these were the grand and distinguishing features of the Roman character, features which they have imprinted on their edifices, their writings, their laws, and their language, and bequeathed to posterity as an endless claim to its gratitude and admiration. That each of these qualities may have shone forth conspicuously in other nations, and in many individuals; must be admitted; but never were they so intimately interwoven with the whole existence and being of an active people, either before or after. The Greeks, more lively and ingenious, but at the same time changeable and fantastic, appear, when compared to the Romans, as children put in contrast with men: and Virgil has most philosophically as well as poetically struck off the characters of the two nations, when to the acuteness and subtlety of the Greeks he

* Cic. de Officiis, i. xi.

† Maxime ipse populus Romanus animi magnitudine excellit.—Cic. de Officiis, i. 18.

The Roman people principally excels in magnanimity.

grants superiority in the arts and sciences, while to Roman firmness and wisdom he consigns the sceptre of the universe*.

To seek for parallels in modern history would be a vain pursuit, though our sprightly neighbours are wont in a delirium of self-complacency to compare themselves to the Greeks and Romans alternately, and interweave the virtues of both these renowned races in the texture of modern French perfection. But while we give them, in unison with the voice of Europe, much of the valour and ingenuity, with all the levity, and all the vanity of the Greeks, we cannot allow them one spark of Roman magnanimity. The Roman Pontiffs have occasionally emulated the firmness of the Consuls, and the Venetians not unfrequently displayed the wisdom of the senate; while owing to the manly and generous spirit of a free government, the British nation may be allowed to possess a considerable portion of the patriotism and intrepidity of the Roman people.

The ambition with which the Romans are so often charged, cannot with justice be considered as a flaw in their character, as no great nation, or illustrious individual, ever was or indeed can well be, entirely exempt from that active passion, that *vivida vis animi*, (energy of mind) which always accompanies great talents, and is designed by Providence to develope and bring them into action. To which we may add, that a spirit of conquest generally originates from the necessity and success of self-defence; and it must be admitted that the far greater part of the early wars

Excudent alii, &c. Tu regere, &c.

Æn. vi. 847—851.

Let others better mould, &c.

. . . 'tis thine alone

To rule mankind.

DRYDEN.

in which the republic was engaged, arose from the jealousy of the petty states in her vicinity. The subjugation of these states and their incorporation with the victors, awakened the suspicion of more distant and powerful rivals, and brought the Samnites, the Lucanians, and the Bruttii successively into the field; till the war of Pyrrhus showed the necessity of uniting Italy under one head, to prevent her jarring cities from introducing foreign powers into her provinces, and from thus sacrificing her general independence to a momentary and local interest. This struggle tried and proved the strength of Rome, enabled her to unite all the energies of Italy, and prepared her for the more dangerous and more extensive contest with the Carthaginians. The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at a distance from the coasts of Italy; and were at the same time the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming into immediate contact. The first was an essay and a mere prelude to the second, which decided the contest, and in fact laid Carthage at the feet of her more magnanimous rival. Never did a more arduous struggle engage two powerful nations, and never did mortals witness a more splendid display of the heroic virtues than that which Rome then exhibited to the astonished universe.

The dissensions among the Greeks, and the far-famed Peloponnesian war itself, sink into insignificance when compared not only with the mighty weight, and the wide sweeping desolation of the second Punic war, but with the perseverance, the wisdom, the spirit, and the magnanimity with which it was prosecuted; nor is there a period in the annals of the world which furnishes more

instruction, or presents human nature in a nobler point of view, than the history of this most sanguinary contest. Every page of it is a record of heroism that sets the soul in a blaze; it ought to be read over and over again, and every line committed to memory by the youth of every free state, and particularly of Britain, that they may learn how to appreciate the liberty and independence of their country, how to fight, and how to die in its defence.

The insidious policy of Macedon next engaged the attention of Rome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporizing despots cannot but deserve our applause. In her conduct towards the Greeks the republic first displayed its moderation and generosity, and on the glorious day when at the Isthmian games she proclaimed the liberty of Greece by her victorious general, gave an instance of magnanimity that even now melts the soul into fond admiration. But the age of heroes and of sages was past in Greece. Incapable alike of liberty and control, proud of their former power, and unconscious of their actual weakness, jealous of each other's prosperity, and perpetually engaged either in open hostility or secret intrigue, her states alternately flattered and insulted, invited and betrayed their benefactors, till at length they extorted from the reluctant Romans the chastisement due to folly and ingratitude.

So far the Roman character shone unclouded; that at subsequent periods its splendour was sometimes tarnished by the ambition or the avarice of its chiefs, must be admitted; but even when intoxicated by power and corrupted by luxury the city had become a vast theatre of opposite factions and turbulent passions, yet the greatness and magnanimity inherent in the national character still

predominated, and showed itself even in the vices and crimes of its perverted citizens. Though fired with lawless ambition and stained with civil blood, Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey, Augustus and Antony, were lofty and towering minds that soared far above the usual reach of human greatness, and stand yet unrivalled in the lists of fame. Even Catiline and Cinna, with much of the malignity, have, also much of the greatness of Milton's demons, and like those tremendous phantoms excite by the magnitude of their crimes our terror rather than our contempt. Nor was this magnanimity extinguished, or indeed always repressed, by the despotism of the Emperors. Though subdued and chained, yet the Roman glared at his tyrant, and made him feel not unfrequently the effects of his indignation. Cherea and Sabinus, Corbulo and Vindex, displayed the courage and the virtue of Brutus and Cassius; the softer sex emulated the fame of Clelia and Lucretia; and Arria and Epiclaris continued to show the influence of Roman firmness on female minds. The imperial race itself was distinguished above all other royal lines, not only by pre-eminent vices, but fortunately for mankind, by pre-eminent virtues also; and if Caligula and Nero, Domitian and Caracalla, surpass in cruelty all other tyrants, so Titus and Trajan, Aurelius and Antoninus, excel all other monarchs in wisdom and benevolence.

Of the character of greatness which the Romans have given to their works, I have already spoken; here I need only remind the reader that while in the pyramids of Egypt we admire massive vastness, and in the edifices of Greece just proportion, in Roman structure we applaud the union of magnitude and beauty with convenience and utility. In

her temples Rome was more magnificent, because more opulent than Greece; but her temples however splendid were not her noblest works. Behold that vast amphitheatre, equal in size; but how superior in form, grace, and destination, to the useless bulk of the pyramids! See those aqueducts that bestride extensive regions, and convey rivers into distant cities to refresh nations and to fertilize a whole country. Their arches still stand gracing not the capital only and its vicinity, but the most remote provinces, and astonish travellers by their solidity and their elevation. Consider those bridges which eighteen centuries, aided by inundations and earthquakes, have not in many places even shaken; and see the Danube itself for once submitting to the yoke, and still respecting the traces of his subjection. See their almost interminable roads intersecting the immensity of the empire, from the borders of Persia to the Orcades, from the Tanais to the Nile, and opening a free communication through all parts of the civilised world. These are monuments which no other nation has left behind, monuments not of taste and art only, but of wisdom and benevolence, which claim not merely our admiration but our gratitude, and rank their authors among the best benefactors of mankind.

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo*.

Æneid. vi. 663.

-
- * And searching viets, of more mechanic parts,
 Who graced their age with new invented arts:
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.

DRYDEN.

Dryden in the last couplet has entirely mistaken the meaning of Virgil, which is, "they who made their memories immortal by deserving well of mankind."

To apply this remark to works of genius would be to enter a field of criticism too extensive for the present work; but we may be allowed to assume that there is in all the great Roman authors, whether in verse or prose, a certain loftiness of thought peculiar to themselves, and very different from the terseness of the Greek, particularly the Attic writers. Majesty, though the characteristic of Virgil, and more eminently conspicuous in his divine poems, is yet strongly perceptible in Lucretius, Lucan, and Juvenal. The subjects of Horace and Ovid were not in general very susceptible of this quality, and yet even in them it occasionally transpires, and gives a certain weight and dignity to the *nugæ canoræ* *. Their muse is still the Roman muse, like Minerva reserved and majestic, even when playful. But this distinctive feature of the Roman mind is most apparent in the historians; for however different Sallust, Cæsar, Titus Livius, and Tacitus may be in style, yet there is in them all an elevation of thought, a boldness of sentiment, and a dignity of language, superior, I will not say, to modern historians, but even to the compositions of the Greeks, in every other respect so perfect. In perusing them the reader finds himself raised above the common level of human thought, and placed out of the reach of ordinary feelings; he is conversing with an intermediate race of beings, a species of heroes and demigods.

Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis†.

Æneid. vi. 649.

Virtue, patriotism, benevolence, the love of his

* Poetical trifles.

† The old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.

DRYDEN.

country, and of mankind, rise in his estimation, and engross his whole soul. Self-preservation and self-interest, the cares and the pleasures of life, shrink in comparison into trifles, almost beneath his attention. His heart glows as he reads, and every page he turns over makes him a better, and fits him to be a greater man. But above even these exalted spirits, *above all Greek, above all Roman fame*, towers the immortal genius of Cicero, collecting in itself all the lights of human intellect, and scattering them over every subject on which it shines—Orator, Philosopher, and Statesman, and in all these characters unrivalled, he makes them all subservient to that of Roman and Consul; and whatever topic he treats, he never fails to display the spirit of the one, and the majesty of the other.

The Greek philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, &c. passed their days, if not in absolute retreat, at least in learned-leisure; speculation was the business of their lives, and their works were the result of a whole age of study and reflection. Cicero devoted his youth only to books; his riper years he gave to the active duties of Roman magistracy, the direction of the senate, the management of the people, the command of legions, and the government of an empire. In the midst of these occupations, each of which seems sufficient to absorb all the time and to engross all the attention of the most vigorous mind, he found leisure to plead the causes of his friends, to prescribe the laws of eloquence, and to sound the depths of philosophic inquiry. Thus he excelled his master Plato, and by uniting practice with theory, brought philosophy from the shades of retirement into public life, introduced her into the forum, and seated her even in the senate. In perusing the varied compositions of this illustrious

Roman, it is impossible not to feel and admire that national magnanimity, that senatorial and consular dignity which pervade them, ennobling every subject, whether public or private, literary or political; and communicating to the mind of the reader a vengential elevation and grandeur, well calculated to counteract the narrow contracted views and selfish passions of these degenerate days*.

I have already alluded to the Roman laws, and will therefore confine myself at present to one single remark. The laws of the Greeks were either the result of the meditations of a particular legislator, Lycurgus, Solon, &c. or the dictates of some momentary emergency; not unfrequently the effusion of popular passions, and in most cases applicable only to the commonwealth, or the country for which they were originally enacted. Hence, though Liberty was its general object, and so far their effects were beneficial; yet their duration was short, and their influence contracted. But the Roman code was compiled with the same view

* Rousseau has ventured to call Cicero a mere rhetorician, and asks insultingly, whether, without the writings of Plato, he would have been able to compose his Offices? Without doubt, the Roman philosopher owed much to the sublime doctrines of Plato, and seldom omits an opportunity of acknowledging the obligation: but though a disciple of Plato, he often surpasses his master, and gives substance and body to the refined and ideal visions of the Athenian. That very treatise *De Officiis* is an abridgement of morality more perfect and useful than any particular work of Plato. Surely his Epistles are not imitations of Plato, and yet they alone are sufficient to establish Cicero's reputation, and to place him among the first of statesmen and of authors. As for the contemptuous term *rhéteur* (rhetorician), if Cicero was not an orator in the highest sense of the word, who ever was? But the eloquent Genevan loved singularity, and sought for it by paradoxes; he seems to have read but little of Cicero, and if we may credit the account he gives of his own education, he could not have had a very perfect knowledge of Cicero's language.

indeed, but on principles far more permanent and universal. It was founded not upon the convenience of the moment, nor upon the interest of one particular commonwealth, but upon the comprehensive basis of the law of nature, embracing alike all times and all places, and applicable to all governments and to all emergencies. Hence Cicero declares, that the *Twelve Tables* contain a system of morality, superior, in his opinion, to the writings of all the philosophers, and form a code of laws, at the same time, that transcends all the institutions of all the Grecian legislators*

Hence the Roman became the *universal* law, the code of nations; and to its prevalence over Europe, we may perhaps in part ascribe the superior advantage in liberty and property, which its inhabitants enjoyed during the darkness and the barbarism of the middle ages. In reality, the Roman laws and language were the two great barriers that resisted and repelled the violence and ignorance of those savage times, and conveyed down to us the maxims and the sciences of the preceding more enlightened generations.

Of that language I may now be expected to speak, but as I have treated the subject elsewhere, my remarks shall be few and cursory. It is a trite observation, that the language of each nation is attuned to its feelings, habits, and manners, or in

* Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio : bibliothecas mehercule omnium philosopharum, unus mihi videtur xii. tabularum libellus, si quis legum fontes et capita viderit, et auctoritatis pondere, et utilitatis ubertate superare, &c.—De Orator. i. 43, 44.

In spite of murmurs of disapprobation, I will speak what I think; if any one looks to the principle and fountainhead of law, the single book of the Twelve Tables seems to me to surpass the libraries of all the philosophers, both in weight of authority, and in its abundant utility.

other words, to its character; and it has consequently been remarked, that Italian is soft and musical; Spanish, stately; French, voluble; German, rough; and English short and pithy. To apply this common observation to the subject before us, the language of the ancient Romans is a manly and majestic dialect, full, expressive, and sonorous, and well adapted to the genius and the dignity of a magnanimous and imperial people. Inferior in some respects, but in the qualities just mentioned superior to Greek, it corresponded well with its object, and was the vehicle, first of the edicts of the conquerors, and then of jurisprudence, philosophy, and the sciences in general; that is, it became the grand instrument of civilisation, the universal language, and the parent of all the more refined dialects of Europe*.

Such were the Romans: born as it were to empire, they had nationally the same elevation of mind and dignity of sentiment as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are supposed to possess individually; and this grandeur of thought and manners they communicated to all their achieve-

* "Ita sentio," says Cicero, "et sæpe disserui, Latinam linguam non modo non inopem, ut vulgo putarent, sed locupletiore esse quam Græcā†."—De Finibus, i. 3. He repeats the same assertion in the third book, cap. 2. Gibbon has exemplified its superior majesty when compared to Greek, in the two names Diocles and Diocletianus, and it may be exemplified still more satisfactorily by contrasting certain passages of Virgil with the corresponding verses, from whence they are copied, in Homer; to which I may add, that if the vowels and diphthongs were pronounced by the ancient Greeks as they are by the modern, and there are many reasons for supposing that they were, Latin must have had at all times, in fulness and variety of sound, a decided superiority.

† I am of opinion, and I have frequently expressed that opinion in my dissertations, that the Latin language is not only not poor, as is commonly thought, but that it is richer than the Greek.

ments, and stamped on all their monuments. Who can reflect on those achievements without astonishment? who can walk amid those monuments without emotion? the very ground trod by such a race is sacred; and were Rome with all its magnificent edifices and noble remains annihilated, the seven hills would be still dear to genius and to virtue. The pilgrim would still come from distant regions to visit with reverence the spot on which once stood the first of cities—"quæ una in omnibus terris domus fuit virtutis, imperii, dignitatis *."

But of the heroic qualities of the ancient Romans, what share do the modern inherit? are they high-spirited and inflexible as their ancestors? or are they not rather a tame pusillanimous race? not the descendants of the masters of the world, but the mongrel offspring of every invading tribe? or as a French writer expresses it, not Romans, but *worms that prey upon the carcass of fallen Rome?* It is easy to supply the want of observation by sarcasm and antithesis; let us endeavour to follow a different process.

