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LETTERS

DURING THE COURSE OF A

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

IN THE

YEARS M.DCC.XCI, AND M.DCC.XCII.

WITH

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MANNERS, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION OF THOSE COUNTRIES.

BY ROBERT GRAY, M.A.
VICAR OF FARRINGDON, BERKS.

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PREFACE.

THAT theſe Letters were not written from the places whence they are dated will eaſily be diſcovered. The ſubſtance of them, however, as far as reſpects local deſcription and living manners, was compoſed at the time and on the ſpots to which they relate. The impreſſions of the moment were taken down, and they have ſince been corrected and improved to meet the public eye. As near two years have elapſed ſince the Tour was completed, it may be enquired why, if the work were thought worth publication, it was not publiſhed ſooner? The truth is, that the

Author, on his return from the continent, had no intention of preſenting his Journal in any form to the public, and was immediately engaged, indeed, in other concerns. When, however, theſe were ſuſpended, and he began occaſionally to indulge himſelf in the retroſpect of an intereſting period of his life, it occurred to him that his deſcriptions and remarks might, perhaps, intereſt attention at a time in which an intercourſe with the continent, for excurſions of pleaſure, is almoſt cut off; when ſome of the ſcenes, which the author viſited, are disfigured by recent devaſtation, or clouded by the terrors of approaching ſtorms; when he who forſakes England muſt mark, wherever he may travel, the track of armies, and behold ſuſpicion and diſtruſt, and the influence of evil principles in ſocieties, where confidence and chearfulneſs formerly prevailed.

The

The countries ſpoken of in the enſuing pages have, it is true, been repeatedly deſcribed; but no one can ſuppoſe that they have been fully diſplayed. The records of their hiſtory explain many particulars that have eſcaped attention. The beauty of their appearance may ſtill be exhibited in freſh colours, and in new points of view. The character of their literature and religion has been ſlightly touched by travellers; and their general manners afford ample ſubject for unhacknied illuſtration.

That the author has judiciouſly availed himſelf of the opportunities which he poſſeſſed to give full information upon the ſubjects on which he treats, is by no means pretended. He did not collect materials with any ſuch determinate view; and in the courſe of his Tour only noted down thoſe particulars which appeared moſt intereſting to him, and

which he now flatters himſelf may furniſh ſubject for the amuſement of a few leiſure hours. It is ſome merit to produce any book that may amuſe, and cannot injure the numerous readers of the preſent day: and accounts of other countries, however ſuperficial they may be, cannot but afford ſome uſeful and inſtructive information. No taſte is more prevailing than that for books of travels; none, perhaps, not profeſſedly moral is leſs productive of miſchief. The Engliſh, characterized by their curioſity in viſiting and enquiring concerning other nations, read them with particular avidity. The author has been careful that they who travel with him ſhould find him at leaſt harmleſs; picking up no ſcraps of infidelity, collecting no traſh of foreign politics. If he advert to the light and empty notions which bubbled up in the ſocieties which he ſaw, it is only to point out their frivolous and tranſient nature.

When

When truth is ſcrupulouſly adhered to, the reader may complain of dulneſs, but he will find no miſrepreſentation. If he look in vain for ſtrange occurrences and romantic adventures, he will ſee circumſtances as they exiſt: he will not be terrified by imaginary dangers, nor harraſſed by fictitious difficulties. He will ſtruggle through bad roads without even breaking the ſprings of his carriage, and ſleep at Italian inns without being devoured by fleas. If he is not entertained by lively ſallies or ſprightly anecdotes, let it be remembered that theſe are contrived embelliſhments, and, perhaps, often reflect falſe colours.

If the writer, in recurring to chearful days and to ſcenes viſited in the ſociety of friends whom he valued, revive ſenſations more enlivening than thoſe which at preſent he enjoys, he may, perhaps, be allowed ſometimes to dilate on trivial events, and to linger in minute detail of local circumſtances. He can aſſert, at

leaſt,

leaſt, that he never read the travels of others, in which he has been engaged by the charm of ſimplicity and truth, without partaking of a lively pleaſure from thoſe deſcriptions in which their affections are diſplayed.

The author, however, has often dwelt on circumſtances of local deſcription, but for the ſake of communicating the ſentiments which he experienced, of genuine and unaffected admiration of the works of Providence, and with deſign of conveying reflections of a general tendency. This, indeed, has been done chiefly in Switzerland, where the features of nature are moſt ſtriking and impreſſive, moſt capable of being pourtrayed in deſcription, and moſt diſtinguiſhed by particulars of important conſideration.

Buildings, ſtatues, and pictures he has treated of only as objects to which his atten-

tion was neceſſarily led, without attempting to deſcribe what has been ſo often repreſented, and only with a view to the illuſtration of the arts, and of the appearance of the towns which were viſited in the Tour. Diſtances, and the ſtages of progreſs are commonly ſpecified, as uſeful, not only to inform the traveller, but to aſſiſt the general reader in his ideas of the relative poſition of places; and ſuch ſpecification, if it appear minute, occupies but little ſpace.

The author has endeavoured, to the beſt of his abilities, to impart to others as much as he could of that pleaſure which he experienced in the Tour; and whatever may be his ſucceſs, he has at leaſt wiſhed to direct curioſity to intereſting objects, and to enliven the vacant hours of life by inoffenſive if not inſtructive communications.

ERRATA.

ERRATA.

Page 17, line 3, for *containing* read *consisting of.*

P. 27, l. 13, instead of *more beautiful town* read *town more beautifully situated.*

p. 43, l. 14, for *power* read *state.*

p. 46, instead of lines 4, 5, and 6 read 1400 *feet across the Rhine, where the river is encreased in its breadth after having received the Maine a little above the town.*

p. 48, l. 22, dele *who.*

p. 61, l. 14, for *exhibits* read *exhibit.*

p. 77, l. 14, for *bein* read *vein.*

p. 84, l. 9, a break at *We.*

p. 124, l. 14, for *their* read *this.*

p. 128, l. 13, before *town* insert *this.*

p. 188, l. 13, for *Maudon* read *Moudon.*

p. 203, l. 6. for *sarjent's* read *Cerjat's.*

p. 209, l. 18, for *tutor* read *guide.*

p. 249, l. 3, for *Bondoni* read *Bodoni.*

p. 255, l. 23, for *orfeveria* read *orfèvrerie.*

p. 258, for *Tricheries* read *Trickeries.*

p. 317, l. 2, for *Leonardi di Vinci* read *Leonardo da Vinci.*

p. 321, l. 25, for *duorno* read *duomo.*

p. 378, for *Pope's* read *Pope.*

p. 389, last line, for *Trati* read *Irati.*

p. 332, l. 18, for *Venice* read *Venise.*

p. 417, l. 25, for *eleven thousand fathoms* read *near three thousand seven hundred feet.*

LETTERS

LETTERS

DURING THE COURSE OF A

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, &c.

LETTER I.

BRUSSELS, June 15, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

WE left home on the 6th inſtant in high ſpirits at the proſpect before us, but our chearfulneſs was mingled with ſome regret at the idea of a ſeparation from friends, upon whoſe ſociety we had been accuſtomed to look for enjoyment. The Dover road is always intereſting, and perhaps no other is travelled with ſuch variety of ſenſations, as differently experienced by thoſe who are forſaking, and by thoſe who are returning to

 their

their country—by thoſe who emigrate in queſt of novelty and happier ſcenes, and by thoſe who haſten back to former enjoyments. We were about to quit England with no view but to improve our taſte, and to aſcertain its comparative advantages; neither driven by diſtreſs nor diſguſt, and determined to return as ſoon as curioſity ſhould be gratified; we therefore admired the well-wooded ſcenery of Kent, its frequent hills, and occaſional views of the river, without the lingerings of final departure.

Captain Radcliffe's veſſel conveyed us, in about twelve hours, to Boulogne, where we ſtaid only for the examination of our baggage, and then proceeded to St. Omer's, a town which ſtill retains a gloomy appearance, though the miſts of jeſuitiſm are diſperſed. The Engliſh college here, which cannot boaſt of having educated Mr. Burke, notwithſtanding the ſilly reports upon the ſubject, was formerly a jeſuitical ſchool, originally founded on the ſame plan as that of Douay, to furniſh England with ſupporters of the Romiſh faith. Upon the ſuppreſſion of that ſociety their public buildings were very generally permitted to continue as ſeminaries of education, and

ſtill

ſtill contributed to the cultivation of literature. Modern reformation on the continent is more violent in its tranſitions, and evacuated convents are now converted into barracks, granaries, and manufactories.

We looked into the church and convent of St. Bertin. The monks are in daily expectation of the order of diſmiſſion from their ſpacious and handſome buildings: the courts and gardens already exhibit the rude appearance of neglect. In the diſſolution of theſe houſes the unprejudiced mind will always remember ſomething to regret. Monaſteries, however deſervedly decried as too numerous and too wealthy, and as regulated upon improper principles and reſtrictions, afforded, ſometimes at leaſt, ſhelter to piety, repentance, and literature.

From St. Omer's we proceeded by Caſſel to Liſle. The rich land through which our road was directed, was covered with full crops of various vegetation. The fields of tobacco, the ſtrait roads, and the rows of willows and poplars fantaſtically ſtripped to the top, reminded us that we were in Flanders; and we remarked that the people appeared better

cloathed and more comfortably fed and lodged than thoſe in France.

Their political ſentiments are various. They have caught the enthuſiaſm of liberty; but though flattered by its proſpect, many of them murmur againſt the proceedings of the National Aſſembly. The new archbiſhop of Cambray was lately received at Liſle with great honors, after having narrowly eſcaped the lanterne at Ballieul. The woman who waited upon us at Ballieul, on being queſtioned as to her principles, diffidently declared herſelf incompetent to decide on the ſubjects now agitated. It were devoutly to be wiſhed, that many buſy ſpirits at preſent active, were equally ſenſible of their incapacity. A perſon with whom we converſed at the dominican convent at Liſle, confeſſed that he thought it beſt to adopt whatever principles had the aſcendancy, and that he became ariſtocrat or democrat as the times required.

We were preſent at Ghent on Whit-Sunday: my friend not recollecting the day, enquired of a man, what feſtival was celebrated in the churches? he ſeemed ſhocked at his ignorance, and ſaid, he ſuppoſed that he was an Engliſhman, which he ſeemed to

 conſider

conſider as a ſynonymous term with that of a Turk or Infidel. The proceſſion and celebration of maſs were very ſhowy. Prince Luckowitz, who is the biſhop of Ghent, was preſent at the beautiful church of St. Bavot. He was dreſſed in his epiſcopal habit profuſely adorned with diamonds. The ſinging, which appeared to be the only part of the ſervice to the praiſe of God, was very fine.

The ſon of our landlord at the St. Sebaſtian at Ghent, was a very important perſonage in the late diſturbances. He commanded a regiment againſt the Emperor, and reſiſted all the attractions that Imperial bribery could hold out to ſeduce him from his party.

On leaving Ghent we travelled through a country more open but leſs luxuriant in its productions. The road was covered with crouds of men and women returning from a pilgrimage to our Lady of Hall, whoſe miracles (of which, certainly, you muſt have heard) have eſtabliſhed a great reputation. They all had a kind of paper flag in their hats, like thoſe worn by the repreſentatives of fools on our ſtage, and each perſon carried one or two ſmall children's trumpets ſuſpended at the ſide.

Bruſſels has been generally conſidered as a moſt agreeable place of reſidence. Thoſe who have introduction to the higher ranks certainly experience every enjoyment there that lively and elegant ſociety can furniſh. It requires ſome prudence, however, to keep ſafe from the diſſipation and taſte for high play which prevails. Political diſſenſions have been lately introduced; and the intermixture of emigrant Frenchmen, reſtleſs and diſcontented, has contributed to change the character of the place. The court has been long abſent, and the Engliſh have had no ambaſſador's houſe to frequent. Col. Gardner has not any oſtenſible character, and reſides at the Hotel de Bellevûe. We mean to ſtay but two or three days and take up with the Table D'Hotes and the theatre, which are ſufficiently good to furniſh entertainment and ſociety to tranſient viſiters.

Of the public buildings at Bruſſels every book will inform you. The church of St. Gudule contains much to intereſt. The pulpit, the painted glaſs, and the pictures of Rubens have been often deſcribed; but I do not know any account that ſpeaks of a picture of Mary queen of Scots, given, as the Latin

inſcription

inſcription under it expreſſes, by the queen herſelf. A contemporary picture of this celebrated perſonage is certainly curious. It excites a very favorable recollection of an intereſting woman, of whom we all wiſh to think well, and of whom we are all obliged to think ill; the deſcription of whoſe charms and accompliſhments ſtill captivates our judgment, and the hiſtory of whoſe misfortunes awakens and intereſts our moſt lively affections. The portrait reminded me of her picture, poetically drawn by Buchanan;

" Aſpice quantus honos frontis, quæ gratia blandis
" Interfuſa genis, quam mitis flamma decoris
" Fulguret ex oculis, quam conſpirârit amico
" Fœdere cum tenerâ gravitas matura juventâ,
" Lenis et auguſtâ cum majeſtate venuſtas."

Which may be thus rendered,

What noble beauties on her forehead play,
What mingled grace her lovely cheeks diſplay,
What gentle glances lighten in her eyes,
What charms to youth her matron mind ſupplies!
With awful majeſty ſee beauty ſhine
In temper'd rays, in union ſoft combine.

"Pectora" (continues the flattering poet)

"Pectora nec formæ cedunt exercita curis,
"Palladiis et Pierias exculta per artes,
"Tranquillant placidos ſophia ſub judice mores*."

Nor are the fair endowments of her mind
Leſs pure by nature, leſs by art refin'd:
Her manners ſweetly tun'd, but ſpeak the ſkill
With which preſiding wiſdom guides her will.

Buchanan, as an hiſtorian, delineates her character with an ungenerous and ungrateful ſeverity that proves him to have been but little influenced by the impreſſion of her perſonal charms, or the favours which he had received from that unfortunate queen.

The archducheſs, and her conſort the prince of Saxe Teſchen, yeſterday made their public entrance here, on their return, after an abſence of above a twelvemonth. Their equipage and attendance were ſplendid, but the day was ſullen and unpropitious to the parade: it rained and thundered violently as they arrived: their reception, by the people, was not flattering: no ſhoutings, no accla-

* Epithalamium Franciſci Valeſii et Mariæ Stuartæ.

mations;

mations; " no man cried, God bleſs them!" The populace has imbibed too much of the ſpirit of diſcontent to be pleaſed with the return of its governors: they were welcomed, however, at the theatre, in the evening, with great applauſe; and an occaſional repreſentation, with alluſion to the circumſtances of the time, calculated to excite ſatisfaction and reliance on government, was very favorably received. The higher ranks rejoice at the appearance of a court. The illuminations loſt their effect at night, as they ſhone but dimly through the rain. This morning the prince appeared at the parade, on the Grande Place, with the Comte de Seckendorf, to review ſome troops of horſe. The Hungarian horſes have the reputation of being hardy and active; but they are ſo ſmall as to appear almoſt incapable of ſupporting their broad-backed, boney riders.

LETTER II.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, June 22, 1791.

WE left Bruſſels on the 17th, and proceeded by Tirlemont and St. Tron to Liege. The country towards Bruſſels exhibits gentle declivities, prettily covered with woods and villages, with their church ſpires riſing among the trees. As we approached Liege it appeared gradually to impoveriſh.

Liege, though a very ugly town, is finely ſituated on the Meuſe. The narrow ſtreets are crowded with manufacturers of fire-arms and of other articles, who get rich amidſt their dirt. We dined, the ſecond day, at Chaufontaine, a beautiful ſpot in the centre of well-cloathed hills. The views in the neighbourhood, particularly that over an adjacent valley, are charming. In the evening we drove through an agreeable country, occaſionally contraſted by barren heaths, to

Spa,

Spa, having paſſed through a part of the petty territories, or monaſtery, of the prince of Stavelot, an eccleſiaſtic, with whom his ſubjects profeſs themſelves ſatisfied.

As we approached Spa we admired, by moonlight, its fine hills richly covered with trees. We took up our abode at the Hotel du Loup; a little diſcouraged, however, by that emblem of a voracious landlord.

Spa is yet very thin of company; the rooms are but little frequented: the gameſters can with difficulty draw a circle round their tables; they look very anxiouſly at ſtrangers. The few Frenchwomen who are here dance with great elegance: but play is the whole pleaſure and buſineſs of the place; men, women and children are all caught by the phrenzy. Volatile Frenchmen and phlegmatic Germans, grave Spaniards and ſteady Engliſhmen. They who repair here for health counteract the effect of their morning ride and ſalutary draughts of water, by late hours and ruffled paſſions. It is ſtrange to ſee them galloping after health in the morning, and deliberately throwing it away, with their caſh, in the evening.

The

The fountains which iſſue out from amidſt theſe ſtony hills are, certainly, very efficacious in many caſes. Engliſhmen, returning from an Italian tour, viſit them with great benefit; but one is apt to fancy, that when ladies, who are impatient to get their debts diſcharged by preſenting their huſbands with an heir, ſeek to promote parturition by bathing their feet in the waters of Sauvenier, they aſcribe more virtues to them than they poſſeſs, though certainly they brace relaxed habits ſpeedily.

As we found that we had more taſte for Pharo and Birabee than might be conſiſtent with our deſign of viſiting Italy, we determined not to hazard a long ſtay at Spa, and therefore ſet off on the 26th; and quitting the territory of Liege, at Vervier, we travelled through a country, of which, the rich encloſed paſtures and extenſive views reminded us of Somerſetſhire. The latter part of our drive, at ten o'clock at night, was through a foreſt, where our lamps hardly afforded light enough to ſave us from being overſet by the deep ruts of a heavy ſandy ſoil.

When we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, we might have ſlept in our carriage, if our courier had

had not procured us lodgings at a private houſe; for, in conſequence of the king of Sweden's being here, not a room is diſengaged at the inns, even for Engliſhmen, for whom room is always made, if poſſible. Engliſhmen might indeed be much flattered by the diſtinction with which they are received in all parts of the continent, if they could ſuppoſe that the reception ariſes from diſintereſted regard. Our Engliſh ſervant at St. Omer's, left a room, into which he was ſhown by the miſtreſs of the poſt houſe, repreſenting that he did not think himſelf fit company for the officers and gentlemen there. The good lady, however, ſoon cured him of his diffidence, deſiring him to return, declaring, that ſhe thought an Engliſh ſervant as good as a French officer at leaſt, a compliment which no genuine John Bull would ever contradict.

As no form is obſerved at Aix-la-Chapelle, any more than at Spa, I went to the aſſembly room in my travelling dreſs, though the king of Sweden was preſent. His animated and affable manners, and lively converſation, appear to conciliate general regard. The next evening we ſaw the prince

of

of Orange and his ſon, at the play, and afterwards at a ball. They came to Aix-la-Chapelle to meet the king of Sweden, with deſign, it is preſumed, to confer on political concerns, but under pretence of arranging a matrimonial connection between the Stadtholder's ſon and a daughter of prince Ferdinand. The king of Sweden, however, either on ſome conſideration of etiquette, or to prevent ſuſpicious rumours, has not appeared in public with the prince of Orange, but ſet off for Spa yeſterday morning. The ſon of the prince of Orange has the reputation of abilities far ſuperior to thoſe of his father, and of inheriting the genius of his mother. Prince Ferdinand, and this ſon, and many other illuſtrious perſons, were preſent at the ball, and the young princes danced.

This ancient town, which Charlemagne made the ſeat of empire on this ſide the Alps; and which continued ſo to be till the time of Charles the fifth, affords but few circumſtances to intereſt the attention. The cabinet, a quatres portes, remains a monument of a ſilly diſpute for national precedency. The picture in which Charlemagne is repreſented as conceding privileges to the town, is no more the

work

work of Vandyke (I ſay it meo periculo) than are the wretched portraits of lord Sandwich and the other ambaſſadors who aſſembled here in 1748.

The dome of the cathedral, in which many emperors have been crowned, is ſupported by large pillars, brought from Conſtantinople.

LETTER

LETTER III.

DUSSELDORF, June 24.

FROM Aix-la-Chapelle we were conveyed ſlowly, by Juliers to Duſſeldorf, by horſes, which correſponded with the deſcription which Tacitus gives of the German ſteeds, being not remarkable either for beauty or ſpeed*. The ſmall, well-planted encloſures reminded us of England; they are not adorned, however, by the frequent neat houſes which enliven our proſpects.

Duſſeldorf derives an air of dignity from its palace and great church, though theſe buildings are not particularly diſtinguiſhed for their ſtyle of architecture. The palace has the appearance of a deſerted reſidence, and a ſolitary guard or two ſuggeſted the idea of

* "Equi non forma non velocitate conſpicui"—
De moribus Germanorum, § 6.

departed

departed magnificence. It contains, however, the invaluable collection of pictures, which is deſervedly celebrated, as containing an unrivalled aſſemblage of Flemiſh productions. I ſhall not repeat the deſcription of them: All at leaſt have ſeen the engravings from them, or have read the rapturous criticiſms of amateur travellers. John-William, the count palatine, who made the collection, is ſaid to have derived a taſte for painting from ſeeing the fine picture here of the battle of the Amazons, by Rubens. As he married one of the Medici family, we need not wonder at his encouragement of the fine arts.

The full moral effect of pictures is ſeldom produced by large collections; ones attention is diſtracted by variety, and too often diverted to follow up any chain of thought. A ſingle picture, accidentally ſeen, may excite very intereſting reflections; but who can turn from the tragic ſublimity of a crucifixion, by Vandyke, to the humorous repreſentation of a Charlatan, by Gerard Dow, without perceiving a derangement of ideas. If this picture of the Virgin and Child, by Carlo Dolce, were in my cloſet, it would animate my piety to indulge in daily contemplation of it;

 and

and the celebrated head of Chriſt, by the ſame maſter, at Burleigh, is, with great propriety, placed, with only one or two others, in a ſeparate cloſet. But at Duſſeldorf I am called from the ſublime ſubject, to look at a Schalchens's woman, ſmiling on a boy who endeavours to blow out a candle.

In admiring the magnificent picture of the diſpenſation of a final judgment, by Rubens, I could not but regret, that the ſubject is degraded by the introduction of Satan, in that ſtile of traditionary repreſentation in which vulgar imaginations have embodied him, with horns and cloven feet. Sir Thomas Browne, who has adopted and refuted many errors upon a rabbinical notion, ſuppoſes the idea to have ariſen from the circumſtance of the devil's having appeared in the ſhape of a goat*; and the learned Mr. Mede was of opinion, that the devil, who, ſince the fall, only was allowed to appear in a human ſhape, is compelled to bear the deformity of ſome uncouth member, as though he could not yet take upon him human ſhape entirely, for that man himſelf is not entirely and utterly fallen as he is.

* See Vulgar Errors.

The

The imagination of Rubens, however, like that of Milton, ſhould have rejected ſuch childiſh fancies; the ſublime deſcription of the painter, like that of the poet, ſhould have pourtrayed him

" As one whoſe form had yet not loſt
" All its original brightneſs, nor appeared
" Leſs than archangel ruined, and th' exceſs
" Of glory obſcured."

He ſhould have repreſented " the faded ſplendor wan," the fallen brightneſs of " Lucifer, ſon of the morning."

During my ſhort ſtay at Duſſeldorf, I became acquainted with a baron De Harold, an Iriſhman, who is colonel of the regiment of Konigsfeld, and gentleman of the chamber to the elector palatine, who has publiſhed, in Engliſh, ſome poems, under the name of Oſſian, in imitation of thoſe of Macpherſon, which the baron profeſſes to have compoſed on the fragments of ſome traditional ſongs found in the Erſe language, in Ireland: they are written with ſome ſpirit. It is remarkable that Oſſian is repreſented as an Hibernian, and that ſome of the poems contradict important paſſages in thoſe handed to the public by Mr. Macpherſon: but it is as

well known in Ireland, that the Scotch derive their origin from the Iriſh, as it is unqueſtionable in Scotland, that the Hibernians originally ſprung from that moſt ancient nation in the world, *videlicet*, the Scotch; as any man, who chuſes, may find fully proved by a long deduction of particulars in Macgeogehan's Hiſtory of Ireland; though, obſerve, I will not enter into any controverſy to defend or ſubvert the pretenſions of either party. Oſſian, the Iriſhman, is, I know, a much more pious man than Oſſian the Scotchman, though I think it rather uncandid in the baron, to give any countenance to the imputation of atheiſm againſt the Scotch hero of Macpherſon, and to ſuppoſe him unconverted by the arguments of the miſſionary with whom he diſputed *.

But my reaſon for mentioning the baron, was to inform you, that he is now employed, in tranſlating into Engliſh verſe, a Latin poem, entitled the Chriſtiad, written by Robert Clarke, a Carthuſian monk, of the convent of Nieuport near Oſtend, from which, he aſſerts, that our great poet has

* See Macpherſon's Diſſert. p. 10.

bor-

borrowed largely. The poem, which is on the Paſſion of Chriſt, in ſeventeen books, contains, indeed, many ideas and deſcriptions, ſtrikingly ſimilar to thoſe of Milton in his Paradiſe Loſt. But unleſs the baron can produce an edition previous to that which he poſſeſſes, which was printed at Bruges in 1678, it will be difficult to convict Milton of plagiariſm in this inſtance; for Johnſon, if I recollect rightly, informs us, that Elwood ſaw a complete copy of the Paradiſe Loſt at Milton's houſe, at Chalfont, in 1665; that Milton ſold the copy in 1667, and that the third edition was printed in 1678, when it is probable that many copies had paſſed over to the continent, and contributed to encreaſe the reputation which his name had gained abroad; and therefore we have a right to ſuppoſe, that Clarke, and not Milton, was the copyiſt: the poem however appears to have much merit. The baron has finiſhed ten or eleven books, with what fidelity I know not, but certainly with much animation. Milton has often been accuſed of plagiariſm, it is to be feared ſometimes with truth; for though biſhop Douglas, with great acuteneſs, detected Lauder's interpolations in the works

of different writers, which were designed to disparage Milton's reputation, he by no means undertook to prove, that Milton's claim to originality might not, in other instances, be impeached; and Lauder, though persuaded by Dr. Johnson to give up, in a hasty fit of shame, his whole Essay as an imposition, afterwards, in part, recanted his recantation, and attempted, with some success, to prove the charge of forgery against Milton. But it is time to put an end to this digression designed to vindicate Milton, as every Englishman must wish to do, where he can be vindicated without injury to truth.

Dusseldorf and its environs are not unpleasant. The river Dussel, from which the town takes its name, falls into the Rhine here, and flows with that river, in a respectable channel, through a chearful country. The society of the neighbourhood is described as polished; but with French politeness has been introduced somewhat of French dissipation, among the higher ranks, who mix not with their inferiors. The stile of living is not expensive. There is no tax, but a small land-tax, imposed by the three orders of the districts of Berg and Juliers, who assemble

here

here to tax themſelves. The baron informs me, that the 200l. ſterling, which he receives as colonel, is equivalent to 600l. a year in England. His man-ſervant receives but two pounds two ſhillings per annum. A general toleration is granted here; but the Romaniſts only are admitted to municipal employments. Since the court has removed to Munich, a regency has been eſtabliſhed.

LETTER IV.

FRANCKFORT, June 29.

THE country between Cologne and Duſſeldorf is flat. At Benrah, a few miles from Duſſeldorf, we ſaw an elegant chateau of the elector, which, however, contains nothing remarkable, and is ſituated in gardens ſtiff and formal as art could make them.

Cologne is finely ſituated for trade, which once flouriſhed here. It was one of the Hans towns, and free city, and formerly contained 30,000 men, and ſtood a ſiege of the whole empire. It is now badly governed: its corporation is rich; its trade and population are decayed; its ſtreets and buildings are dirty and unimproved. The few Proteſtants who are here are not tolerated in their worſhip, but go to a church at Mulheim, ſix miles farther in the palatinate: theſe, however, are the chief promoters of trade. The Romaniſts

maniſts exhibit their dark cathedral, and numberleſs monaſteries: live in poverty to ſupport an overgrown miniſtry, not reſpectable for character; and tell their ſuperſtitious and childiſh ſtories of St. Urſula and her eleven thouſand virgins, and of coach-horſes that ran up into the garret of a man to puniſh his incredulity, with ſuch trumpery tales as prove, that ſome of the inhabitants of Cologne are not wiſer in their popular creed, than they were ten centuries ago.

One of the things beſt worth ſeeing at Cologne is a picture, which Rubens preſented to St. Peter's church, in the pariſh of which he was born: the ſubject is the martyrdom of St. Peter: it is a complete tragedy. The countenance and diſtortion of St. Peter are admirably expreſſed. This apoſtle, we are told by eccleſiaſtical hiſtorians, was nailed to the croſs on the vatican mount, and intreated to be crucified with his head downwards, declaring that he was unworthy to ſuffer in the ſame poſture in which his Lord had ſuffered*; and the painter has repreſented the martyrdom under thoſe circumſtances.

* See Echard's Eccleſ. Hiſt.

A famous

A famous work of Le Brun is alſo to be ſeen in Cologne, at the houſe of major Jaback: it contains the portrait of ſome of the major's anceſtors, and is repreſented, as I ſuppoſe many others are, as the chef-d'œuvre of the French painter: it did not, however, raiſe him in my eſtimation.

While we were at Cologne, the comte D'Artois, accompanied by Mr. De Calonne, the biſhop of Arras and a large ſuite, arrived there on his road to Bruſſels, in conſequence of an account, which he had received, that the king and queen had eſcaped from Paris, and were haſtening to join monſieur and madame De Provence. The prince appeared much elated.

" O thoughtleſs mortals, ever blind to fate!"

The ſame day, a little beyond Bonn, we met a gentleman, who was poſting to overtake the prince with the information of the king's being retaken. He enquired of us if we had ſeen the comte D'Artois, and told us, that he was with the king when taken; but he could not ſtay to communicate the particulars.

Bonn

Bonn is a fine town: the palace there has no uniformity of design: the chief façade is at one end: the gardens are gay, and decorated with espalier orange-trees, and a variety of fine plants: the terras in front commands, very beautifully, the bold sweeps of the Rhine, which, with the gradual declivities covered with vineyards that recede from its banks; the summits of hills, covered with castles and towers, and the lofty spiral tops of distant mountains, form a wonderful scene. The duke of Marlborough never took possession of a more beautiful town.

The present elector of Cologne, who resides here, is brother to the emperor of Germany: he obtained his election somewhat informally, by pecuniary intrigue: his revenues and territory are not large: he is obliged, by the German confederacy, to maintain 800 soldiers.

About four miles beyond Bonn we quitted the road, in order to visit a mineral spring not far distant, which, if I mistake not, is called Newth. It is situated amidst some beautiful hills, on one of which are the picturesque ruins of an old castle. A good inn is established there; and the adjacent grounds are

laid out, by the elector, with that attention to nature, which, to the honor of our nation, is characterised every where as the English taste. The water, which resembles that of Spa, though it is not so strong, is said to be very efficacious in similar cases. The place will, doubtless, be much resorted to; and if beauty of situation, by enlivening the mind, contributes to health, every advantage may be derived from the neighbouring scenes.

From hence we drove through a most enchanting country by the side of the Rhine, between mountains perpetually varying and richly cloathed. The beautiful river winds very gracefully between banks, above which appear, as in the description given by Ausonius, of some neighbouring scenes;

" Culmina villarum pendentibus edita ripis
" Et virides Baccho colles*."

Towns which o'er hanging banks their summits rear,
And hills which green with Bacchus' gifts appear.

The houses and frequent towns, delightfully situated, reflect a chearful light from their white fronts and slated tops; and the patches

* Ausonius Mosella, l. 20, 21.

of

of corn, intermixed with the vineyards, ſpread a glad appearance of plenty around them. A fine ſpiral hill crowned with a rocky, caſtle-like building, forms a noble object for many miles. The whole ride to Andernach is one of the moſt beautiful in Europe: it runs along a road which was made, as an inſcription informed us, under the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, in 162, and repaired and widened by Theodore, elector of Bavaria, in 1768.

We ſlept at Andernach, where the maſter of the poſt-houſe, and his two pretty daughters, detailed to us, very feelingly, the circumſtances of the king of France's re-capture at Varenne. We lamented that the unhappy king had not eſcaped from inſult and degradation; but if he had diſplayed his ſtandard, what fatal effects muſt inſtantly have followed! The preparation for civil war was already commenced, and we ſhould have ſoon had

" —Plains with ſlaughter cover'd o'er,
" And rage unknown to civil wars before *."

* The writer could not then foreſee that an uncontrolled and ferocious phrenzy would produce effects in France more dreadful than any civil war at that period could have occaſioned.

Ander-

Andernach was one of the ſeven ports which Julian built after the deſtruction of the barbarians. From this town to Coblence, the country is inferior only to that which we had paſſed the preceding day. The poſition of the city on the Rhine, at the mouth of the Moſelle, is remarkably fine. The new part of the town is well built; the new palace is handſome, but the ſituation is by no means to be compared with that of the old one, which ſtood at the foot of the noble fortreſs of Elthrenherſtein, facing the Moſelle. The whole town is now filled with the troops of the comte D'Artois.

The Moſelle, which here pours its yellow ſtream into the Rhine, would ſuffer much, notwithſtanding the deſcription of Auſonius, on a compariſon with the Thames.

Of the Rhine one can never profeſs ſufficient admiration; it has every beauty that poetical deſcription hath attributed to it, though it ſeems indeed to have loſt ſome of its powers; for Claudian, in conformity with a popular ſuperſtition, conſiders it as capable of aſcertaining the legitimacy of ſuſpected offspring;

" Et quos naſcentes explorat gurgite Rhenus."

And thoſe whoſe birth the whelming Rhine explores.

It being cuſtomary, as Gregory Nazianzen has remarked, to make this ordeal trial*. One wiſhes, it is true, to ſee more veſſels on the Rhine; but its navigation is impeded by heavy and injudicious taxation. The current is likewiſe extremely rapid, and veſſels aſcend with the greateſt difficulty; but large rafts of timber float down and give a peculiar character to the river.

Inſtead of proceeding by Mayence to Franckfort, we unfortunately took the road by Montabuer, Limbourg, and Konigſtein, and were jumbled over a continuation of rocky ſtones, to the imminent hazard of diſlocating our bones and breaking our carriage. We were obliged to ſleep at Konigſtein at a wretched inn, which, however, we exchanged next morning for the red houſe at Franckfort, one of the beſt in Europe.

Franckfort affords little gaiety to the ſtranger except at a coronation, or during the time of the fair, when the mornings are

* Ες νοθον ευγενεοις ρηγη κριθεντα ρεεθροις.

enlivened

enlivened by the buſtle of buſineſs, and the evenings paſs merrily in the relaxations of ſucceſs and in the ſpirit of occaſional indulgence. The chief ſtreet in the town is ſpacious; the buildings ſuch as wealthy merchants ſhould inhabit: but ſome of the houſes are disfigured by painting and taſteleſs embelliſhments. The town is well governed by its two burgomaſters and ſenates. The adjacent dependencies, ſituated in a flat plain, are marked out by four towers all viſible at once. The town is ſaid to contain 30,000 inhabitants, Romaniſts, Lutherans, Calviniſts, and Jews, all of which have now their places of public worſhip. The Lutheran ſpirit, however, prevails in the magiſtrature. The Romaniſts are not allowed to partake of the government, or to have a public proceſſion of the hoſt; and the Calviniſts were, till lately, obliged to have their churches at Bochenheim, in Hanau. The Jews are rich, but are compelled, by an uſeleſs and illiberal policy, to reſide in a ſeparate part of the town: in that oppreſſive ſpirit likewiſe with which they are every where marked out, they are obliged to fetch water to extinguiſh every fire that happens at Franckfort.

The

The trade of this town, and indeed of Germany in general, is ſuppoſed to decreaſe, ſince the export of German commodities, through Franckfort, ſcarce amounts to a tenth of the imports from France, Holland, Italy, and other countries. The revenues, from cuſtom and exciſe, and contribution levies, amount to about 30,000l. per annum.

Thoſe who have introduction to the merchants of this town, may converſe with men of enlarged and liberal minds. The great reſort of ſtrangers has introduced a franknefs of manners; and the traveller eaſily finds perſons as willing, as they are well qualified, to communicate information. He may amuſe himſelf alſo at the Cabinet literaire, which is well ſupplied with books and foreign papers. The people at preſent have no public amuſement, but that of repairing to a kind of vaux-hall wood, down the Maine, where they divert themſelves with more good-humour than elegance, in drinking and dancing the walſe, in which the man facing the woman embraces, and turns her round with a double motion, like that (if the compariſon be not too lofty) which philoſophers attribute to the earth revolving on its own axis, and turning

at the ſame time round the ſun. The repreſentation which we ſaw, was coarſe; but we readily underſtood, why Werter ſhould determine that the woman whom he loved, and to whom he might have pretenſions, ſhould never do the walſe with any other man.

The Maine is not beautiful near Franckfort. The houſes on its banks are too cloſe to each other, and have no lawns or gardens deſcending to the river: they are built of wood or ſtone, and are ſlated; but bear no more marks of taſte in architecture than thoſe at Dulwich. The ramparts, as thoſe of many other towns in Germany, are generally planted with limes, which finely ſcent the air: they afford pleaſant walks to the inhabitants.

LETTER V.

FRANCKFORT, July 4.

WE are juſt returned here, after a few days excurſion to Heſſe-Caſſel, which is about one hundred miles from Franckfort. We paſſed through ſome of the territories of the Landgrave of Heſſe-Darmſtat, and arrived, the firſt day, at Marburg, formerly an Imperial town, but now ſubject to the prince of Heſſe-Caſſel.

Marburg has but a mean appearance; it is irregular and built on a ſmall eminence: the caſtle, which overtops it, is faſt verging to ruin; it commands a view of a country ſomewhat wild and romantic: the ſurrounding hills are well-varied and well-wooded. The univerſity here, though ſo near to Gottingen, flouriſhes. We look in vain, however, for college edifices, amidſt the poor buildings of the town.

Marburg derives no ornament from the river Loghne, on which it is ſituated. The waters of this ſtream, however, though not brilliant, furniſh the largeſt cray-fiſh I ever ſaw; and it is remarkable, that they continue black after they are boiled.

Erxlaben, the profeſſor of civil juriſprudence in this univerſity, who was formerly tutor to my friend at Gottingen, ſhewed us much attention. The profeſſors are twenty-four in number: the ſtudents about three hundred and fifty, among which are three Engliſh boys from Leeds. The public library contains a large collection of books, in divinity, juriſprudence, and medicine. The belles lettres are but little cultivated here: the landgrave is the rector.

From profeſſor Beauclair's plan, who ſtiles himſelf profeſſeur ordinaire en pedagogie, we learn that 30l. per ann. muſt be paid for board and inſtruction in French and German; Latin, Greek, and Hebrew muſt be paid for ſeparately; each 4l. per ann. Italian and Engliſh, each 3l. Dutch and religion, each 2l. 10s. a curious ratio! Inſtruction in religion ſhould not be the object of a ſeparate charge at an univerſity. There is no

difference in the price, whether a youth be taught the Romiſh or the Reformed faith; and the town furniſhes a Romiſh and a Lutheran church.

From Marburg to Caſſel, the diſtance is about ſixty miles, through a country well diverſified. We noticed, amidſt variety of vegetation, the beach and oak as very fine, and the weeping birch as remarkably elegant. The houſes, ſcattered here and there through the country, are built in a bad ſtile, with croſs and differently coloured beams, like thoſe in Cheſhire. The white and ſlated houſes of Weſtmoreland would adorn this country much, and appear to great effect amidſt the foliage of its rich woods, and its elegant ſcenery.

Caſſel is a moſt beautiful town: it ſomewhat reſembles Bath. We took up our abode in the circus: the public buildings are handſome, and have a claſſical appearance; the manege is light and elegant; the pavilion is built in a good ſtile of architecture, and pleaſantly ſituated in gardens perfumed and richly decorated with orange-trees; and enlivened by the chearful notes of canary birds, which fly wild and unconfined about them. The mu-

ſeum, which was built by the laſt landgrave, Frederick the ſecond, to whom the town is indebted for many of its public ornaments, is a noble building: the library, a magnificent room, 500 feet, I think, long, and 40 feet broad; among the fine works which it contains, we noticed a manuſcript of Thucydides, which ſome Dutch editor, of that hiſtorian, has collated; an Hebrew manuſcript, of which the variations are publiſhed by Kennicott; and a Latin bible, publiſhed at Mayence, or Mentz, in 1462, by John Fuſt and Peter Schæffer de Gernſheym (as they are deſcribed in the title page); another copy of this edition is in the Paris library; it was probably the ſecond or third edition, as a Latin bible was publiſhed at Mentz in 1452.

The muſeum contains a valuable collection of antique gems and ornaments, ſtuffed beaſts, ſtatues, buſts, cork models of buildings of Rome, &c. &c. In the room of the mathematical inſtruments here, we were ſhewn a focus glaſs which will burn wood in water. There were only three of theſe glaſſes, made by a man, who is now dead, who was in the prince of Stolberg's ſervice: the glaſſes are ſaid alſo to diſſolve diamonds. The account reminded

reminded us of the glaſſes of Archimedes. We ſaw here alſo ſome optical glaſſes, ſomewhat upon the plan of thoſe of Mr. Bradbury, who lately exhibited his deceptive repreſentations in Bond-ſtreet.

The preſent landgrave, whoſe morals do but little credit to his religion, is, I believe, a Calviniſt. His landgravine, from whom he is ſeparated, is a Lutheran; and her ſpleeny ſect has the aſcendancy here. Romiſh and calviniſtical churches are allowed, but are not ſuffered to have any bells, to ſing a requiem in charity, or to warn their hearers by a memento of death; to prohibit bells muſt be conſidered as very intolerant, if we conſider their uſe and importance, which Spelman in a deſcriptive couplet thus details:

" Laudo deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum
" Defunctos ploro, peſtem fugo, feſta decoro *."

The God of Truth I praiſe; the people call and prieſt,
I mourn the dead, expel the plague, and cheer the feaſt.

a ſervice ſufficiently momentous, without taking into the account that the ſound of bells has been ſuperſtitiouſly ſuppoſed to be as tremendous to the powers of darkneſs as the

* Durand's Rational.

crowing of the cock; and that they contribute their assistance very usefully upon many occasions in civil life.

The Lutheran spirit has always been less tolerant than that of Calvinism, departing, in this respect, as well as in its general principles, less from the church of Rome than that of other Protestant sects: its oppressive and persecuting temper abated, however, considerably towards the close of the last century, when the authority of its symbolical books began to diminish. The exertions of Maurice, landgrave of Hesse, to restrain the power of the Lutherans, and the endeavours of William the sixth, his successor, to affect an union between them and the members of the Helvetic church, the doctrines of which had been introduced by Maurice, though they did not establish an uniformity of opinion, yet gradually produced a spirit of christian forbearance, and more liberal principles of toleration. At the conference held at Cassel in 1661, when Musæus and Henrichius, professors at Rintelin, appeared on the side of the Lutherans, and Curtius and Henichius as advocates for the reformed church, the candour of these great and good men produced a declaration, that

that their differences of opinion were not of ſufficient importance to juſtify a departure from fraternal union and peace. The Lutherans did not immediately feel the influence of theſe juſt and charitable ſentiments, notwithſtanding many good and able men, and particularly John Dureus, the benevolent and indefatigable Scotchman, laboured inceſſantly to promote their operation; but the progreſs of literature, and gradual improvement of knowledge, at laſt brought the Lutheran churches to adopt the great maxim of the Arminians, "that chriſtians were accountable to God alone for their religious ſentiments; and that no individual could be juſtly puniſhed by the magiſtrate for his erroneous opinions, while he conducted himſelf like a virtuous and obedient ſubject, and made no attempt to diſturb the peace and order of civil ſociety:" A maxim upon which Moſheim well remarks, that "it were to be wiſhed that this religious liberty, which the dictates of equity muſt approve, but of which the virtuous mind alone can make a wiſe and proper uſe, had never degenerated into that unbridled licentiouſneſs that holds nothing ſacred, but with an audacious inſolence

lence tramples under foot the ſolemn truths of religion, and is conſtantly endeavouring to throw contempt upon the reſpectable profeſſion of its miniſters*."

Toleration muſt reſult not from inſenſibility to the inportance of religious opinions, or from any doubts of the certainty and evidence of truth, but from conviction that chriſtianity prohibits violence, and that its doctrines muſt be propagated by reaſon and argument; that it diſdains a pretended and compulſive aſſent, and ſeeks for the teſtimony of ſincere and unbiaſſed faith.

Since this period the ſpirit of controverſy has often occaſioned diſſentions and popular diſputes diſcreditable to the Lutheran church, but it has not produced any violent perſecutions.—But to return.

The territory of the prince of Heſſe-Caſſel is ſomewhat deficient in fertility. The general wealth of the people does not correſpond with the opulence of the ſovereign, whoſe revenues exceed 200,000l. independently of the produce of his poſſeſſions in Hanau and his penſion from England, which is ſaid to

* See Moſheim.

have

have occaſioned the draining of the country of its ableſt men: ſo that a ſmall principality in Germany ſuffers from the American war. The ſtate, however, of the German peaſants is better than it was, for the princes have relaxed ſome of their more oppreſſive feudal claims, as particularly that, by which the lord obtained three or four days of gratuitous labour in each week; more indulgence has, likewiſe, been ſhewn as to the droits de la chaſſe, both with reſpect to permiſſion and pardon. Germany is divided into many ſmall ill-governed ſtates, and fortunately; for otherwiſe, what power in Europe could withſtand its confederate and united powers?

While we were at Caſſel, we of courſe drove to ſee the Waſen Stein, where the preſent and preceding electors have expended very large ſums, in covering a hill with caſtles, caſcades, temples, woods, gardens, &c. The grounds are diſpoſed with great taſte; and an Engliſh park, with a few deer, is introduced to great advantage between the woods. The two buildings, in which the landgrave and his favorite counteſs reſide to the prejudice of his wife, though he remains upon friendly terms with her, are elegant. With the Chineſe vil-

lage

lage we found no fault; it is whimſical and pretty; but we were ſhewn alſo an apartment deſigned as a repreſentation of Tartarus; the windows of which were inflamed with ſtained glaſs, and which is filled with claſſical figures of Orpheus and Eurydice, Pluto and Proſerpine, Tantalus, and Ixion; the Danaidæ, Prometheus, Hercules, Cerberus, and other mythological perſonages, who may as well ceaſe to exiſt except in poetical deſcription. Such repreſentations are ſilly enough in a chriſtian country; and they ſometimes ſerve only to excite ludicrous ideas on ſerious ſubjects.—We returned to Franckfort by the ſame road that we went.

LETTER VI.

MENTZ, July 6.

WE left Franckfort the day after our return from Caſſel. The country improved in beauty as we approached Mayence, which is about twenty miles from Franckfort.

Mayence, or Mentz, is finely ſituated on the confluence of the Maine and Rhine. The adjacent country is covered with vineyards, among which, not far diſtant, is the pleaſant village of Hockeim, where the famous hock wine is produced, of which the Auguſtines of Mayence and Franckfort have the excluſive poſſeſſion. In a good year, the dean and chapter gain 12 or 15,000 guilders by it. The common Rhine wine is ſoft and natural, and I do not wonder that Roger Aſcham was apprehenſive, that when he returned to England he "could not lack it." Mayence, with its cathedral and palace, preſents a grand appearance

pearance to the traveller, who approaches it by the road. We entered it by the bridge of boats, which, if I recollect rightly, extends 766 feet acrofs the Rhine. This river, however, is near 1400 feet broad, where it receives the Maine, not far from the town.

The palace of Martinfburg, in which the elector Frederick-Charles, who is of the antient family of Efthal refides, is a gothic building of the fifteenth century. It contains feveral magnificent and well-furnifhed apartments which command a view of the Rhine, and the Rhindgau, but which exhibit but few pictures.

The cathedral (for in defcribing towns one muft fpeak of cathedrals and palaces, which bear the fame rank in cities that priefts and princes do in fociety) the cathedral, I fay, cannot be admired for its architecture, though the tower would be rather grand, if we could diveft it of fome trifling appendages, added by way of ornament. The foundations of the building were laid by archbifhop Conrade, in the twelfth century: on the principal door of this cathedral are infcribed two lines, which deferve to be noticed for their piety, at leaft, if not for their poetry.

Hæc

" Hæc qui templa ſubis, ad cœlum attollito mentem
" Sintque procul nugæ ; ſit ſcelus omne procul."

Who enters here ſhould lift to heaven his mind,
And leave all trifles and all guilt behind.

There are ten collegiate churches at Mayence, five convents for men and four for women, which are certainly ſufficient in proportion to the number of inhabitants, which amounts to 30,000. The nobility pique themſelves much on the purity of their deſcent; and we need not wonder at their attention to pedigree, for ſome of the richeſt offices of eccleſiaſtical preferment can be filled only by thoſe who can give proofs, —not of untainted virtue, but untainted rank.

The chapter preſerves, in ſome meaſure, its freedom of election. It enjoys a revenue of near 300,000 guilders. The provoſt's houſe indicates the affluence of his ſituation: it is furniſhed with great ſplendor, and with more luxuriancy of taſte, ſome think, than becomes an eccleſiaſtic. The clergy, however, have eſtabliſhed a good reputation here, by the propriety of their general conduct; and the late and preſent elector have laboured very aſſiduouſly for their reformation, and have

have ſuppreſſed ſome monaſteries, applying the buildings and revenue to good purpoſes. The education of the people has been alſo attended to; and the reading of the ſcriptures not diſcouraged. Againſt opulence, well employed, no man ſhould murmur. The nobility here live in great ſtate. The narrow ſtreets hardly allow a paſſage for the old dignified carriages, as the narrowneſs of modern reform would obſtruct the diſplay of ancient ſplendor.

In the ſummer the higher ranks quit Mayence for their ſmall wooden houſes, which are thrown prettily together, ſomething in the Tunbridge-Wells ſtile, about two or three miles from the town. Strangers, and particularly the Engliſh, are well received at Mayence, and obtain, without difficulty, admiſſion to elegant ſociety. The elector pays them great attention: he is indebted for much of his ſplendor to an Engliſhman; for St. Boniface, the apoſtle of Germany who increaſed greatly the value of this ſee, at which he reſided ſome time. The extent and authority of the dioceſe have been much leſſened by the reformation and the reſentment of the Bohemian kings. It formerly

formerly included all Suabia, Franconia, Bohemia, and almoſt all Saxony, with part of Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Upper Rhine. It is ſtill, however, the richeſt ſee in Europe, next to the Papacy, producing a revenue of 150,000l. per annum, and comprehending the arch-biſhoprick of Sprengel and eleven of the moſt conſiderable biſhoprics in Germany.

The electors of Mayence retain ſome veſtiges of their ancient power. In the thirteenth or fourteenth century the emperor paid allegiance to them; and they influenced the election of the emperor. They are now greatly dependant on the emperor; but as ſpeakers of the electoral college, have appointments of diets under him, and have a privilege to order a re-examination of the proceedings of the Imperial courts. Theſe ancient rights are now, however, much diſputed: even the appeals from conſiſtories, of ſuffragans to him as vicar-general, are uſually decided by a reference to Rome.

The elector's civil and military eſtabliſhments are too great for his revenues: the outlines are not, however, filled up. Princes when they decay in power ſtill like to retain the appearance of their former grandeur:

the ſolid is relinquiſhed before the ſplendid. Inſtead of 8000 troops the elector has but 2000. The offices, however, for the higher ranks of dependant nobility are preſerved. The elector's territories are populous; and trade, which may ſpread its ſails along the Rhine, the Necker, and the Maine, and have intercourſe with Alſatia, the Palatinate, Franconia, Suabia, and the Netherlands, flouriſhes with ſome ſucceſs.

The eccleſiaſtical electorates are not ſo much taxed or oppreſſed as thoſe of temporal princes. Their governors have not ſuch large armies to ſupport, nor have they children to portion for ſplendid alliances; and they are not ſo often engaged in war.

The elector often reſides at a ſmall chateau near the town, called the Favorita, which overhangs the Rhine, on which he may look with pleaſure, as he draws about 6000l. per annum from its cuſtoms, beſides 10,000l. from an impoſt on the wine made from the vineyards that adorn its banks. We ſaw him receive the prince de Condè here, with his ſon the duke de Bourbon, who came on a viſit to him, from Worms, where they reſide in the epiſcopal palace by the permiſſion of

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the elector. The poſſeſſors of Chantilly are indebted to a foreign prince for a houſe.

Mayence is famous, as every one knows, for having given birth to John Fauſt, who was the reputed inventor of printing, which he diſcovered and brought to conſiderable perfection, in concert with Guttenberg and Schæffer. The pretenſions of theſe men to the diſcovery have been oppoſed; but their opponents can produce no works printed before 1441, and indeed their claim may be ſatisfactorily defended. It is certain that a Bible was publiſhed, at Mayence, in 1450, or 1452, and that Schæffer and Fauſt, and Guttenberg, laboured conjointly at it; and that, probably, this was the firſt book ever printed *. In the libarary of the jeſuits there is a breviary, according to the rite of the church of Mayence, printed in 1509, which contains this paſſage:—" Impreſſum moguntiæ impenſis et operâ honeſti et providi viri Joannis Scheefferi civis moguntini, cujus avus artis impreſſionis fuit inventor et auctor †:" and in

* The ſpeculum vitæ humanæ; the doctrinal and the grammar of Gallus, which bear an earlier date, are conſidered as ſpurious.

† Printed at Mentz by the expence and labour of John Schæffer, an honeſt and ſkilful citizen of Mentz, whoſe grand-

in a permiſſion to print Titus Livius, granted by the emperor Maximilian in 1518, to John Schæffer, it is ſaid, "cum ſicut docti et moniti ſumus fide dignorum teſtimonio ingenioſum calcographicæ authore avo tuo inventum felicibus incrementis in univerſum orbem permanaverit *."

At the benedictine college here, are preſerved ſome of the copies of the firſt printed books.

The author of La Voyage du Rhin led us, by a pompous deſcription, to enquire for a garden and harpſichord, which formerly belonged to a baron de Dunnewald: the baron was dead, the harpſichord ſold, and the garden and hermitage ſuch trumpery as could amuſe only children: ſuch are the diſappointments which travellers experience, who liſten to the fictions of Tour writers. We conſoled ourſelves in la grand allee, a fine walk between poplars, by the ſide of the Rhine.

graudfather was the inventor and improver of the art of printing.

* Since, as we are informed by learned and credible teſtimonies, the ingenious art of printing, invented by your grandfather, has ſpread, with great improvements, over the whole world.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

BASLE, July 11.

LEAVING Mayence, we drove by Oppenheim to Worms, by the ſide of the Rhine, which ſpreads itſelf between banks fringed with verdure to the edge of the water: its ſweeps are finely broken by iſlands. The neighbouring hills, however, are leſs rich than thoſe we have ſeen before. We did not ſtop at Worms, which ſeemed crouded with Frenchmen, whoſe names muſt be ſtill terrible from traditional fears in this country, ſince its towns yet bear marks of the devaſtation which they made towards the concluſion of the laſt century, particularly Oppenheim and Worms, which were burnt, the former in 1668, the latter in 1669, in conſequence of the dictates of Lewis the fourteenth,

" Magnus ille gurges miſeriarum atque atrociſſimus turbo*," who, from amidſt the diſſipation of a licentious court, gave orders to deſolate the territories of an harmleſs prince.

Manheim is a very beautiful town; it is fortified after Cohorn's manner: its ſtreets are ſpacious and regular: ſome conſider their regularity as irkſome after a continuance: one ſhould not, however, quarrel with regularity in works of art, and intended to appear as ſuch.

The electors palace is ſituated at the junction of the Rhine and Necker: it has little exterior beauty of architecture, though it has the appearance of a palace. The collection of pictures which it contains is extremely intereſting; and, perhaps, no ſovereign in Europe, except the pope, and the grand duke of Tuſcany, can boaſt of two collections equal to thoſe of Duſſeldorf and Manheim. Vernet's landſcapes, and Denner's portraits

* " That gulph of miſeries and moſt deſtructive whirl-
" wind."

See Oroſius ſpeaking of Alexander, l. 3. c. 7.

here,

here, are known by frequent deſcription. We noticed ſome of Brughel's in a ſuperior ſtile. Heſſel's four allegorical pictures of the four quarters of the globe, or rather his ſatyrical repreſentation of their characteriſtic diſtinctions, deſerve examination.

As the town has but little trade it ſuffers much from the abſence of the court. The electreſs, as ſhe is called, reſides at Okerſheim, which is a few miles only from Manheim: the elector, being of the Romiſh faith, prefers Munich, as he there reſides among bons catholiques; for here, though ſome of the higher ranks profeſs the religion of the court, the bulk of the people has embraced the reformed principles; and the Calviniſts have the largeſt portion of eccleſiaſtical property. The people at Manheim ſay, that the elector's confeſſor teaches him, that it is more meritorious to make heretics miſerable than profeſſors of the true faith: they ſeem, indeed, to have imbibed the democratical ſpirit; but it ſhews itſelf in too low and daring inſolence to conciliate the higher ranks to its party. Political ſubjects, however, begin to be diſcuſſed, and the diſcuſſion will lead to the diſcovery of ſome ſubjects for diſcontent. The

place ſwarms with refugee French; the Table D'Hotes reſound with their noiſy politics, upon which converſation is in vain prohibited. The elector might with propriety reſide at Munich, for Bavaria is a greater and more important poſſeſſion than the palatinate, ſince it contains twice the number of inhabitants, and produces double the revenue of that country, even including the contribution of Berg and Juliers; but greater attention ſhould be paid to the government of the palatinate, which is now ſubject to a corrupt adminiſtration, and ſeverely and injudiciouſly taxed.

The public money is alſo laviſhly expended. The palatinate is eſteemed the garden of Germany: it is better cultivated than Bavaria, and furniſhes the neighbouring countries of France and Switzerland with grain. The whole palatinate is not, however, computed to contain more than 220,000 men: its population has been thinned, however, by numbers whom oppreſſion and perſecution have driven to emigrate.

Manheim itſelf contains near 25,000 inhabitants, including a garriſon of 5000 men. The ſituation of the town, which was built in oppoſition to Heidelberg, was injudiciouſly

choſen:

chofen: the water is very bad and unwholefome; and lefs advantage is derived from the neighbourhood of the Rhine than might have been expected: it is not even fupplied with fifh from it, the ftream being too wide and too rapid for nets: and it is proverbially remarked at Manheim, that unlefs the land be deluged and damaged by inundations, the river is of no value.

After leaving Manheim we ftopped a few miles from the town to look at the elector's palace and gardens at Schweffingen: the palace is feldom thought worth the trouble of a vifit; the gardens are large, and adorned with canals, orangeries, ftatues, fountains, berceaus, amorous Neptunes, Cupids riding on fwans, ftags, fpouting water, &c. &c. very handfome to be fure; but confidering that the elector feldom refides in this country, and has fo many palaces, it is hardly worth while to fpend 40,000 guilders every year to keep them up.

Inftead of taking the Heidelberg road from hence, which would not have led us to deviate much from our route, we drove over a fandy country, through woods of fir, about 30 miles to Waghenfel; and had, for the firft time, reafon to complain of a German inn,

Waghenfel

Waghenſel being but a ſmall village: we left it, however, early next morning, and drove over rich tobacco lands, and through delightful woods, to Carlſruhe, the chief reſidence of the margrave of Baden, whoſe beautiful territories run along the Rhine to the borders of Switzerland, though ſeparated by ſome intervening diſtricts.

Carlſruhe is a very neat town and conſtructed in a remarkable manner, ſince all the ſtreets are terminated with a front view of the palace; and conſtitute, as it were, the radii of an half circle.

The palace of Carlſruhe contains little deſerving notice, except a prince of much acquired information and ſolicitous to promote the happineſs of his ſubjects. His firſt wife was of the houſe of Darmſtat: by her he had three children. He has ſince married the baroneſs de Hochberg, who is not acknowledged as margravine. The hereditary prince, his ſon, who likewiſe married into the houſe of Darmſtat, has ſix children.

Strangers, and particularly Engliſhmen, who ſtay any time at Carlſruhe, are uſually invited to partake of the hoſpitality and chearful pleaſures of this court: they are received

with

with much affability, and dine with the margrave and his family. A few months, indeed, may be ſpent with much advantage at the ſmall courts of Germany. A ſtranger, of any condition or appearance, is privileged to aſſociate with men of elevated rank and intelligent minds: he becomes acquainted with new modes of life, and is formed to politeneſs at the ſame time that he is gratified by condeſcenſion. We were too eager for Switzerland to avail ourſelves of the occaſion.

The Lutheran are the prevailing principles of the margrave and his ſubjects, though Romiſh and Calviniſtical churches are eſtabliſhed at Carlſruhe and in other parts of his dominions.

At Raſtade, 15 miles from Carlſruhe, we looked at another palace belonging to the margrave, where we ſaw nothing remarkable, except a cabinet of Turkiſh arms taken from the Turks about a century ſince, by an anceſtor of the late margrave; and the room in which the treaty of Raſtade was concluded, in 1714, by Villars and Eugene. From the top of this palace, which commands an extenſive proſpect, we diſcerned, at about ten leagues diſtance, the ſpires of Straſburg; ſatisfied with-

without taking a nearer view of that city, as we underſtand that the patriots of France lay ſome reſtrictions on the exportation of Louis D'ors. We were informed here that the French, who entertain a ſuſpicious averſion to the German princes as the ſuppoſed favourers of the royal party, have lately taken poſſeſſion of ſome of the margrave's towns on the French ſide of the Rhine; a meaſure as impolitic as unjuſt. There is the appearance of preparation for war in this neighbourhood, to which the French are flocking in great numbers, from Switzerland and other parts, ſince the rumour of the king's eſcape, on the expectation of an invaſion into France. At every town, at every village, at every table we meet with perſons of both ſexes who have fled from the oppreſſion and anarchy which prevail in that diſtracted country. What private diſtreſs and miſery has this wild and ill-conducted revolution occaſioned! In this palace, at Raſtade, there is a Romiſh and a Lutheran chapel. The officers and ſervants are choſen indiſcriminately from both ſects, and live together, ſaid my guide, like brothers.

In our drive to Bune, which is about twelve miles diſtant from Raſtade, we could

not

not but remark, how much the character of this country muſt be changed: for though the hills are topped with ruined caſtles and broken walls, which add great beauty to the picturesque ſcenery of the country, where well-wooded, paſture, and arable land are delightfully intermixed, not a modern houſe, of appearance beyond a cottage, is to be ſeen. The people ſeem but thinly ſcattered: the women, as in the time of Tacitus, are here and in other parts of Germany the chief labourers: they appear to have great ſtrength and brawny limbs: they wear a very large ſtraw hat, that is both paraſol and parapluie; and exhibits under ſhort petticoats, legs thick as any in Scotland and as little adorned with ſhoes and ſtockings.

The country from Bune to Freiburg, in Briſgaw, which is about ſixty miles farther, is finely cultivated: the riſing grounds are occaſionally covered with vineyards; and the valley of Rinſing, which ſlopes from a fine chain of hills into rich meadows and paſtures, is animated with cattle. We paſſed through ſome Imperial towns which profeſs the Romiſh faith; and others, belonging to the margrave of Baden, which are chiefly Lutheran.

Freiburg

Freiburg was formerly the residence of the bishops of Basle, who quitted it in 1551, when the canton of Basle joined in the Helvetic union.

The cathedral is light and elegant, though disfigured by painting in the German taste: it contains a few pictures, by Holbein. We had already begun to anticipate in the scenery of this country, in its lofty cultivated hills the romantic beauties of Switzerland: and after leaving Freiburg we discovered the snowy tops of the Swiss mountains. We remarked in yesterday's and this day's journey that many of the trees were dead, and found that they were destroyed by the severity of the winter preceding the last.

The women of the country, between Freiburg and Basle, wear their hair bound fancifully enough with ribbon, though some prefer a small hat crimpled up like a shrivelled mushroom, which is very ugly. In this day's ride we took up, before our carriage, a refugee curé, from Alsace, who had been obliged to quit his benefice for refusing to take the oaths inconsistent with his former professions: he escaped from the myrmidons of the national assembly, with difficulty, by a concealed flight

through

through a vineyard; had they taken him, he muſt have been conveyed, for trial, to Orleans. We arrived, after a ride of about forty miles, at Baſle, by ſix o'clock in the evening, or rather ſeven o'clock, reckoning by the clocks of Baſle, which, for ſome reaſon not well remembered, are always an hour advanced. We have taken up our abode at les Trois Rois, as they ſtile the three eaſtern ſages. Our rooms overhang the Rhine, which runs rapid under our windows. We live here in pleaſant ſociety with ſome French ladies and officers, whoſe ſituation, in ſpite of boaſted proſpects of liberty to the nation, we cannot but compaſſionate.

Baſle has been filled with emigrants from France. Mirabeau, brother to the eloquent democrat, but attached to the royal cauſe, was here for ſome time ſupporting many many of his party: but having given great offence to the magiſtrates by his converſation and manners, he was deſired to change his abode; and venturing to appear a ſecond time, was peremptorily ordered to withdraw.

Baſle has no ſtreets or buildings remarkable for beauty; a modern houſe or two, indeed, exhibit a ſtile of architecture ſuperior to the plain character of the reſt of the town. The

cathedral

cathedral is chiefly remarkable for containing the tombs of Erasmus, and Gertrude wife of the emperor Rhodolph the first: the ramparts are pleasant. Mr. Coxe represents the inhabitants of the town as scarcely amounting to 11,000; but in this instance he appears to have been misinformed, as they certainly may be computed at 16,000 or 17,000. The town appears, indeed, thin of inhabitants: the numbers decrease because the burghership is very rarely conferred on strangers. The manners of the people strike us as plain and simple: we see no parade of equipage, no theatre, no bustle of business, no throngs of idleness.

Mr. Mechel, the engraver, is generally visited here by strangers: his collection of pictures and prints is well worth seeing. We are indebted to him, among many other things, for having engraved the designs which Rubens made from the famous Dance of Death, which is now perishing from the walls of the church-yard of the prædicants' convent of the suburbs of St. John, where it was sketched, in memory of the effects of the plague, which happened during the session of the council assembled at Basle, in 1431. This suggested to Holbein the idea of the represen-

repreſentation of the ſame ſubject; and his rich fancy improved much upon the confined deſcriptions of the firſt painter, as we learn from Hollar's deſigns of Holbein's drawings. Mr. Mechel has publiſhed alſo a very pretty edition of the Moriæ Encomium of Eraſmus, with the Sketches of Holbein, deſigned as illuſtrations in the margin, the original of which is in the public library at Baſle. An edition of this work was publiſhed by Patin in 1656. The ſtory concerning theſe Sketches, though well known, may be repeated. Eraſmus ſent the book, on its firſt appearance, to Holbein, who was ſo pleaſed with its lively deſcriptions that he deſigned the repreſentations of Folly on the margin; and when that was not ſufficiently wide, on paſted paper. Eraſmus perceiving that he had repreſented an amorous fool, by the figure of a fat Dutch lover hugging his bottle and his laſs, wrote under it, Hans Holbein, the painter being much addicted to theſe amuſing relaxations. Holbein, with equal delicacy retaliated, by drawing the portrait of Eraſmus, as the muſty groper who buſied himſelf in ſcraping together old manuſcripts and antiquities, and wrote under

it Adagia, alluding to the work of Erafmus fo entitled.

The library at Bafle exhibits, amidft a good collection of books, fome fine editions of the fifteenth century: it contains alfo fome manufcripts, among which is a Latin bible, a Greek copy of the gofpel, faid to be of the feventh century, and fome minutes of the council of Bafle, which difpute originality with thofe preferved in the Archives.

At this library we were fhewn alfo fome manufcript letters of Erafmus to Boniface Amberbachius, a counfellor of Bafle, whom he ftiles his incomparable friend. They were written between the years 1530 and 1533; and are dated from Freiburg, in Brifgow, whither he retired from Bafle on account of the revolution in civil and religious matters; and from whence he returned to Bafle in 1535, and died there the following year. Thefe letters are not publifhed in the Leyden edition of his works. They contain fome intereffing accounts with refpect to contemporary characters and events. He defcribes England as in confufion, not only on account of the depofition of cardinal Wolfey, but becaufe of the diffenfion between the king

king and queen Catherine, ſtating, that Cardinal Campeggio had left England with no other anſwer, relative to the projected divorce, than this: "I think that the thing is of great importance, and that we ſhould deliberate farther," though he was called on purpoſe that he might ſettle the affairs; and "leaſt," ſays Eraſmus, "he ſhould be ſaid to have done nothing, he took away a large ſum of money from Calais, but the booty was intercepted by the king's contrivance, I do not doubt."

In another letter he obſerves upon the ſame ſubject, "that it is hard that a queen, who had lived ſo many years with a king, had ſo often miſcarried, and at laſt preſented him with ſo elegant a daughter, ſhould be repudiated; and, notwithſtanding, as he believed, from the opinion of phyſicians, there was no hope of offspring from the other." "That he married," continues Eraſmus, "the relict of his brother is not repugnant to the divine law; and, beſide, the diploma of the pope has interpoſed: but the king has declared before the people that he never was connected with her. It is true, that when he was under the di-

rection of tutors he vehemently ſtruggled againſt receiving her as his wife: but when his tutors alarmed him with various fears, even leſt he ſhould be ſhaken from the throne, and after his depoſition be ſlain, as is cuſtomary there, he married her, but in ſuch a manner as ſufficiently to ſhew, that he did it unwillingly. If, indeed, he had abſtained from intercourſe with her, and laying aſide fears had early declared his mind, it would have been ſomething of the ſame kind as did Lewis the XIIth, king of France. Some adviſe that the daughter ſhould marry one of the nobles, and that the offspring of that marriage ſhould ſucceed to the throne; but beſide that, it is uncertain whether this would prevent diſturbance, the king's declaration before the people, that he never had connection with her, animo conjugis, is an obſtacle, for this declaration renders her a baſtard. Nothing remains, even if it is to be regarded as a true marriage, but to conſider whether it may be diſpenſed with for the ſake of the public tranquility."

Among trifling particulars relative to himſelf, he requeſts his friend to ſend him a pen,

if

if he ſhould be in poſſeſſion of one or two; adding that he had two which his friend had before given him, but they were too ſlender or ſoft (graciles): a ſingular requeſt from a man, of whoſe printed works we have ten or eleven folio volumes. Pens muſt have been then ſcarce we may ſuppoſe.