National character, though it may be influenced both by the soil and the climate, is not the effect of either. Government and education, as I have elsewhere observed, are the grand and efficient causes in the formation of character both public and private. Is that government free, and that education liberal? the character will be open and manly. Is the one oppressive, and the other confined? the character will necessarily be abject and contracted. Rome is no longer mistress of the world; she is not even free; her sons, of course, have not from their infancy a brilliant career open before them; public honours are not held out to

* Cic. de Orat. i. 44.—Which alone in all the world was the abode of virtue, of empire, and of grandeur.

them as incentives to exertion, nor are their labours and sacrifices rewarded by triumphs and titles of glory; they are not now as anciently taught even by their nurses to raise their heads, to tread with dignity, to look, move, and feel as *lords of human kind*. To submit to the will of a sovereign without sharing his councils is their fate, and domestic concerns are their only occupation. To conform them to this humble destiny is the object of education, and when they have passed some years in college confinement under the superintendency of suspicious and prying masters, they return to their families to pass their days in indolent repose.

Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman; as amid the palaces of the present there still arise many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances; in the first place as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, and as their application to it commences at a very early period, they soon become acquainted with the ancient glories of their country, and with its history they imbibe a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand monuments that tower around them and force themselves upon the observation of the most inattentive. In the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence, which while they attract strangers from the most remote countries, must unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the

capital of the empire and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedence to the first sovereign in Europe; and in the second, she confers upon her bishops, rank and pre-eminence above all others even though primates and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre still unequalled, and to inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity. Rome is still the *holy*, the *eternal city*, the *citadel of imperial power*, the *centre of Christian unity*—“*Debrum domicilium, arx orbis terrarum, portus omnium gentium**.” Crowds of strangers flow through her gates attracted by the magnificence of her monuments, the sanctity of her temples, or the glories of her name. “*Et antiquitas amabilis, sed et religio venerabilis saepe convocant†*,” says Lipsius. The S. P. Q. R. that still blaze on the edicts of her magistrates, and enoble her public edifices, though now a sound only, is yet an awful and venerable sound which brings with it a train of ideas formed of all that is grand and impressive in history.

The natives of a city whose destinies are so glorious, neither are, nor can be, altogether a low-minded grovelling race; they are proud of their birth, and inherit some portion of the dignity and the elevation of their ancestors. If it be asked on what occasion the modern Romans have displayed this noble spirit, or what instances of magnanimity we find in their history, the answer is obvious. Not to speak of the courage and perseverance with which they so long and so successfully resisted the Lon-

* The abode of the gods, the metropolis of the world, the refuge of all nations.

† Invited thither by love for her antiquity, and also by veneration for her religion.

bards, because that era may perhaps be supposed to belong rather to ancient than modern history; I come to the year eight hundred, which may fairly be considered as the period of the calamities of Rome; and though her language was still in a state of deterioration, yet her political situation began from that epoch to improve, and continued in a progress of amelioration with little interruption, except that occasioned by the absence of her bishops, till the late French invasion. From the restoration of the Western empire we may therefore date the commencement of modern Rome, and take it for granted that as no event has since occurred to break the spirit of the Roman people, their character cannot be supposed to have undergone any change materially to its disadvantage.

Now from this era, to the pontificate of Sixtus V. the Romans seem to have displayed rather too much than too little spirit, and distinguished themselves rather by a lawless rage for independence than by a tame submission to rulers. Their history during the space of seven hundred years that elapsed between the two epochs mentioned above, is little more than a series of contests with the German Cæsars, the Popes, the Roman Barons, and the cities in the neighbouring mountains. These contests, which were carried on with much violence and great slaughter, even in the streets, the squares, and sometimes the very churches themselves, contributed much to the ruin of the city, and to the destruction of its ancient monuments, but terminated not unfrequently to the advantage of the Roman people, and prove at least that in courage they were not deficient. Their occasional battles with the Saracens, at that time a most warlike and formidable nation, always ended in the defeat of those infidels, and reflect no

inconsiderable honour on the victors, who never allowed them, as the Sicilians and Neapolitans had done, to take possession of their towns, and to make settlements on their coasts. Their resistance to the German emperors may be ascribed to some remaining sparks of Roman spirit, scorning to brook the pride and insolence of barbarian sovereigns, who, though they owed their rank and titles to the acclamations of the Roman people, sometimes presumed to approach the city in hostile array, and to impose laws on its inhabitants.

The liberties of the Romans sank under the genius and spirit of Alexander VI. and of Julius II. and were finally suppressed by the authority and the arts of the two pontiffs of the Medicean family (to which literature owes so much and liberty so little) Leo X. and Clement VII. Since that period every circumstance has contributed to turn the attention of the Romans to the arts of peace, to the contemplation of religion, the study of antiquity, and the embellishment of the city. Few opportunities have occurred that could call their courage into action, or awaken their ancient magnanimity. The storming of the city by the Constable Bourbon, and the battle of Lepanto, are perhaps the only occasions. In the former, though taken by surprise and treachery, the Romans, protected only by the ancient walls, resisted the attacks of a veteran and regular army, and were at length overpowered by the numbers of that truly barbarian horde; while Bourbon the general

giganteis urbem tentare deorum
Aggressus furis—*

CLAUDIAN.

perished, as is well known, in the very act of scaling

* Who, like the Titans, fired with impious rage,
 Dared to attack the city of the gods.

the walls. In the battle of Lepanto the Roman galleys, commanded by the gallant Colonna, led the Christian fleet, and were acknowledged to be the principal agents on that glorious day, which checked the victorious career of the Sultan, and broke his naval strength for ever.

It may further be inquired, why the Romans made little or no resistance on the late invasion, which was accompanied with circumstances sufficiently insulting to rouse even the spirit and energies of a coward? The Romans themselves, though undisciplined and unprepared, were ready to take arms, and even made a tender of their services to the government; but the papal ministers, and perhaps the pontiff himself, were duped by the declarations and solemn promises of the French generals; and in opposition to the wishes and the suspicions of the people, consented to receive the hostile army within their gates. Yet when thus betrayed and enslaved, the people more than once rose upon the French troops; and the Trasteverini in particular, on one occasion, made considerable havoc, and excited the greatest alarm among them. Insomuch that the French had recourse to their usual arts of promises, protestations, appeals to liberty, to the *genius of Brutus*, and to the *Roman name*, to induce these generous patriots to quit the bridges, the capitol, and other strong posts of which they had taken possession. Similar insurrections took place at Albano and in Sabina, where the peasants, undisciplined and half armed, resisted and sometimes routed their enemies. These efforts, unavailing as they were, and as from the unfortunate situation of the papal territory, and indeed of all Italy at that time, they must necessarily have been, are still so many proofs that the Romans are

not, as has been so often asserted, a race of abject dastards.

The truth is, that want of courage is not the predominant vice either of the Romans or of the Italians, or indeed of any other nation; courage is a quality inherent in man, but its exercise is the result of calculation. Give an individual that which is worth defending, and he will defend it; give a nation liberty with all its blessings, and it will fight for them; a bad government has no value, and excites no attachment—who then will expose his life to support it?

The modern Romans are accused of habitual indolence, and a disposition to mendicity; a reproach founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day is a custom established in all southern countries, is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome; because by sacrificing hours when exercise is dangerous or oppressive, it leaves the morning and the evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, open to business and amusement. The time given to labour and to rest is in quantity the same as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As for mendicity, I have already observed, that in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicity is not easily avoidable: in favour of Rome I must add, that the number of beggars is not greater there than in other capitals of the same population; and that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city frequented by so many rich travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments. The extreme misery which we witnessed

was owing to the entire spoliation of all the hospitals and asylums; to the ruin of public credit; to the impoverishment of the clergy, the nobility, and householders, by the exactions of the soldiery; and in short to the general system of plunder exercised by the French while in possession of the city.

I come now to the morals of the Romans, and must, in the first place, acknowledge that it would be presumption in a traveller who passed three months only in Rome, to pretend to speak upon this subject from his own observation. However from inquiries, and the statement of impartial and judicious strangers long resident in Rome, we collected, that among the higher classes there is less room for censure here than perhaps in any other Italian city; that *civetsbetsm*, which in its most qualified practice is an insult to decency, is neither so common nor so flagrant; that the morals of the cardinals, prelates, and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable; and that the people in general are mild, open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer: while the traveller sees, or seems to see, in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment some traces of the majesty of the ancients, and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants —

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam*.

Æn. i. 286.

* The Romans, the masters of the world, and the gowned nation.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.

DRYDEN.

The Roman character, both ancient and modern, may be ex-

But how far the tide of Roman blood has run pure and unmixed during the lapse of so many centuries, and the course of so many revolutions, it is difficult to determine. The capital of an empire including many nations in its pale, must necessarily be crowded with strangers, and perhaps half peopled by the natives of the provinces. Such is the state of the great British metropolis at present, and such was that of Rome anciently; the latter indeed was more likely to attract strangers, or rather provincials, than the former, as many or most of the inhabitants of the great cities enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens, and were even admitted, as the Gauls were by Julius Cæsar, into the senate itself*. Cicerò who beheld the evil, if it deserve that name, in its origin, complains that even in his time the influx of foreign-

pressed with great precision by that beautiful antithesis of Lanzi:—
 “Vi e un grande che si pigia a ogni bello; vi e un bello che si solleva a ogni grande.”

There is a greatness which bends to everything that is beautiful; *there* is a beauty which elevates itself to everything that is great.

* Religiosa patet peregrinæ curia laudi.
 Nec putat externos quos decet esse suos.

RUTIL. Iter. i. 13.

The senate's self enrolls among its sons
 Illustrious foreigners, nor strangers deems
 Whom 'tis its proudest boast to make its own.

Aspice hanc frequentiam, cui vix urbis immensæ tecta sufficiunt; maxima pars illius turbæ ex municipiis, ex coloniis suis, ex toto denique orbe terrarum confluerunt—nullum non hominum genus concurrat in urbem.—SENECA ad Helviam, vi.

Populæ, victisque frementem
 Gentibus
 Nulloque frequentem
 Cive suo Romam sed mundi facce repletam.

LUCAN. Phars. viii. 404.

Behold this crowd, for which the houses of this immense city scarce suffice; the greatest part of that multitude comes from the

ers had infected the purity of the Latin language* ; and if at a period when the honours and offices of the state were confined to the native Romans, the number of strangers was so considerable, what must it have been under the emperors, when all distinction was done away, and the privileges of the capital were communicated to the whole empire ?

As Rome continued even after the fall of her empire the metropolis and capital of Christendom, and has considered herself at all times as the common parent of Christians, and peculiarly so of men of genius and learning, the influx has never ceased to pour new inhabitants, and with them fresh supplies of vigour and genius, into the bosom of the *Eternal City*. This influx, instead of being a reproach, is an honour ; it was the destiny of Rome from her foundation to be the asylum of mankind, the receptacle of nations, *portus omnium gentium*†. But it must be remembered, that Rome, though taken and plundered by barbarians, has never been possessed, colonised, or repopled by them, and that the change (if any) which has taken place in the breed is the inevitable consequence of wide-extended influence, whether of power or of opinion, and must have occurred even if Rome had retained the sceptre of the universe. All that can be inferred from such a change is, that the Romans of the nineteenth are not the Romans of the first century, as these latter were not those of the era of Romulus. But they inhabit the city founded by Romulus, they are the

municipal town, from the colonies, in a word from the whole world—the whole race of mankind takes refuge in the city—

resounding with the hum

Of conquer'd nations

And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd.—*Rowe*.

* Cicero de Claris Orat. 74. . † The refuge of all nations.

descendants of the masters of the world, as much as these were the offspring of the Sabine race, or of the shepherds that accompanied the twin brothers, or of the fugitives who flocked to the asylum. They speak a language more resembling that of Cicero and Virgil, than the dialect of Cicero and Virgil resembled that of Tatius or Numa: in short, they are as much the descendants of the Romans as the modern French are the descendants of the Franks under Clovis, or Charlemagne, and as the English are of the Saxons who invaded and conquered Britain. As such, the modern Romans may be allowed to excite interest, and perhaps almost deserve respect; especially as their virtues and their genius are their own; their vices, which are neither more numerous nor more scandalous than those of other nations, are owing to their circumstances, and may be ascribed to mistaken policy, to an imperfect government, to foreign influence, and in part perhaps to a narrow system of education.

August the third, at two o'clock in the morning, we set out. As we rolled under the arch of the Porta del Popolo, and heard the gates close behind us; as we passed the Ponte Milvio and looked down on the Tiber flowing dimly beneath; our regret redoubled, and all the magnificence of Rome, now left behind us for ever, presented itself once more to our recollection*.

* The feelings of an ancient provincial in the moment of departure from the capital which he had visited with veneration and enthusiasm, are expressed in language both passionate and poetical by Rutilius.

*Crœbra relinquendis infigimus oscula portis ;
Inviti superant limina sacra pedes.*

* * *
*Exaudi Regina tui pulcherrima mundi
Inter sidereos Roma recepta polos !*

Exaudi

CHAPTER XVII.

Etruria—the Cremera—Veii—Falerium—Mount Soracte—Fescennium—Mevania—Asisium—Lake of Trasimenus—Entrance into the Tuscan Territory—Cortona—Ancient Etrurians—Arretium—Val d'Arno.

THE weather was serene; the air cool and delicious; the stars sparkled with unusual brilliancy; and the

Exaudi genitrixque hominum, genitrixque deorum,
Non procul a cœlo per tua templa sumus.
Te canimus, semperque, sinent dum fata, canemus,
Sospes nemo potest immemor esse tui.

Auctorem generis Venerem, Martemque fatemur,
Æneadum matrem, Romulidumque patrem.
Mitigat astatas victrix clementia vires,
Convenit in mores nomen utrumque tuos.

Tu quoque legiferis mundum complexa triumphis
Fœdere communi vivere cuncta facis.
Te Dea, te celebrat Romanus ubique recessus,
Pacificoque gerit libera collo jugo.

* * *
Quod regnas minus est quam quod regnare mereris;
Excedis factis grandia fata tuis.—Iter. i. 43, et seq.

We print upon the gates we soon must leave,
The frequent kiss, and with reluctant feet
O'erstep the sacred threshold.

* * *
Hear, mighty Rome! the fairest, noblest town
Thy subject world can boast! immortal city
Admitted to a place among the gods!
Parent of mortals and immortals, hear!
'When in thy temples, we are half in heaven,
Thy praise we sing, and while life's current warm
Plays in our hearts, will sing thy praise for ever.
The wise and good, while time itself shall last,
Must cherish thy remembrance.

*
Venus and Mars our ancestors we boast,

night appeared in all the freshness and all the beauty of the climate.

Auro lievi portando, e largo nembo
 Di sua rugiada pretiosa e pura ;
 E scotendo del vel l'humido lembo
 Ne spargeva i fioretti e la verdura ;
 E' i venticelli dibattendo l'ali
 Lusingavano il sonno de' mortalit. —Gerus. Liber.

We had now entered Etruria, and were traversing a country, celebrated in the early records of Rome for many a furious combat, and many an heroic achievement. On this ground the Romans defended their newly acquired liberty with all the intrepidity which the first taste of such a blessing must inspire. Here they triumphed over Tarquin and his Etrurian allies; and here their leader and consul, Brutus, sealed their freedom with his blood. This region was the theatre of the Veientian war, and witnessed all the glorious deeds that graced that long protracted contest.

Æneas' mother and Quirinus' sire.
 Alike for valour's, mercy's praise renown'd,
 Victorious pity stays thine armèd hand.

Thou too within triumphant law's embrace
 Didst fold the world, obliging all mankind
 To live in amicable league. Great Queen !
 Each corner of the globe, now Roman made,
 Is proud to celebrate thy name ; is proud
 To wear thy peaceful yoke, though subject, free.

To reign is not thy glory ; 'tis that thou
 Dost well deserve to reign, by glorious deeds
 Surpassing even thine own great destinies.

† Light in her train attendant zephyrs throng ;
 Rich store of moisture pure she brought along ;
 She shook her humid veil, and round her threw,
 Sprinkling each herb and flower, the silver dew,
 While every breeze its pinions waved, to fan
 Eyes long unclosed, and sleep restored to man.—HUNT.