In another letter he ſtates himſelf diſpoſed to receive a perſon, whom he calls Daniel, to board, but not in his houſe to ſleep, as he had no ſpare chamber. He demands three florins for each month; but wiſhes, with an art unworthy of Eraſmus, that the perſon would ſay, that he pays three and an half, becauſe another perſon, a Pole, paid as much; or, at leaſt, that he ſhould not mention the ſum, but ſay that he would pay what Eraſmus ſhould aſk: ſuch ſtipulations was Eraſmus led, by his circumſtances, to ſubmit to. He complains, ſoon after, of wanting many things neceſſary to relieve his infirmities, and particularly ſome generous wine: that his moſt intimate friends had become his moſt violent enemies; and that ſome perſons, and particularly ſome monks, determined to make him a Lutheran, whether with or againſt his will; and that therefore, on both ſides, he

was torn by ſongs, and ſtoned by petulant publications.

He appears, by his will, to have died poſſeſſed of but little: he had ſold his library, in part of payment for which, 200 florins were due to his executors. He leaves ſome few legacies, of rings and gems, to different friends; and the remainder of his property to Amberbachius, and to be diſtributed in churches to old and infirm perſons, marriageable girls, and boys of good promiſe, and on ſuch others as his friends and executors might think deſerving. The original will of this great man, together with his ring, his ſeal, his ſword, and knife and pencil, is preſerved here, as alſo his pictures, which articles the magiſtrates of Baſle, with a generous reverence for his memory, purchaſed for 9000 crowns, and gave or ſold them to the univerſity.

It is a natural and rational taſte to prize every relic of ſuch a character, and to treaſure up whatever tells us,

"Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat."

The univerſity at Baſle does not flouriſh. The library here contains ſome antiques and ſome

ſome natural curioſities, with ſome fine pictures and drawings of Holbein, which are highly preſerved, and ſhew the progreſſive improvement of his pencil: ſome of them were painted when he was in his ſixteenth year. It is a fact well aſcertained, that Holbein, like the painter Turpilius mentioned by Pliny, painted with his left hand *. Eraſmus, we are told, was much gratified by the portrait which he painted of him.

We were pleaſed at this library to ſee in the book, in which ſtrangers are deſired to write their names, that of Algernon Sydney conjoined with that of Frances Norton, who ſeems to have been his companion here in 1663, when he had been on a viſit to general Ludlow: we were pleaſed alſo to ſee that of lord North: "the ſtateſman who," as Mr. Gibbon truly repreſents, "in a long, a ſtormy, and at length an unfortunate adminiſtration, has had many political opponents almoſt without a perſonal enemy; who has retained, in his fall from power, many faithful and diſintereſted friends; and who, under the preſſure of a ſevere infirmity, enjoys the lively vigour of

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. l. 35. c. 4.

his mind, and the felicity of his incomparable temper." "Lord North," ſays the eloquent hiſtorian, "will permit me to expreſs the feelings of friendſhip in the language of truth; but even truth and friendſhip ſhould be ſilent if he ſtill diſpenſed the favours of the crown:" this, however, is ſomewhat of a parade of diſintereſtedneſs. It is certainly honourable with Garrick "to bow to him whoſe courſe is done;" but the riſing or the meridian ſun may be hailed, if its rays are really ſplendid, and the public will eaſily diſcriminate between the tribute of truth and the flatteries of intereſted panegyrick.

We rode one evening to ſee the famous garden at Arleſheim: it is compoſed of ſome pleaſant walks, which aſcend in a natural, eaſy manner through woods, on the ſide of a hill, and which open upon ſome fine points of view over Alſatia and the adjacent country. There are ſome well-contrived grottos in the grounds; in one of which is a bold repreſentation of a Reſurrection, which is ſo contrived as to produce a great effect. But why are we not allowed to enjoy the beauty and ſolitude of the place, without encountering, at every ſtep, an inſcription to thruſt away our thoughts,

thoughts, and a conceit to disturb our reflections?

At Arlesheim we met our friend the French Curè, who poured out abundant gratitude for some little assistance which we had afforded him, and introduced us, with great elation of mind, to the grand Doyen of the chapter there, which consists of twelve regular canons, who elect the bishop of Basle.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, July 16.

BEING now obliged to give up the poſt, we hired horſes for our carriage, and bidets to ride; and leaving Baſle on the 12th, rode about ſix leagues by the ſide of the Rhine, to Stein, a village delightfully ſituated on that river. Here we accidentally met and ſupped with Mr. Buxtorf (a deſcendant, I believe, of the great rabbinical Buxtorf's, who were profeſſors of Hebrew at Baſle,) and a tribune of that republic, Mr. Zoſenburger, a member of one of the councils, I know not of which; but I know that they treated us with ſuch attention, and diſplayed ſuch friendly qualities, that I ſhall rejoice if the chances of life ſhould throw us together again. How often, in travelling, do we form acquaintance with perſons whom we ſeem to know only to regret the loſs of their ſociety! Our friends had

had been as deputies from Baſle to the general confederacy at Frauenfeld, and ſhewed a joy at the proſpect of rejoining their families on the morrow, which did honour to their hearts. They prepared punch for us, thinking that every Engliſhman, like lord Bomſton in Rouſſeau's Heloiſe, muſt like punch.

Stein is at the foot of ſome hills which command a delicious proſpect. We aſcended to the ſummit of one, which is diſtinguiſhed by a projecting rock, and had a magnificent view of ſome hills richly clad, and of the river winding through a beautiful valley. At the firſt entrance into Switzerland we were ſtruck with the greatneſs of the materials which nature has to work on.

We left our friends next day, early enough to mark the rich volume of vapour rolling along the top of the hills, which gradually diſperſed after a ſullen morning, deſcending occaſionally in light ſhowers, between which the ſun enlivened an enchanting country: we rode through woods of oaks, and ſpiry firs, by the foot of well-planted hills,

> " Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among,
> " Wanders the hoary Rhine along
> " His ſilver winding way."

The

The Rhine has, indeed, more of the green than of the ſilver caſt.

Moſt of the towns through which we paſſed, after leaving Baſle, belong to the emperor, whoſe territories ſkirt the frontiers of Switzerland: we ſtopped at Lauffenburg, which is about ſix miles from Stein, to look at its old caſtle, and a fall of the Rhine, which, pent up here in a narrow channel, throws itſelf precipitouſly over rocks, when it meets with reſiſtance and foams in violent eddies with a boiling ſurface.

At no great diſtance from hence we ſtopped at Havenſtein, and aſcended a ſteep hill to examine the ruins of a caſtle which formerly belonged to the counts of Friburg, and which was thrown down by an earthquake in 1356. As it is on the frontiers of Soleure and Baſle, it was doubtleſs formerly a place of ſome importance. From its broken walls we had a pleaſing view of the Rhine, and ſome neighbouring hills.

Continuing our ride by the banks of the Rhine, at the foot of ſloping hills on which the vines climbed up, as it were, to meet the ſun, we paſſed by Coblence, a town of which the name, as well as that of Cob-

lence

lence at the junction of the Rhine and Moſelle, is deſcriptive of its ſituation, being derived from Confluentia, for here the Aar and another river bring their waters to encreaſe the broad and rapid ſtream of the Rhine; which, to uſe the ſublime compariſon of Denham with accumulated force,

> " Haſtens to pay his tribute to the ſea,
> " Like mortal life to meet eternity*."

What oceans of water muſt it have rolled in ſince the time of Tacitus, who ſpeaks of the violence of its courſe †. How often, after it has been loſt in the ſea, has it been,

> " By ſome ſecret bein,
> " Thence re-conveyed there to be loſt again*?"

By what admirable œconomy does the ſea diſpoſe of the vaſt influx of waters which it receives from this and numberleſs other more abundant rivers? By what wonderful arrangement does the earth receive its regular and uninterrupted ſupplies from water raiſed in vapour and deſcending in ſhowers! 'Till I read Halley's accounts I could never fully

* Cooper's Hill. † Tacitus's Annals, l. 2. c. 6.

under-

underſtand how, according to our moſt philoſophical ſong,

> " Water parted from the ſea
> " May increaſe the river's tide:
> " To the bubbling font repair, &c*."

The current of the Rhine has, however, a rapidity which injures its beauty. A river ſhould glide gently through ſuch a delightful country: beſides, the rapidity of the ſtream prevents its being navigable. No veſſels are to be ſeen in the expanſe, noble as it is: and the few narrow-boarded boats which are hurried down its green currents to Manheim, Mayence, and other parts, never to return, are paltry as the bean-ſhell boats of children, and add no beauty to the ſcene. The occaſional bridges thrown over the narrow parts of the river, contribute nothing to its ornament: they are roofed with a kind of wooden pent-houſe, which is called Hængewerk, and is erected to preſerve them from rotting by the rain.

The road from Baſle to Schaffhauzen is ſometimes repreſented as unintereſting. Whether it were the effect of the firſt impreſſion of Swiſs views I know not, but I never was more pleaſed with a ride; and 'till I ſhall be

* Opera of Artaxerxes.

undeceived

undeceived by the appearance of more beautiful ſcenery, ſhall think that Mr. Gilpin would here derive a confirmation of his opinion, that the chief beauties of a country are to be found on the banks of its rivers. The cottages on the hills are certainly picturesque; they reſemble thoſe which we have ſeen in the neighbouring parts of Germany, being built of dark fir with projecting roofs. The dreſs of the men has an antique caſt, they wear a kind of puffed Spaniſh breeches.

We dined at Lauchingen: it belongs to prince Schwartzenburg, and is on the verge of the Black Foreſt, which is the largeſt foreſt in Germany, and ſaid to be ſixty days journey in extent.

We arrived late at Schaffhauſen, having deviated from our road to ſee the ruins of a very fine caſtle, ſituated on a lofty hill about two miles from Lauchingen; from whence we had a view of a vaſt circumference of country, of fields and mountains covered with ſnow.

Schaffhauſen, the capital of the ſmalleſt canton in Switzerland, exhibits an appearance of republican equality. The houſes are plain and ſomewhat dirty: there is no contraſt of

diſproportionate ſplendor; no palace to excite the envy of the neighbouring buildings: on the other hand, there is no edifice for the ſtranger to admire; no monument for national vanity or taſte to point out. The free ſtates of antiquity, long before the private citizen was well lodged, erected public edifices with emulation of ornament; and republics, as well as monarchies, had magnificent baths, theatres, and temples. The genius of Switzerland is different: the Swiſs are not rich; they are fond of ſimplicity, and conſider, with a jealous eye, whatever indicates the approach of luxury and foreign taſte. The fortreſs, and the curious bridge by Ulric Grubenman, of Tuffen, were the only public works that attracted our attention.

There appear to be few diſtinctions of rank obſerved in this country: our hoſt is of the great council, and a captain in the ſervice of the ſtate. In little republics where every man has ſome education, where the adminiſtration of government is very ſimple, and where its views are limited to the management of a ſmall diſtrict, every man, almoſt, is qualified to fill the petty offices of ſtate. In larger communities, where the direction of affairs muſt

neceſſarily

neceſſarily be entangled with many difficulties and embarraſſments, a complication of important intereſts calls for intelligent and experienced guides. It is not every man, with the capacity of a conſtable, or mayor, that is qualified to become a miniſter: and in extended ſocieties of men, the eligibility of every man to offices of truſt, any farther than as the term implies competent talents and reſpectability, is a deluſion fit only to miſlead a mob.

The firſt object, after our arrival at Schaffhauſen, was to ſee the fall of the Rhine, whither we drove as ſoon as the weather, which is now rainy, would permit. Deſcriptions of ſuch ſcenes are always faint: ſomething, however, may be attempted. The whole river, after rimpling and foaming over ſeveral ſcattered breakers, runs, by different channels, againſt ſome beautiful rocks which riſe ſeveral feet from the water, covered with ſhrubby wood: beat back from theſe it ruſhes round, and by three grand openings precipitates its fall, in accumulated maſſes, for fifty or ſixty feet perpendicular, raging and foaming with wonderful violence, and throwing up a thick duſt and ſhower of ſpray. In the view from

the front, as the banks approach in the perſpective, the river appears almoſt ſurrounded by a fine amphitheatre of hills richly covered with trees. After viewing it at the bottom of the deſcent, and looking up at its arched fall, and after contemplating its broad and magnificent front from the beach, we croſſed over in a little boat to the caſtle of Lauffen, in which a bailiff, from Zurich, reſides. From the room there, which overhangs the cataract, we ſaw the river, under different circumſtances, ſpreading into great variety of ſurface before its fall: in ſome parts gliding ſmooth and tranſparent over poliſhed and rounded ſwellings of rock; in others, broken, ſnowy, and unequal, till it ruſhes headlong down its ſteep deſcent. We wiſhed to contemplate this amazing fall in every point of view, and therefore deſcended to the planks and beach beneath it, and were covered by its ſpray and ſtunned by its noiſe. One of our company ſketched on the wall of the room,

" Currite præcipites fluvii, ſi linquitis arva
" Grata, per ornatos currere reſtat agros."

Flow ſwift, ye ſtreams, though quitting grateful plains,
For ſtill through chearful ſcenes your courſe remains.

We

We wiſhed to have proceeded to the Benedictine convent, on the banks of the Rhine, but the evening began to cloſe, and our minds were filled with reflections on what we had already ſeen.

We had no introduction to perſons reſident at Schaffhauſen, and contented ourſelves with the ſociety of our Table D'Hote, which conſiſted of our hoſt and ſome travellers, both Swiſs and foreigners, who afford us often intereſting converſation.

An evening or two ſince we were preſent at a fiſher-woman's wedding, at which the bride and bridegroom's friends were dancing the walſe with much apparent glee and good-humour; the ſumptuary laws, which prohibit dancing, being ſuſpended occaſionally by order of the magiſtrates, who diſpenſe with them on the payment of a ſmall fine. The people were pleaſed to ſee that we partook of their merriment, to which contributed

" Riſus, blanditiæ, procacitates,
" Luſus, nequitiæ, facetiæque,
" Joci, deliciæque et illecebræ,
" Et ſuſpiria, et oſcula, et ſuſurri;
" Et quicquid male ſana corda amantum
" Blandis ebria faſcinat venenis *."

* Buchanan's Hendecaſſyl. in Neæram.

Laughter, ogles, roguiſhneſs;
Sports, and mirth, and wantonneſs;
Jokes, delights, and wily ſnares;
Sighs, and kiſſes, whiſpers, airs:
Whate'er could love's bewilder'd fancy fire,
Drunk with delicious poiſon of deſire.

There was a profuſe ſupper, at which a collection was made, as is uſual at Swiſs weddings, for the dowry of the bride. We were taken yeſterday to ſee a private collection of natural curioſities here: the ſhells and petrefactions are particularly fine; and the ſpecimens of petrefied ſands, impreſſed with figures of fiſh, are very perfect and curious.

LETTER IX.

CONSTANCE, July 19.

AFTER leaving Schaffhauſen we drove twelve miles to Stein, which is finely ſituated on the Rhine, where it appears with the expanſion of a lake, and forms the Zeller Sea, or inferior lake. It is an independent town, under the protection of the eight ancient cantons; near it is a citadel, called Klingen, from whence it is cuſtomary to ſalute, with cannon, all travellers who arrive with four horſes to their carriage: as we had but three to our chaiſe, we did not receive the honour. Had the day been favourable we ſhould have ſailed from hence to Conſtance; but as it was lowering and ſqually

"We took by land a courſe more promiſing than a "wild dedication of ourſelves to unpathed waters—*,"

* Winter's Tale.

 and

and had a beautiful drive along the Rhine, whoſe banks are adorned to the edge with picturesque villages and ſcattered white houſes projecting beautifully into the water. The ſun occaſionally broke through a gloomy ſky and enlivened the delightful ſcenery of paſtures and vineyards, the latter of which, in Switzerland, riſe up with very lofty poles, and are leſs regular and formal than thoſe in France. We ſlept at a ſmall village of Stuchhohn, where, as our hoſt was a butcher, our ſupper was better than our beds. The church ſerves alternately for the Romaniſts and Calviniſts of the village.

The next morning we ſkirted the margin of the lake, about three or four miles, to a ſmall village called Manebach, whence we rowed about a mile acroſs the lake to the little iſland of Richenau, which is about a league and half in length, and a mile in breadth. The iſland, and ſome territory adjacent to the lake, belong to a convent in the iſland which is ſubject to the biſhop of Conſtance, and which formerly was filled with between five and ſix hundred Benedictines; it at preſent entertains only ten, received from different convents, for an occaſional reſidence.

The

The library contains many ancient manuſcripts and books. The ſuperior and monks, who were willing to ſhew us every thing curious that they poſſeſſed, exhibited to our incredulous eyes one of the veſſels in which our Saviour performed his firſt miracle of Cana, by turning water into wine; but as it was the hour of dinner at the convent, we were not permitted to ſee the blood which our Saviour ſhed, and which is ſaid to be preſerved here, notwithſtanding the reaſonable plea which we urged againſt the rule, as not applicable to us, for though the good fathers had dined, we had not. They conſoled us, however, by a ſight of the tooth of St. Mark, as likewiſe by that of an enormous fang which maſticated food for Charles le Gros, ſometime emperor and king of France, who retired and died here after his depoſition in 887, leaving the remains of weak and deſpiſed ſovereignty, to be interred in ground conſecrated to repentance and mortification.

The preſent of Charlemagne was alſo of courſe exhibited among the treaſures, though none of us could decide whether it were an emerald or a piece of ſpathfluor.

We afterwards called at the bailiff's caſtle, who receives about 100l. per ann. as governor of the iſland, a ſum inadequate to the ſupport of his office and family, as his unfurniſhed rooms and apparent poverty did ſadly teſtify. We dined at this pretty iſland, at a ſmall houſe in an inland ſpot of green, from which the whole lake was concealed; and afterwards enjoyed, from an eminence in the centre, a view of the whole territory, the lake, and the fortreſs of Haut-viel on a diſtant rock, which belongs to the duke of Wirtenberg. In the evening we returned to the continent, and drove three or four miles to Conſtance, which is built on an uncommonly fine ſituation between the two lakes.

This once populous city, which flouriſhed while the Reformed faith was eſtabliſhed, began to decline as ſoon as the Romiſh religion was again ſet up under Charles the fifth, in oppoſition to the endeavours of the league of Smalkalde. Though it is ſo finely ſituated for trade, the repeated attempts which have been made to eſtabliſh manufactories have always failed. The diſtance from Vienna, the jealouſy of the ſenate of Conſtance, the pride of the nobility, and the ſpirit of the

Romiſh

Romiſh religion which is unpropitious to trade, have been enumerated amidſt the cauſes that have contributed to ſtifle the exertions of the Swiſs. The town has the appearance of decline; it contains about 6000 inhabitants; but its deſerted ſtreets would not be too much thronged by ten times that number; they retain, however, ſomewhat of elegance: and the quay, the adjacent white buildings, reflected by the tranſparent waters of the lake; the neighbouring convents, and the view of the ſnowy furrowed mountains of Appenzel, give a ſtriking and intereſting character to the town. As we ſtroll along its ſolitary ſtreets we reflect on its hiſtory and lament its departed grandeur. The room in which the council was held in 1414, which contributed to inculcate the ſubjection of the papal power to general councils, is now a repoſitory for lumber, old armour, watermen's jackets, &c. The emperor's and the pope's chair are ſtill there.

At the Benedictine convent we were ſhewn ſome cabinets of natural hiſtory; at the cathedral a fine altar; and, from the tower, a ſtriking view of the two lakes.

Yeſterday

Yeſterday we viſited the iſland of Meinau, in the Superior Lake or Boden Sea: it is about a league diſtance from Conſtance, and is entered, from the ſhore, by a long bridge of planks: it is a beautiful clump of land, of about 150 acres, covered with vineyards and luxuriant trees. The governor, who is chief of the knights of the teutonic order, to which the iſland belongs, lives in a caſtle here, which has ſome fine rooms that command a magnificent view of the lake and its noble environs, a view ſuperior to any that the grand maſters anciently enjoyed from Acre or Marienburg, the ſeats of their firſt reſidence. The caſtle, however, preſents but a faint image of the ancient ſplendor of the grand maſters, who, ſince Walter of Cromberg was put under the ban of the empire, have never recovered their opulence and power. We ſaw no grand marſhal, no grand hoſpitaler or treaſurer.

The chief keeps up ſome ſtate; we could not ſee him, and therefore did not profit by the hoſpitality which Mr. Coxe celebrates, though we had an introductory meſſage to him, from a relation whom we had met at Mayence; we dined therefore at a ſmall

village, at a little diſtance from the iſland, and afterwards ſtrolled about the neighbouring grounds, and vineyards, from whence we had ſome incomparable views of the lake and adjacent country, ſomewhat ſimilar to thoſe enjoyed from the iſle of Wight. We ſeparated from each other to enjoy our own reflections. There is a melancholy and ſoothing pleaſure in viewing the grand ſcenes of nature; and when we are ſtruck with unexpected beauties, the mind dwells with very feeling intereſt on the ſentiments which ariſe from recollection of what we have formerly read and thought on ſubjects connected with the places and objects which we contemplate. Ideas of diſtance bring back the memory of abſent and departed friends, to whom we wiſh that we could communicate our preſent ſenſations, and our reflections on paſt periods, and ſcenes never to return.

As the night approached we drove back to Conſtance and ſupped with Mr. Garvy, an Engliſh painter, who talked with great pleaſure on the beauties of this country.

LETTER

LETTER X.

St. Gallens, July 21, 1791.

LEAVING Conſtance on the evening of the 19th, we travelled through vineyards and orchards, by the ſide of the lake, till we were overtaken by the night, accompanied with rain and lightning. The road being very bad, we arrived, with ſome difficulty and danger, under the direction of a guide, who preceded us with a lanthern, at a ſmall village, called Hoof, near Romanſhorn, in the canton of St. Gallen, where the civil poſſeſſors of an indifferent houſe accommodated us with fiſh and decent beds.

The next morning we found, that as the lake had conſiderably ſwelled, our carriage could not paſs by the common road, which runs cloſe to the lake: we therefore hired a veſſel large enough to receive ourſelves and the chaiſe; and ſending the horſes by land, we

we ſailed to Roſchah, a ſmall burgh belonging to the abbot of St. Gallen. The ſhores on each ſide of the lake are rich and pleaſingly adorned with variety of ground and buildings. The Thurgau, with its ſcattered farms and paſtures, reminded me of Weſtmoreland; but the houſes were not white. We landed early at Roſchah, which is a chearful town, with the apparent opulence of trade. After dinner we walked about half a mile, to the convent of Monaberg, which, though a religious eſtabliſhment, was erected, in 1489, with the uncharitable deſign of injuring the town of St. Gall. The people of St. Gall and Appenzel demoliſhed, however, the firſt building before it was finiſhed; and it was re-built in the year following. The Stadtholder of St. Gall, and three other conventuals, reſide here, and provide for the affairs of government conjointly with the council palatine of St. Gall. The view of the lake, from the convent, is extenſive and grand. The magazine, at Roſchah, is a large and handſome building. There is a great market for corn here, which is brought acroſs the lake from Suabia. There is alſo a conſiderable trade in cloths, though that, as well as the Swiſs manufactures

in

in general, have ſuffered much from the treaty of commerce eſtabliſhed between England and France.

Adjacent to the town is a large common, where the ſubjects of the diſtrict take the oaths of fidelity to the abbot of St. Gall, after his election, and to the deputies of the four cantons, Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Schweitz, who are protectors and co-regents. The abbot is elected, at St. Gall, by a chapter of ſeventy-two Benedictines, under whoſe direction he acts. He is a titular prince of the empire. From Roſchah to St. Gall we had a drive of two leagues, admiring the beautiful hills richly dotted with cottages, on which an evening ſun ſhed its chearful rays after a ſhowery morning.

St. Gallens, or St. Gall, is a chearful clean town, ſituated in a fine well-watered valley, in the centre of the abbot's territories, who, himſelf reciprocally, is ſurrounded by the town, which is independent of him. Its inhabitants are proteſtants, and have been often engaged in very ſerious diſputes with the abbot. The preſent prince, however, has conciliated the people by his conduct.

The

The deformities of the Swiſs architecture are rendered more glaring, at St. Gallens, by the ſtrong colours with which the houſes are fantaſtically painted. Our inn was but very indifferent, and we were obliged to live, upon republican principles, in the ſame room with our ſervants.

At the Benedictine convent, where the abbot reſides, there is a noble library very rich in manuſcripts; among which I was ſhewn part of a manuſcript of Virgil, ſaid to be written in the fourth century: a Greek manuſcript of the goſpels, of the tenth century, remarkable for the omiſſion of the ſtory of the adultereſs from the eighth chapter of St. John; a blank ſpace is, however, left for its inſertion. There are no Greek manuſcripts of the epiſtles; but in a Latin manuſcript, ſaid to be of the tenth century, the controverted text, in the firſt epiſtle of St. John, is not to be found. In another Latin manuſcript, of the tenth or eleventh century, it is in the margin. In one of the twelfth century the text is imperfect, for the words "et hi tres unum ſunt," "and theſe three are one," were omitted. In another manuſcript of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the

the whole paſſage is in the text: the authority of this text reſts, perhaps, chiefly on the vulgate; and, therefore, attention to every Latin manuſcript is important.

The other grounds, however, on which its authenticity has been defended, are not undeſerving of our notice, even if we wave the conſideration of the Greek manuſcripts.

There is an excellent catalogue, with judicious obſervations, in this library; the author of which remarks, in ſupport of the text, that Tertullian alludes to it*, and St. Cyprian cites it; and, indeed, notwithſtanding the evaſive conſtructions which have been offered on the paſſages, St. Cyprian muſt be admitted to refer to it in one † if not in two places ‡, by a very marked and preciſe citation. St. Jerom alſo muſt be allowed to have contributed to eſtabliſh the authority of the text, if we admit that the epiſtle, in which he ſpeaks of it, and which though omitted in the edition of his works, by Eraſmus has been conſidered as genuine, be really authentic §: leaving, however, the controverſy to Mr. Porſon and Mr. Travis, it

* Tertullian Prax. c. 25.

† Cyprian. de Unitat. Eccleſ. § 5. p. 77. edit. Fell.

‡ Epiſt 73, ad Jubaian. p. 310.

§ Cyprian. p. 79. note 1. edit. Fell.

may

may be obſerved, without deſign to join in impeaching the verſe, that fortunately the doctrine of the Trinity does not reſt on this ſingle text, but on the concurrent evidence of many paſſages, on the uniform declarations of ſcripture, and on the conſiſtent ſtatement of the deſign and effects of the atonement.

The town library here is ſaid to contain ſome letters of the firſt reformers; but having had enough of books at the convent, we were more diſpoſed to attend to other objects of curioſity.

The linen manufacture has flouriſhed at St. Gallen for many years, and ſtill preſerves its reputation. Its effects are very ſenſibly felt in the competent wealth which it has diffuſed through all ranks. The fields near the town are covered with its bleacheries. The flax which is uſed, grows in the neighbourhood, and the linens are tranſported into different countries on mules.

As we mean to viſit the leſſer cantons, and as that Tour can only be performed on horſeback, we have ſent a ſervant with our carriage to Zurich, whence the horſes that have brought us from Baſle will be diſcharged.

LETTER XI.

GLARUS, July 28.

WE arrived here on the 26th after an interesting Tour, in which, if you follow me, you must sometimes toil over tedious mountains, and sometimes endanger your neck over tremendous precipices. The guide whom we hired at St. Gall, who was a ragged chearful fellow, conducted us through a wild and romantic country to Gaisse, our road winding round the edges of hills, the sides and the bases of which were covered with lofty and aspiring firs.

Gaisse is a village of Rhodes Exterior, which is the Protestant division of the county of Appenzel. The neighbouring hills are naked of trees, but covered with wooden houses, roofed with polished fir, cut like tiles, which are remarkably neat. These houses belong chiefly to the muslin manufacturers, who

who enjoy competence and liberty on their healthy mountains. Each houſe is ſurrounded by its little territory; and every hill, in ſpite of the natural poverty of the ſoil, is animated with population.

The village of Gaiſſe is as much reſorted to as Abergavenny in Wales, for the benefit of drinking the goat's whey, which is brought every morning from a neighbouring mountain, and which is conſidered as very efficacious in purifying the blood. It is ſuppoſed to derive its medicinal qualities from ſome very ſalutary herbs on which the goats brouze. The place is moſt frequented about the time of Eaſter. The ſociety of le Boeuf, the chief inn, afforded us ſome converſation, though but a bad ſpecimen of the Swiſs beauty and taſte. It would be faſtidious, however, to reject good-humour in the mountains of a ſmall canton in Switzerland, becauſe unaccompanied with the elegance of Tunbridge or even of Matlock. After dinner we were perſuaded to walk about two miles to the brow of a hill, from which we had a grand rude proſpect of ſome frowning mountains, at the bottom of which the Rhine winds ſluggiſhly through a black valley. On our return we were led, by

people who had never witneſſed the ſtrength of a London porter, to ſee a blackſmith, who threw from his ſhoulder, without difficulty, a ſtone, weighing 112 pounds, to a diſtance of ſeveral feet. As we could procure but four horſes at St. Gall, our guide was under the neceſſity of walking, and he carried our portmanteau with great chearfulneſs, rather than ſuffer it to load one of the horſes. In theſe hilly countries the pedeſtrian may beat the horſeman; we obliged our ſervant, however, occaſionally to reſign his horſe and exchange duties.

In the evening we proceeded through fine well-watered paſtures to Appenzel, which is a dirty little town for the metropolis of a canton, and affords but miſerable accommodation: it is ſituated in a hollow bottom beneath ſome ſhaggy mountains. We diſliked our firſt inn, and forſook it for a worſe, being obliged to ſup in a room where ſome were in bed, and a party playing at queſtions and commands, and ſinging, in a ſtyle, however, which our guide, who is very faſtidious, treated with great contempt; we could by no means perſuade him to join in their mirth, but he diverted us with many lively ſallies on

their

their amuſements, which he ſtiled calfiſh and low. The gradations of conceit are curious. The ſupercilious pride of our guide would have been probably ſoftened, if the women, who joined in the party, had been more pleaſing.

We were much ſtruck with the difference, which we beheld, between the two diviſions of this country. In the Proteſtant part we admired cleanlineſs, induſtry, and comfort: in the Roman Catholic, we ſaw dirt, indolence, and poverty. The people about Appenzel have much of the roughneſs of a republican ſpirit.

We left Appenzel early next morning without regret, and rode through narrow paths by the ſide of the river Sitler, a ſhallow ſtream which rimples over a ſtony bed. We looked at the Wiſen bath, where we taſted the ſtrong goat's milk, which is eſteemed almoſt equally with that of Gaiſſe, and ſaw ſome invalids entubbed in hot baths. The mineral waters, which flow from all the neighbouring hills, are uſed with ſucceſs in nervous and gouty caſes. From this place we toiled up an enormous mountain, to an hermitage, the object of the deviation from our

road. My companions ſucceſſively declined the enterprize, though they aſcended high enough to enjoy a fine view of the lake of Conſtance, and to ſee an hermit who has lived here in penitential reſtrictions for eight years. After their deſertion I paſſed by a narrow projecting edge of the rock, holding by a rope, which ſome friendly attention had fixed in the ſide, to the hermitage, where I tolled the bell to announce my arrival. Having examined the chapel, which has an altar with trumpery decorations, dawbings, and inſcriptions, I looked into ſome dark caverns and excavations, in which the peaſants, who reſide on the top of the mountain, keep their milk. I afterwards paſſed through an opening of the rock, from one of the caverns, which reſembled the nymphæum, or cave of Archidamus, deſcribed by Chandler as exiſting in Attica *, and crawled up the ſteep rocky ſide of the mountain. Having at length, with great labour, attained the brow, as I haſtened to the ſummit I ſaw a thick miſt ſurround the whole circle, and ſhut up the grand and extenſive proſpect, of which I had ſcarce caught a glimpſe.

Chandler's Attic. ch. 32. p. 149.

Such,

Such, thought I, is often the mortifying cloud which, after a toilſome exertion in life, cloſes on the bright ſcenes that we had expected to enjoy: diſappointment hangs over us, or

" Nigris imminet alis
" Et curſu in medio mors intercludit euntem *."

Death, with ſable wings diſplay'd,
Hangs o'er our courſe, and wraps us in his ſhade.

At temporary diſappointments, however, the Chriſtian ſhould ſmile, intent on the proſpects where no clouds can interfere.

The miſt continued impenetrably thick while I ſtayed. I was ſoon ſurrounded by ſome mountaineers, of whoſe jargon I could underſtand nothing but that they wanted money, which I thought it prudent to give them.

After examining a great cleft in the mountain, which contained a large quantity of ſnow that has probably remained there for many years, I began to deſcend; the fearleſs boy who conducted me, went on with the confidence and activity of a mountain goat, by a route different from that by which we had

* Hawkins Browne's Poem, De Immortalitate Animi.

aſcended: I, relying on his knowledge, followed him ſome yards, though under the neceſſity of deſcending on my ſide, and of holding by bits of rock, ſenſible of infallible death if I ſhould once loſe my hold. We ſoon arrived at a ſteep ridge of ſward, hanging over a perpendicular precipice, which the boy was preparing to paſs. I could ſee nothing, however, by which I could poſſibly keep myſelf from falling, and therefore inſiſted, very vehemently, on his return, though it was with ſome difficulty that I could communicate my orders to his German conceptions by ſigns and geſticulations; we again, however, mounted with much toil, and he at laſt conducted me by a leſs tremendous, though very precipitous path. We paſſed through a wood of firs; and while I was clinging, with apprehenſion, to the friendly roots and rocks, in a deſcent often perpendicular, the boy was rambling, on all ſides, for wood-ſtrawberries, with which he refreſhed me.

After ſome hours I arrived ſafe and joined my friends, who had been much alarmed on my account; and I was very thankful for having thus eſcaped the dangers of my firſt alpine

alpine expedition, which you ſee I have detailed with the minuteneſs of a traveller inexperienced in ſuch expeditions.

We ſet off again in the evening with an additional guide, who was judged neceſſary: he had the behaviour of an honeſt man, a character to which the men of Appenzel are not always entitled. We travelled about eight or nine miles of the vileſt road, without any exception, that I ever paſſed: it lay chiefly through woods; the worſt parts of the worſt roads ſeemed to have been compiled together. We had ſtones at once ſharp and ſlippery, mud and clay, ſteep aſcents and headlong deſcents, uneven ſtairs formed by trunks of fir placed laterally, often broken or ſunk irregularly, and gaping with muddy crevices. Thanks, however, to our cautious and experienced horſes, we arrived ſafe, and before dark, at Oberreid, a ſmall Roman Catholic village in the Rheinthal. The laſt part of our ride was by the ſide of the Rhine, which runs through the valley that we overlooked the day before in our walk from Gaiſſe. The valley is little adorned by vegetation, but it is enlivened by ſmall cottages encircled by fields.

We ſeemed to excite much attention in the village; the children followed us in crowds.

We left Oberreid the next morning, and rode about twelve miles to Werdenberg, through a broad willowy valley, ſometimes by the ſide of the Rhine, which, as we mount towards its ſource, flows in a contracted and ſtony bed. The hills, near which we rode, are covered with fine paſturage, bounded towards the ſummit with firs. Above the firs we ſee the barren rock often tipped with ſnow, a ſtriking variety of tint in landſcape, but ill calculated for repreſentation in picture. The ſhort graſs of the Swiſs mountains affords as fine feed for cattle as the celebrated paſturage of mount Libanus, or the Caſtravan hills. The lower parts, however, of the mountain are now deprived of the ornament of cattle, which is driven, in the ſummer, to feed on the ſummit.

We paſſed through the village of Sennwald and that of Salitz, where baron John Philip was murdered by his nephew George Ulric, in 1596. Where is the ſpot not ſtained by the crimes of mankind! Our guide, for whom we had now procured an horſe, gave vent to his garrulity; and on ſeeing the bailiff's

liff's chateau in the bailliage of Sax, declaimed againſt the government of Zurich as oppreſſive, and deſcribed the people as diſpoſed to revolt. It was not difficult, however, to convince him that grievances are every where exaggerated by the murmurs of complaint, and that the people of the canton of Zurich were more likely to loſe than gain by rebellion. Many a hot ſpirit might be calmed at the beginning of its effervescence, by judicious infuſion of truth. Werdenberg is pleaſantly ſituated amidſt well-cloathed hills: at the foot of Schloſberg there is a caſtle, of a bailiff, of the canton of Glaris. We began to remark ſome ſtrong ſymptoms of poverty in this part of Switzerland.

From Werdenberg we had a moſt beautiful ride, of four or five leagues, to Ragatz, paſſing through Sargans, a ſmall village on the Rhine, near which, moſt romantically ſituated on a rock, ſtands the bailiff's caſtle, which was formerly the reſidence of the counts of Werdenberg Sargans, and has more of the dignity and ſtyle of an ancient caſtle than any that I have yet ſeen in Switzerland. Oppoſite to Sargans, on the German ſide of the river, is another caſtle, which commands

a nar-

a narrow defile leading into the Meyenfield. The mountains on each ſide of the Rhine are beautifully covered with trees and houſes at an immenſe height. We ſlept at Ragatz, which is ſituated on the Tamina, a river which frequently overflows the country when ſwelled by diſſolved ſnows or hurried beyond its banks by ſudden torrents. The prevot of Arleſheim, who ſupped in the ſame room with us, appeared to approve his meagre fare more than we did.

The next morning, which was that of Sunday, I ſet off, with Mr. ———, to walk to Pfeiffer; but as we toiled up a ſteep hill he out-walked me: the day was exceſſively hot, and I was not a little indebted to the friendly ſhade which covered my path. At the top I walked into the convent; and having entered into converſation with one of the monks, he introduced me to the ſuperior, who invited me to dine with him, which I did, in his apartment, with one of the monks and ſome gentlemen from Zurich. The ſuperior is a titular prince of the empire, intelligent and well bred. As I do not underſtand German, our converſation was carried on in Latin, in which we mutually regretted the

difference

difference of accent. Though unaccuſtomed to ſpeak Latin, I find my little ſkill in that language very uſeful. After coffee, and a good concert, in which ſeveral of the monks performed, I took leave of my hoſpitable friends, having had no time to ſee the library. Wiſhing to join my fellow-traveller, I proceeded to the baths of Pfeiffer, which is about a league from the convent. I deſcended by the brink of a tremendous chaſm, and down a perpendicular paſſage cut into ſtairs, to the baths, where my friend had dined in company with ſome monks of the convent of Pfeiffer and Diſendis, who furniſhed us with introductory letters to the different convents which we projected to viſit. Theſe letters were written in Latin, and with a conciſeneſs not inelegant.

We were tempted here to viſit the ſource of the hot water which ſupplies the baths; and having procured a conductor, began the dangerous journey. After entering a frightful cleft of the rock, which admitted a feeble light to direct us, we walked about half a mile on boards attached to the ſide of the rock, often ſloping and ſlippery, and ſometimes placed ſo diſtant from the ſide, that we

had

had no ſupport from it. Below us, about fifty feet, at the bottom of a deep rocky channel, roared a rapid river burſting through a very narrow paſſage. If our feet had ſlipped we were inevitably loſt. When we arrived at the end we ſaw but little to repay us for the riſque which we had incurred; a guſh of water, of about 30 degrees of heat, iſſuing from the rock. We were ſoon ſatisfied, and returned from the dripping rock as expeditiouſly as the danger would admit. We ſtaid to look at the company, ſome of whom had a more reſpectable appearance than any perſons whom we had yet ſeen: they were variouſly engaged; ſome were at the Romiſh chapel, ſome bathing, and others dancing or playing at billiards; the amuſements of a Romiſh Sunday. As they ſupped at the primitive hour of ſix we were perſuaded to ſtay, and afterwards returned to Ragatz by a different but equally beautiful walk, though our Swiſs ſervant, who is ever attentive, had contrived to bring horſes, in caſe we ſhould chuſe to ride.

Having, from apprehenſion of want of time, relinquiſhed our projected ſcheme of viſiting the ſources of the Rhine, and given up,

up, with regret, the prospect of the Grisons, any further than the peep which we obtained from Pfeiffer, we set off very early next morning, and rode twelve miles in the shadow of some beautiful hills very richly adorned, and sprinkled with a variety of the most picturesque houses and villages, to Wallenstadt, on the approach to which, the lake of Wallenstadt opened most elegantly between the hills.

The village of Wallenstadt is situated at the eastern end of the lake, in the bailliage of Sargans, at the foot of the Seven-headed Mountain, the rocky tops of which are called the Seven Princes. The lake has decreased and retired from the village. After walking to a curious spring not far from the village, we intended, in the evening, to go by water to Wesen, but suddenly a storm was introduced by a violent wind, which, in a few minutes, transformed the smooth mirror-like lake, which had just before reflected the bright rays of the sun, into an outrageous sea, on which it would have been very dangerous to embark. The inn-keeper at Wallenstadt having made us a most exorbitant charge, had the insolence, on my remonstrating with him, to set us at defiance, though he could

not

not but admit that the charge was extravagantly high. It was vain to dispute, for as he himself was the advoyer of the town, there was no one to whom we could apply for redress. We therefore paid the unjust extortion, and ordered our horses; but mine host, whose republican spirit had been offended by our complaints of his injustice, had seduced our guide to refuse to accompany us any farther by land, unless we would submit to an additional charge of twelve livres for this day, under pretence of bad roads. As we had consented to take this man farther, at his own particular request, and had hitherto found him a civil honest fellow, we were as much surprised as provoked at this; and our good Swiss was so hurt at the treatment which we experienced, that he vented his feelings in tears. Resolved not to consent to this unreasonable demand, we paid the man for the days that he had travelled with us, and set off, determined to walk from the inhospitable house. The storm, however, coming on violently with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, compelled us to take shelter under the hænge-work of the bridge, close to the village. In the mean time our guide repented of his

conduct,

conduct, came to us, confeſſed his fault, and earneſtly, with tears of repentance, intreated to proceed with us: to which, after much ſolicitation, we conſented. The evening and the ſcheme brightened, and we again ſet off: the guide amuſed us on our way with exclamations againſt his own ingratitude, and the raſcally arts of our landlord.

We travelled ſlowly, between two or three leagues, to a ſmall village on the lake, called Mullihorn, having paſſed over a ſomewhat dangerous road, with frequent aſcents and deſcents, at the edge of holes and precipices, ſometimes creeping along a ſhelving bank cloſe to the lake, meeting occaſionally the mules of the Milaneſe and other Italian merchants, which, with their projecting baggage and unaccommodating manners, produced diſagreeable rencontres on narrow banks. Theſe merchants bring coffee, chocolate, ſugars and ſpices, to exchange for the muſlins of St. Gall, Zurich, &c.

The lake of Wallenſtadt aſſumes ſomewhat of a ſolemn caſt from the black and gloomy mountains which overſhadow its ſurface. Thoſe to the north are lofty and ſteep, and deſcend rapidly, often to the brink of the

water. The lake reminded me of Derwent-water. In ſome parts narrow ſlips of fields ſkirt the edge, and occaſional platforms project into the lake, with houſes acceſſible only from the water. The ſouthern ſide, along which we paſſed, is enlivened by paſtures, woody walks, and cottages with gardens. The lake is not broad; it opens into a variety of ſtriking points of view: it is ſubject to very ſudden changes, and is, in many places, rendered dangerous by lurking rocks; we paddled upon it, in the evening, and admired "its dark billowy bays." A kind of diurnal monſoon prevails on this lake; the wind generally blows from eaſt to weſt from the break of day for ſome hours, and afterwards from weſt to eaſt, till ſun-ſet.

Next morning we went by water from Mullihorn to Weſen; it rained hard during our voyage, and we covered ourſelves with the ſail. When the watermen foreſee a ſquall, which their long wooden boats are ill calculated to encounter, they put in, as we did once or twice, and ſhelter themſelves under cavities of the rock.

Some beautiful waterfalls glide from the mountains, which riſe on each ſide of this lake,

lake, often falling in a fine ſilvery ſtream. Weſen is elegantly ſituated at the bottom of the lake, near where the Linth, or Limmat, which joins the lake of Zurich with that of Wallenſtadt, falls into the latter. The chief lakes in Switzerland are ſo connected together that they facilitate the communication between different parts, and afford opportunities for inland intercourſe, very important in a country diſtant from the ſea, and of which the rivers can be of no uſe to navigation unleſs they ſhould be hereafter employed to ſupply canals. The Swiſs manufactures are chiefly exported by land, as well thoſe which go to Franckfort and Leipſick, as thoſe which are conveyed to France and Italy.

Weſen is in the bailliage of Gaſter, which belongs to the canton of Schweitz and Glarus; it was formerly fortified: from thence we walked about two miles to Mollis, where the brave Glaronnois, who were killed at the battle of Næfels, were buried. Næfels is not far diſtant; we ſaw it as we paſſed from Weſen. The Glaronnois fought for liberty from advantageous poſts on their mountains, and loſt but 55 out of 380 men, contending againſt 13,000 or 15,000 Auſtrians, of whom, they

 killed

killed 183 nobles and gentlemen, and 2,500 ſoldiers. The battle happened in 1388, and is commemorated by a proceſſion, on the firſt Thurſday in April in every year *. Here our horſes, which had been ſent round from Mullihorn, joined us. Our guide arrived ſtill trembling; and we were informed by him and the ſervants, that as they were leading the horſes over the mountains, by a very horrible road, his horſe ſlipped and fell from a dreadful height; the guide, who had not preſence of mind to looſe the bridle, jumping with it: they muſt then have fallen into the lake had they not been ſtopped by trees. It providentially happened that neither man nor horſe were hurt. Admitting that the man's fears exaggerated the diſtance, it is certain, from the ſervant's evidence, that they muſt have fallen at leaſt forty feet.

Having mounted our horſes, we proceeded about a league farther to Glarus, paſſing by the ſide of the Linth, admiring the wild character of the country and the grand rocky mountains that faced us. Glarus, which at a diſtance ſeems important, when ſeen in conjunction with another town, called Schwan-

* See Geſner's Idyl. La Jambe de Bois.

dan,

dan, dwindles as we approach, to its own dimenſions; and though it makes a better appearance than Appenzel, is but a paltry place as the metropolis of a canton. It is inhabited by perſons of both communions who uſe the church in common. The Romaniſts of the canton in general do not amount to above an eighth part of the number of the Proteſtants.

As, after viſiting Pantenbruck, we meant to return to Glarus, we ſet off the evening of the ſame day and rode through a wild romantic valley, to Linthal, three leagues farther. The Linth flows with a full whitened ſtream, which derives its force and colour from melted ſnow. The valley flouriſhed with the vegetation of Summer, while the mountains were clad in the horrors of Winter. The canton of Glarus is compoſed of three of theſe valleys, ſeparated by mountains from each other: they are cultivated to their utmoſt fertility, but cannot ſupport their inhabitants who expatriate as ſoldiers or in ſearch of employment into commercial countries. The government of the canton is democratical; and both ſects are admitted to the direction of affairs, with ſome preference, as to duration, in favour of Pro-

teſtants. Four or five thouſand aſſemble once a year, at Glarus, for tumultuary elections and Babylonian eloquence; and both communions aſſemble ſeparately for their reſpective affairs.

We arrived late at Linthal, having paſſed through ſeveral villages, and croſſed many fir bridges, and were obliged to call up the innkeeper, who is of the council. He gave us ſome good trout, which are always to be found at moſt of the Swiſs inns; and ſome indifferent beds, with puffy eddy down coverlets. We firſt noticed here a watchman; and found, on enquiry, that watchmen are employed, in moſt parts of Switzerland, to give an alarm in caſe of fire, which, in theſe wooden villages, would produce rapid deſtruction.

We rode, next morning, three or four miles farther, between wild mountains which cloſely approach each other, from which deſcended ſome very beautiful cataracts; we admired one eſpecially towards the end of the valley, which fell very elegantly, ſhooting its white foam like an inverted ſky-rocket; when ſeen from the ſide, it appeared frequently to ſtrike againſt and bound from the rocky furrow which it had made.

The

The mountains from which the torrents pour have often large lakes at their ſummits, which furniſh admirable fiſh.

The Chamois's are purſued, by the huntſmen, from rock to rock, particularly on the Freyberg mountains, near the foot of which we ſlept. They go in flocks, poſting one as a centinel, who hiſſes when he hears "the approach of hoſtile foot." The people, who have ſometimes ſeen their picturesque forms ſuſpended as it were from the ſide of the mountains, deſcribe them as hanging by the horns from the rock. The cottages, which are of a dark walnut colour, have projecting roofs which hang over to protect them from the ſnow: their appearance accords well with the ſcenery of the country; and when ſeen at a diſtant height on the mountains has a very peculiar effect. Stones are placed on the roofs to ſave them from being carried away by the ſtorms of the Winter. Winter, amidſt theſe mountains, muſt be awful: their lofty ſummits exclude the ſun, except for a few hours, in the longeſt days of Summer. We left our horſes at the end of the dark ſhadowy valley, and mounted on foot, through

a foreſt, about a mile, by a very ſteep aſcent, to Pantenbruck, which is a narrow bridge that overhangs a fearful chaſm, at the bottom of which the Linth ruſhes impetuouſly. The ſource of this river is about three or four leagues farther in the mountains, that form the rude barrier, and boundaries of this canton, ſeparating it from Uri, and the Grey League, a diviſion of the Griſons. The valleys of Switzerland often run parallel, and, by croſſing the mountains, a ſhort paſſage may be obtained from one to the other. As we had ſeen Pfeiffer, the chaſm and ruſh of water here did not aſtoniſh us ſo much as it may have done other travellers; but the ſurrounding ſcenery ſtruck us by its grand and rude character.

After dining, at Linthal, on boiled goat's fleſh, nearly as good as mutton to hungry appetites, we returned to Glarus this evening, and have been much amuſed with the converſation of an old ſoldier who lives at our inn, and ſpends the money which he ſaved in fighting againſt the Engliſh in the laſt German war. He ſpeaks highly, however, of our nation; he ſits drinking, uninterrupt-

edly,

edly, for one and ſometimes two days together without eating. The landlord aſſured me that he has drunk twenty-nine bottles of a thin white wine this day, and he does not appear to be intoxicated.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

ZURICH, Aug. 1.

We left Glarus on the 28th of July, and having paſſed through Næfels, and other ſmall villages, we dined at Oberbilten, which is nine miles from Glarus, at the ſign of St. Fridolin, who, as I underſtand, is the patron ſaint of the diſtrict. Mine hoſteſs entertained us nobly; and being ſurprized at the information which ſhe diſplayed in her remarks, we enquired into her hiſtory, and found that ſhe was the daughter of a palatine officer who had been in the Engliſh ſervice. As her huſband, who is a native of that place, had la Maladie du Pays, ſhe conſented to follow him here; but having been familiarized with people of more poliſhed manners, they derive but little pleaſure from the ſociety of their neighbours, whom ſhe repreſents as ſenſual,

ſenſual, ignorant, and deceitful; they have ſet up the inn merely to enjoy the company of ſuch ſtrangers as paſs through the village; and if we might judge by the moderation of the charge, profit could not be their object.

We had a beautiful ride, of ſix leagues, in the evening, partly by the ſide of the lake of Zurich, of which we had a fine view from a mountain, before we reached Einſidlen, looking down upon Rapperſchwyl, the iſle of Ufnau, &c. The effects of the devotion of the neighbourhood were viſible before we arrived at the abbey of Notre Dame des Hermites, particularly in an handſome church at Lachen.

Einſidlin has an important appearance as approached by a wide plain, ſituated between lofty mountains, whoſe diſtant ſummits are covered with ſnow. The town is built on the river Sihl, in the canton of Schweitz. The abbey was rebuilt in 1735: the church is a ſumptuous edifice: the walls are hung, at the firſt entrance, with votive tablets, made for deliverances by ſea and land, attributed to the miraculous aſſiſtance of the virgin: they are painted with more piety than ſkill; and, in truth, the repreſentations of perſons in great perils,

are

are often as ludicrous as the cataſtrophe of Mr. Puff's Tragedy.

Some of theſe are of very recent preſentation. The Virgin's chapel, at which the offerings are made, is dazzling with its poliſhed golden altar which ſhines with the reflected light of numberleſs tapers. The Virgin and Child are repreſented black. She is differently dreſſed every week. Over the door are the five holes, in a plate of ſilver, ſaid to have been made by the fingers of God, into which the pilgrims put their hands with much ſuperſtitious reverence. Mr. Coxe repreſents the annual reſort of pilgrims, who repair to their celebrated monaſtery, to be near 100,000. The number is now much reduced; and it ſeldom, as I am informed, amounts above 10 or 12,000. The rich now travel for pleaſure, without ſuch excuſes, and rambling idleneſs, or diſcontented poverty can find but few who will aſſiſt them in ſuch miſ-directed devotion. On a monument in the church, inſcribed with eulogia on ſome departed brethren of the convent, I obſerved the following punning alluſion to their order, "Vocantem Dominum ſecuti, ut certius illam citantis vocem audirent, Venite benedicti,

patres

patres, eſſe voluerunt Benedictini," which would hardly admit of a tranſlation if it were worth it. The librarian Bonwyl, to whom we had a letter, ſhewed me the handſome library. I examined a Latin manuſcript of the New Teſtament, ſaid to be of the tenth century, which contained the diſputed verſe in St. John, except the word Hi.

The collection of books is large and ſplendid: as it was Jour Maigre we were not invited to dine at the convent, but after dinner we were ſhewn the ſacerdotal veſtments elaborately worked and adorned, and the riches and relics of this eſtabliſhment, by a very aſſiduous and complimentary conductor. In the evening we ſet off. All the ſurrounding country is covered with chapels, ſanctuaries, and hermitages, at which pilgrims reſpectfully ſtop. We rode by the ſide of the lake, which, though it has not the bold and magnificent breadth of that of Conſtance, is enlivened on each ſide by a continued ſucceſſion of neat and chearful villages with white houſes. As we were now about to part with our guide, who had accompanied us from St. Gall and behaved well ſince we left Wallenſtadt, he expreſſed

preſſed great regret at being obliged to leave us: he confeſſed, with much ſimplicity, that he had been a ſad fellow; hoped that he ſhould profit by the good advice which we had given, and, half laughing, half in tears, promiſed to reform and become a ſober good man. We got to L'Epee in good time, found our ſervant and carriage ſafe, and letters from England, which ſpread a lively ſatisfaction over our minds. We ſupped with a Dutch gentleman, and combated his democratical principles.

I ſhall not attempt to delineate the conſtitution of the Swiſs cantons, or to make out the minute gradations of freedom which ſeverally prevail in them, ſince this has been ſo fully and accurately performed by Mr. Coxe in his improved accounts: my deſign is only to furniſh you with a ſlight deſcription of our Tour, and to report ſuch things as we found moſt deſerving of attention.

My room here, at L'Epee, hangs over the rapid Limmat, a beautiful clear river, but which flows with great impatience from a country where moſt rivers, if they had the taſte aſcribed to them by the poets, could not

chuſe

chuſe but linger. Zurich is charmingly ſituated on this river, where it runs from the lake. The town has no ſtreets that are regular or well-built: the ſuburbs, towards the lake, are improved by ſome modern buildings: the environs are very beautiful, and the banks of the lake and the Limmat are covered with houſes, many of which are the country ſeats of the gentlemen of Zurich: theſe derive their chief beauty from their ſituation; having nothing that correſponds with our pleaſure-garden; the Swiſs, who on every ſide behold the bold and magnificent features of Nature, ſeem to deſpiſe the minute and artificial ornaments by which we mimic her works.

Though the town has no buildings diſtinguiſhed for their beauty of architecture, it has every edifice of importance to the welfare of the people. The town-houſe is large and commodious; the granary is well conducted, and, in times of ſcarcity, alleviates the public diſtreſs: the arſenal, where, among the ancient armour, is preſerved as a valuable monument of liberty, William Tell's croſs-bow, ſeems to be well provided with arms: Les Orphelines, a charitable inſtitution for the children of the citizens,

citizens, and which contains from eighty to one hundred, who are inſtructed, and, at fifteen, are apprenticed to different trades, is well ſupported. The Swiſs have neither the inclination or the power to expend money in ſuperfluous edifices. Their private houſes are furniſhed with ſimplicity, and very little ornament: their carriages are for convenience, and chiefly open; their poſſeſſors are not permitted to uſe them in town: their ſervants ſeldom wear liveries; and there is but little appearance of thoſe refinements which are too often the indication of corruption of manners. The dreſs of the higher ranks is extremely plain: black is the full dreſs; and the men, who are in any department of government, wear ſwords. The dreſs of the women is unbecoming; on Sundays they wear black in the morning, and colours in the evening: the hair is dreſſed in the French and Engliſh faſhion, but with a looſe and ill-ſhaped negligence, appearing, what is vulgarly called, blowzy: their ſhapes are not advantageouſly diſplayed, nor do they exhibit any of th t flowing and graceful drapery which gives to the lengthened and pictureſque forms of Reynolds and Bunbury, the elegance of the

Grecian

Grecian figure: their ſquat and unfeminine monſters of ſhoes ſeem manufactured for down-right walking, not to bend with ſupple pliancy in the dance, or to draw attention in the ſucceſſion of the well directed ſteps. The ſtrangers who reſort here begin to ſap a little the ſimplicity of manners which prevails, by the introduction of foreign luxuries: they intermix indeed, but ſeldom, with the natives in convivial intercourſe; but the ſight of luxury is infectious, and the genius of the people of Zurich yields to the contagion. Herdegger, the famous Arbiter Elegantiarum, for many years, in England, was the ſon of a clergyman at Zurich; and no man ever preſided with greater ſpirit in the circles of diſſipation, or puſhed the revels of voluptuouſneſs to a greater extent. The native of a ſevere and ſimple town in Switzerland, directed the luxurious pleaſures of one of the moſt refined courts in Europe. "I was born a Swiſs," ſaid he in a public company, "and came to England without a farthing, where I have found means to gain 5000l. a year, and to ſpend it. Now I defy the moſt able Engliſhman to go to Switzerland

and either to gain that income or to ſpend it there."

We have no particular introduction to the inhabitants of this town, and aſſociate chiefly with the Engliſh and other ſtrangers, with whom chance or our public table brings us acquainted. I have been introduced, however, to Mr. Lavater, whoſe mild and expreſſive countenance, rendered more intereſting by a ſhade of dejection, will recommend him to all who adopt his principles of phyſiognomy. I obſerved to him, that it required ſome courage to preſent ourſelves before a man poſſeſſing the powers of penetration, which he profeſſed: he replied, that no mortal need fear the preſence of another, ſince all muſt be conſcious of defect. He lives in a very ſmall houſe; we found him inſtructive and unaſſuming in converſation. He ſpeaks French with heſitation and difficulty, but his expreſſions are forcible. On a ſecond viſit he ſhewed us his collection of pictures, which contains three or four pieces, by Holbein, in high preſervation: among theſe is an angel with the inſtruments of Chriſt's Crucifixion, that has great merit. There are ſome other valuable pictures; one by Weſt, and two or three

three admirably done by a Swiſs peaſant; a variety of beautiful drawings, and other things well worthy attention. Mr. Lavater's character, as a miniſter, is very high. He is now projecting two or three charitable inſtitutions, one of which is deſigned as a retreat for women after the age of fifty. He is engaged in a pleaſant periodical publication of Miſcellanies, of which ſix volumes have appeared for the firſt year, and one for the ſecond. He complains that our tranſlations of his writings (eſpecially of his great work) are extremely defective. I have ſince heard him preach with great apparent energy; but he preached in an unknown tongue to me. The Vandyke frill, which the miniſters wear, gives them a very antique appearance; and the mourning dreſſes of the congregation produce a very grave effect in the churches. I was not much diſpoſed to approve an hour glaſs, which was placed by the preacher, to direct him in the length of his diſcourſe. After the ſinging, in which all the congregation join, there is a great noiſe of letting down the ſeats; and the people all put on their hats and ſit down, to hear the miniſter pray or preach. Devotion here appears to

correſpond with Parnel's deſcription of it at Geneva, " A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the croud." I reflected, with ſatisfaction, on the rational and decent ſervice eſtabliſhed in our church: on premeditated prayers, formed upon ſublime principles of piety and benevolence; and exterior forms, deſigned only to be expreſſive of reverence for God, and ſubſervient to the becoming ſolemnity of public worſhip.

The miniſtry is ſupported with ſuitable maintenance at Zurich, and the people ſeem to profit at leaſt by its moral inſtructions, being celebrated for their integrity and worth.

The library is open, upon very liberal terms, to the public. I read there three original manuſcript letters, written in Latin, by lady Jane Gray to Bullinger, with ſome elegance of ſtyle, but with much extravagance of compliment. In one hyperbolical ſtrain ſhe inconſiderately enumerates St. John among other exemplary characters, to whom Bullinger, in her opinion, was not inferior in piety; one of the letters, however, was written in 1551, when ſhe was only fourteen years of age; the other

in

in 1552, when ſhe was about to learn Hebrew.

Bullinger was born in the neighbourhood of Zurich; and, on his return from his ſtudies at Cologne, taught in a convent at Kapella, which is not far from Zurich, where he heard the lectures of Zuinglius; and having adopted the principles of the reformation, became a miniſter of the Proteſtant church at his native village of Bengarten. After the death of Zuinglius he ſucceeded him as paſtor at Zurich, and laboured with great zeal to encourage the increaſe of the reformed faith, correſponding with its members and defenders in all parts, in letters, of which a collection is here preſerved, which deſerves examination.

Among other books in this library, I noticed alſo a polyglot of the New Teſtament in twelve languages, printed by Elias Huttens at Nonberg, in 1591: a German Bible, ſaid to be printed in 1448, by miſtake for 1458; and another in 1578. In the Latin manuſcripts of St. John's epiſtles, I found always the diſputed text, though the word *Hi* was ſometimes omitted. But biſhop Burnet ſpeaks of an ancient Latin manuſcript in this library, which I did not ſee, ſuppoſed to be between

eight and nine hundred years old, and which, by omitting the text, led Bullinger to doubt of its authenticity; and he obſerves that the verſe muſt have been left out by the negligence of the copyiſt, for before the general epiſtles in that manuſcript, the epiſtle of St. Jerom is to be found, in which the father ſays, that he was the more exact in that tranſlation as he had diſcovered the fraud of the unfaithful tranſlators, who had ſtruck out that paſſage concerning the Trinity. This preface is not printed in the edition of St. Jerom's works, publiſhed by Eraſmus, but it is in all or in moſt of the manuſcripts, ancient and modern, of the bibles that have the other prefaces in them, and in almoſt all the firſt printed bibles, as in that of Nurenberg in 1475, in that of Venice in 1498, and beſides others in that of Baſil in 1506; as alſo in all the manuſcripts of Baſil, where Eraſmus indeed publiſhed his edition of St. Jerom; and therefore it muſt have been known to him, and it is difficult to ſay why he ſhould have omitted it.

Strangers, at Zurich, are generally conducted to ſee Mr. Geſner, the painter's, works: we were ſhewn ſome of his landſcapes in imitation

imitation of the Italian maſters. His deſigning is good, but his manner ſomewhat hard. The Swiſs, who have a country of ſuch peculiar ſcenery to deſcribe, ſhould form a ſchool of their own: but it is ſingular that Switzerland has, as yet, produced neither poets nor painters, who have much diſtinguiſhed themſelves. The ſublime poem of Haller, on the Alps, is almoſt the only important deſcription, in poetry, of Swiſs ſcenery, by a native of Switzerland; and, 'till lately, it has had no painters of landſcape known beyond their country. The natives become familiar with the grand and noble ſcenes of their country, before they have attention to admire and powers to imitate them; and Switzerland has ſcarce yet arrived to that refinement of civilization in which a knowledge of the polite arts leads men to the inveſtigation of their principles. The foreigners, who travel here for the firſt time, are aſtoniſhed at the ſtupendous character of the objects which they behold; but theſe they dare not attempt to copy. The mountain, with its ſummit of ſnow, could not, perhaps, be introduced with harmony. The lake is too ſpacious for repreſentation; and he who ſhould ſelect only the

picturesque cottage or the woody bank undermined and rugged, would not characterize his work as a description of Switzerland. Painters, however, may study here every department of the art; and when a Salvator Rosa shall arise, he will find materials to employ his pencil. We were much pleased with the works of Mr. Hope, a butcher, who has displayed a very extraordinary taste for landscape. He has certainly a genius of great scope, and his representations are much to be admired. I thought that he failed in the colouring of his water.

L'Academiê Physique deserves much attention. We saw a very fine Hortus Siccus there which was collected by the learned Gesner.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

ZURICH, Aug. 10.

SINCE I laſt wrote to you, Mr. —— and I have walked to St. Gothard.—For mountain expeditions, to aſcend the ſummit or to glide into the vale, to ſkirt the precipice or to climb the rock, no ſubſervient animal can rival the powers of man. We left Zurich on the ſecond inſtant, on a fine evening refreſhed and brightening after a ſhower, as a fine woman ſmiling in tears. We ſtrolled about eight miles through a charming variety of hill and dale, to Albis, where we ſlept at a tolerable houſe. The next morning a miſty rain deprived us of our proſpect from the hill, on which we ſlept. It did not prevent us, however, from renewing our walk, through a fertile country, to Zug. We found fruit-trees and fountains the whole way.

Zug

Zug is ſituated on the lake of that name. Oſwald, king of Northumberland, from I know not what diſtinction, is titular ſaint of the town which Albert, duke of Auſtria, thought not worth defending againſt the Swiſs, and drove into the Helvetic confederacy. In the evening we continued by the ſide of the lake, for about three leagues, under fine beach woods which adorn its banks, and in which we heard the frequent ſound of the woodman's axe, without any ſorrowful reflections that the trees were to be indiſcriminately felled to pay the debts of the gameſter or the ſpendthrift. The cultivated fields which border on the lake, and the well-wooded promontories which project into the water and form beautiful bays, finely embelliſh the ſcenery.

The houſes are but few; ſome vineyards occaſionally deſcend to the edge of the water, and are trained ſometimes to twine over roofs of wood which overhang the paths. We ſtopped for a ſhort time at a ſmall village in the canton of Schweitz; at the bottom of this there is a capuchin convent, of which, the houſes are fantaſtically painted, ſome of them with ſketches of the Dance of Death. We then continued our walk among the echoing

caverns

caverns of a ſequeſtered valley, and by the ſide of another lake 'till we were overtaken by darkneſs, and wandered, for ſome hours, without the glimmering of a ſingle ſtar to direct our weary ſteps in ſecurity. Towards midnight, however, we were taught the folly of deſpair, by a happy rencontre of a peaſant returning home, whom we perſuaded to conduct us to Schweitz, where we at length repoſed, as well as if we had arrived with a chaiſe and four and half a dozen attendants.

At Schweitz there is a collection of medals in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Hottinger, which Mr. Mechel has engraved. On leaving, next morning, this metropolis of the canton, which has nothing remarkable in its appearance but a handſome church, we walked about a league, to Brunnen, a village ſituated on the lake des Quatres Villes Foreſtales, where the cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, entered into their treaty of alliance in 1315, and where the deputies of the Romiſh cantons ſtill ſometimes hold their aſſemblies. Here we engaged a boat to convey us to Fluellen, which is three ſtunden or three hours row from Brunnen.

The

The lake of the four cantons here is not very broad; it is incloſed with lofty ſteep rocks, on ſome of which are houſes and chapels, built like the religious edifices of ancient times, on high places, and beautifully ſurrounded with groves of wood: here, as in Eden,

" Overhead up-grows
" Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
" Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
" A ſylvan ſcene!"

By the bye, Dr. Hunter, in his notes to Evelyn's Silva, objects to this paſſage without reaſon. Milton was naturaliſt enough to know, that the cedar rather ſpreads than exalts its branches; and the loftineſs is applied, not to the individual cedar, but to the towering height of the trees riſing one above the other,

" As the ranks aſcend
" Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre."

We ſtopped to look at William Tell's chapel, which is painted with ſome ſketches of the hiſtory of that hero and patriot, and landing at Fluellen, which is the little port and repoſitory of the Italian merchandize, we walked a ſhort mile to Altdorf, the capital of Uri,

Uri, ſituated in the valley of the Reuſs. It is almoſt ſurrounded by dark ſteep mountains covered with gloomy trees, which throw a ſolemn ſhade over the town. The firs of mount Banberg, which riſe immediately above it, ſhelter the houſes from injury from the ſnow or falling rocks; you may ſuppoſe, therefore, that they are religiouſly preſerved. The whole neighbourhood has a ſerious character. There are many churches and chapels on all ſides; one of the latter is erected on the ſpot where William Tell is ſaid to have been born. The town has no better appearance than a market town in England: the Maiſon de Ville, if it may be dignified by that appellation, is daubed with ſome hiſtorical paintings, relative, I believe, to the exploits of William Tell, who is ſaid to have ſhot the apple from his ſon's head in this town.

After dinner we continued our walk about nine miles, to Steig, through the valley of Reuſs, along which the ſnow-muddied river runs ſhallow, in a rapid and rocky channel. The rivers in Switzerland, like thoſe in Scotland, are not often fit for navigation; they feed the lakes, however, and might feed canals. The valley, through which we

paſſed,

paſſed, is encloſed by fine dark mountains ορεα σκιοεν]α, overſpread with ſolemn firs. The evening was gloomy and accorded with the ſcene. We met ſome Capuchin friars travelling from Italy, whoſe figures had a good effect in the landſcape. Towards the cloſe of the evening the mountains behind us glowed with the ſtrong beams of the ſetting ſun, and enlivened the natives of this romantic country, whoſe cottages are beautifully placed on chines and projections of the mountains, hanging over dizzy precipices, and lifted to an elevation from which their inhabitants may often ſee the clouds and ſtorms of the winter collect their miſchief beneath them.