All this territory, the object of so much contest and bloodshed, is now a desert. Even the capital itself, which stood so long the rival and terror of Rome, and would have been preferred to it, if the authority of Camillus, and an omen, that is, a lucky coincidence of a military order with the subject debate of the senate, had not prevailed over the representations of the tribunes; even Veii itself has perished, nor left a vestige to mark its situation. Hence even antiquaries differ as to the real spot. Some place it at Civita Castellana, and others, with more probability, at Scrofano, on a rocky hill called Monte Musivo, about six miles on the right from the road between La Storta and Baccano, and of course about twelve from Rome*. The distance and natural strength of this site correspond with the description of Veii, and some masses of rubbish are pointed out, as the remains of a city once superior even to Rome in magnificence, and capable, like Troy, of resisting for ten years the efforts of an army of fifty thousand men. But how vain it is to explore the situation of a place, which has been a solitude for more than two thousand years!

Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina laeti
Cantat—et in vestris ossibus arva metunt†.

PROPER. Eleg. iv. 11.

The flocks had fed in the streets, and the ploughshare, had furrowed the sepulchres of the fallen Veientes; a melancholy observation, applicable not

* Others again place Veii in a little island about a mile and a half to the right of La Storta.—This Isola Farnesii is now said to have established its claim in the recent discovery of inscriptions upon the spot.

† Within thy walls his tuneless horn
Now slowly winds the shepherd swain,
And where your bones neglected lie,
Unheeding mows the golden grain.

to Veii alone, but to all the early rivals, of Rome, Fidenæ, Cæcina, Corioli, Ardea, Alba. Not the site only but almost the memory of Veii was obliterated in the time of Florus;—"Nunc Veios fuisse quis meminit? quæ reliquæ quodve vestigium*."

At length the morning dawned, and Aurora (such as Guido contemplated, and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colours) shed over the Sabine mountains a rich glow gradually softening as more distant into purple; lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her paths; and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds, even in our northern climate, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined; but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendour, and produce that airy perspective, that lucid atmosphere, called in painting an *Italian-sky*. In contemplation of this beautiful and ever-varying phenomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, La Storta, and then enjoyed the glories of the rising sun; till concealing himself in a *golden fringed* cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.

At the foot of the little eminence of Baccano†, the second stage, which still retains its ancient name, we crossed the Cremera (fatal stream! that beheld the victories and the fall of the generous Fabii) and walking on while the horses were changing, we as-

* Lib. i. 12.—Who now remembers that Veii ever existed; what remains, what vestige is to be found?

† Baccano, a solitary post-house, bearing the name of an ancient town, stands in a little valley, surrounded on all sides with hills, forming a verdant amphitheatre that wants nothing but trees to be extremely beautiful. About four miles on the right is the lake *Sabatinus*, now Bracciano.

cended the hill, and took a last view of Rome, then glittering with the rays of the sun, that played upon its palaces, towers, and domes, and displayed its whole extent in all its magnificence*.

Quisque

Hæsit, et extremæ tunc forsitan urbis amatae

Plenus abit visu†.—LUCAN. Phars. i. 509.

From Monte Rosi the country began to improve, and appearances of cultivation increased as we advanced. A few miles north-west of Monte Rosi, on a hill, stands Sutri (*Sutrium*), an ancient town and Roman colony.

At Civita Castellana we had time to examine the site and ancient walls which, though curious, we had been obliged on our first visit to pass unnoticed, on account of our late arrival and early departure. This town is supposed by many to be the ancient *Fescennium*: it stands on an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides with a precipice nearly perpendicular, forming a deep dell, at the bottom of which, through a stony channel, rolls a clear and constant stream. The walls both of the town and the citadel rise on the edge of the precipice, are formed in general of large blocks of stone, and probably are the remains of the ancient rampart. The strength and position of Civita Castellana have induced, as I have before observed, many antiquaries to conjecture that it occupies the site of the ancient *Vei*, and the inhabitants have very readily adopted an opinion so honourable to their city. But the more general persuasion

* This view of Rome at a very early hour is one of the finest that can be taken, as it shows off to the best advantage those long lines of buildings, and vast majestic masses, which constitute one of the principal features of this capital.

† Each stopp'd and sighing turn'd for one last view,
And bid the city of his birth adieu.—Rowe.

that Veii was much nearer Rome, is founded upon arguments so very solid and satisfactory, that to doubt on the subject seems difficult.

About two miles and a half to the west of Civita Castellana on a hill, stands a little town now called Sta. Maria dei Fallari, supposed by some to be the ancient *Falerii*, the capital of the Falisci; a name that always revives the recollection of an anecdote highly honourable to the feelings of Camillus, and to the generous character of the Romans*.

We were now in the midst of regions once inhabited by warlike tribes well known in the early periods of Roman history, and not unfrequently recorded by the poets.

Hi Fescenninas acies æquosque Faliscos,
Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniæque arva,
Et Cimini cum monte lacum, lucosque Capenos†.

VIRG. *Æneid.* vii. 695.

We were in the very capital itself, Fescennium, about six or seven miles from Soracte, as many from the mountains and lake of Ciminus, and close to Falerium‡. Some days might have been passed here with pleasure, and perhaps with improvement; we might have ascended Soracte, and endeavoured to discover the remains of the temple of Apollo—*Sancti custos Soractis§*; we might have explored the Ciminian forest, which the Romans once beheld with awe

* Tit. Liv. v. 27.

† The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavianian lands.—DRYDEN.

‡ Perhaps *in it*, as Cluverius supposes that Civita Castellana occupies the site of that city, and that Fescennium lay nearer the Tiber.

§ *Æneid.* xi. 785.—The guardian of Holy Soracte.

and even terror, as impenetrable to human steps*; we might have ranged along the borders of its lake, which is said to have swallowed up a city; and in fine, we might have visited the shattered walls of old Falerium, and wandered over its now deserted hill. • But these excursions we must leave to future travellers who may have more leisure, and as the season advances we must hasten on. Just out of the gate of Civita Castellana is an aqueduct, still kept up in good repair.

After having crossed a high hill, covered with wood we entered Borghetto, an insignificant village: the only object that attracts the eye is an old castle, standing in picturesque ruin on the summit of the neighbouring eminence. We crossed the Tiber over a fine bridge, the Ponte Felice, erected by Sixtus Quintus, and shortly after began to ascend the ridge of cultivated hills that border the vale intersected by that river. As we advanced, the hills increased in height, till passing over the deep but dry channel of a wintry torrent, we turned and proceeded under the shade of the mountain and its forests, then peculiarly grateful. • The scenery around Narni the reader is acquainted with; its beauties were not altered by the scorching heats of the season. Descending the hill, we once more visited the Ponte d'Augusto, and, traversing the delicious vale of the Nar, entered Terni about six in the evening.

Next morning early we made another and final visit to the cascade; we took the lower path, and proceeded along the Nar, under the shade of groves rising on its banks, and woods hanging from the shelving sides of the mountains. The mass of water was considerably diminished, and of course the grandeur of the fall somewhat impaired; however as the

* Tit. Liv. ix. 36.

Velino is fed by two lakes, it retains a sufficient quantity of water to form at all times a most noble and interesting object, particularly when combined with the surrounding scenery. I must here observe, that if the traveller should not have leisure to visit the *Caduta delle Marmore* (the marble cascade) twice, he would do well to prefer the view from above to that from below, as in the latter the first grand fall is not a little concealed by the cloud of spray, and by the *iris* playing over it; so much indeed that little more than one-third of its elevation is perceptible.

Leaving this singular and magnificent scene with regret, we continued our route, and entering the defiles of the mountains, we began at the second post to ascend Monte Somma. We changed horses at Spoleto; we then rolled over the plain below, the delicious Valle Spoletana, feasted our eyes with the windings of the Clitumnus as we drove along, looked down upon its sources, visited once more his temple, again admired the picturesque position of Trevi, anciently *Trebia*, and the Monte Petino on our right, and entered Foligno. From this town the country became new to our eyes, and to its continued beauty superadded the charms of novelty.

On the left of the road from Foligno, at the distance of about six miles, the towers of *Mevania*, (now with a slight alteration *Bevagnia*), *lati's projecta in campis** arise visible above the woods. The river on which it stands still nearly retains its ancient name *Timia*†, and with the Clitumnus contributes to water and to fertilise the vale over which *Mevania* seems to preside. *Propertius* was born in

* *Sil. Ital. vi. 644.*—Stretching over the spacious plains.

† *Cluverius* mistakes when he calls this river the *Topino*, a stream which, flowing from Foligno, joins the *Timia* at a town called *Cannara*, about six miles north of *Mevania*.

this town, and indulges the vanity of a poet in describing the lustre which it derives from that circumstance :

Scandentes si quis cernit de vallibus arces
Inguis muros æstimet ille meo*.—Eleg. iv. 1.

On the right on the side of a hill stands the little town of Ispello (*Hispellum*) a Roman colony, whose sons, if a poet may be believed, once ranked among “celeberrima nomina bello†.” A little further at the foot of the same hill are the ruins of an amphitheatre, shapeless and uninteresting.

Asisium, now Assisi, on the side of the hill on the right, makes a fine appearance, and preserves it on a nearer approach. It gave birth to St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order, is the metropolis of this order, and owes to it its size, its splendour, and its fame. The Sagro Convento‡, where the body of the saint is said to repose, presents an immense front, and is considered as a very extensive and superb edifice. At the foot of the hill on the road there is a village or rather little town, called Madonna degli Angiolis§, from a rustic chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and the angels, in which St. Francis was accustomed to offer up his devotions, and is supposed to have received the first call to perfection. This oratory became afterwards an object of great veneration, and still continues to be resorted to by pilgrims, especially on the second of August, when multitudes flock to it from all the neighbouring provinces. In order to satisfy the devotion of so great a concourse of people, a very spacious and noble church has been erected, in such a manner as to cover the

* Behold in yonder vale the aspiring town,
And estimate its worth by my renown.

† S l. Ital. iv. 186.—Names renown'd in war.

‡ Sacred Convent.

§ Our Lady of the Angels.

original oratory, which stands in its centre and under its dome.

We passed on the second day after this festival, and were informed by one of the fathers; that more than ten thousand persons had attended service on that day, and that owing to the heat of the weather and the blind enthusiasm of the crowd pressing forward to touch the altar, no less than ten persons were suffocated, pressed, or trampled to death. A practice which not only draws so many labouring persons from their homes and occupations but occasions such tragical accidents, becomes a mischievous superstition, and ought to be suppressed by public authority. This church, or rather the chapel inclosed within its precincts, is also called, the *Portiuncula*, because it was the first *portion* or property annexed to the order. I regretted much that our arrangements did not permit us to visit Asisium, not only on account of the convents, which are said to contain several valuable paintings, but particularly on account of the portico of Santa Maria di Minerva, composed of six Corinthian pillars of the finest proportion, which supported the front of the ancient temple of Minerva.

Here the reader may perhaps expect some account of St. Francis of Asisium, the founder of an order more extraordinary perhaps and more numerous, though less useful and less respectable than that of the Benedictines. A man who has imposed upon so many thousands of voluntary disciples, laws far more severe than those of Lycurgus, and given to his laws a longer duration as well as a far more extensive influence than that legislator, or indeed most others, have been able to impart to their institutions, must certainly have been a very extraordinary person, and must have derived either from his virtues or from his

accomplishments means of persuasion unusually efficacious. His birth and education were naturally calculated to confine him to 'mediocrity; but an ardent piety and a disinterestedness that knew no bounds, soon raised him into notice, and made him an object of contempt to some, of admiration to many. A solemn determination taken at the age of twenty-one to practise strictly and literally the sublimest lessons of Christian self-denial, and the courage to support that resolution without the least deviation during a life of forty-six years, may be considered as proofs of most extraordinary energy and consistency of character. When to these qualities we add two others, of a very different and almost opposite nature, the simplicity of a child, and a humility that almost seemed to border upon pusillanimity, we shall make the picture still more wonderful without diminishing its resemblance. To renounce every species of property, every honourable distinction, every mark of respect from others, nay, even to stifle every emotion of self-complacency, every sentiment of self-applause, and consequently to extinguish every spark of self-love in his own bosom, and then to replace this active principle by a love of God and Man still more active and more efficacious, was the perfection to which this singular personage aspired, and which he appears in some measure to have attained. Hence his whole life was a series of generous sacrifices, patient sufferings, and above all of acts of devotion ardent and almost impassioned. To the warmth of this sublime affection the Italian language owes two of its earliest poetical flights, which as they show the mind and talents of the composer, as well as the language and versification of the age, I may insert elsewhere; especially as they are uncommon, or at least not likely to fall in the way of the greater part of my readers.

But the most singular part of the character of St. Francis was that he could communicate the fire that glowed in his own bosom to his hearers, or rather to the spectators of his virtues, and by his example more than by his words, prevail upon thousands of his contemporaries, and among them many of rank, talents, and education, to adopt the same most austere and laborious mode of living. The Spartan legislator is supposed to have given an astonishing proof of his influence and address in prevailing upon his countrymen to adopt laws that imposed a few restraints, but proscribed no pleasure and stifled no passions; and Cicero is said to have carried the powers of eloquence to the utmost pitch when he engaged the Roman people to forego the advantages of the Agrarian law. What then must we think of the persuasive powers of St. Francis, who triumphed over the most powerful passions that rage in the human breast, and induced so many myriads of disciples to renounce property, name, pleasure, nay, their very will itself, to follow him in the rugged path of self-denial and mortification! Either his talents or his virtues, or both, must have been transcendent; and, without being his disciples, we may very safely consider him as a great and wonderful personage. St. Francis was born about the year eleven hundred and eighty, and died about twelve hundred and twenty-five, having witnessed the rapid propagation of his order, which contained previous to his death more than fifty thousand persons.

I know full well that to ascribe virtue and talents to a saint, or a friar, may be considered by some of my readers as an attempt to impose upon their credulity, and that an Italian *religious* and a Mahometan *der-vise* are, as to personal merit and qualifications, placed by many nearly upon a level. Yet we may

venture to assure such readers that both virtue and talents in a very transcendent degree have been found lodged under a cowl and a hood; how they came there, they *may with Yorick wonder*, but as they are certainly found there, we may be allowed to treat them with the love and reverence which they deserve. Gray imagined that St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian order, must have been a man of genius; we may extend the compliment to his master St. Benedict, to St. Bernard, St. Francis, and many of their disciples, men who in ages of ignorance endeavoured to light up the beacons of science, and in ages of vice struggled by word and example to repress the debauchery, the cruelty, and the boundless licentiousness of the times.

Hæc igitur quæ s. macta subegerit, ex animoque
Expulerit dictis, non armis; nonne decebit,
Hunc hominem numero divum dignariet esse?

LUCAN. Phars. v. 50.

The same plain still continues with all its fertility and beauty beyond Asisium. A little to the north of Bastia it is intersected by a stream called the Chiascio, anciently *Clasius*, and further on, by the Tiber itself, still a very noble river. We passed it a little after sunset, and began to ascend the mountains of Perugia, where we arrived about ten o'clock. I need not inform the reader that on crossing the Tiber we re-entered Etruria.

Perugia, anciently *Perusia*, is one of the most ancient and most distinguished cities of Etruria; the era of its foundation long preceded that of Rome, and like the origin of Clusium, Cortona, &c. is almost lost in distance of time. In conjunction with all the other Etrurian states it long resisted the

* And shall not he, whose all-controlling mind
The human race subdued by words, not arms—
Say, shall not he be throned amongst the gods?