The valleys in Switzerland ſometimes reminded me of Theſſalian Tempe, as beautifully deſcribed by Ælian, who repreſents it as a place ſituated between Olympus and Oſſa, mountains of vaſt height, and ſeparated, as it were, by divine contrivance to admit the valley; in the midſt of which flowed the river Peneus, ſwelled by other ſtreams that fell into and increaſed its current. The rocks here, as in Ælian's valley, are overſhadowed, and often almoſt concealed by the mantling ſhrubs and herbs that ſpread their

foliage

foliage around them; and amidſt theſe burſt out frequent fountains, from which cool and pleaſant waters flow: many of them are, doubtleſs, like thoſe of Tempe, impregnated with ſalutary principles. The valley of Theſſaly excelled, however, thoſe of Switzerland, in the number and variety of muſical birds, which Ælian repreſents as ſeducing along the enchanted traveller, and rendering him, by the melody of their notes, inſenſible of fatigue. In Switzerland no birds are to be ſeen, except ſometimes a fine eagle ſoaring above the tops of the loftieſt mountains, for as every one has a gun, the feathered race is ſhewn no quarter, each man ſeeking for objects on which to exerciſe his ſkill. If a ſparrow is accidentally ſeen, the whole neighbourhood is in arms, and every one is anxious to diſtinguiſh himſelf, by obtaining the prize. There were circumſtances, likewiſe, that gave a peculiar character to Tempe, in the time of Ælian, in which no modern valley can reſemble it, and which, by a revolution in manners and ſentiments, it muſt have itſelf loſt. The deſcriptive hiſtorian informs us, that in conſequence of the reſort of the neighbouring people, who aſſembled in this place ſacred to

many

many heathen deities, in frequent intercourſe to ſacrifice and feaſt together, thoſe who travelled, or ſailed through the valley, were gratified by the moſt fragrant and delightful odours, which were ſhed around from the incenſe and perfumes uſed on thoſe occaſions. Inſtead, however, of the ſmoke of ſacrifices aſcending to heathen deities, we may ſee the towers of churches erected to the honour of the true God.

The imagination which travels, without trouble, from Theſſaly to England, ſometimes alſo tranſported me to Colnbrook Dale, where the ſmoke of glowing furnaces blackens a vegetation equal to that of Switzerland, and where the peaceful quiet of the valley is diſturbed by the noiſe and labour of the iron works.

But to return to Switzerland. In my walk this evening, near Altdorf, I ſaw, with very intereſting ſenſations, a wooden hand, fixed to a chapel, pointing to a road and directing, "per Italia." I was ſtruck with the firſt idea of proximity to a country which I had ſo long wiſhed to ſee, and which I am not ſure that accident may not ſtill prevent me from viſiting. We met many carriers, whoſe loaded

loaded pack-horſes, which bring pepper, wines, rice, citrons, and ſometimes ſilk, from Italy; and return with ſalt, cheeſe, &c. The horſes are muzzled leſt they ſhould ſtop to feed at the edge of precipices. The ſight of our inn ſhocked us as much as that of the Holy Ghoſt at Cologne; it was the repreſentation of Chriſt.—If the ſublime conceptions of Raphael, or Carlo Dolce, were ſuffered to imagine the perfections of an incarnate God, it ſhould not be allowed to the groſs imaginations of vulgar painters to burleſque the idea of the Holy Perſons of the Trinity, and to repreſent them by images on ſign poſts. In England we have ſome veſtiges of a ſimilar, though leſs offenſive freedom, in emblematical repreſentations of the divine perſon, as in that of the myſtical Lamb.

About three years ſince, thirty-nine houſes, which conſtituted almoſt the whole of this village, were burnt down. The flames ſpread rapidly in the wooden works, twenty-ſix of them are now re-built.

Next morning we took leave of the good woman of the inn, where we ſlept, and of her pretty daughters, and walked three leagues through Urſfield, to Waſen, where the valley

of Meyen opens, through which the Meyen pours its impetuous waters to join the Reuſs. As we advanced through this beautiful and extraordinary valley, the mountains often advanced near each other: they were covered with remarkably ſtrait and ſtately firs, which ſeemed to riſe out of the bare rocks. Some of them were cut down and laid by the ſide of precipices as a ſecurity to the traveller, who would elſe reel with giddineſs, as he paſſed along the narrow edge of the path. The Meyen abounds with chryſtal, of which the poor children offer bits to paſſengers for ſale.

After leaving Waſen we began to aſcend the barren valley of Schoellenen. The ſcenery became more rude and rocky; the firs diſappeared, and we ſaw only ſome ſcanty graſs fringing the edges of the rocks. The valley was ſtrewed with huge fragments of broken granite rock, which often dilapidates and falls, with a thundering noiſe, from the mountains. After aſcending about a league and half we paſſed the devil's bridge, which overhangs a chaſm that would appear tremendous, to thoſe who had not ſeen that of Pfeffers, or Pantenbruck. Juſt above it riſes

a torrent

a torrent of foaming water: near this place, oppofite to a little chapel and between two torrents, we faw men half way down the mountain, on a rock apparently perpendicular, on which they were turning fome fcanty grafs. We fhould have conceived it impoffible for goats to ftand on the fteep flippery fide. Though their feet were fupported by cramp-irons, we could not but think, even allowing for the deception of the diftance, that Shakefpear's famphire men were cowards in comparifon of them. Every fpot, which has an inch of foil on thefe mountains, is cultivated with laborious induftry. Animated by freedom and independance, the people draw out fertility from the rock; and happy in their well-earned competence, they would fight, as they have often fought, for their barren and fcanty poffeffions, with as firm and invincible a courage as if they contended for the rich plains of Italy. After having croffed the Reufs, at the devil's bridge, we paffed through Underloch, a paffage 220 feet in length, cut through a granite rock, in 1707. This opens into the valley of Urferen, which fpreads into wide paftures, in which Urferen appears chearfully with its back ground of firs. It is

watered by two ſtreams. Urſeren is a ſmall commonwealth under the protection of Uri, and well ſecured by its encloſing mountains. We dined in this valley, at Hopital, which is about four leagues from Waſen. It was jour maigre, but we fared well on fiſh. The whole way, indeed, ſince we left Zurich, we have had great reaſon to be ſatisfied with the ſmall inns, in which we experience better accommodations than theſe mountainous and ſequeſtered villages might be expected to ſupply; and though we pay but as foot paſſengers, are treated with ſuch attention and kindneſs, as a diſplay of riches would not elſewhere procure. The manners of the people are ſimple and friendly, and their reception and treatment is that of liberal hoſpitality, not of mercenary contrivance.

In this intereſting walk we found, that the ſtupendous works of nature, which excited our admiration at every ſtep, impreſſed us with ſerious rather than lively thoughts; and probably the penſive ſhades of the Swiſs character may, in ſome degree, be attributed to the nature of the country in which they live; accuſtomed to magnificent and ſolemn ſcenes, they acquire an elevated, and, often, a gloomy

turn

turn of mind, which ſhews itſelf in lofty ſentiments, in deep reflection, in ſtrong national affections, and ſometimes in very deliberate ſuicide. Their imagination is quick and ardent, and their paſſions are lively; but they ſeldom exhibit broad traits of humour, or features of ludicrous deſcription. Their love of their country, and the tenderneſs with which in other lands they cheriſh the remembrance of it, is well known by ſome ſtriking accounts. This, however, is common to them with all people who inhabit countries of a very marked and peculiar character; where ſtrong local impreſſions are made at an early age, and attachments are firmly rooted in and grow up, as it were, with the conſtitution.

We were now within three leagues of St. Gothard, and feeling ourſelves but little fatigued, we mounted, by no very violent aſcent, through wild and deſolate ſcenes of naked rock, by the ſide of the Reuſs, till we reached its ſource in a lake, in the large crater at the ſummit, at which we arrived about eight o'clock, as the night, encompaſſed in a thick fog, was rolling towards us. We looked around this cheerleſs wilderneſs of rocks, encircled by mountains riſing into ſpiral and

fantaſtic tops: the ſcene reſembled Maundrell's ſtrong deſcription of the wilderneſs of Judea where our Saviour was tempted, "which conſiſts of high rocky mountains, ſo torn and disfigured as if the earth had here ſuffered ſome great convulſion, in which its very bowels had been turned outward." We at length diſcovered the ſmall convent by the ſide of a lake; there we were received hoſpitably by father Lorenzo, who gave us a fine trout for ſupper, and a good omelet, ſome tolerable wine, and a glaſs or two of rich cordial.

Father Lorenzo is about fifty years of age, and has ſpent twenty-five of thoſe years in this ſolitude. A monk who formerly lived with him, withdrew himſelf about three years ago, and the good father has now no ſociety but that of a male and female ſervant, a boy put under his tuition, and ſuch travellers as curioſity or buſineſs leads into theſe chearleſs regions, moſt of whom ſtop to experience his hoſpitality. He bakes his own bread, and kills his own meat; is furniſhed with fuel from Ariolo, the firſt town in Italy, and a few miles diſtant from his habitation. He is, by birth, a Milaneſe, ſpeaks only Latin

and

and Italian. His convent is, I believe, under the direction of the archbishop of Milan. The canton of Uri, however, allows the good man about 30l. per annum, for his sustenance, which, with the gratuities that he receives from strangers, enables him to support himself, and to provide for the entertainment of passengers, who pass the mountain almost the whole year, though sometimes on sledges, in the winter months, and under the drifted snow, through which workmen are employed to keep the road open. Cæsar is said first to have adventured with his army across this formidable barrier. The Tesin and the Reuss rise near each other in this mountain. Mr. de Bouffler following these rivers in their progress, said, that at the top of St. Gothard a man might spit into the Mediterranean. The Rhine and the Rhone rise within a day's journey of the mountain.

The next morning, after a good night's rest, in beds which were not bad though they had no curtains, and were in rooms of which the bare walls had no ornament but a few prints of the Virgin, we wrote our acknowledgements in the father's book, in which we found the names of several of our friends.

We deſcended, in about two hours, to Hopital, and in the evening continued our walk to Steig, over looſe ſtones, which ſorely battered our feet in the deſcent, but which could not prevent us from again admiring the ſhivered rocks with firs opening from the clefts; the torrents which freſhened the air of an hot evening, and the paths which wind under noble rocks and firs. We croſſed the river ſeveral times, as it afforded a narrow way, on either ſide, between its channel and the baſe of the mountains. As I lagged behind my companion in the winding paths, I could, ſometimes, converſe with him acroſs deep chaſms, all round which it was neceſſary to walk. I have not yet been able to obſerve any of that correſpondence of parts between the oppoſite hills, which Mr. Coxe repreſents as common in Switzerland. It is ſurely a prepoſterous philoſophy to ſuppoſe, that any of its valleys have been formed by a ſeparation of the mountains from any violent convulſion; and if, with ſome writers, we imagine them to have been excavated by the gradual attrition of water, the oppoſite ſides would not tally or correſpond in any apparent adaptation of parts. Why, when we ſee a mountain, or

a valley,

a valley, muſt we look to the operation of natural cauſes for its production, and not ſuppoſe that the face of nature originally preſented ſuch variety at its firſt creation? This, however, is unpopular philoſophy, though we know that there were "high hills" before the deluge.

We ſlept again at Steig, and dined next lay at Altdorf, and afterwards took a boat at Fluellin, for Lucerne, admitting two women, who petitioned for a paſſage. After again admiring the hills that border on this beautiful lake, we turned a point oppoſite Brunnen, and entered into a part which we had not yet paſſed. The lake here has no very great breadth: the banks furniſh very rich parkiſh ſcenes. The beach woods hang over the lake; and when we ſtopped for refreſhment under the coves, the goats came down to our boats. One of our female companions, whom we had admitted, recited prayers and hymns during the whole paſſage, except when we checked her pious effuſions by ſome excellent ham; or when her voice was overpowered by the louder ſtrains of one of our watermen, who ſung to us the feats of William Tell, in ſome traditional ſongs, which had a local

pro-

propriety, as the borders of the lake were occaſionally adorned with monuments erected in honour of his exploits. We landed at Lucerne about ſeven in the evening. The town is finely ſituated at the north-weſtern end of the lake, and commands a delightful view.

We ſupped at the Table D'Hote, at the Eagle, with Mr. Dohm; he was envoy from Pruſſia to Aix-la-Chapelle, and appears to be very intelligent upon general ſubjects. His lady, who was likewiſe preſent, is pretty. It is not unuſual, in Switzerland, for ladies to eat at Tables D'Hotes, where they are well-ſerved, and where the company is generally good.

The hængewerk of the bridge at Lucerne, which is built over the Reuſs, is painted with hiſtorical repreſentations. The town has little but its ſituation to recommend it to the eye. We went to the Jeſuit's college. The library was removed at the ſuppreſſion of the Order; the building is large, and now inhabited by a few profeſſors, with one of whom I converſed. He regretted, with much apparent concern and ſincerity, the injury done to religion by the inſidious induſtry of Voltaire

and

and his party, who have poiſoned the ſources of information. The Swiſs, who in general have ſome taſte for literature, are more likely to ſuffer from the wretched philoſophy, inſerted in modern publications, ſince, where all drink, many muſt be intoxicated by ſhallow draughts. We called alſo on general Pfiffer, to whom we had a letter of introduction from his ſon-in-law, with whom we had accidentally formed an acquaintance on St. Gothard. The general received us politely, and ſhewed us his very accurate and elaborate model in wax and ſtone, of near a fourth part of Switzerland, in which he has obſerved the relative height of the mountains, by a geometrical proportion, traced out local circumſtances, and minutely marked every particular deſerving attention.

On leaving Lucerne we loitered, ſlowly, in a hot evening, till we were overtaken, before our arrival at Sins, the place of our deſtination, by a violent ſtorm of the heavieſt rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. Every flaſh which threw its beautiful horrors acroſs the dark night that ſoon encompaſſed the woods in which we ſtrayed, reminded us of the inconſiderate delay with which we had lingered in our delightful walk.

The

The next day, the gloomy circumſtances of the preceding night were forgotten, in the chearfulneſs of a glorious ſun, which, when we had proceeded four leagues farther, to Albis, appeared to ſpread its dazzling ſplendor over the lake of Zurich, and enlivened us with its rays, as we returned, in the evening, to that town.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

BERNE, Aug. 14.

WE arrived here yesterday; but before we set down at the Falcon, I must return and conduct you from Zurich. We staid only one day at that town, after our return from St. Gothard; and on that day went, in company with many persons, down the Limmat, to a convent about two leagues from the town, to be present at the ceremony of two girls taking the veil: one of them appeared to be about eighteen and had a pretty face, with an expression somewhat sullen: the other was about twenty-four, her countenance meek and expressive of gentle seriousness by a melancholy smile. The ceremony was extremely interesting: the solemnity of the scene, the presence of the parents, the grave and venerable appearance of the abbot, the prostration of the women, the tearing of the chaplets, the cutting

cutting off the hair, and the change of dreſs ſuggeſted many affecting conſiderations.

In a voluntary reſignation of the world, and in a ſolemn dedication to God, there is ſomewhat grand and awful: but who is not grieved at the ſight, when he reflects that religion was not deſigned for ſecluſion, but to qualify its diſciples for active life; that the number of conſecrated women is too great for any purpoſes that they could fulfil in convents; that parental authority, or inſidious perſuaſion; the flattery of artful careſſes, the allurements of miſrepreſented piety, or the deſire of diſtinction, often prompt to exertions, in which ſubſequent reflection will meditate with unavailing regret, and helpleſs ſorrow? Who can hear, without regret and indignation, the miniſters of religion preſcribing an oath, in which the ties of kindred are ſolemnly abjured, by perſons who retreat to a ſecluſion from which the community will derive no benefit? I was concerned to ſee the parents ſtand by and countenance the ſacrifice with unmoved features; that not a Swiſs girl preſent ſhed a tear at the ſight of two young and intereſting perſons throwing away all attachments and engagements till life ſhould terminate in eternity;

nity: though, notwithſtanding the fortitude of their behaviour, it might, perhaps, be ſuſpected, that each, reluctantly,

" —Caſta inceſte nubendi tempore in ipſo
" Hoſtia concideret mactatu mæſta parentis *."

Might ſhroud, ſad victim, in a cloiſter's tomb,
Her marriageable charms and virgin bloom.

In this caſe, as in that of Iphigenia, be it remembered, however, that not religion, but ſuperſtition and miſtaken views, enjoined the ſacrifice. Religion clearly, however it might be ſuppoſed, in ſome circumſtances, to approve of a voluntary relinquiſhment of every earthly obſtacle to the practice of its precepts, can never be conceived to countenance a conſtrained and unwilling rejection of the ſocial obligations, and innocent connections of life. They who would ſerve God ſhould ſerve him with their unfettered will, not enchained to obedience by vows and a ſingle effort, but by ſpontaneous and continued affection. Some tribute, however, I confeſs, is due to thoſe

" —That maſter ſo their blood
" To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage.
" But earthly happier is the roſe diſtill'd,
" Than that, which withering on the winter thorn,
" Grows, lives, and dies in ſingle bleſſedneſs."

* Lucretius, B. 1.

I was

I was ſurpriſed, on enquiry, to hear that the ſpirit of retiring to celibacy is, at preſent, prevalent among females, in the Roman Catholic parts of Switzerland. Women can be but of little uſe in monaſteries; their labours are reſtricted, and their ſphere of exertion is, in general, confined to the cloiſter; but monks viſit the ſick, and mingle with ſociety to adminiſter the offices of religion.

We left Zurich on the 11th, and drove, about four leagues, to Baden. The baths of Baden, which were anciently celebrated under the name of Thermæ Helveticæ, are about a mile from the town, and, at this ſeaſon, much reſorted to. The town was crouded, on this day, by numbers who flocked from all parts, in conſequence of a gentleman of Soleure, having declared an intention of aſcending with a balloon. After dinner there was great buſtle of preparation: the ſilk was filled with ſmoke from bladders: the gentleman diſplayed an eagerneſs to embark, in proportion to the ſolicitations of the company to diſſuade him; but at length conſented to give up the voyage, and the balloon ſailed away with the ſame advantage to philoſophy as if he had mounted with it. To riſque the enterprize

terprize without any determinate view, without design or apparatus for philosophical observations, is ridiculous; and the people, who wanted but a sight, were as well pleased at the balloon's rising without human appendages.

We proceeded the same evening three leagues, to Schintznach, admiring the Reuss, which runs through a fine valley, and of which the banks are adorned with some vineyards. In our course we crossed the Limmat: this neighbourhood abounds with rivers. After our arrival at Schintznach we strolled to the Aar, and walked up, through a steep beach wood, to the castle of Hapsburg, which was erected in the eleventh century, within the ancient boundaries of Vindonissa, and is famous, as the root of the family of Austria, for having furnished Germany with an Emperor Rhodolph, of Hapsburg, elected by the interest of the archbishop of Mayence, in 1273. The precincts of the castle were not large: from its proud eminence it commands a spacious view of a fine range of country, through which the Aar winds its course, between lofty mountains. The small remains of the building are now inhabited by

 a farmer,

a farmer, whoſe deſcendants may alſo, in the revolution of time, perhaps, riſe to empire.

There is a great reſort of perſons to Schintznach for the uſe of its mineral waters, which flow warm from the rock. There is one large houſe, for the reception of the company, in which all are commodiouſly lodged together, and dine at the ſame table, as at Matlock or Harrowgate. Among them, at preſent, is lord Findlater.

Our next ſtage was to Arau, which is about three leagues from Schintznach; we drove through a country, which has but few of the bold features that uſually characterize Switzerland. We ſtopped at Arau to call on Mr. Meyer, a ribbon-merchant, who has acquired a conſiderable fortune in trade. He ſhewed us his model of ſome part of Switzerland, which is well executed; as alſo ſome very capital pictures of Swiſs peaſantry in the coſtume of their reſpective cantons. They are painted by Joſeph Reinhalt, whom Mr. Meyer has encouraged, and who merits every liberality of patronage. He has generally ſelected ſome perſon remarkable for his character or appearance; and when the work ſhall be completed, it will be very intereſting.

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The room, which Mr. Meyer is fitting up for the reception of theſe pictures, is ſituated at the top of a tower, conſtructed with the ſolid ſtrength with which the rude architects of antiquity roughly piled up their coarſe ſtones, and formed a durable maſs for future ages. Mr. Meyer ſuppoſes it to have been a Roman building; but the Romans were more advanced in architecture, when they entered Switzerland, than were the builders of this tower, which indicates rather the ſtyle of ſome very early inhabitants of the country. The room commands a fine view of the river Aar, and of the ſurrounding country with gentle hills of paſture: of corn, we ſee but little in Switzerland.

The poſtillion who conducted us, wiſhed to loiter, as he was paid by the day. In travelling with theſe conductors, we are compelled to liſten to exaggerated accounts of bad roads and difficulties. A poſt was once eſtabliſhed, but the inn-keepers and voituriers, petitioned againſt it, upon apprehenſions, on the part of the former, that they might ſuffer by the expeditious travelling of ſtrangers, and upon a kind of diſlike, on the part of the latter, to give up the profits of their profeſſion.

One cannot, however, wiſh to travel with the poſt through Switzerland where every hill is adorned, and every valley a landſcape. The voituriers, it is true, proceed with the ſame regular pace without any regard to the lingerings of taſte or the impatience of fatigue. Hence we interchanged frequent repreſentations and remonſtrances. In ſpite, however, of murmurs, we proceeded through Ænſingen, and the old town of Wiedliſpach, to Soleure. The country, through which we paſſed, was beautifully varied with hills well ſprinkled with houſes and trees: we remarked a caſtle, belonging to an advoyer of Berne, which was particularly to be admired. We ſaw, at ſome diſtance, the rude mountains of Jura, of which the ſnowy tops were brightened by the rays of a deſcending ſun. We ſupped at the crown-inn with a Swiſs gentleman, who was a great philoſopher and a great admirer of the national aſſembly, and provoked, or rather wearied me with the new political principles which this enlightened age has generated.

The extravagant and miſtaken ſpirit of republican equality, which originated in France, ſeems to have ſpread its influence farther

farther than will conduce to the happineſs of ſociety. Many of the Swiſs have caught the contagion from the reſtleſs people of that diſtracted country, where, as in the time of Cæſar, " not only in every city and in every diſtrict, but almoſt in every houſe there are factions *."

At the ſubverſion of the arbitrary power and oppreſſive abuſes that have prevailed under the old government of France, all benevolent minds would rejoice, if they did not diſapprove of the prepoſterous mode of reform, and foreſee, that when every check that can influence and keep the people in neceſſary obedience is removed, affairs muſt be ſoon left to the guidance of an uncontrolled and depraved mob. We hear of ſome rumours of recent diſturbances at Birmingham. The ſpirit of diſcontent has not, I hope, reached England;

" If there be any land
" Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
" A happy land, where circulating power

" * In Galliâ non ſolum in omnibus pagis partibuſque ſed pene etiam in ſingulis domibus, factiones ſunt," ſays the admirable hiſtorian, not aware that he was deſcribing features of a national character that ſhould re-appear after ſo many centuries. De Bell. Gall. l. 6. c. 11.

" Flows through each member of th' embodied ſtate,
" Sure, not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
" Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with every virtue!
" Untainted with the luſt of innovation;
" Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
" Unbroken, as the ſacred chain of nature
" That links the jarring elements in peace*."

The town of Soleure, or Solethurne, is very ancient, as may be collected from a ſtumpy inſcription, under a dial plate in the chief ſtreet.

" In Celtis nihil eſt Solodoro antiquius, unis
" Exceptis Treviris, quorum ego dicta Soror."

'Midſt the Celts none ſo ancient as Soleure is fam'd,
Treves only excepted, whoſe ſiſter I'm named.

The tranſlation has fidelity, at leaſt, though not poetry, to recommend it.

The great church here is ſaid to have coſt 80,000l. beſides an additional expence occaſioned by an alteration in the plan after the foundations were laid. This was a liberal exertion for Switzerland. The deſign and ſtyle of architecture are ſuperior to thoſe of any building that we have yet ſeen in this country.

* Johnſon's Irene.

The

The French king has uſually an ambaſſador here, who pays his ſubſidies to the Swiſs ſtates. The late miniſter retired in conſequence of the revolution in France. The town of Soleure preſents a proof of the endeavours which the French have ever exerted to conciliate the good will of the Swiſs cantons; for the front of the Jeſuits church was built, as a parade of inſcription reminds the people, by Louis XIVth, and repaired by Louis XV.

The women in this town wear a ſtraw hat, which is very ſimple and well adapted to the climate. The whole place has an appearance of neatneſs and comfort, which reſembles the air of a proteſtant town. After leaving Soleure, I dined at Hindelbank, which is about four leagues from Soleure, and about a league out of the ſtrait road to Berne. Here we looked at madame Langhan's famous tomb, of which, notwithſtanding Mr. Coxe's opinion, and the reputation of the king of Pruſſia's ſculptor, I muſt think the deſign much ſuperior to the execution. Mr. Peters, in his beautiful picture repreſenting the reſurrection of a whole family, ſeems to have borrowed from and improved upon the plan. The

ſtone of the tomb is crumbling like the aſhes which it contains, to decay. The deſign, ere many years ſhall have elapſed, will be preſerved only in the prints engraved from it; and the ſimple and pathetic inſcription of Haller will be remembered only in the deſcription of thoſe, who have had taſte enough to copy it: it is well known, but is worth repeating. The mother, who is repreſented as riſing through the burſting tomb, at the reſurrection of the dead, holding the child in her arms, exclaims,

" Hier her bin ich und das kind ſo du mir gegeben
" haſt!"—

Here am I, Lord, and the child which thou haſt given me.

The ſumptuous monument erected to the memory of count d'Erlach, a name recorded in the annals of Swiſs freedom, and diſtinguiſhed for eminent virtues, attracts but little attention becauſe placed in the ſame church.

From Hindelbank to Berne is a pleaſant drive, of about two hours.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

VEVAY, Aug. 18.

BERNE appeared to me, what it is uſually repreſented, a very handſome town. The ſtreets are ſpacious: the piazzas, with their low-arched fronts, give it a peculiar character: the ſtore-houſes would appear to more advantage if the arcades were more lofty: the walk, likewiſe, would in that caſe be equally ſheltered from ſun or rain, and there would be a much freer circulation of air: the town is kept neat, but it is by felons, chained with a collar and hook over their heads: the terraſſes, particularly that behind the cathedral which overlooks the Aar, afford very agreeable walks, where the Berne ladies, who are very pretty, exhibit their charms better diſplayed by dreſs than thoſe of any Swiſs women which we have yet ſeen. The refinement of a rich

ariſtocracy has introduced more of the French manners here than prevails in the other parts of Switzerland, which we have ſeen. The military men, who have enriched themſelves in other countries, return with an importation of foreign cuſtoms, and extend a taſte for luxury, with rapidity, among a people who retain a reverence for the nobility, which their anceſtors poſſeſſed; where education has inſtilled a ſpirit of elegance, where little literature is cultivated, and an inconſiderable trade is carried on in a province ſo little fertile, ſo inland and badly ſituated for communication with other countries by water. As the men, however, are generally engaged in the offices of government, or in foreign ſervice, there is not much of that pernicious diſſipation which reſults from idleneſs. Gaming is effectually ſuppreſſed, for every member of the council takes an oath to inform againſt any whom he ſhall ſee engaged in high play. The "lenes ſub noctem ſuſurri" are heard in the public walks, but they are, in general, the whiſpers of honourable love, or the ſolicitations of allowed indulgence, ſeldom the inſidious ſuggeſtions of ſeduction. It is vain, indeed, to attempt ſeduction, for the

the ſeducer is compelled to marry the woman whom he has vitiated—to take, as his companion through life, the woman whom he has degraded. Public brothels, under certain regulations, are allowed; and the traveller needs ſome of the diſcretion which Homer and Aſcham recommended, leſt "he fall into the lap of ſome wanton dallying damſel Calypſo."

We have met with many Engliſh here, of all ranks and characters. All are enraptured with Switzerland, where, in delightful ſcenes, they find enough of their countrymen to preclude the neceſſity of aſſociating with foreigners, and where the perpetual allurement of new ſchemes gratifies their ſpirit of rambling and adventure. Among thoſe who reſide here, we were diverted by the extravagant converſation of a man, who fancies that he ſhould be in danger of aſſaſſination from ſome patriotic gentleman in England, if he were to return there, becauſe, in a very zealous activity for Wilkes, he had diſplayed ſome qualities and deſigns ſimilar to thoſe of Cromwel, though, as far as we could judge of his abilities, our conſtitution would be in no great danger from his exertions; and he, probably, will be

buried

buried as guiltleſs of his country's blood as the village Cromwel, in Gray's Elegy. How various are the ſhades of inſanity!

There is, at preſent, in the neighbourhood of Berne, a camp compoſed of 2,500 men, formed with deſign to check the increaſing murmurs of the Pays de Vaud. The councils alſo are occupied with debates upon this ſubject. The ſymptoms of diſcontent are ſtrong, but they need not occaſion any great alarm, for the complaints alledged are chiefly on ſubjects of municipal privileges and claims of the higher ranks, who object to the ariſtocracy of Berne, that it has monopolized all official dignities and profits; which privileges and claims, however they may affect the towns, do not intereſt the peaſantry and people at large; who know that their benefit is not the object, and that they will not profit by a more equal diſtribution of thoſe advantages; and who beſides are very ſenſible of the attention which the government pays to the improvement of agriculture and to whatever affects their intereſts, and retain a lively recollection of the benevolent aſſiſtance which, in the ſeverities and diſtreſſes of ſome recent winters, they have experienced.

The

The public buildings, at Berne, are handſome, though they do not ſhew any great departure from the ſimplicity of the country, which conſults utility rather than ornament in its buildings, even where the dawnings of taſte moſt appear. The Hotel de Ville, at which the counſel and ſenate aſſemble, is an old building: in it are ſome convenient rooms and ſome hiſtorical pictures, not ſo intereſting as paintings, as that they relate to the foundation of Berne and the origin of the charter of the town.

The new room, for the library, ſhews but little advancement in ſkill of architecture: it is, I think, ill contrived, and fitted up with but little taſte or reſpect to the convenience of readers: it is rich in manuſcripts.

On the evening of the 15th we proceeded to Friburg, a town about ſixteen miles diſtant from Berne, remarkably ſituated on the river Sane, amidſt the ſcenery of craggy rude mountains: it is filled with Romiſh churches profuſely loaded with ornaments, and with convents that contain large libraries, in which I obſerved not any book or manuſcript that deſerved notice for its rarity. The women ſtruck us as wonderfully pretty: their complexions

plexions are delicate, and their countenances, which ſeem all moulded in ſimilar forms, are very intereſting. We did not think it worth while to ſee the hermitage in this neighbourhood. All hermitages are alike, and we need not deviate from any road in Switzerland for romantic ſcenery.

Leaving Friburg the next morning, we travelled about ſix leagues farther, through a charming circular valley, richly covered with groves, to Bull, a ſmall town of one ſtreet, in which, the only things worth notice were, a Capuchin convent, and the ſign of our inn, the deſign of which ſeemed to have been little calculated to promote the advantage of the houſe, as it repreſented Death with a wine glaſs in his hand.

On quitting Bull, we ſaw the village of Gruyeres, ſo famous for the cheeſe which is exported to all countries, and thence proceeding through a fine paſture country, we ſlept at Chatel St. Denys, where a bailiff reſides in a caſtle, the conſtruction of the thick walls of which reduced the ancient counts of Gruyeres to indigence.

The next morning a ſhort ride by the lake of Geneva, which opened beautifully, conducted

ducted us to Vevay. Slight incidents often make deep impreſſions, and trifling occurrences may lead to very intereſting reflections. As we continued our journey toward Vevay, a fox croſſed our road; no bad omen, we hoped. The ancient Scots thought, that if fox, hare, or any game, were ſeen and not killed, it was inauſpicious; and a ſimilar prejudice prevailed among other nations, as to the hare, as we learn from the Neapolitan lawyer, Alexander ab Alexandro.

We arrived at Vevay juſt in time to ſee a ſeptennial celebration of the Fête des Vignerons, which ſeems to have been a very early, and, perhaps, an heathen inſtitution. A proceſſion, compoſed of the repreſentatives of Ceres, Bacchus, Flora and Pomona, with their reſpective attendants, and with appendages of corn, grapes, flowers and fruit, carried in profuſe diſplay, paraded merrily round the town. Theſe jovial deities were perſonated by people ſelected for their figure or beauty; and if Ceres were formerly as charming as the girl who performed her part, Pluto would probably have taken the mother, inſtead of the daughter, to his dark abode. Silenus, rolling from ſide to ſide between his ſupporters, was not forgotten.

forgotten. The characters were dressed with suitable ornaments, and the procession was continued with singing and much gaiety, for four or five hours; after which the gods and goddesses repaired, under some fine trees that ran close to the lake in the town, to partake of the plenty which they assembled to celebrate; and where, as Bacchus and Ceres were present, there is no reason to suppose that Venus grew cold. A humorous fellow, who was employed to harangue them, in a burlesque discourse, amused the company much, by his coarse but sprightly sallies. There was much good-humour and no disturbance. Our prince Augustus, and many English, both ladies and gentlemen, partook of the amusements of the day.

The next day I walked to Clarence, which is towards the extremity of the lake, about a league and half from Vevay. We ascended to the castle of Chatillard, which is very beautifully situated on an eminence, and commands a glorious view of the lake, the mouth of the Rhine, and the distant rocks of Meillerie. It is surrounded by delightful vineyards planted in an artificial soil brought to those hills, and supported by some walls

left

left it ſhould be carried away by the torrents that often ruſh from the ſummits of the mountains. Rouſſeau could not have choſen a more delightful ſpot to deſcribe with his enchanting pen; but the caſtle no longer belongs to Wolmar, nor could I collect any anecdotes of Julia. I looked in vain for traces of the bower and the elyſium.

There are many rooms half-furniſhed: it at preſent belongs to a bailif; and in an upper room, where criminals are examined, I obſerved ſome inſtruments of torture, which are ſtill ſuffered by the government of Berne to be in the hands of individual magiſtrates. In the evening we had a ball, at which, the walſe and country dances kept us up till three or four in the morning. I had the pleaſure of dancing with a partner, who, though ſomewhat of a penſive caſt, convinced me that St. Preux might have found a Julia at Vevay. Our prince was preſent. He has adopted the affable manners that prevail in Switzerland.

The coſtumes of Switzerland are very various: the women here ſometimes wear long tails of braided hair. After marriage

 theſe

theſe braids are twiſted round the head, and faſtened at the top with a ſmall ſilver bodkin, which, as commentators repreſent Shakeſpear's "bare bodkin," is a ſword.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

VEVAY, Aug. 24.

WE are returned to this beautiful place after an excurſion to Chamouny, which we have taken out of order, in accommodation to ſome friends who have joined us, and who make but a ſhort ſtay in Switzerland. It is a pleaſant circumſtance that travelling in Switzerland one every where meets parties, who are rambling amidſt its beautiful ſcenes. We are often unexpectedly tempted to deviate from our plan, and to give up the route we had adopted, for the ſake of ſeeing, in company, ſcenes that it is intereſting to ſee together. You muſt not, therefore, take your route from me in general, as we often go out of Coxe's or Martyn's line, and return to ſee what we had before omitted.

We left Vevay on the 19th, and proceeded, by the ſide of the lake, to its extremity; and

through Aigle, a ſmall gloomy town in a charming country, to Bex, which is about ſix leagues from Vevay. After dining there, at the Table D'Hote, with ſome intelligent travellers, we rode about half a league to examine the famous ſalt-works at Bevieux. The water is conveyed to them, by pipes, from the ſource at Fondemont, which is about a league farther, whither we afterwards went; and having procured guides, lights, and dreſſes fit for the journey, we entered the ſouterreins by a narrow paſſage cut through the rock, and walked about four hundred feet to the chief ſource, which iſſues in a very inconſiderable but perennial ſtream; this is received into a grand excavation, whether natural or artificial I know not, that ſerves as the reſervoir for the water, and is about one hundred feet in length. The country about Bex and Fondemont is to be admired for its finely-wooded hills.

The next morning we drove about three leagues, to Martigny, having entered the Vallais at St. Maurice, by a romantic paſs, over a Roman bridge; and having ſtopped to contemplate the beautiful caſcade, called Piſſe-Vache, which falls from a great height with

with much elegance. It firſt arches with a fine bold curve: it afterwards ſhoots into many ſpiral forms which have ſomewhat of a dark cloudy hue, and then terminates its fall in a graceful foamy ſpray.

Near Martigny we noticed the ruin of the old caſtle, where, formerly, the biſhops lived: they now, however, reſide at Sion. We were, at Martigny, obliged to leave our carriages; and having procured horſes and mules, we rode about three leagues over ſtony roads and rude hills, to Trient, which is ſituated in the Vallais, in a bottom, ſurrounded by tremendous mountains covered with ſnow. Here we dined at a wretched inn, and afterwards having ridden about half a league farther, we began to aſcend the Col de Balme. We toiled over ſtony paths by a very ſteep aſcent, our mules labouring above us, for it was impoſſible to ride; and we trembled, as they hung over us in parallel roads, which they often did, from the winding of the path. We were three or four hours before we had ſurmounted our difficulties and reached the ſummit; when we began to deſcend in paths leſs precipitous, indeed, but down ſlippery hills, and covered with a thick brouillard.

We wondered to ſee the cattle deſcending from neighbouring mountains, down paths that appeared to us, at ſome diſtance, abſolutely perpendicular; and from one of which, a raſh Engliſhman, not long ſince, fell giddy. The deſcents are, indeed, ſo rapid, as to be dangerous to perſons and cattle moſt accuſtomed to them; and accidents ſo often occur, that on the brows of the mountains are often erected wooden croſſes, in honour of protecting ſaints, or to deprecate the wrath of the evil Genii, whom the ſuperſtition of the people imagines to be always contriving miſchief againſt them. From the top of the hill we had a fine view of the vale of Chaumony and his ſnow-tipped mountains, particularly of Mont Blanc, which, according to St. George Shuckborough's account is, 15,662 feet above the level of the ſea; and, according to that of Mr. De Luc, 15,304, and which is, therefore, the higheſt mountain in the old world, exceeding that of Caucaſus, or any mountain in Aſia or Africa.

We did not reach the bottom of the hill till darkneſs made us rejoice at our ſafe arrival; we had ſtill, however, near three leagues to ride, by the ſide of the river Arve, and to

paſs

paſs over "four-inch bridges," every now and then, which were thrown acroſs beds of torrents; or to ford the Arve, where its windings in the valley required it. We arrived, however, ſoon after ten o'clock, at the inn called Balance, and found the refreſhment which we much wanted.

The next morning, as ſoon as our guides had been to maſs, we procured mules and aſcended, for about an hour, over the ſteep and rugged paths of Montanvert, when we were obliged to diſmount, and toiled, for about two hours more, along the road of the Chryſtal hunters, ſtopping, indeed, frequently to repoſe and refreſh ourſelves with the wild ſtrawberries and milk, which the peaſants' children brought us, and to contemplate the rude ſcenery of the mountains and the vale of Chamouny, through which the ſhoaly river Arve rimples along.

We at length arrived at the ſummit, and had a view of the magnificent glaciers which are encircled by vaſt and ſavage rocks riſing in gigantic and fantaſtic forms, ſometimes terminating in ſharp needle points. The glaciers appeared to us like waves of ice topped with ſnow; they extend many miles in

length and one in breadth. The day was beautiful: many other parties had aſcended, and we found ourſelves ſurrounded by Engliſhmen and beautiful Engliſh ladies; among whom were the Honourable Miſs C——'s. We deſcended to the glaciers, looked into the tremendous blue clefts in the ice, and heard ſtones roar for a conſiderable time after we threw them in. Mr. Bourrit, who was with us, pointed out the gigantic rocks over which he aſcended for his perilous expedition, into Piedmont; and he talked to us of Avalanches, none of which we ſaw or heard; of maſſes of ice which fall from the mountains, and ſucceſſively roll towards the valley, like generations of men ſucceeding each other. The whole maſs ſometimes gains upon the valley and ſometimes recedes from it, as is evident from the deſtruction or encreaſe of the fir-trees on it.

After re-aſcending from the bottom, where we had examined the glaciers, we repoſed ourſelves, in ſtraggling parties, on the ſummit, lying on the graſs and refreſhing ourſelves and the guides with the proviſions we had brought. We afterwards deſcended to Chamouny, by a ſteeper path over looſe ſtones,

where

where our poles, and ſometimes our friendly and officious guides, ſupported us: we reached, in about an hour and half, and contemplated with great aſtoniſhment and pleaſure the ſource of the Arveron, which iſſues from the glacier of Argentiere, called la Mer de Glace, rolling under a magnificent vaulted arch formed by projecting ice, undermined into a tremendous cavern; within this is a ſmaller circle, or arch, divided from the other by an immenſe fiſſure, which will probably fall, ere long, together with the piece of rock that reſts upon it. The children mount, fearleſs, upon the upper arch, though we could hardly behold them without apprehenſion. Our mules met us here, and we returned to Chamouny, and in the evening rode to the glaciers of Boſſon, to which the aſcent is leſs difficult as we rode within a quarter of a mile of them. The ice here aſſumes a pyramidical form, appearing, if the compariſon be not degrading, like ſugar loaves, or inverted baſket ſalt, in gigantic repreſentation.

The next day we returned to Martigny by the Tête Noire. The road, which is compoſed of an irregular ſtair-caſe of pavement, winds

winds round fearful precipices. The barren rocks, the romantic entrance of the vallais, and the rich expanſe of a woody valley and hills, decorated with cottages and paſtures; the beautiful caſcade of Argentiere, and other falls of water, together with the dark firs which crowned the ſummit of the Tête Noire, formed a ſucceſſion of very ſtriking and magnificent ſcenes, diſplayed with infinite variety of light and ſhade, and diverſified with every combination of form. The eye, in mountainous countries, embraces more objects, and beholds them more diſtinctly than it can in looking over extenſive plains. The hill expoſes all the ſurface of its ſide, gradually detailed in perfect gradation of colour and with decreaſed appearance of diſtance: all the parts are ſhewn without interruption from intervening objects; and if the diſtance is bounded, it is often at an elevation above the clouds. The paſſes alſo, and openings between the mountains, draw on the mind to an idea of diſtance beyond that excited by the contemplation of unvaried plains.

As we arrived at Trient we ſaw the oppoſite hill covered with a long aſcending train of people, preceded by prieſts and religious orders, in

in their proper dreſſes, who had come here, from Martigny, to ſupplicate for rain, and were returning, ſlowly, in ſolemn proceſſion.

At Martigny we again remarked the number of Cretins and goitered perſons who ſuffer from the ſtagnant air of this encloſed valley, and the noxious vapours which ariſe from its marſhy land. We ſlept this night at Bex, and returned the next day to Vevay, having only ſtopped to look at the fortreſs of Chilon, which projects into the lake. Here Rouſſeau, who has given a local intereſt to his Nouvelle Heloiſe, repreſents the Child of Julia to have fallen into the water. The hiſtory of the caſtle did not engage our attention ſo much as the recollection of the fictitious incident which occaſioned the death of the lovely wife of Wolmar. The caſtle now contains about 150 men, who are placed here in conſequence of diſcontents in the Pays de Vaud.

LETTER XVII.

NEUFCHATEL, Sept. 4.

WE left Vevay on the 24th, and dined at Moudon, which is about ſix leagues from Vevay, one of the moſt ancient towns in Switzerland: it was formerly called Minnodunum; and in later times was the capital of the part of the Pays de Vaud which belonged to the duke of Savoy. There is an inſcription over the gate of the Hotel de Ville, which makes mention of a preſent of 75,000 ſeſterces given by Quintus Ælius, a prieſt of Auguſtus, for the foundation of a gymnaſium, or ſchool, for martial exerciſes, with a direction, that if the money were not employed at Maudon, it ſhould be given to Avanches. It is intereſting to ſee, ſtill extant, characters of liberality inſcribed near eighteen centuries ago.

At Payerne, four leagues farther, we ſaw the camp now removed from Berne. The

country, through which we this day paſſed, is parkiſh: its gentle well-wooded ſlopes of paſture, and occaſional corn fields, are very pleaſing.

We ſlept at Avenche, which is ſituated near the lake of Morat, and which Tacitus deſcribed under the name of Aventicum, as the principal town of Helvetia, in his time. We looked here at ſome remains of moſaic pavement near the caſtle, of which the deſign repreſenting Bacchanals, was, as far as we could judge from what is left, very handſome. It appears to have been conſiderably injured and deprived of many of its parts. The count de Caylus was allowed to take away one compartment of it, containing two ſatyrs admirably executed. It was broken, however, in the carriage. From a glory which encircles the head of Bacchus, the work is ſuppoſed to have been executed after the time of Veſpaſian. Lord C——n has ordered part of the work, which remains, to be encloſed, with a view to preſerve a ſpecimen of it. There are ſome veſtiges of an Arena behind the caſtle, and a column of marble, a Roman monument, near the town; as alſo the ruins of a ſmall aqueduct. Lord C——n is often at Avenche

on

on a viſit to his father, who has reſided here for many years. The effects of the famous conteſted election are ſufficiently recovered to enable Lord N——n to return; but he is now ſo habituated to the climate, that it is probable he will never leave Switzerland, where an amiable daughter reconciles him by her filial attentions to an abſence from his country, and alleviates the ſufferings of a diſordered conſtitution, which he has long ſuſtained.

On leaving Avenche the next day, we ſkirted the ſide of the lake of Morat, of which the banks are flat, and leſs adorned than thoſe of the lakes which we have before ſeen. We ſtopped to look at the Charnel-houſe building erected to contain the bones of the troops of Charles the Hardy, in 1476, who invading this country on account of a diſpute, as we are told by Comines, occaſioned by a ſeizure of a waggon of ſheep's ſkins, from a Swiſs, in the territories of the lord of Romont, was defeated. A monument, of a ſucceſsful defence of liberty, might have been erected, without perpetuating an offenſive diſplay of human bones piled up in dreadful heap.

Paſſing

Paſſing through Morat, Guimene, and Berne, we proceeded to Thun, which is near forty miles from Avenche. As we approached Thun we admired the magnificent mountains, with their glaciers, and the noble well-cultivated valley through which the Aar flows.

Thun, which is rather a large town ſituated at the head of the lake of Thun, is of the Reformed religion. I know little of its government. My hair was dreſſed by a grand ſautier, who, like the bailif of ſome cantons, is elected every ſix years, and who receives a ſalary of near 1500 livres per annum, without deſpiſing the profits of his profeſſion as a tonſor.

The next morning we embarked in a covered boat, and in about three hours and an half paſſed this very beautiful lake of Thun. We landed at the end of the lake, and walked about three leagues, to Lauterbruennen, paſſing through a romantic valley, between lofty mountains richly covered with trees and dotted with houſes. The view of the Jungfrau Horn, tipped with ſnow, appeared to equal that, in our recollection, of Mont Blanc. The ſcenery of Switzerland is really ſtupendous.

" Qui non palazzi, non teatro, O loggia
" M'an lor vece, un abete, un faggio, un pino
" Tra l'erba verde e'l vel monte vicino
" Levan di terra al ciel noſtr' intelletto."

No theatre, or palace, here appears;
No high-wrought temple its proud columns rears:
But, 'midſt the beauteous hills, and verdant meads,
Raiſing, in tow'ring pomp, their leaf-crown'd heads,
Th' aſpiring pine, or fir, or beach,
Exalts our thoughts from earth, the ſkies to reach.

We were diſappointed on ſight of the fall of Staubbach. The water precipitates itſelf from an immenſe height, above 900 feet, but its volume, though now reduced, had none of the feathery elegance which we admired at the Piſſe-Vache. It ſometimes is increaſed to a prodigious ſwell; and on the 7th of this month, when filled by rain or melted ſnow, it deſcended in ſuch a tremendous torrent, that the marks of its devaſtation will be long ſeen. The ground over which it paſſed is black and waſte; and the water of another torrent rolling at the ſame time with irreſiſtible violence, carried away ſome houſes of the village, the inhabitants of which narrowly eſcaped. As the ſmall inn had been waſhed away at the ſame time, we procured ſome refreſhment at the miniſter's houſe. Here we determined,

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as we had ſeen the Glace de Mer, to give up the glaciers of Grindenwald, Meyringen, &c. and we therefore returned towards the lake.

Many, doubtleſs, will condemn us for omitting, when ſo near, to ſee theſe intereſting places; and we expect to hear from our friends, that they are better worth notice than any thing in Switzerland; but we muſt put ſome bounds to curioſity: and why ſhould we be always ſeeking pleaſure at the expence of thwarting inclination? We took up our abode in a ſmall village, at an inn once honoured by the ſlumbers of the prince de Condè. The next morning we were rowed back to Thun by three perſons, the uſual number, one of whom was a woman. On our arrival we called on Mr. Huber, a painter of Geneva, who is here to take views. He ſhewed me one or two landſcapes; his manner is ſomewhat hard. His figures and cattle are well done. He ſtudied in Italy. He has attempted to introduce the glaciers with better ſucceſs than might be expected. The caſtle of Thun commands a fine view of the lake. We ſlept at Berne.

The next day we dined at Arbourg, in company with a Swiſs who has the rank of

colonel in the Swiſs ſervice. He gave one of our party a letter of introduction to Neuchatel, which, ſuſpicious of his artful manners, my friend opened and found to be a recommendation to a lady, who would find him a proper ſubject to be fleeced.

The country about Arbourg is adorned with great variety of oak and beach: its dark hills are finely clothed. We reached Bienne in the evening, time enough to walk to a caſcade ſituated amidſt "low browed rocks" and romantic hills.

Bienne, ſituated at the bottom of Jura mountains, has no diſtinguiſhing buildings to characterize it. There is a remarkable ſpring which ſupplies above eighty fountains in the town: the water is pernicious to the teeth, as appears to be the caſe of many other ſprings in Switzerland. Its bad qualities are ſaid to be derived from the rock through which it flows. Fountains are the chief ornaments of the Swiſs towns: there is generally one in each, ſurrounded by a broad baſon, at which the women aſſemble, with tubs, to waſh their vegetables. Bienne is under the ſovereignty of the biſhop of Baſle, whoſe reduced power is, however, chiefly nominal and ceremonious.

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As the day was unfavourable for the water, we drove about three leagues on the road to Baſle, along the edge of a ſteep valley beautifully ſhaded with beach, oak, and fir, which intermingle their various hues. After ſtopping at a ſmall houſe for dinner, we walked about a league, to Pierre Pertruis, a ſingular rock, which appears to have been perforated for a road, as it ſhould ſeem from an inſcription, which, however, is of diſputable interpretation by the Romans. It ſeparates Val St. Irmier from the diſtrict of the old Rauraci, and is part of the chain of rocks branching from mount Jura. Julius Cæſar, the monopolizer of great works, is ſometimes repreſented as the author of this.

On our return to Bienne we called on Hartman, and ſaw ſome beautiful views taken by him in body colours, particularly one of the iſland of St. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne. We ſupped at the public table with a democrat philoſopher, who had all the ignorance and conceit of this enlightened age. He defended the national aſſembly, wiſhed ſeriouſly to emaſculate the clergy in order to ſecure their continence, and profeſſed himſelf a deiſt that believed in Chriſt.

After complying with the requeſt of our hoſt, to ſignify, on paper, that we were ſatiſfied with the treatment at his houſe, a requeſt which he makes to all his gueſts, oſtentatiouſly to diſplay the teſtimonies, we engaged a boat to convey us to the iſle de St. Pierre, the beautiful ſpot to which Rouſſeau retired, and from which he was driven, by a ſilly ſpirit of perſecution, from the government of Baſle, originating in narrow policy.

He celebrates it with much enthuſiaſm. The iſland is about two miles in circumference. The ſmall ſpot is enlivened with a charming variety of woods, vineyards, orchards, and meadows, terminated on one ſide by a noble terrace which looks over the neighbouring land that borders on the lake, of which the banks are rich and pleaſing. We dined here in the farm houſe in which Rouſſeau reſided, and reflected on his memory with much pleaſing regret. We lamented that his genius was not allied to a purer judgment and better principles. If the imagination be not confined within ſtricter bounds than its own fancy may preſcribe, it will often riot into coarſe and licentious indulgence. Rouſſeau, in all his works, gave the reins to

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an intemperate ſpirit; but in his Confeſſions he diſplayed a wild phrenzy which tore off the ſkirts that ſhould cover human nakedneſs, and wantonly exhibited every deformity.

In the evening having croſſed over to our carriages at Neuville, we drove about four leagues to Neuchatel, which is ſweetly ſituated on the lake of that name. We were much pleaſed with this agreeable town and its neat appearance. The Maiſon de Ville was built at the expence of Mr. David Parry, who was a native of Neuchatel, and beſtowed part of a large fortune, that he acquired at Liſbon, in the conſtruction of this building, and of an hoſpital, which is ſupported at the expence of the town, but of which, by an illiberal reſtriction, only the bourgeois can partake.

The Pruſſian governor ſeldom reſides at Neuchatel, though he has the diſpoſal of the civil and military appointments, with a limitation to the burghers, or ſubjects of Neuchatel. No laws can be enacted but by the council of ſtate, the magiſtrates of the town, and the people of Vallengin. Their municipal immunities, and independent privileges, are ſecured by very important regulations, accepted by the houſe of Brandenburg before it was

inveſted with the ſovereignty of Neuchatel. The people enjoy a conſiderable ſhare of liberty, and are but ſlightly taxed. Trade, unfettered by partial reſtrictions, flouriſhes to a conſiderable extent: proofs of which we ſaw in the magazines of printed callicoes, muſlins, &c. that belong to Mr. Pourtales, who has acquired a large fortune.

Many Engliſh chuſe Neuchatel as an agreeable place of reſidence: here is a good and well regulated ſociety: the people are chearful and affable; the women and girls converſe with great franknefs and good humour: they are not taught to be apprehenſive of men, for the laws protect them from the inſidious deſigns of ſeduction. If a man corrupt a girl he muſt marry her, or give up his country or poſſeſſions for ever; or if he be previouſly married, he is compelled to make very large pecuniary reparations. The magiſtrates exert themſelves with great activity, and prevent all public proſtitutes. The people are chearful and polite: among them reſides Mr. Du Perou, the editor of the poſthumous continuation of Rouſſeau's Confeſſions.

Since our arrival here we have made a little excurſion to Locle, where the watch

trade goes on briſkly. The mechaniſm of the work may be good, but its external ornaments are not elegant, though there are ſome ingenious inventions to facilitate the execution of the engraver's deſigns. The country about Locle, which riſes into gentle eminences, formerly covered with foreſts, is now adorned with neat white houſes, which indicate a diffuſion of wealth and the dawnings of taſte. The founder of this colony died in 1741. The ſucceſs of his projects has encouraged other manufacturers, as thoſe of cutlery, mathematical inſtruments, ſtockings, &c. to try their fortune on theſe hills of liberty; and we underſtand that they have had no reaſon to repent. We ſlept at la Chaux de Fond, which is on the edge of Franche Comtè. After having ſeen ſome new modes of life in this expedition, we returned to Neuchatel, through chearful villages, by a different road,

LETTER XVIII.

GENEVA, Sept. 12.

WE left Neuchatel September the 3d, and arrived, in the evening, at Yverdun, eight leagues from Neuchatel, having ſkirted the lake, and driven through a country where rude and elegant ſcenery were beautifully contraſted, and well-cultivated hills, vineyards, and meadows, with diſtant mountains and glaciers, furniſhed freſh objects of admiration every inſtant.

Yverdun lies in rather a flat ſituation, at the ſouth-eaſt end of the lake. It is moſtly to be admired for its walk, which is encloſed by two branches of the river Thiele. The printing-houſe is famous: we did not hear of its being well employed at preſent.

As we were not acquainted with any perſons at Yverdun, we were not diſpoſed to ſtay long there.

Our

Our firſt ſtage, next morning, was to Orbe, which is proudly ſeated on an eminence, and is diſtinguiſhed for its antiquity. The caſtle and the tower, which are not among the moſt ancient buildings of the town, add to its ſtrength. We called on Mr. De Venel, and ſaw the very intereſting and affecting inſtitution made by his brother, for the reſtoration of diſtorted limbs. There are now eleven children here, ſome of which are fourteen years of age, and ſome even more, in a ſtate of recovery from dreadful diſtortions. Young perſons are more certain of recovery; but adults have been often treated with great ſucceſs, and obtained at leaſt an alleviation of their misfortunes: and the waxen repreſentations, and plates of the cures that have been effected, muſt furniſh ſubject of hope to thoſe moſt diſordered.

Mr. Venel is aſſiſted by Mr. Facard, his nephew. The patients board with a woman who reſides in the houſe, and pay about 1l. 11s. 6d. per month. Mr. Venel's charge to the poor is 4l. 4s. for the firſt month, 2l. 2s. for the ſecond, and 1l. 1s. for every ſubſequent month. The patients ſeem all remarkably fond of Mr. Venel, and accoſt him

him with great appearance of gratitude and affection. His treatment is very gentle, and his cures effected very gradually; and we are aſſured, that the mechanical mode adopted can by no means injure the general health or ſpirits of the patient. The houſe is finely ſituated on a rock; and the romantic garden deſcends to the river Orbe, over which a fine arch is thrown.

On leaving Orbe we deviated from our road to ſee the caſtle of Barthelemi, which commands a magnificent view, and arrived at Lauſanne in the evening.

Lauſanne is an irregular town, with few buildings that deſerve notice. The cathedral is a light gothic edifice; near it there is a walk which commands a glorious view of the lake and the projecting mountains, the coaſt of Chablais, &c. All the houſes that are in continuation from that of Mr. Gibbon border on the lake, and have a view that no other country can equal. The college is a large building, which contains a library of many thouſand volumes, of which the Engliſh are allowed the uſe, in conſideration of many donations by Engliſhmen. The bailif's caſtle is well ſituated. The land ſcenery near Lauſanne is pictureſque: the town is divided

vided by a kind of valley; its parts would be better connected by a bridge, like that at Edinburgh, than by ſteps, as it is now. Many Engliſh reſide here, and ſomething of Engliſh manners prevails. The beſt company is to be ſeen at Mr. Sarjent's, to whom ſtrangers eaſily procure introduction. At Mr. Gibbon's we were pleaſed with ſeeing the features of Engliſh genius, in the prints of Mr. Fox, Lord Thurlow, and Lord North. Mr. Gibbon profeſſes to have loved this country from his early youth, and to enjoy here, under a mild government, amidſt a beauteous landſcape, a life of leiſure and independence, and the varied pleaſures of retirement and ſociety, among a people of eaſy and elegant manners. His friend Lord S—— is now with him.

To ſtay only one day at Lauſanne was diſgraceful to our taſte; we quitted it, however, and paſſed through Merges and Rollo, and many other pleaſing towns, to the ancient town of Nyon, ſituated on the lake along which we again travelled in the evening, when it ſparkled with the tremulous rays of the ſun reflected from a rimpled ſurface, though the edge of the lake was calm and ſilvery.

We

We drove through Coppat, a barony in the bailliage of Nyon, where Mr. Necker reſides, in the houſe of the Seigneurie, which he purchaſed not long ago, and to which appertain ſome of the vineyards from which the Vin de la Cote, ſo famous in Switzerland, is made. We paſſed through the paltry French town of Verſoy, or Verſoi, which is called Choiſeul's Folly, becauſe built by that miniſter in fruitleſs oppoſition to Geneva. Large ſums of money were expended on the pier and harbour, which were to give effect to the rivalſhip. The national guard there, being informed that we were Engliſh, ſuffered us to paſs unmoleſted.

The firſt evening of our arrival at Geneva we experienced the inconvenience which reſults from the early cloſing of the gates; for having taken up our abode within the town, and ſtrolled out for a walk towards the lake, we found the gates ſhut, by inexorable ſentinels, before our return, and in vain petitioned for admiſſion. We could have no communication with our ſervants, and were obliged to ſleep at Secheron's.

The city of Geneva is remarkably ſituated at the weſt end of the lake, where the beauti-

ful Rhone iſſues from it in two rapid currents of a tranſparent green colour. The ſtreets are not broad, and derive no embelliſhment from the lofty wooden arcades which ſhelter them from the ſun. They are chearful, however, and thronged with a buſy active people. The houſes which face the lake, and thoſe which overlook the parks, are very handſome: the inns are good, the walks pleaſant, and much reſorted to.

Geneva is the chief ſeat of Calviniſm: we wiſhed to ſee it in its ſtrongeſt repreſentation; and the day after our arrival, being one of the four great fêtes, we went to ſome of the churches, which were much crouded. We beheld in them ſome ſtrong traits of the calviniſtical coarſeneſs, in the ſeeming indifference of the people to the place of worſhip, and in their inattention to the miniſter. The fellow-labourer with Calvin, in the work of reformation at Geneva, was Farel, a native of Dauphinè; and, indeed, he firſt preached here, with great intrepidity, againſt the corruptions of popery, and was ſeconded with ſuch ſucceſs that Geneva became the nurſery (plantarium, as Camden calls it) of the reformation.

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Not long ſince we were preſent at a review of about a thouſand of the Geneva militia: they made a very reſpectable appearance, and performed their evolutions with great military effect, before the ſyndics and a croud of ſpectators, moſt of whom were their relations and friends; and afterwards they publickly dined together, on tables prepared in the parks, and ſpent the day with great harmony, and noiſe, and joy. Theſe ſpirited troops would be ſufficient, I doubt not, to defend the fortifications of the town, againſt a ſudden attack of an enemy, till their allies could interfere; and their courage muſt be neceſſary, to give ſecurity to a city ſo cloſe to the borders of France. The environs of Geneva are very beautiful: the walks of the lake, with the view of the ſaleve, the mole, the glaciers, and mount Blanc, always afford pleaſure.

We went a few evenings ago, about a mile and half from Geneva, to ſee the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, the latter of which refuſes to join its tranſparent ſtream with the dirty waters of the former; and they flow together, to a conſiderable diſtance, without mingling, till at length they inſenſibly coaleſce.

Geneva

Geneva is very populous; the Lutheran religion is tolerated here, and ſtrangers may be admitted to the rights of burghers. The Engliſh are here in great numbers; many have houſes. The young men travel upon a diſintereſted plan, of ſhewing the manners of their own country, while they ſtudy thoſe of other nations. They drive, drink, and game in as gentlemanly and ſpirited a way as in England: ſometimes, indeed, they have an altercation with the magiſtrates of a government, which, though it reſpects and values the Engliſh nation, makes but little allowance for the diſorderly and eccentric vivacity of our men of faſhion; and has been known to puniſh, very ſternly, ſlight offences againſt the regulations of the town. The uſual plan adopted by the young Engliſhmen in Switzerland is, nominally, to board en penſion, as it is called, with ſome profeſſor, for which, large ſums are paid by the parent, or guardian, while the young men themſelves ſpend much larger, and in a much better ſtyle, at Secheron's hotel, near Geneva; or in viſiting, in expenſive ſchemes, the different parts of the country. The profeſſors are, certainly, many of them, men of enlarged minds; but too frequently it happens,

happens, that their underſtandings are narrow: and as the œconomy of a Swiſs houſe is not liberal, and the manners of the Swiſs, in domeſtic life, muſt appear coarſe and inelegant, we cannot be ſurpriſed that young men, accuſtomed to the politeneſs and luxuries of genteel families in England, ſhould, at an age which begins to reject control, rather ramble with their countrymen in expenſive excurſions, than confine themſelves for ſuperficial lectures on the Swiſs governments, to domeſtic ſociety ſo little refined. I muſt repeat, that I would be underſtood to except, from my remarks, a few enlightened men, whoſe judgment enables them to ſelect, and whoſe liberal manners qualify them to aſſociate with the beſt circles, at Geneva, Lauſanne, and, perhaps, other principal towns of Switzerland. Some ſuch there are whoſe reputation is ſpread beyond the boundaries of their country. The advantage of theſe mens' houſes may be conſiderable, and furniſh the occaſion for an introduction to families where ſome poliſh has been brought on without corrupting the ſimplicity of the Swiſs manners. It muſt be obſerved only, that it cannot be obtained without great expence and the riſk

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of forming attachments with women who, whatever may be their merit, have foreign connections and different principles; and, laſtly, that it is ſtill difficult for young men to reſiſt the attraction of a diſſipated Engliſh ſociety, always within reach. Such is the hazard of being en penſion, even with the beſt profeſſors; and as for the general caſt of houſes, in which the Engliſh are placed, from all that I could ſee and hear, there is conſiderable riſk, and very little benefit to be obtained, by exporting young men here for foreign education; while every advantage of ſeeing Switzerland, and of ſtudying the conſtitution and manners of the people, may be better gained by travelling leiſurely through the country, under the direction of a tutor of known character and conduct: as a diſcreet tutor or an experienced friend. The ſecond rate deſcription of men, as far as I could judge, appear to have, very generally, adopted the Ephemeral philoſophy, which is now brooding over ſuch a breed of venemous inſects for future miſchief to the world: they are ſhallow and ſelf-ſufficient: in religion Calviniſts; in politics republicans; a ſpecimen of one ſufficiently diſguſted me. Speaking of the infamous Mr. ——, who has

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resided much in Switzerland, he said of him, "Je le connoissois bien, O! c'etoit un joli homme, il a depensé beaucoup dans notre pays, les Suisses l'aimoient beaucoup, il faut avouer que les Anglois pensoient différemment, on parloit d'une petite affaire, mais vraiment ce n'etoit qu'une bagatelle, peut être l'Erreur du Moment, mais Messieurs les Anglois sont toujours si exacts, assurèment il y a dans leurs sentiments un peu trop de delicatesse." A good teacher, thought I, of morality to young men, who can thus gloss over the most detestable of crimes, as l'Erreur du Moment, and be biassed to admiration of a worthless character, by the splendor which surrounded him and the expence which he entered into.

We are furnished here with phaetons and open carriages of every kind, as well as in England. We drove one day to Fernay, which now belongs to a gentleman of Geneva. Voltaire did not, I think, display any taste in the choice of his situation, or in the mode of laying out his parterres. The house contains nothing very interesting. We were shewn, indeed, a monument which formerly enclosed his heart, till some of his friends chose to remove it to Paris, though I never heard much

much good of it, except at Fernay; where his memory is greatly reſpected for his private charities; O ſi ſic omnia feciſſet. We were told, likewiſe, to admire a wretched picture of what is called his apotheoſis, and has been painted by ſome of his flatterers. It repreſents him as introduced to Apollo holding in his hand the Henriade; for which title to his acquaintance, the god of Poetry muſt, I trow, have entertained no great reſpect.

The inhabitants of Geneva have a general kind of information, which excites ſurprize in ſtrangers; though, on farther acquaintance, it is often diſcovered to be ſuperficial enough. They are almoſt all educated at a public academy, which is well regulated and ſupported at the public expence. Here they imbibe a taſte for literature, which every citizen is enabled to keep up, by a permiſſion to borrow books at the public library opened to them for that purpoſe once a week. Literary ſocieties, though controlled by government, ſtill aſſemble. The theatre, which always contributes, in ſome degree, to the cultivation of letters and the polite arts, is tolerably ſupported. It was erected on the return of the ari-

ſtocratic party in 1782. How far Rouſſeau's ideas, as to its promoting the corruption of the people, have been verified, I cannot determine; his ſpeculations were certainly erroneous, when he imagined that the town was not ſufficiently populous and wealthy to maintain a company of actors. The ſerious character of the people of Geneva, and the ſpirit of the ancient conſtitution, were, indeed, ſuch as fully juſtified thoſe who objected to the eſtabliſhment of theatrical amuſements; and the ſtrict diſcipline of a ſmall republic might reſtrain citizens from every relaxation of a pernicious tendency. In large communities, however, ſuch reſtriction is impoſſible: in them the legiſlature can only regulate the nature, and moderate the effects of public diverſions, always, perhaps, injurious, and more or leſs ſo according to the genius and civilization of the people, who, as their taſte refines, only gradually reject ludicrous extravagance and groſs ribaldry, for concealed depravity and poliſhed miſchief.

The higher women at Geneva have much improved in the elegance of their manners by aſſociating with foreigners. They deteſt, however, the French, and will, I hope, eſcape the

the corruption, of which the women of that nation are accuſed. The conſtitution of Geneva is ſtill unſettled, and the liberties of the people undefined. The endeavours of the republican ſpirit to gain advantage over the ariſtocratic influence, excite diſcontent and conteſts that may again endanger the general ſecurity. There were ſome little murmurs here this morning, in conſequence of the appearance of a veſſel filled with Bernois ſoldiers, who came to receive a commis, whom their excellencies had requeſted the council of Geneva to give up, as the ſuſpected author of ſome ſeditious pamphlet. The man was ſent out in the night; and the chain, that ſecures the town from approach by the lake, was lifted up for him; but from want of light, or proper management, the commis was not put on board till broad day bore witneſs to the ſurrender. The people complained with ſome impatience, and a repreſentation on the ſubject has been juſt made by a Monſ. Jurieu, an intelligent ſurgeon of the town. It is thought improper and unconſtitutional, that a perſon ſhould be apprehended at Geneva, for writings againſt the government of Berne. As the Swiſs cantons, Geneva, and other con-

federate ſtates are ſo ſmall and cloſe to each other, it is neceſſary, for general ſecurity, that criminals, and perpetrators of great offences, ſhould be reciprocally reſigned; and, perhaps, upon ſimilar reaſoning, all, who commit actions tending to ſubvert or injure the order of government, ſhould be given up between ſtates, where confederate alliances ſubſiſt, to ſtand the trial and receive their merited puniſhment. The poor pamphleteer will, however, have but a bad chance, for the magiſtrates of Berne are ſomewhat ſevere in their puniſhment of offenders againſt the ſtate.

I have been introduced to Mr. De Sauſſure and his ſon, who enjoy the high reputation here, which their abilities and character merit. His philoſophical work of le Voyage dans les Alpes, contains many very intereſting and original remarks, conveyed with great ſpirit. His cabinet of mountain treaſures, minerals, foſſils, vegetables, and animals, is extremely well worth notice.

LETTER XIX.

LANNEBOURG, Sept. 20.

I WRITE to you, as I promiſed, from the foot of the Alps. We left Geneva on the 15th, and proceeded, by Carrouge and Luiſelles, through a country, of which the thin ſoil ſeemed withered, by the ſun, to duſt, to Frangy, a ſmall village, where we ſlept. The next day we continued our journey, by Douer and Remilly, to Aix-les-Bains, where we ſtopped to look at the handſome baths, in which the gnawing pains of the rheumatic are ſoothed, and the relaxed nerves of the paralytic are braced. The remains of a Roman arch are here to be ſeen. From thence we had a pleaſant ride to Chamberry, a town which ſeems hewn out of the quarry of ſurrounding mountains. Its narrow ſtreets are crouded with an induſtrious people. Having procured a bulletin here, we determined to

deviate from our road, on a viſit to the Grande Chartreuſe; and, after dinner, travelled amidſt hills, of which the foreſts gradually diſappeared, till we reached the rude and naked rocks of Echelles, and deſcended to the town by the wonderful road called la Grotte, which was cut through the ſolid ſtone by Charles Emanuel, in 1670: a work ſtupendous indeed, and, as the inſcription in the ſide informs us, "unattempted by the Romans and deſpaired of by others*." We were ſhewn the old road, to which was formerly an aſcent from the town, by ladders: it winded through a narrow crevice of the rock.