Romans, and when subjected, or rather reconciled to them, it became a faithful and a courageous ally; it defied the power of Annibal, and flourished in peace and opulence till the reign of Augustus; when unfortunately it engaged in the rebellion of Lucius Antonius, uncle of the triumvir, and under his command shut its gates against Augustus, who took it, and, as it is reported, wished to spare it; but one of its principal citizens setting fire to his own house, which he intended as a funeral pile for himself and his family, the flames communicated to the neighbouring buildings, and spreading rapidly around reduced the city to ashes. Perugia, however, rose immediately from its ruins; and on its restoration, by a strange inconsistency, chose for its patron Vulcan, a divinity to whom it seems to have had very few obligations, as the god had spared his own temple only in the general conflagration. In the Gothic war it displayed much spirit, and stood a siege of seven years against these barbarians. It afterwards with the whole Roman state submitted to the pope, and with some intervals of turbulent independence has remained ever since attached to the Roman see.

Perugia is now a large, clean, well-built, and well-inhabited city. Seated on the summit of a mountain it commands from its ramparts, and particularly from its citadel, an extensive view over a vast range of country, fertile, varied with hill and dale, and enlivened with villages and towns. In this rich landscape, the plain which we had traversed made a very conspicuous figure, watered by the Clitumnus, and bounded by the Apennines. There are many churches, convents, and palaces in this city, most of which were adorned with the paintings of Pietro Perugino, the master of Raffaele; of these the

French carried off a considerable number, and defaced others, particularly such as were painted on walls and could not be removed. The cathedral is in itself a very indifferent edifice, and its deformity is increased by the bad taste that seems to have prevailed in its repair and decorations. Several other churches merit attention, particularly that of S. Pietro, belonging to a Benedictine abbey; it is supported by eighteen pillars of fine marble, and adorned with an altar of the same materials very rich and well disposed. Perugia has a university supplied with able professors, and several academies, all of which can boast of illustrious names; and it is upon the whole an interesting city, capable of entertaining the curious and inquisitive traveller for several days.

The road from hence is over a hilly country, planted principally with olive-trees, and of course not very shady. Descending the high hill of Magiona we first discovered, gleaming through a wood of oaks, the lake Trasymenus, and at the village of Torricelli at the foot of the hill we found ourselves on its banks. This lake is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length and about seven in breadth. Three little islands rise in it, the largest and the least about a mile from the northern shore, the other near the southern extremity. The name of this island is Polvese. The two others are denominated from their size *Minore* (less) and *Maggiore* (greater); the latter is adorned with a church. The banks of the lake ascend gradually, but in some places rapidly, from its margin; and as they are clad with wood and speckled with villages, form an outline both bold and lively*. But if in extent and

* Such also was its ancient appearance.

beauty the lake Trasymenus yield to many, in celebrity it is inferior to none; the fall of fifteen thousand Romans and the death of a consul ennoble its name, and cast an awful solemnity over its scenery.

From Torricelli the road winds along the margin of the lake to a village called Passignano, which occupies a very narrow defile, closed on one side by the lake, on the other by a rocky precipice. Beyond this defile the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and on the right by a semicircular ridge of hills and mountains. This ridge, which falls back in the centre, advances again on the sides, and closes on the lake at Passignano in a precipice; and at Borghetto, in a lofty acclivity. The plain thus inclosed is about six miles in length, that is, from the former to the latter of these places, and about four in breadth from the lake to the mountains. Annibal could not have discovered or even have desired a situation more favourable to stratagem and ambush. In the centre of this plain he encamped at the head of his African and Spanish troops; the Balears and light armed forces, he placed in the recesses of the mountains all around, while his cavalry were commissioned to occupy the defile on the rear of the Romans, as soon as they had passed through it. The consul entered by Borghetto with his characteristic rashness and impetuosity, and hastened to attack the army which he beheld in front; when a sudden shout bursting around informed him that he was beset on all sides; a thick mist

Namque ego sum (the god of the lake speaks) celsis quem
cinctum montibus ambit

Timolo missa manus, stagnis Thrasymenus opacis.

SIL. ITAL. IV. 737.

Lo! I am Thrasymene, the wooded lake,
Upon whose banks, to lofty hills that swell,
Still dwell the tribes that erst from Timolus came.

rising from the lake darkened the air; noise, confusion, dismay, defeat, and slaughter followed. The return of sunshine showed the ground strewn with the bodies of the Romans, and the lake crimsoned with their blood*.

A streamlet which nearly intersects the plain in the middle, still retains the name of Sanguinetto or Fossa del Sanguet; it is supposed to water the spot where the consul fell, and is said by the peasants to have rolled a torrent of blood to the Trasymenus, and impurpled its waters to a considerable distance. This rill is the most popular and perhaps the most permanent memorial of this disastrous battle; it is known and pointed out by every peasant and driver, and contemplated by all with some degree of horror. To throw a certain gloom and melancholy over the scenes of human destruction is natural to the mind, and usual in all countries. It is reported, that after sunset a sound like the clashing of shields and the onset of distant armies is heard on the plain of Marathon: at Neerwinden† a countryman assured me that strange noises were often heard on the plains at night; and near Tewkesbury, a close where the greatest number of the Lancastrians were massacred, is still called the *bloody field*, and is supposed by the people to be haunted by spectres.

Ingenuisse putes campos, terramque nocentem
 inspirasse animas, infectumque aera totum
 Manibus, et superam Stygia formidine noctem§.

LUCAN. PHARS. vii. 769.

* Tit. Liv. xxii. 4-6—for a poetical description, see Sil. Ital. v.

† The ditch of blood.

‡ Near Louvain, where the French under Dumourier were defeated with great slaughter by the Austrians commanded by the Prince of Saxe Coburg, in the month of March, 1793.

§ Ascending fiends infect the air around,
 And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground.
 Hence dire affright distracts the soul.—Rowe.

The Sanguineto, when we passed it, was the dry bed of a torrent, lined with vines above the road; and below it, toward the lake, shaded with poplars.

About two miles farther we turned from the lake, and began to ascend the bold wooded hill of Gualandro. From its summit we enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view; behind, of the lake, its islands, and its wooded borders: and before, of the plain of Arezzo, the Valle de Chiana, and the hills of Viterbo, with the truncated cone of Monte Pulciano. This wide and varied view was lighted by the richest and softest tints of an Italian summer's evening. Descending the declivity we passed through the village of Ossaia, said like the Fossa del Sangue, to take its name from the slaughter of the battle, and from the bones dug up by the peasantry in the neighbouring fields. An inscription over the door of a house announces the origin of the name in the following lines, not very classical but intelligible enough.

Nomen habet locus hic Ossaia, ab ossibus illis
Quæ dolus Annibalis fudit et hasta simul *.

On entering the Tuscan territory we were stopped for a minute by an officer of the customs, the most polite and most disinterested of the profession; and then we proceeded rapidly to Camoscia. It was now dusk, and we could barely distinguish at a little distance on our right the city of Cortona, *superbi Tarchontis domus*†, rising in a majestic situation on the side of a mountain. This city, supposed to be the most ancient in Italy, and once the capital of Etruria, still retains its original name unaltered,

* From heaps of bones, which Hannibal of yore,
At once by treachery and the dint of sword,
Spread o'er our fields, Ossaia takes its name.

† The abode of haughty Tarchon.

and preserves some remnant of its walls, the only vestige of its early magnificence. It possesses many valuable paintings, a museum, and a public library, and glories in an academy of great and deserved reputation: its grand object is to discover and to elucidate Etrurian antiquities, and its success has in this respect kept pace with the talents and the zeal of its members.

To visit this museum and to discourse with some of the learned members of the Tuscan academy was a desirable object: we were now in the centre of Etruria, under the walls of its capital, and within a few miles of *Clusium*, (now Chiuso) the seat of one of its most powerful monarchs. We had thus an opportunity of making some researches into the history of the wonderful people who gave their name to this territory and the neighbouring sea; who equalled the Egyptians in the solidity, and surpassed them in the beauty of their edifices: who excelled in the arts, and rioted in the luxuries of life, while the Greeks were still barbarians, and Rome had yet no name; and whose antiquity is such that their origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, and was even in the time of Herodotus, as it now still remains, a subject of dispute and conjecture. Some suppose them to have been *aborigines*, an appellation given to the inhabitants found in a country by its first recorded invaders*; others from a distant conformity in certain customs, fancy that they were of Egyptian origin. Many represent them as a colony of Lydians†, or perhaps of Mæonians, compelled by the pressure of famine to leave their native soil and to seek for maintenance in a more fertile region; a still greater number imagine that they were Pelasgi‡, a well known tribe of Greeks, who when driven by

* Dionysius Halic. † Herodotus. ‡ See Cluv. Ital. Ant. ii.

the Hellenes from Thessalia, first took shelter in Lydia, and afterwards in Italy. In fine, a few later writers have thought that they had discovered in the manners, language, and monuments of the Etrurians and Cananeans such an affinity, as authorised them to conclude that the former were a colony of the latter, and of course either Phœnicians or Philistines. This opinion, supported by Maffei and Mazzochi, and followed by many other Italian authors, is combated by some French critics of considerable learning and merit.

We have neither time nor inclination to enter into a discussion in which learning has already exhausted its stores, and criticism has foiled its own ingenuity; it will abundantly satisfy rational curiosity to know, that the Etrurians participated the qualities of all the different nations to which they have been supposed to owe their origin. Brave as the Pelasgi, they extended their conquests over almost all Italy, and filled its finest provinces, from the borders of Campania to the Rhaetian Alps, with their cities and population. Ingenious like the Greeks, they cultivated sculpture, painting, architecture, and all the arts with passion, and have left behind them numberless monuments to attest their success. Enterprising as the Phœnicians, they delighted and excelled in navigation, colonised the Mediterranean islands, and attempted to explore the secrets of the ocean. So far their resemblance to their supposed ancestors is honourable, and to this they owed their achievements, their renown, and their prosperity. But unfortunately the similarity extends still further, and gives us the most deformed and disgusting features of the Cananean character, rendered if possible still more hideous by time and by refinement*.

* Athenæus.

The operation of these vices gradually produced effeminacy and weakness both of mind and body, and at length deprived the Etrurians of the glory of their achievements and of the advantages of their many enterprises. Their more manly and more intrepid neighbours attacked them with success, and stripped them in process of time of their most valuable provinces*.

They were obliged to yield all the fertile plains that border the Po, and extend from the Alps to the Apennines, to the valour of the Gauls, who settled in that delightful country, and gave it the name of Gallia, to which was afterwards added the distinctive appellation of Cisalpina. The Samnites expelled them from the still more delicious and more desirable region of Campania; the Umbri retook several of their ancient possessions; so that at the appearance of the Romans on the theatre of Italy, the Etrurians were confined to the territory that still bears their name, and extends from the Tiber northward to the Apennines, and westward to the sea. But although humbled in power and reduced in territory, this singular people still retained their superiority in the arts, and in the embellishments of civilised life; and while obliged to bend to the towering genius of Rome, they can boast of having communicated to her the skill that erected her temples†, the ceremonies that graced her religion, the robes that invested her magistrates, the pomp that accompanied her triumphs, and even the music that animated her legions‡. They retained this supe-

* Strabo. " " † Tit. Liv. i. 55.

‡ Bissenos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces, "

Et junxit totidem tacito terrore securas :

Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,

Et princeps Tyrio vestem pretexuit ostro.

Hæc eadem pugnas accendere protulit ære.

riority long after ; perhaps they may be said never to have lost it entirely ; and notwithstanding the succession of so many ages and revolutions, their descendants are supposed still to possess a peculiar aptitude for the arts, and a singular discernment in the sciences.

Of this extraordinary people, we have indeed few architectural monuments ; but in vases, tombs, and altars, we possess abundant proofs of their ingenuity, and without doubt might discover many more by making excavations in or near the site of some of their ancient cities. But however well inclined to indulge in such amusing researches, time and circumstances dragged us irresistibly along, and obliged us to forego the satisfaction of visiting the venerable walls of Cortona. We therefore proceeded on our journey, and as it was dark when we set out from Camoscia, we entered Arezzo rather late.

ARRETIIUM.

Arretium is one of the ancient Etrurian cities ; though, with the exception of the supposed substructions of an amphitheatre, it can boast of no vestige of its former celebrity. It was nearly unpeopled by Sylla, and almost destroyed by the Lombards ; it was agitated by faction, and convulsed by perpetual wars and revolutions during the middle ages. It has, however, survived these tempests, and still remains a considerable city. It

The licor's rods, twice six, she first ordain'd,
 And with the awe-inspiring axes arm'd :
 She first the curule chair to honour rais'd,
 Of ivory form'd, and deck'd the official robe
 With Tyrian purple. Her example taught
 The battle-stirring trumpet's brazen throat
 To peal the notes of war.

is in general well built, and has some, though few remarkable edifices, among which are the public palace on the great square, and the cathedral. The latter is a Gothic edifice, ancient and not contemptible; it contains some beautifully coloured windows. The former displays a vast and very noble front.

Petrarca was born in this city; although, as that circumstance was accidental, and as his family was Florentine, and his stay short, he could not consider it as his country. The house in which that event took place does not correspond, I will not say with the fame, but with the parentage of the poet. It seems to have been originally little better than a cottage, and is now, by time and neglect, almost reduced to a hovel*. But though Arezzo can scarcely rank Petrarca among her sons, she can boast of many an illustrious name, and display a long list of worthies distinguished in arts and in arms. Among these I shall only mention one, because though his merit was great, yet his profession was humble, and his name obscure. Guido l'Areino, a monk of the eleventh century, invented the scale of notes now in use, and thus gave to music, as writing does to language, a form and a body, which may preserve and convey its accents down to the latest posterity.

While at Arezzo, the traveller may indulge himself in a pleasant and truly classical excursion to explore the site of the younger Pliny's Tuscan villa, so minutely and so beautifully described in one of his epistles†. It stood near *Tifernum*, now Citta di Castello, and is supposed by Cluverius to have grown into a large town, called Borgo di San Sepolcro‡. This

* It is now repaired (1821).

† Epist. v. 6.

‡ The town of the Holy Sepulchre.

may have been its situation; yet I should be inclined, from Pliny's expression, "Oppidum est prædiis nostris vicinum, nomine Tifernum*," to place it nearer this latter town. But to form any opinion as to the real spot is impossible, without visiting the country itself, and comparing its localities with the description of Pliny.

Descending the hill of Arezzo next morning to the Etrurian plains†, so famed at all times for their fertility, and shortly after passing the Clivaba or Clanis, which intersects them, we entered the Val d'Arno, the Italian Arcadia, and hailed the Tuscan muse and the genius of Milton. This vale, almost as celebrated in modern as the vale of Tempe was in ancient days, is formed by two ranges of hills stretching along, opposite to each other, at the distance of four or eight miles. In the plain between glides the Arno, diffusing fertility and verdure over his banks; industry extends the benefits of the stream even to the hills, covers their sides with harvests, and crowns their summits with orchards. Handsome villages grace the road, and neat clean-looking cottages rise without number in the fields, oftentimes embosomed in gardens, and overshadowed with pendent vines. The hills on both sides are adorned with several little towns, sometimes boldly rising on their sides, and at other times half concealed in their woods and recesses. Beyond the hills on the right rise the Apennines, lofty, rugged, and naked, excepting one summit, which is tufted with the forest that overhangs Vallombrosa.

* Epist. iv. l.—There is a town near our estates, named Tifernum.

† Regio erat in primis Italiæ fertilis, Etrusci campi, qui Fæsulæ inter Arretiumque jacent, frumenti et pecoris, et omnium copia rerum opulenti.—Tit. Liv. xxii. 3.

The Etrurian plains, which lie betwixt Fæsulæ and Arretium, were one of the most fertile regions of Italy, rich in corn and cattle, and in abundance of everything.

This scenery, which commences at the passage of the Chiana, or rather a few miles to the north of that river, continues with some variations to Florence, and forms the Val d'Arno Superiore*. It is in its greatest beauty where narrowest, that is, from Levane to Incisa. At this latter place the vale expands into a plain, and the road diverges from the river. The weather was intensely hot, the roads were very dusty, and consequently the delight which a scene so beautiful in itself, and so celebrated by fame, is well calculated to inspire, was considerably abated. We entered Florence about sunset.

* The Upper Vale of Arno.

END OF VOL. II.