Echelles, the ruins of its caſtle, and the adjacent plain, are ſeen to great advantage from the hill by which we deſcended. On entering the town its importance vaniſhed; and the river, which ſeparates Savoy from Dauphiny, allots to each country a few houſes that neither ſide can envy or deſpiſe. The next morning, having procured ſome ſaddle horſes and a guide, we paſſed the bridge and applied to the mayor of the French diſtrict for a paſſport, without which, we underſtood,

* Romanis intentatum cæteris deſperatum.

that

that the advocates for freedom would not ſuffer us to return. The magiſtrate was a good grocer, and granted our requeſt without any inſolence of office.

Having ridden about three leagues, through a country which appears to have been ſomewhat neglected ſince the revolution in France, we entered the firſt encloſure of the territory of the Chartreuſe, and paſſed through a deep cold valley, hidden by ſteep hills from all but the meridian ſun. We mounted to the convent by a gradual aſcent. The narrow road is conducted by the edge of a deep chaſm, down which it is fearful to look; while from above it is overhung by well-wooded mountains that tower to a tremendous height. We ſometimes rolled large ſtones down the precipitous deſcent, which, by the force that they acquired, broke branches from the trees, and ſometimes almoſt carried away the firs with a hollow echoing ſound, till they reached the bottom. The thick woods, which ariſe almoſt perpendicularly to the ſummit of the mountain and caſt their "night of ſhade" over the valley, abound in bears, and wolves, and ſtags, roebucks, and goats, which are often ſeen, with animated and pictureſque effect,

effect, in the meadows that open between the woods. We arrived at the convent about ten o'clock: it is ſituated towards the end of the valley near the foot of a ſpiral rock, on which is placed the croſs of St. Bruno.

The external architecture is ſimple: we were not ſtruck with the magnificence of its extent till we entered. The convent has been deſpoiled of a great part of its revenues and territory. There is now a ſmall party of ſoldiers lodged there to preſerve it from popular injuries, whoſe appearance accords but ill with the religious quiet of the place. We gave our paſſport to the ſerjeant, and were well received by the coadjutor, who conducted us to the room appointed for the reception of the Engliſh; for in this extenſive range there is a diſtinct apartment appropriate to each of the principal nations of Europe. After the firſt attention we were left to amuſe ourſelves with the album till dinner was got ready. There are now three or four volumes filled with various productions, in all languages, of proſe and poetry: the effuſions of gratitude, and the offerings of genius. We wiſhed to ſee the manuſcript ode of our celebrated countrymen, but for the firſt time it was

miſſing;

miſſing; and it has, probably, been lately ſtolen, for the coadjutor aſſured me, that he had not long ſince ſhewn it to ſome Engliſh gentlemen. Surely, if any of our countrymen have taken it, they will not preſume to exhibit the proof of their ſilly and unjuſtifiable breach of honeſty. We were ſerved with fiſh and eggs. The diſplay of hoſpitality is neceſſarily or cautiouſly diminiſhed. After dinner we were ſhewn ſome of the apartments and cells of the monks, each of which had his little garden and library: we ſaw alſo the ſmall cabinet of natural hiſtory, the cellars, the medicine-ſhop, and other conveniences of this little town, and were afterwards introduced to the grand Prieur, with whom we converſed. It is difficult for injured perſons to be ſilent: he and his friends ſpoke with much animation on French politics, and, perhaps, with more warmth than might have been expected from perſons who profeſs indifference to ſecular concerns, and who have no families: on this idea I wrote in the album the two following lines, alluſive to the rules of taciturnity obſerved by the order.

" Proſpera

" Prospera religio vocem laudesque dedisset,
" Oppressa at pietas et spoliata silet."

Religion, when she triumph'd, well might raise
The voice of gratitude in endless praise:
Oppress'd and spoil'd she silent should remain,
Tutor'd her sorrows meekly to sustain.

My friend inserted the following lines:

" Hos inter saltus æterna silentia regnant
" Natura at loquitur, religioque loci."

Amidst these shades eternal silence reigns,
But nature speaks in loud religious strains.

We added that we were happy to attest, that in a place consecrated to religion we had experienced its effects in benevolence and hospitality.

The Chartreuse, especially in its present state, would be a fine subject for a poem. Every one must be affected by the change which it has sustained. If the stores of plenty were accumulated in its spacious vaults, they were produced with liberal welcome to the stranger: no one entered the hospitable gates but to experience kindness, and to witness the expression of humility, temperance, and content. Those who approached the sequestered spot, must have been affected by the awful sublimity of the surrounding

rounding ſcenes, and prepared to receive the impreſſions of piety, and to catch the fervor of devotion from the ſtriking ſpectacle of a body of men, removed, as it were, from the world, and profeſſing dedication to God. Let not modern philoſophy, with indiſcriminate declamation, ridicule the whole deſign and effects of theſe inſtitutions. The exceſs, doubtleſs, was prepoſterous, and the vows of perpetual celibacy, perhaps, perilous and extravagant; but a few of theſe eſtabliſhments might be ſuffered with advantage to ſociety. They cannot be, at leaſt, aboliſhed, without ſome injury and ſome inconvenience that conſiderate reflection may be allowed to regret. Of their utility in ancient times no man of enquiry and reflection now entertains a doubt. They promoted a ſpirit of induſtry by the cultivation of barren and unfrequented ſpots; they mitigated the ferocity of manners that prevailed in martial times; and they alone kept up the intereſts of literature, by preſerving and tranſcribing, with exquiſite neatneſs and beauty, the records of antiquity *; by cultivating literature, and by

* In every great abbey there was an apartment called the Scriptorium, where writers were conſtantly employed to tranſcribe. See Du Freſne.

imitating

imitating often, with great ſucceſs, the models which they ſtudied*. It muſt occur alſo to every man's reflections, that they ſupplied the want of eleemoſynary inſtitutions; and that unleſs we take into conſideration the defective and ſpotted character of the Romiſh religion, it might be urged that ſocieties, eſtabliſhed for the practice of ſpiritual ſervices, and with a view to alienate the mind from worldly paſſions, muſt have been uſeful and exemplary to the community, eſpecially in boiſterous and agitated periods. That a change in manners and circumſtances might have juſtified an alteration in the ſyſtem, and a gradual ſuppreſſion of the greateſt part of theſe inſtitutions it is not meant to diſpute; but, certainly, the hand which ſeized the revenues of convents ſhould have provided for

* Dr. Warton has informed us, that the monks of Caſſino were diſtinguiſhed before A. D. 1000, not only for a knowledge of the ſciences but for their attention to polite learning and an acquaintance with the claſſics, as well as for original compoſitions in muſic, logic, and aſtronomy; and he obſerves, that the moſt eminent ſcholars which England produced, both in philoſophy and humanity, before, and even below, the 12th century, were educated in our religious houſes. See Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry, Diſſ. 2.

every good purpoſe effected by them. The preſent proprietors, thoſe who have ſacrificed their own views in life and been educated in expenſive regard to theſe poſſeſſions; thoſe, indeed, who in many inſtances purchaſed an admiſſion to them, could not, without flagrant injuſtice, be deprived of lucrative ſituations, and with habits of retirement and ſecluſion, be turned out on ſociety.

The emperor Joſeph, who began theſe ſuppreſſions, promiſed, with very plauſible profeſſion, a multiplication of the parochial clergy, which is, certainly, the moſt uſeful order of the ſtate; and a judicious appropriation of the revenues of theſe communities to many important purpoſes; but when the odium of the meaſure was paſſed away, the good and palliative projects that were promiſed were forgotten alſo; the treaſures were ſunk in the inſatiable vortex of ambition, or waſted in the chicanery of official embezzlement; and the inhabitants of the reformed diſtrict had only to regret, that they had loſt advantages for which they had received no indemnification; and to lament, that if it were beneficial to ſuppreſs monaſtic vows and devotions of celibacy, yet that the aged and penitent

penitent were alſo thereby deprived of retreats, and the unfortunate and neceſſitous of conſolation and ſuccour.

The dependants of the Chartreuſe were very happily circumſtanced. The tenants of eccleſiaſtical bodies, in general, are mildly treated: they are not oppreſſed on the ſuggeſtions of private avarice, or on the preſſure of temporary diſtreſs which extravagance often generates. Intereſts, well underſtood, ſuggeſt true maxims of policy; and though calumny aggravates every offence in thoſe characters which are held up to obſervation, and in which every blemiſh is particularly offenſive, few have reflected on the conduct of the Carthuſians. It was the only ancient order, ſays Voltaire, which never wanted reform, and knew no ſovereigns but by the prayers in which they inſerted their names. The ſovereign Majeſty of the people has taught them to know and feel an arbitrary power far beyond that of any former tyranny.

Moſt of the members are now diſperſed, and the reſt will ſoon fall away. The building itſelf, with many other religious edifices, will ſoon collapſe into ruins; and, in a few years, the traveller will look up to theſe venerable

venerable monuments with ſome regret, with ſome reflection on the ſtriking characters of religion not quite obſcured by ſuperſtition. The admirer of pictureſque ſcenes, who will ſoon loſe the veſtiges of the feudal times, and have no towers or caſtles to contemplate, may ſtroll through cloiſters and amuſe himſelf in ſpeculations on the tranſitory nature of all ſublunary concerns in decayed convents and crumbling monaſteries.

As we returned to Echelles, the children, who miſtook us for emigrating Frenchmen, cryed, " a la lanterne." We arrived, however, without difficulty, at Echelles, and returned the ſame night to Chamberry.

We left Chamberry the next morning: our firſt ſtage was to Montmelian, a ſmall town on the banks of the river Iſere, with a caſtle that ſtood a ſiege, of fifteen months, againſt Lewis XIII. of France, and at laſt foiled his endeavours: adjacent to which is an eminence, on which the marquis de Bellegarde has a caſtle, called le Chateau des Marches. As you have often admired the agreeable manners of this nobleman at General Oglethorpe's, I need not delineate his character, or tell you that we heard, with regret, that he

was abſent from home. From thence we proceeded by Mal-Taverne to Aiguebelle, through a country very pictureſque; the vineyards mantling up the hills between barren rocks, and the caſtles and towers, which were ſcattered on the ſummits of the mountains, gave a peculiar character to the ſcenery.

Our next ſtage was to Erpiere. In our route we paſſed a mountain in which there are iron-mines and a foundery; and we thence continued by the ſide of the river Arche, now a ſcanty ſtream flowing ſluggiſhly over oozy banks, but which, ſometimes, ruſhes with violence, when ſwelled by melted ſnow or accumulated torrents. The country began to aſſume a more rude appearance, and the projecting roofs of Chanon or Chambre, where we again changed horſes, reminded us of the winter ſnow. The valleys here are pent up and encloſed with mountains: the ſnow falls in great abundance, and the confined air is rendered very unwholeſome by the vapours which hover over the muddy bed and banks of this river.

"Quod piger immundo perfundit littora cœno."
Which ſluggiſh ſpreads the ſhores with filthy mud.

Wo

We were not, therefore, ſurprized at ſeeing many Crètins and goitered perſons, ſince all the reputed cauſes of the diſorder, under which they labour, here combine to produce it. Knowledge advances but ſlowly in this poor country; and proper experiments for remedy are not tried.

We changed horſes at St. Jean de Maurienne, which is the largeſt town in Savoy after Chamberry, and we ſlept at St. Michel. We roſe early the next morning and travelled five poſts, through St. Andrè, Villarrodin, and Bramant, to Lannebourg, through rude and ſtupendous ſcenes: through a chaos of rocks, at the foot of mountains, and on the edge of precipices, winding and aſcending by narrow roads; and, ſpite of Horace, admiring the wonderful works of nature, which here frowns, as it were, amidſt the fragments of a broken world. If, as Burnet theoretically imagines, the face of the earth was before the deluge ſmooth, regular, and uniform, without mountains and without a ſea, what convulſions muſt it here have ſuffered! Amidſt the naked rocks we occaſionally ſaw a few ſcraps of earth induſtriouſly cultivated; and which being in different elevations, and

ſometimes in ſheltered nooks, afford, at all times, a ſcanty crop.

I write to you, as we are about to take a haſty dinner, while our carriage is diſmounted and the mules are preparing for our paſſage over mount Cenis; but adieu, for the daughter of mine hoſt, who has been much admired, and conſoled many a traveller during his ſtay in theſe dreary regions, is juſt entered with a diſh of greves.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

TURIN, Sept. 24.

I LEFT you at the foot of mount Cenis. After taking leave of our pretty waiting-maid at Lannebourg, we mounted poſt horſes, which they, who come by the poſt, are obliged to take, and aſcended mount Cenis by a very ſtony and precipitous path, in which we met with many mules laden with rice and ſilk. We got to the top, in about an hour, without much fatigue to the horſes, and gallopped over the plain, which extends two leagues.

We ſtopped to change horſes at the poſt-houſe, called Santa Croce, which ſeparates Piedmont from Savoy. Oppoſite to this houſe is a fine lake famous for its trout. The lake freezes in the winter, but the fiſh ſubſiſt by air, which is ſupplied from ſprings, or enters at the place from whence the river

Doria iſſues, that forms the caſcade, and flows, in conjunction with the Po, to Turin.

We enquired at the hoſpital, but did not ſee the two prieſts who reſide there to adminiſter conſolation to perſons who meet with accidents in their Alpine expeditions. The day was beautiful; a glorious ſun rendered us inſenſible of cold. No ſnow had yet fallen; a few vapoury clouds only floated and clung round the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Several cottages are ſcattered about, the poſſeſſors of which make cheeſe and butter, and have their cattle and ſheep feeding around them. The people are disfigured by the rudeneſs of a climate, in which they often experience the effects of the four ſeaſons in the ſame day. The ſcene was intereſting. How different, how cheerleſs muſt it be in the winter! The hovels are then forſaken; the whole mountain covered with ſnow; few travellers paſs; and nothing but bears or prowling wolves is to be ſeen, who approach the poſt-houſe, or follow the mules that occaſionally paſs, to feed on their dung. They hunt alſo, in packs, the hares, which in winter are white. The mountain produces, in great abundance, a berry which reſembles

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the juniper. Elevated as we were, on mount Cenis, we ſaw the top of Notre Dame de la Neige ſtill higher, and underſtood that, from the ſummit of a mountain not far diſtant from our paſſage, there is an extenſive proſpect of the plains of Lombardy almoſt to Milan; if, therefore, with many writers, we ſuppoſe Hannibal to have entered Italy by mount Cenis, it is poſſible that he ſtrayed to this mountain, and there animated his troops by pointing out the fertile land which they ſought. In later times Conſtantine, when preparing to erect the croſs of chriſtianity at Rome, paſſed the Cottian alps at mount Cenis; and ſince his days many other armies have traverſed theſe barriers. Few indeed have returned; they have ruſhed down, like Avalanches, to diſſolve and periſh in the valley.

Having reached the ſouthern ſide of the mountain, we began to deſcend towards Italy by ſteep winding ſtairs of rock, where the horſes went very carefully and ſafely; but the path was ſometimes ſo narrow, the precipices ſo tremendous, and the ſtones ſo looſe and uneven that we choſe to walk, and could, on foot, more confidently admire the falling torrent, the ſteep ſtony declivities of the hill,

the ſcattered houſes, and the rich opening valley. The mules bear a prodigious weight; one, ſingly, carried the imperial of our chaiſe, two very large trunks, and a hat-caſe. As we deſcended we ſaw one, of two mules, which ſupported the bulky grandeur of the duke D'Aremberg's coach, ſink under the burden. After about five hours expedition from Lannebourg, we arrived, with great ſatisfaction, at Novalezza, a wretched lane of dirty miſerable houſes, and now thronged with carriages. I felt great pleaſure at being in Italy, bad as was the firſt ſpecimen of Italian towns.

We were awakened early by the noiſe and ſquabbles of our conductors over mount Cenis, who, notwithſtanding the price of every horſe and mule is ſettled by a tairiff, were diſputing vociferouſly with our courier. We got off, however, about nine o'clock, and travelled between mountains well cultivated to the ſummit, and by the ſide of vineyards, through which flowed a pretty rill. We paſſed the fort of Brunette, which commands the whole paſſage through the valley, being finely ſituated on a rock levelled with great labour and expence of powder.

At

At Sufa the ancient Segefium, a fmall town, but one of the gates of Italy, is a ftrong caftle, built in a very commanding fituation, on a rock. The town confifts of one broad ftreet. In the garden adjoining to the ruins of a caftle, erected in the time of Auguftus, is a triumphal arch, which, though much defaced and dilapidated, deferves to be feen by a traveller eager for antiquities, on his entrance to Italy. The French diftinguifhed themfelves here once by deftroying the fortifications of the duke of Savoy, and by a fuccefsful engagement, known by the name of le Pas de Suze.

From Sufa we proceeded to Zaconiero, paffing by the fine caftle of St. George, which had the character of, what we conceived to be, Italian grandeur; and foon afterwards we admired the proud convent of St. Michel, placed on the fummit of a ftupendous rock. Difmantled caftles were often to be feen, of which the fine ruins gave effect to the country, that, in other refpects, refembled Savoy. As we proceeded, the valley widened, but was ftill fhut in by mountains; and as the banks of the fwift flowing Doria are, in many places, muddy and ftagnant, Cretins abound

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in the neighbouring villages. Their hideous ſquat figures, and diſtorted broad countenance, are ſhocking to behold. The towns, through which we paſſed, are narrow, poor, and dirty. We drove through St. Ambroiſe, a large town and Rivoli, where is a caſtle belonging to the king, of which the exterior is not handſome, but the ſituation fine. As we approached Turin the country flattened into an open plain: we travelled through fine rows of elm. The town was concealed till we advanced to its gates; but the hills behind and round it are covered beautifully with white palaces and buildings of different kinds.

We have performed our journey more expeditiouſly by the poſt, but at double the expence for which we might have travelled with a voiturier, which, for thoſe who have not a good and honeſt courier, is not only much the cheapeſt, but the pleaſanteſt way, for it is better to riſe early, and be long on the road, than to have endleſs diſputes with poſtillions and the conductors over mount Cenis. They who travel with the poſt are alſo grievouſly fleeced by the keepers of the inns. At my arrival at the Hotel D'Angleterre, at Turin, I was told that I muſt pay a guinea, each day,

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for my rooms; but upon diſputing the charge, I was allowed to have ſome, nearly as good, for eight livres. We are, beſides, to pay four livres each for our dinner, two for ſupper, and 1 livre 10 ſous for breakfaſt. A livre of Turin is about equivalent to an Engliſh ſhilling. Thoſe who arrive with a voiturier might make a much better bargain.

Turin is a ſmall but very regular and handſome city. The chief places, and ſome of the ſtreets, are ſpacious, with arcades and piazza ſhops. The opera houſe is large and commodiouſly arranged, though ſomewhat dark: its decorations diſplay but little taſte. At the firſt performance, at which we were preſent, we ſaw the Comteſſe D'Artois. The muſic of ſignior Guiſeppe, to which was ſet the comic opera of li Finti Eredi, was good. The vocal performers, however, were inferior to the dancers. The king's opera houſe is very handſome; it is only opened for a ſerious opera in Lent.

Mr. Trevor, our miniſter, is now at Lauſanne; Mr. Jackſon, his chargè d'affaires, has ſhewed us a polite attention; Dr. Bellardi, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a botanical work on the plants of Piedmont, and by eſtab-

eſtabliſhing a botanical garden here, accompanies us to ſuch objects as are worthy attention. He has ſhewn us the academy of ſciences, an inſtitution yet in its infancy. The ſociety has publiſhed four volumes of intereſting papers, under the title of Miſcellanea Philoſophica Mathematica.

The obſervatory is not yet completed; we aſcended it, however, for the ſake of the view, which it commands, of the town and of the adjacent country. Science begins to be cultivated at Turin, though the court is occupied entirely by military affairs and devotion. The nobility live with the exterior of ſplendor, which they diſplay in their palaces and equipages. They ſeldom collect libraries or pictures, though the Cameos, Intaglios and pictures of the Commandante Geloſo deſerve to be mentioned, and the fine library of Monſ. Durando, Comte de Villa, rich in editions of the claſſics, would produce a large ſum in England, whither his heirs will do well to ſend it, if they are appriſed of the produce of the Pinelli collection.

The muſeum, among other objects of curioſity, contains a remarkable Egyptian table inlaid with the figure of Apis, and ſome

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fine ſtatues, particularly a graceful Cupid. The churches are handſome. The cathedral, where ſuperſtition reverences the ſuppoſed tomb of our Saviour, is eſpecially to be noticed, for a very ſingular roof to its circular dome.

Among the religious inſtitutions is an eſtabliſhment for noble widows, founded by Madame Felicita, the king's ſiſter, with deſign, probably, to provide a retreat for herſelf.

The Sardinian clergy are not highly ſpoken of; but, at preſent, prejudice runs againſt eccleſiaſtics.

The troops of the king of Sardinia, on the peace eſtabliſhment, amount to between 25,000 and 30,000 men, beſides a militia of about 15,000, who are called out during one month in the year, and receive a third of the pay of the regulars; and four Swiſs regiments, one of which is a Proteſtant corps, and has a miniſter, paid 100 louis per ann. partly by the king and partly by the regiment. No other Proteſtants are tolerated in the Sardinian territories, except at Carrouge on the frontiers of Savoy, where they have a chapel; and among the induſtrious Vaudois, or Valdenſes, who, now relieved from perſecution, profeſs the doctrines of the Reformed faith, with

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the diſcipline of the church of Geneva. Their miniſter is paid by the Engliſh, for whom and the Dutch, they entertain a grateful reſpect, in remembrance of the interceſſion by which they obtained a relaxation of the duke of Savoy's ſeverity, and to whom they are bound to furniſh ſubſidies, when not inconſiſtent with their fidelity to the Sardinian government.

The whole court here is military. The citadel and arſenal are well ſupplied; the latter contains arms for 150,000 men. The diſcipline is ſtrict: deſertion is puniſhed by death; petty offences by the baſtinado; higher miſdemeanors by the gauntlet, the galleys, or impriſonment.

The preſent king, Victor Amadeus, is much and univerſally beloved even in Savoy: poor as are its inhabitants, when they complain and talk of refuſing to pay accuſtomed tribute to their lords, they except the king's dues. He appears to have profited by the excellent inſtructions which the late king, his father, gave concerning him, in a letter to his preceptor, a part of which was as follows.

"Nel corſo de' ſuoi ſtudi abbiate in mira piu il giuſto ed il ſolido che il brillante. Gli ſtudi debbono ſervire per formargli il cuore ed il

 diſcer-

diſcernimento, onde gli ſi faccia noto il pregio delle ſcienze e delle artì, ed il vantaggio che la ſocieta ne puo trarre. Sopra tutte le coſe mio figlio non ſi dimentichi mai che ſe il comando di Dio aſſogetta i popoli all' autorita de loro ſovranì, Dio fa pure ai ſovrani una legge inviolabile di vegliare inceſſamente al loro ripoſo ed al loro proſperita*;" ſentiments which ſhould be engraven in the hearts of kings.

The royal palace contains a very fine collection of pictures: it was partly purchaſed from prince Eugene's cabinet by the late king. We were not ſurpriſed to ſee the three children of Charles the Firſt by Vandyke, Sir Thomas More's daughter, and other ſubjects intereſting to an Engliſhman.

* In the courſe of his ſtudies reſpect rather what is juſt and ſolid than what is brilliant. His ſtudies ſhould ſerve to form his heart and his judgment, that he may learn the true value of ſciences and arts, and the advantage which ſociety may derive from them.—Above all things take care that my ſon never forget, that if the ordinances of God have ſubjected the people to the authority of their ſovereigns, God has alſo eſtabliſhed an inviolable law to ſovereigns inceſſantly to watch over the repoſe and proſperity of their people.—See Iſtruz. Chriſt. dell' Abate Giam-batiſt. Conte Roberti.

There

There is a tapeſtry manufacture at Turin, of which the execution is better than the deſign or colouring.

Some works of tolerable ſculpture are produced here. A fine marble is procured about twenty miles from Turin, near a ſeat of the prince de Carignano. The king of Sardinia is rich in ſubterranean property. A Scotchman, not long ſince, diſcovered a coal-mine near the Genoeſe territories; but not being able to explain his plans for working it, the diſcovery has been productive of no advantage.

The French, who were lately here in the ſuite of the Comte D'Artois, gave offence to the court by the freedom of their converſation on political ſubjects; and when the comte departed, it was gently intimated to him, that it would be more agreeable to the king, if, when he returned, it could be without his attendants.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

TURIN, Sept. 28.

SINCE I laſt wrote to you, we have ſeen the king's palace at Montcarlia, which is about five miles from Turin, and his principal reſidence in the country. We drove to it along the baſe of ſome fine hills covered with houſes, between rows of mulberry trees of a ſmall baſtard ſort, of which the leaves ſupply food for the ſilk-worm in the ſummer, and for cattle in the winter; and of which, the fruit may afford a deſert, that Horace approved as conducive to health in the hot months. The road runs here near the Po, which flows of a reſpectable breadth between rows of willows, where, as Claudian tells us,

" —— Rami caput umbravere virentes
" Heliadum."

—————— O'er its head
The verdant branches of the poplars ſpread.

Of the amber tears, however, I ſaw nothing. The chief vegetation of this country is, that of vineyards and Turkey corn.

The palace of Montcarlia is ſituated in a ſmall ugly town, from which it is not ſeparated by any faſtidious walls or barriers of ſecluded ſtate: it was begun by a Frenchman. The exterior is large, but not beautiful. It commands a view of rich country, through which the Po winds. It is furniſhed with great taſte and elegance, particularly the apartments of the princeſs de Piedmont. The gardens are compoſed of ſtiff hedge-rows and boſquets, diſpoſed over a ſpot of ſandy and gravelly ſoil. We ſaw the king dine with his family, which is as reſpectable for virtue as for rank.

About four miles from Montcarlia is the palace of Stupini, a ſmall irregular building. The grounds are laid out with no deſign to rival the works of nature. We were preſent at a ſtag hunt, of which the king and his court partook. The ladies enjoyed the ſport in carriages. The huntſmen, in rich liveries, with the large French horns ſuſpended over their ſhoulders, exhibited the pomp and circumſtance of a royal hunt. At ſight of

their

their enormous jack-boots, however, large cocked hats, and couteaux de chaſſe, the Engliſh preſent ſeemed inclined to ſmile, and to think, that for the active and expeditious enterprize of a ſtag-hunt, round hats and light boots would have been better things.

We have viſited alſo the Valentine, a ſmall royal houſe with a botanical garden, on the banks of the Po, near Turin; and la Venerie, another place not far diſtant, which is ſpacious without much ornament. The building moſt curious is la Superge, a magnificent mauſoleum on a very lofty hill, about a league and a half from Turin. This ſuperb edifice was erected for Victor Amadeus, by Collini, a living architect now in Pruſſia. There is a chapter here of twelve canons, who enjoy a conſiderable revenue. The church is very grand, and the ſubterranean depoſitory, which contains the "monumenta regum," is well contrived and awful. The laſt king's tomb is always placed in the centre of the apartment, and removed for that of his ſucceſſor at his death. This muſt be a ſtriking ſight to the monarch who enters. The monuments are handſome; the inſcriptions, which

are in Latin, did not appear to have any peculiar merit.

The canons have a fine library here; the building commands a magnificent view of hills cloathed with woods, and of the rich plains of Lombardy bounded by ſtupendous mountains, and watered by the winding Po, the Iſere, and the Doria, which unite in the bottom.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

GENOA, Oct. 7.

WE left Turin on the 29th of laſt month, and proceeded through an inſipid country, five poſts, to Aſti, the Pompeia of antiquity, a deſerted town which retains but little of its ancient population and importance. Its chief trade is in wine and cattle. In a chapel of the cathedral, which is richly decorated, I ſaw the following blaſphemous inſcription:

"Sacro-Sanctæ et individuæ Trinitati, ac S. Franciſco Saleſio, D.D.D."

Devoted and dedicated to the moſt holy and indiviſible Trinity, and to S. Franciſcus Saleſius.

Thus has antichriſt conſecrated his temples or ſtrong holds jointly to God and his ſaints, as Daniel foretold. So eaſy alſo is it for high authorities to find defenders of what is wrong, that Maldonatus does not ſcruple

to affirm it to be an impious and ſilly error of the Proteſtants, to think that no religious worſhip is due to any but God. Such have been, and ſuch ſtill are, the ſentiments of many in the Romiſh church; and ſo hath Chriſtianity flouriſhed in a country where every hundredth houſe is a religious edifice.

There are fifteen convents at Aſti. The whole country ſeems covered with eccleſiaſtics, and we need not wonder if poverty murmur and complain: let us not, however, be unjuſt; the miſchief ariſes from the number. I apprehend their crimes to be unfrequent, as I judged, from the outcry and ſcandal, which the diſcovery of a monk in cloſe conference with a female, had lately occaſioned.

After dining at Aſti, we drove, in the evening, three poſts and a half, to Alexandria, a town full of ſoldiers and monks, with an handſome theatre, where operas are now rehearſing. We were ſcarce permitted to look into the ſpacious citadel, and, like travellers, found ourſelves diſpoſed to condemn the rigid and ſuſpicious diſcipline and regulations of this military town. They are preparing, at Alexandria, for the fair; and a

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commodious range of covered buildings, with ſhops and ſtreets, is already erected. We left the place without regret, and without going to ſee the convent Del Boſco in the neighbourhood.

We ſlept the next night at Novi, which is two poſts from Alexandria. On the road we met lady L—— returning to England. She has been abſent five years; with what pleaſant ſenſations muſt ſhe travel northwards!

On the gates of Novi, Libertas is inſcribed. It is a ſmall free town under the direction of a governor, appointed every two years by Genoa. There is an appearance of induſtry in the town. Its diſtrict is ſmall, a few miles only in circumference; but it is not preciſely defined, and the people have occaſional diſputes with the inhabitants of Tortona. Theſe are ſettled with the greater difficulty, in conſequence of the loſs of the Archives of Novi, which are at Turin, where they were carried on the capture of Novi, by the Piedmonteſe, in 1745; and though they might have been re-purchaſed once, for one hundred ſequins, they have been never regained. Narrow policy, or diſhoneſty, which delights to confound claims and to render poſſeſſions

doubtful, might ſuggeſt that it would be impolitic generoſity in Sardinia, to reſtore them; but why ſhould not a great king deſpiſe the little ſquabblings for parcels of diſputed poſſeſſion, and oblige a town by the preſent of its records? Novi ſtands in a flat plain, encircled in the horiſon by the Alps and Apennines. St. Bernard and mount Cenis ſtand high above the reſt. There are no buildings worth noticing in the town.

I had ſome converſation with a phyſician who reſides here, Dr. Capoſo, I believe, who appears to poſſeſs much information. He regretted the ſlow advancement made by the Genoeſe and their dependencies, in uſeful knowledge. The people who die here are buried the next day, in common caſes, and depoſited in churches. This I heard, upon making ſome enquiries concerning a corpſe which had been taken up, on ſuſpicion of the death being occaſioned by ill treatment. An old man, who was ordered to move the corpſe, ſuperſtitiouſly refuſed and ſhrunk from it. How general is this fear! I wiſhed that the light, diffuſed by the Humane Society, had reached Novi. Dr. Capoſo, by the intelligence which he draws from reading, and a com-

munication with other countries, derives an information that makes him regret the ignorance that ſurrounds him, but which he finds himſelf unable to diſperſe.

Leaving Novi the next morning, we paſſed the proud fortreſs of Garvy, which ſtands on a fine eminence, in an immenſe excavation, amidſt a ſea of hills, ſome of which are beautifully covered with cheſnut trees.

After paſſing through Voltaggio, and aſcending the Bochetta, we obtained a grand view of the Mediterranean, and deſcended by a fine winding road through Campo Marrone, to Genoa.

Our firſt view of Genoa encircling the bay, and extending its walls for twelve miles round the ridgy and ſun-ſcorched brow of the mountains, was very grand. We arrived through the valley of Polcevera, by a fine road finiſhed after three years labour, by the Cambiaſi family, in 1776, from Campo Marrone; in lieu of the former bad road which was in the bed of a torrent. The hills, as we approached, were covered with palaces which hung over the ſtony channel. Thoſe at the foot of which Genoa is placed, have a barren duſty appearance. The firſt

impreſſion

impreſſion derived from the Strada Balbi is conſiderable: it is diſtinguiſhed by many large and beautiful marble palaces, not indeed built with the chaſte ſimplicity of the Grecian architecture, or with any peculiar elegance of deſign, but with fronts richly loaded with ornaments. The pavement of the town is ſmooth and flat, and the horſes paſs over it without ſlipping. Excepting the two or three chief ſtreets and an open ſpace or two, the city is compoſed of narrow courts and paſſages, like Bath; and even the beſt ſtreets are narrow, for the ſake of the ſhade. Sumptuous buildings, churches, hoſpitals, palaces, and magazines, are diſperſed all over the town. When ſuch attention is paid to gratify ſelfiſh pride, we are not ſorry to ſee a liberal expenditure employed in the conſtruction of works of piety and benevolence.

On the firſt day of our arrival we ſaw the Doge walk in proceſſion to the church of St. Dominic. His halberdiers, pages, uſhers, ſerjeants, attendant officers, and nobility, were dreſſed in the Spaniſh ſtyle, with ancient liveries and uniforms. The Doge himſelf, who was immediately preceded by the general of the army, and who walked between the

dean and the ſub-dean of the ſenate, was dreſſed in a long robe of velvet, carrying a ſquare kind of bonnet in his hand; two pages accompanied him, one with a paraſol, the other holding up his train. He was followed by the ſenators in pairs, and by the procurators in their official dreſſes of black robes. The parade was cloſed with the magiſtrates of the civil and criminal Rota, dreſſed in doctor's robes. The proceſſion was lined by two rows of halberdiers, and the doge received military honours from the troops, through which he paſſed. In bad weather the nobility do not walk upon public exits of the doge, who is then carried in a chair, or palanquin, of red velvet, gilt and ſculptured, and ſupported by porters dreſſed in red velvet. The ſecretaries alſo, the maſter of the ceremonial, and the judges of the Rota, are then carried in chairs of public ſtate, and the ſenators in their own chairs, with attendants in ordinary liveries. So much for the ſtate of this great officer; but the Doge is fettered in golden chains. He cannot go out, we know, into public, except on certain days, without an expreſs decree obtained from the colleges; but muſt "cloſe confined to his own palace ſleep,"

and

and without his wife; a restriction necessary, say some, if the former regulation is to be respected.

The number of splendid palaces, at Genoa, is prodigious. Every book will tell you of the fine situation and magnitude of the Doria palace; of the magnificence and pictures of the palaces of Durazzo and Balbi; of that of the Sun with its splendid golden saloon; of the Brignole palace, which was assigned, by the council, for the residence of the king of the two Sicilies, during his stay here about four years ago. In the splendid apartments of these palaces, which are at the upper part of the house, the possessors do not reside: and some of the nobility have four or five, and even more, palaces, kept chiefly for ostentation. They are filled with costly furniture. Parts of these palaces are often let. The lower apartments of the Balbi palace were rented last year, by the Rochefoucault family, which payed 3000 livres for six months. The ancestors of the Balbi family employed Vandyke four years in this palace. The lower apartments of the Brynole palace are now let for 15,000 livres for the year.

The

The croud of poor objects, at Genoa, is dreadful. At every manſion of a noble is a Lazarus: he is, however, often fed from the great man's table. The poor, at Genoa, conſtitute a part of the appendage of the wealthy. The nobility court popularity by ſupporting them. They are fed not only by private charities but by public ſupport.

We have ſeen, at the incurables, hundreds laid upon beds from which they know that they ſhall never riſe, ſome with faces aghaſt, ſome endeavouring to divert their thoughts by reading. We have viſited alſo the vaſt marble pillared hoſpital, and walked between rows of patients, of which, Death daily marks out five or ſix. Is it conſolation to theſe wretched objects, ſtretched out in pain, to ſee ſo many others in the ſame circumſtances? We were ſhewn one room here filled with perſons who had been ſtruck with the ſtilletto. If "pomp would take phyſic," it ſhould viſit the hoſpitals at Genoa.

From the hoſpitals we went, as happens not ſeldom in the fluctuating ſcenes of life, to the Balbi palace, and witneſſed the contraſts of proſperity and affliction, which are no where more ſtrongly ſhewn by different

ſhades

ſhades than at Genoa. How wretched a ſpectacle did we ſee, ſoon after, at the Galères! felons, ſmugglers, deſerters, Turks, chained together, different characters contributing to each other's corruption, and expoſed to whatever cruelties hardened ſeverity or caprice may inflict. If Du Paty has painted their ſufferings too ſtrongly, humanity may be allowed to exaggerate its deſcriptions. I believe wanton cruelties are not inflicted; humane regulations have been made. Three Turks are releaſed in exchange for one Chriſtian. Thoſe who are now releaſed can profit but little, if I may credit the repreſentation of a man, with whom I have juſt converſed, who is lately returned from Conſtantinople, and who told me, in ſtrong language, that war, the plague, rebellion, and famine, all contribute to haraſs the wretched ſubjects of the Porte, and that the people ſeem to be under the malediction of God. The Turks have a ſmall room in which they perform religious ſervices; Du Paty calls it a moſque.

The Albergo is a vaſt building, erected, at an enormous expence, above a century ago. It is an inſtitution for the ſupport of thoſe judged incapa-

incapable of labour, and for the correction of diſorderly perſons. It is abuſed, however, by the reception of the indolent, and is, on that very account, uſeful, in ſuch a city as Genoa, where temporary expedients are neceſſary, to prevent the ill effects of diſcontent, and to ſilence turbulent murmurs. We ſaw ſome hundreds whom true policy would have appointed to labour for their own ſupport. In a building, however, erected to charity, let us not be cold or ſevere. Some tribute is due to the benevolence of the ſenate, which firſt eſtabliſhed a foundation capable of receiving ſo many hundreds of diſabled perſons; and we can only lament, that circumſtances have ſince authoriſed its abuſe.

The franc port, at Genoa, deſerves to be noticed, as a commodious depoſitary and well-regulated office for the cuſtoms. Ten per cent. is paid for all imported goods for home conſumption; the export duties are low. The chief articles ſent out are ſilks, velvets, damaſks, orfèverie ſculpture, artificial flowers, oil, oranges, and citrons. The port is large: it is encloſed by two moles; on each of which is a pharos to direct veſſels to the ſpacious mouth of the harbour, where they

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are ſafe from injury, except when haraſſed by the ſouth-eaſt wind, called Libeccio, which rolls on a great ſwell of ſea.

Genoa may vie with Rome itſelf, we are told, in the number and ſplendor of its churches. I ſaw few that ſtruck me as beautiful in point of architecture. They contain fine pictures, and ſtatues by Puget. Be it, however, recorded, in praiſe of individual piety, that the church of Annunciata, which, from its ſimple exterior and rich inſide, is entitled to be ranked among the moſt magnificent at Genoa, derives its ſplendor from the Lomellini family, formerly ſovereigns of the iſland of Tabarca, in the Mediterranean, which they poſſeſſed from 1544, till it was taken by the Tuniſians, in 1741. The merchants of Genoa, as were thoſe of Tyre, are princes. The republic concedes its higheſt honors to thoſe who have acquired wealth in commerce. The cathedral of St. Laurence is a Gothic building: one of its chapels is reported to contain the aſhes of the Baptiſt; and a fine emerald is preſerved there, which is ſaid to have been brought from Cæſarea, and which is repreſented to have been the queen of Sheba's preſent to Solomon,

and to have ſupported the Paſchal Lamb which our Saviour eat with his diſciples; in ſpite of venerable Bede's account, who repreſents the diſh to have been of ſilver. St. Maria de Carignano is a noble church; it was built by Galcas Aleſſi, in the form of the Greek croſs; it contains ſeveral pictures, and a remarkably fine ſtatue, by Puget. I feel, ſometimes, aſhamed of viſiting churches only to admire pictures and ſtatues, and to contemplate the works of a painter inſtead of adoring the perfections of God. Strangers ſtroll about them during the ſervice, with an indecent indifference, and which it is to the credit of the people's patience that they do not reſent roughly.

Much has been ſaid of the Paneteria publica at Genoa; I cannot, from haſty attention, judge of its policy, and would not condemn what I have not conſidered. The poor's bread appeared to me to be good: be it good or bad, however, they have no choice. The rich may bake for themſelves, but the poor muſt repair to the public bake-houſe. It is the policy of Genoa, however, to check murmurs; and it is probable, that the monopoly is regulated on principles favourable to

the people, who are ſecure, at leaſt, from private extortion.

We made, a day or two ſince, an excurſion to Poggi, which is about ſix miles from Genoa: the ſuburbs, through which we drove, are decorated with gay buildings and marble palaces, with terraſſed gardens, with orangeries, fountains, colonades, painted walls, ſtatues, and ornamental works. At Poggi we ſaw the large palace of the prince Doria: the orangeries there are very fine; and the terraſſes command a beautiful ſea view; notwithſtanding which, they are ſprinkled with tricheries of water-works and jets d'eau. The groves and woods are natural and pleaſing; and the pines, with their umbrella tops, are ſingular. In the garden, there is a rural theatre artificially formed by trees. On our return we viſited the fine and well-diſpoſed grounds of Mr. Lomellini, which are laid out in a taſte ſo natural and parkiſh, that they would have done honour to Brown, but the water, which flows from the hill, is employed to ſpit its jetted eaux here alſo, in the face of the Mediterranean, which expands its unbounded waves before the grounds.

The

The celebrated Lomellini, who was Doge and displayed his taste in these grounds, died, about two months ago, at the age of eighty. His son is the present possessor of the place. We looked at the large grotto of sestre as we returned; but being satiated with sights, we omitted to examine the museum at the Durazzo palace.

We purpose staying too short a time at Genoa to avail ourselves of the introductions with which we are furnished, though the women, whom we daily see, make us rather desirous of their acquaintance, dangerous as it is represented to be; they have pretty features, but are extremely pale; a kind of sickly languor gives a soft expression to their countenance and fine blue eyes. The painted linen veil which they wear, called mezzaro, is not unbecoming, though it resembles a flowered gown thrown over the head and hooded. Of their manners and conversation I can tell you but little. The Italian women, in general, are very uninformed. The society of Genoa is not among the best of Italy. The court is without women, and the nobility have not the elegance of high birth. The rich nobles are œconomists in general,

though they ſometimes entertain a ſtranger with ſumptuous oſtentation. They intermix chiefly at the theatres, which are tolerably ſupported, and at one of which we yawn, almoſt every evening, at Goldoni's plays. A ſtranger may aſſociate here, to much advantage, with the merchants of the factory. Their manners ſeem to be like thoſe of our London citizens, improved by more extenſive obſervation. Our conſul, Mr. Udny, is now at Leghorn.

One evening we went to a ſerious opera at the theatre Della Croſa, in Saint Pier D'Arena, in one of the Fauxbourgs, in which we heard muſic, that would have been tolerable, if it were not that mediocrity in muſic, like mediocrity in poetry, is neceſſarily intolerable. We afterwards drove to a kind of Caffino, where were aſſembled a number of pretty women, who danced in a rotunda room, and played cards, as women do in all countries. The women were dreſſed, as faſhionable people are every where; and we learnt nothing remarkable to characterize this aſſembly, but that this was the firſt night in which the unmarried girls were introduced into public ſociety at

Genoa,

Genoa, it having been the cuſtom here, as in other parts of Italy, to ſhut up the girls till they are married; but tempora mutantur, the girls deem it a barbariſm, and parents become more indulgent. They danced with great gaiety. We could not return to town as the gates are not opened, but by particular order, after the cloſe of evening.

No ſtate in Europe ſeems, in ſome reſpects, to be ſo ill-governed as Genoa: the laws are defective; and, ſuch as they are, are ſeldom put in force. The magiſtrates of the criminal rota are foreigners; they accept their office from mercenary motives, and are notoriouſly corrupt. When they have amaſſed riches enough to prefer ſecurity to farther gains, they retire from public deteſtation to their private reflections. The nobility purchaſe popularity, and the continuance of their privileges, by protecting and by obtaining pardon for turbulent men, and thoſe whoſe uncontrolled paſſions lead them to crimes. Redreſs, for injuries, cannot be had againſt power; and individuals execute their own vengeance. Hence aſſaſſinations are frequent; and a ruffian, who can make intereſt with a noble, or command 150 or 200 livres to bribe the

officers of juſtice, is ſure to eſcape. Not leſs than one hundred and fifty aſſaſſinations are committed, upon an average, every year, at Genoa, chiefly among the lower ranks, at the ſuggeſtions of jealouſy or the ſudden impulſe of revenge, notwithſtanding a patrole parades the ſtreets and ſome ſbirri, who are not diſtinguiſhed by their dreſs.

The nobles of Genoa ſeem to have no other ſenſe than that of private good, which lord Shafteſbury juſtly conſiders as a bad principle of aſſociation; the public advantage is a remote object.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

MILAN, Oct. 15.

WE left Genoa on the 8th of October and returned to Novi, whence, taking the Milan road, we paſſed through a flat unintereſting country, in which the eye ranged in vain for trees or fertile fields, to Tortona, once Dertona, and in the decline of the empire Attilia, now a ſmall town, two poſts from Novi, which bears ſome inferior reſemblance to Alexandria. It has a fortreſs with about forty ſavoyards.

From Tortona to Voghera, which is a poſt and half, we paſſed through rows of willows that bound paſture-land. We ſlept at Voghera, the Tria of antiquity, ſituated near the river Stafera, called alſo, formerly, the Tria, a town full of ſoldiers and eccleſiaſtics, and doomed to ſupport, at preſent, three troops of cavalry, about 400 infantry, and

eleven or twelve monaſteries. It is well that it derives ſome wealth from its fuſtian manufactories.

We left Voghera the next morning, and drove, two poſts and a half, through a flat burnt-up country, thinly ſprinkled with mulberry-trees, by Caſſe Tiſma, to Pavia, having croſſed the Po by a bridge of boats, where it has a reſpectable breadth, and alſo the Gravalola.

Pavia, once the ſeat of the kings of Lombardy, has the appearance of a deſerted town. It contains many open places like fields; not a third of what is encloſed by the walls, is now inhabited. How mournful is it to ſee a town in decline, a town once ſo flouriſhing! It retains no veſtiges of former importance. It appears now, more than uſually, deſerted, on account of the abſence of the ſtudents, who are ſaid to amount to a conſiderable number; concerning which, however, I heard, as all travellers muſt, very different accounts: one man told me 1500; mine hoſt magnified the number to 8000: the former account is, I believe, neareſt the truth. There are eight colleges. The one under the protection of the pope, and the Borromean college, are large hand-

handſome buildings in a quadrangular form; from a room in this, we had a view of the ſlow and ſomniferous Teſin, a river celebrated under the name of Ticinum, by Silius Italicus, for its cærulean waters.

The botanical garden here is large. Spalanzani is ſtill profeſſor of experimental philoſophy; and the univerſity, which can boaſt of him, and Scarpi, need not hold down its dejected head. Scopoli died, ſuddenly, about four years ago. Aſtronomy is much ſtudied at Pavia: it is, indeed, the faſhionable ſcience all over Italy. Divinity is not ſo much attended to as it uſed to be: little ſpirit of enquiry, however, can be indulged in the Romiſh church. Boethius, who, for his noble remonſtrances, was unjuſtly condemned to exile from his country, wrote here, in his baniſhment, his work, entitled, The Conſolation of Philoſophy, and was buried in the church of St. Auguſtin, where a tomb was erected to his memory, with a Latin inſcription, in verſe. With Boethius, ſays an admired philologiſt and critic, the Latin tongue, and the laſt remains of the Roman dignity, may be ſaid to have ſunk in the weſtern world. He was the chief luminary

of

of many dark ages, and has a claim to the admiration of the moſt enlightened times, though his writings are tinged and diſcoloured by the falſe philoſophy of his age.

Magic, for which a taſte was introduced into Europe, with the Arabian literature, was formerly cultivated at Pavia with great eagerneſs. Among the moſt eminent doctors who excelled here in that occult ſcience, was Cornelius Agrippa, ſecretary to Maximilian, who is celebrated, by Butler, in his Hudibras, as

" ——— for profound
" And ſolid lying, much renown'd."

When the famous and romantic earl of Surry, of Henry the VIIIth's time, was rambling abroad and proclaiming the charms of Geraldine, Agrippa deceived the delighted lover at the emperor's court, by a pretended image of his miſtreſs, in a mirror, reclining, in ſorrowful attitude, and reading, by the light of a taper, one of thoſe tender ſonnets, in which he rivalled Petrarch, and thereby inflamed him to maintain, by arms, the ſuperiority of her peerleſs charms at Florence, from which place her family derived its origin.

The

The cuſtom of the proceſſion of the hoſt under a canopy, originated here in the fourteenth century, about A. D. 1360.

The famous ſtatue of Marcus Antoninus did not pleaſe me. The emperor and his horſe are both too ſmall for perſonages of ſo much dignity. The emperor is repreſented as holding out his hand as the defender of the empire, to prohibit incurſions.

" Dextra vetat pugnas *."

The cathedral here is not beautiful: the Auguſtin convent is ſuppreſſed, and its monuments are removed. We ſaw the church of St. Maria in portice, in which the bones of the Frenchmen, ſlaughtered in the fatal day of Pavia, are heaped up, with impious prophanation of the place. It is almoſt difficult to believe, that any ſuperſtition could have imagined it decent to diſplay the dreadful effects of human paſſions in the conſecrated ſanctuary of God. They are the ſad memorials of a battle, in which 10,000 French were ſlain, and in which Francis the firſt ſaw his proſpects defeated, and was taken priſoner

* Statius Domitian, l. 37. The right hand prohibits battles.

by

by his rival, Charles V. A.D. 1525, together with Henry D'Albret, the unfortunate king of Navarre. The battle was loſt partly from a diminution of the French army by a detachment being ſent to Naples, and partly by a deſertion of the Swiſs troops from their poſt. The king was immediately conducted into the church of the Carthuſian convent, and, with loud and animated piety, awakened to a ſenſe of human weakneſs and demerit, joined the monks in chanting, from the Pſalms, "Bonum mihi quia humiliaſti me ut diſcam juſtificationes tuas." It is good for me that thou haſt humbled me, that I may learn thy righteouſneſs. He afterwards dined in the monaſtery and was ſerved by three of the Spaniſh generals, but indignantly rejected the offices of Bourbon, whom the brave chevalier Bayard had alſo upbraided for diſloyalty and treaſon, as he expired in the field. The events of the day were very intereſting, and Francis long lamented its effects in the confinement in which his ungenerous rival detained him at Madrid. The armour in which Francis was taken priſoner, is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Walpole, at Strawberry Hill.

In

In going from Pavia to Milan, we visited the Carthusian convent, which is one of the most magnificent in Italy. Its fifty ecclesiastics have been reduced, by the regulations of Joseph II. to twelve. The church is eminently beautiful and richly adorned with variegated marbles. The chapels, which are curiously checkered and inlaid with marbles, exhibit, at every altar, fine pictures. The library has been transported to Padua.

Milan is not a handsome town, and it has few prominent beauties. Among the buildings most distinguished for architecture, is the cathedral, of which the exterior is still nearly as unfinished as in the time of Addison: it is a vast edifice; and religion took here no vulgar flight. The nave and long drawn aisles are very fine; the outside is crouded with sculptured figures, which I really did not count, though such different reports have been made of their numbers. The tower commands a magnificent view of the Alps and Appenines, of the city of Milan, and of the extensive plains of Lombardy. In the treasury is said to be preserved, a small part of Aaron's rod; the keeper must explain how it came there. The body of Carlo Borromeo is deposited

poſited in the ſubterraneous chapel; and the hiſtory of his life is curiouſly repreſented in ſilver work round the ſides of the chapel.

Among the remarkable churches at Milan, ſtrangers are uſually ſhewn that of St. Sebaſtian, from a deſign of Pelegrini; that of St. Maria Pedone, that of St. Franciſco, and eſpecially that of St. Ambroſe, built on the ſpot where the father is ſaid to have diſcovered the bodies of the martyrs, St. Gervaſius and St. Protaſius. It bears great marks of antiquity; contains the braſen ſerpent, or one very like it, erected by Moſes in the Wilderneſs. Beneath a cupola in it, with relief figures of the 9th century, ſupported by four porphyry pillars, is a table, of which the pallium is of ſolid gold inlaid with precious ſtones, under which were depoſited the aſhes of St. Ambroſe. We noticed here alſo a Sarcophagus, ſuppoſed to be a work of the 4th century. The iron crown was formerly given in this church to the emperors. All theſe valuables are incloſed by the gates, which St. Ambroſe is repreſented to have cloſed with chriſtian zeal, in the face of the emperor Theodoſius, on account of the maſſacre which he had committed at Theſſalonica.

The

The church of St. Laurence here is built on the foundation of ſome Roman baths, or, as ſome ſay, on the ruins of the temple of Hercules. It retains the form of the heathen temple, but is conſtructed with ſuch evident marks of the dark ages, that the old columns are inverted, the capital being where the baſe ſhould be. The church of Thiele, which is ſuppoſed to be erected on the ruins of the pantheon of Minerva, is in the ſame neighbourhood; and not very far diſtant is the fine Doric colonade, which is uſually repreſented as the work of Maximilian.

On mount Olivet is a convent, beautifully adorned with marble. The altar is very handſome. In this convent private maſs is performed, according to the common ritual of the Romiſh church; but public maſs is celebrated, as in other churches, according to the ceremonial of St. Ambroſe. The Ambroſian rite, as it is called, is peculiar to the church of Milan. It is ſuppoſed to have been inſtituted by St. Ambroſe, in the 4th century. It was retained, by the church of Milan, under the ſanction of ſo great a name, after all the other weſtern churches gave up their reſpective offices in obedience to the pope, and

and generally accepted that of the Romiſh church. It is more ſimple than the Romiſh.

The cæmetery, in the neighbourhood of Milan, deſerves particular notice: it is a building formerly erected for the reception of the bodies of perſons who died in the hoſpital, and, poſſibly, for the general uſe of the city: it conſiſts of a circular colonade which contains no indication of a ſepulchre, no epitaph, no moral hint, but here and there a ſuſpended tablet with injunctions to pray for the ſoul of the defunct. It is, however, an affecting conſideration that this place is now ſo full, that people are buried in an open field at ſome diſtance, near the Porta Romana, to which I walked, and ſaw a thick vapour aſcend as the evening began to cloſe, which could not but be prejudicial, if inhaled by the inhabitants of the town.

Addiſon ſays, that in his time there were ſixty convents of women, and eighty of men, at Milan. Many of theſe are now ſuppreſſed, and the money derived from them has, in a few inſtances, been appropriated to the encreaſe of the parochial clergy, and to the eſtabliſhment of charitable inſtitutions; but

the

the chief part has been diverted from its courſe.

The Foppone, at Milan, which was formerly a lazaretto for perſons afflicted with peſtilential diſorders, is now converted into a lazaretto for cattle. Epidemic diſorders are leſs frequent than they formerly were. The uſe of linen, and the attention to cleanlineſs, which generally prevail, contribute to check their progreſs. There are no buildings ſo intereſting as thoſe erected for the relief of human calamities. We are happy to ſee, that after theſe are attended to, ſome regard is paid to the brute creation. What pain and agony are ſtill felt within theſe walls! Its preſent tenants are, happily, free from the miſery of mental ſufferings; and when the pangs of diſorder ceaſe, the patients are reſtored to peace, undiſturbed by the apprehenſions of the return of pain.

Antiquarians have amuſed themſelves in etymological enquiries concerning the name of this town. Schott, an induſtrious collector of the aniles fabulæ, or old women's tales, relates that Bellovesus Gallus, who, above 583 years before Chriſt, enlarged it from a ſmall ſcattered collection of houſes, to a great city,

 choſe

chose to have it so called, from the appearance of a sow, which came out of some ruined houses while the city was building, the one half covered with natural bristles, the other with a soft and white wool, and hence it was called Mediolanum; a monumental representation of which remarkable particulars, he says, was to be seen on the town-hall of his time, and, for ought I know, still remains. This derivation, absurd as it is, is not more so than that suggested by Richard Lassels, a traveller, who published the account of his journey in the last century, and who says, with as great a respect for the English language as ever Swift, in his Etymoligies, professed; that it is called Milan, quasi midland, being a pure Mediterranean town, and having no river.

In the time of Cicero, as we learn from his Philippics, this city was esteemed the Flower of Italy, "its safeguard in war, and its ornament in peace." It is said to have been converted to Christianity by St. Barnabas, A.D. 40. when St. Peter was at Antioch, being the first town of Insubria, if not of all Italy, which was converted. St. Ambrose, who was bishop, and the favourite Saint of the

place,

place, farther promoted the influence of that religion which principally conſpired in effecting an alteration in the manners of a people, who, from a ſevere and ferocious character, were gradually ſoftened into kindneſs and benevolence. In conſequence of their being frequently engaged in conteſt with invaders, they had formerly acquired a very ſavage temper, ſo that in time of the Romans, it was ſaid,

" Qui miſeram citius cupiunt effundere vitam
" Mediolanum adeant, gens ea dura nimis."

Let thoſe who are troubl'd, and weary of life,
To Milan repair, there the people love ſtrife.

The latter Roman emperors ſettled here to be at hand to defend Italy from tranſalpine incurſions. The inhabitants decreaſed, after their time. In the year 1250 the city is ſaid to have contained 150,000 citizens, of which 30,000 were capable of bearing arms. It is now reckoned to contain 120,000.

The government, at preſent, is almoſt abſolute; the miniſter plenipotentiary, and the ſupreme council, are appointed by the emperor, and govern the ſtate. The ſenate, which pretended to and might have obtained ſome weight, was ſuppreſſed by Joſeph the

ſecond. Trials are conducted in ſecret; and the laws are not very judiciouſly enforced. We ſaw twenty criminals brought into the town, a day or two ſince, for robbing, in a body, at Lodi. The emperor is paid, by the city, a large ſum, for maintaining 10,000 troops here, but he does not keep above 3000. The people ſometimes murmur; but as they are not oppreſſed, are of mild tempers, and much attached to the Houſe of Auſtria; they are not diſpoſed to tumultuary remonſtrance. Not long ſince, at the command of the arch-duke, they ceaſed hiſſing a manager with whom they were diſſatisfied. Few people will ſuffer themſelves to be dictated to in their amuſement. The arch-duke gratified them, the enſuing evening, by compelling the manager to appear, on the ſtage, between two ſoldiers, and apologize for his miſconduct. The opera-houſe here is magnificent; we were much ſtruck at our firſt entrance: la Donna di Spirito is very pleaſantly performed every night, for the Italians change their opera but two or three times in a ſeaſon. The emperor has taken away the beſt ſingers and dancers, to Vienna, which is rather hard, as the opera is the only public amuſement the people have,

except

except that of bowing to each other in the corſo. The taſte for private theatricals is introduced among the middling and lower ranks. We were preſent, ſoon after our arrival, at a comedy, performed by a private company; among the performers was a hairdreſſer's wife, and her cavaliere Servente.

Literature is but little cultivated at Milan, though it boaſts of having produced Valerius Maximus, Cardan, and other great men, and though the Ambroſian library, founded by cardinal Frederic Borromeo, affords fine field for reſearch. The manuſcripts are ſaid to amount to 14 or 15,000, but few have enquiring eyes to examine them. There is, I believe, no printed catalogue of them. Few books are written here, and few even tranſlated. The Abate Bianconi, with ſome aſſiſtants, is now preparing a Biographical and Hiſtorical Account of Engravers, and of the Art of Engraving, which I doubt not will, from his extended reſearches, be well executed. Adjoining to the library is a room filled with copies of antique ſtatues, and another of paintings; among which are ſome pleaſing and highly-finiſhed pictures, by Breughel, who loſt his ſight by his attention to them.

The Brera, which was a convent of the jeſuits, contains a very capital library, part of which formerly belonged to that ſociety. Among the books, of which we took a curſory view, were a fine copy of the Vulgate, printed at Mayence in 1562; a Catholicon, publiſhed in 1560; and a beautiful edition of Dante, which appeared in 1477.

A ſequeſtrated fund of the jeſuits, of 5000 livres per annum, defrays the charges of this eſtabliſhment; among which is that of a penſion to Abate Bianconi, as ſecretary; and another to the profeſſor of aſtronomy, an intelligent jeſuit, and not unworthy ſucceſſor to Boſcovich, whoſe obſervatory is well furniſhed with mathematical inſtruments, of every kind, moſt of which are brought from England, and are conſidered as incomparably ſuperior to thoſe of all other countries. The braſs-work of ſome of the inſtruments has, indeed, been made at Milan; but the glaſs is always ſupplied by England, as it cannot be made ſo good here even if the materials be exported. I talked concerning Herſchel, to whom the profeſſor gave deſerved praiſe.

The Italians do not admit our ſovereign's claim to give a name to the new-diſcovered

planet. It is called Ouranos in Italy. The profeſſor had heard of the diſcovery of its two ſatellites and of the two additional ſatellites of Saturn.

The arch-duke lives in a palace that contains nothing worth notice; his garde du corps conſiſts of about ſixty men, each of whom is paid 20 livres per day. Strangers are well received by him, and by many families at Milan, particularly by the Lita family, whoſe noble palace contains a magnificent collection of pictures; among which is a very curious and elaborate repreſentation of the Hiſtory of Paris; from his judgment, between the Rival Goddeſſes to the taking of Troy, which, with many parts well-conceived and executed, exhibits many abſurdities.

LETTER XXIV.

MILAN, Oct. 23.

SINCE our arrival here we have made an excurſion to the Lago Maggiore, Como, &c. We drove about ſeventeen miles from Milan, through a flat country, to a village called la Corde, and, after dinner, about fourteen miles farther, to Seſto, a ſmall village, where we ſlept at an indifferent inn; and the next morning hiring a boat and four men, and aſcending the river Teſino, entered on the Lago Maggiore, which opened moſt beautifully upon us in a broad expanſe, of which the banks, particularly that of the Sardinian territory, were adorned with ſome palaces, as thoſe of Caſa Viſconti and Caſa Otolino, and the caſtle of Angiera. The lake was uncommonly full, in conſequence of great rains. We landed at Arona, a ſmall place of great trade, and walked up to the enormous bronze

ſtatue

ſtatue of cardinal Borromeo, adjoining to which is an academy for catechumen eccleſiaſtics; the number of ſtudents now amounts to about ſeventy-two. Having reimbarked, as we continued our voyage, we admired the hills which roſe gentle, and prettily adorned from the water, and the diſtant mountains, particularly, cloud-capped St. Barnard; the woods of cheſnuts, the olives, and the vines hanging gracefully over poles and wooden roofs erected for them. We dined in our boat, in ſight of Iſola Bella, where the lake expands nobly near ſeven miles in breadth.

Iſola Bella, which is about fifteen miles from Seſto, is a ſmall clump of terraſſes, lined with orangeries, that riſe, one above the other, with a formality little correſpondent to the bold ſcope which the ſurrounding ſcenes diſplay, and which Mr. Pennant treats very faſtidiouſly, while Mrs. Piozzi finds it very whimſical and pretty. So differently do travellers deſcribe according to their different taſtes! Such freaks, at leaſt, direct the opulence of the wealthy to the encouragement of the induſtrious. The houſe is fitted up in a bad taſte; it contains a few indifferent pictures, and commands a delight-

ful

ful view of the neighbouring hills: of villages in part concealed among the woods, and ſometimes diſcovered only by the churches. Iſola Madre, which is not far diſtant, is a beautiful little ſpot rudely diſpoſed. The houſe is neglected and promiſes to add the embelliſhment of a ruin to the iſland. We rowed from thence about ſix miles, to Laverno, our oars ſtriking with a regularity that muſical ſounds might imitate. Here we found our carriage, and drove about fourteen miles, to Vareſe, where the duke has a palace, which formerly belonged to the dutcheſs of Modena, and which gives ſome little conſequence to the place; and the inhabitants are wealthy enough to have an opera-houſe tolerably well ſupported.

On leaving Vareſe next morning, we drove through a very pleaſant country diverſified by hills richly covered with oak and cheſnut trees, to Como, charmingly ſituated at the ſouthern end of the lake.

The lake of Como, which was anciently called the Larius, appears from the town to be a ſmall body of water, as the oppoſite hills, through which are openings towards its great expanſe, ſeem to approach ſo near as to encloſe a ſmall part of it. The banks, as ſeen from

Como,

Como, are beautifully ſtudded with villas, among which the new erected palace of count Odiſkalki is remarkable. The ſcenery of the lake, and its environs, is enchanting. The houſes are near enough for the chearfulneſs of neighbourhood without the inconvenience of proximity.

Pliny was born at Como. I enquired here, in vain, for the letters in which he, with ſuch warmth of affection, ſpeaks to his friend Caninius Rufus of his pleaſant villa, of the vernal portico, the ſhady plane-tree, and the chryſtallated canal ſo agreeably winding along its flowery banks.

After dwelling with minute recollection on every object and ornament of his friend's houſe, he enquires if he is ſtill enjoying his retreat, or if the affairs of the world call him into public life. "If the ſcene of your enjoyment," ſays he, "lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you are under the common error of mankind." Pliny, who in the active employments in which he was engaged, retained a fond regard for literary purſuits, muſt have often ſighed for retirement, and muſt have looked with inexpreſſible pleaſure towards the delicious ſcenes of Como, endeared

deared by the recollection of the pleaſure which they afforded to him from his earlieſt years.

We wiſhed to have viſited Pliniana, and to have examined the ſpring which Pliny deſcribes to have ebbed and flowed three times a day; but the evening began to lower with ſtorms, and the lake, "albeſcere vento," to whiten with the wind, which furrowed up its agitated ſurface. We underſtood that his deſcription is faithful, and that the circumſtances continue ſtill the ſame. The ſpring near Henly ſometimes flows for two years together, and then fails for perhaps an equal period with reciprocating ſucceſſion.

The town of Como is ſurrounded by a wall, and contains a garriſon of about ſixty men. The cathedral is large; its circular window and fretted Gothic work are very beautiful: the interior is large, but darkened rather by a gloomy ſuperſtitious, than by a dim religious light. Pliny's ſtatue, with a Latin inſcription, dated 1499, is the only monument of this great man which the town retains.

In the ſuppreſſed convent of the Auguſtins here, we ſaw ſilk-mills erected. The Carmelites

melites are forbidden to receive any more members into their ſociety. If this had been adopted as the only mode of ſuppreſſion, we ſhould have had fewer murmurs, and Joſeph the Second might have, perhaps, ſtill lived and reigned.

Since our return to Milan we have viſited the Caſa Simonetta, and heard the remarkable echo, of which ſo much has been ſaid. It is formed by a repercuſſion of the air, from two parallel and exactly perpendicular walls which run out from the back of the palace. The Abate Bianconi aſſured me, that he heard above fifty diſtinct repercuſſions of the report of a piſtol. The number may vary according to the ſtate of the air and the quantity of powder; and it is beſides difficult to count the ſounds which follow each other in ſuch rapid ſucceſſion: hence we have different accounts.

This palace was imperfectly built in the middle of the 16th century, by Don Ferrante Gonzaga, a governor under Charles V. and it conſtituted part of a charge, for which he was tried, that he had employed ſome of the money, granted for the fortifications of the town, in building this houſe.

As much rice grows in the neighbourhood of Milan, the low wet parts in which it is produced,

produced, and which, even in dry ſeaſons, are kept flooded, are reputed to occaſion the dropſy and contagious diſorders. The people of the town take care of themſelves by good living. It is proverbially ſaid, that "Solo in Milano ſi Mangia *;" and it may be remarked, that if what they have to eat is plentiful and well-dreſſed, they diſpoſe of it with appetite. Our hotel affords us a good ſpecimen.

* There is no good eating but in Milan.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 31.

WE left Milan on the 24th, and drove by Magnano, over a level plain to Lodi, about two posts and three quarters. The rich meadows about Lodi are well watered by sluices; and some of them are mowed four times in the year. The Lodi cheese is the best of the Parmesan; a great quantity of it is sent to England. The town appears neat and indicates the prosperity of increasing wealth. From Lodi we went by Zorliscona, three posts, to Placentia, having crossed the Po, before our arrival, on a moving bridge of boats. The country in the neighbourhood of the Po, which is part of what was anciently the most flourishing side of Italy*, and which still retains its reputation for fertility, appears

* Tacitus calls the country between the Po and the Alps, "florentissimum Italiæ latus," Hist. Lib. 2. § 17.

now

now ſqualid and miſerable in conſequence of the late overflowing of that river, which ſpread devaſtation wherever it went, and,

" With a ſudden and impetuous wave,
" Like profuſe kings, reſumed the wealth it gave."

Placentia boaſts of an higher antiquity than that of Rome itſelf. In the time of Hannibal's invaſion, it was taken poſſeſſion of by a Roman colony of 6000 men; and having recovered from the deſtruction brought on it by the Carthaginians, it flouriſhed during the continuance of the Roman empire, though ſometimes, as Silius Italicus deſcribes it,

" Quaſſata Placentia bello."

Placentia ſhook by war.

In the war between Vitellius and Otho, it was beſieged, without ſucceſs, by Cæcina the general of the former; and, during the ſiege, a very beautiful amphitheatre, built without the walls, was burnt. It was the moſt capacious building in Italy. The inhabitants of the town ſuſpected that the people of the neighbouring ſtates enviouſly conſpired to its deſtruction; and, after the immediate danger of the ſiege was paſſed, lamented the loſs as the heavieſt calamity.

Pliny repreſents Placentia as a very healthy place; and ſtates, that when an account of its population was taken, there was found one man of 120 years of age in the town, and in the neighbourhood ſix of 110 years, four of 120, and one of 140. It is a very handſome town, though its preſent appearance reminds us of its decay: it ſwarms with beggars, the cauſe and appendage of idleneſs and poverty. The cathedral is worth viſiting, for the view of the adjacent country and the Po, from the tower.

We viſited the Auguſtins of which the church is large, without grandeur: 14,000 ſequins have been lately expended upon it, by a ſociety rich amidſt general poverty. The façade is handſome. In the ſacriſtie of this church is a very beautiful repreſentation, finely carved in wood, of the ſcene at Calvary. The author of it is unknown. The palace, at Placentia, is ſtill unfiniſhed. At la Madona de Campana are ſome fine pictures. It was too late to ſee, to advantage, Corregio's ſleeping night.

At Placentia we wiſhed to have proceeded by a voiturier, as we could have travelled at

 much

much leſs expence; but were told, that we muſt go off by the poſt as we arrived by it, unleſs we choſe to ſtay three days at Placentia; ſuch, it ſeems, is the regulation.

The next morning we continued our journey through well-planted encloſures, by Furenzole, Borgo S. Domingo, and Caſtel Guelpho, to Parma, five poſts. The vines entwined, and hanging in luxuriant feſtoons from tree to tree, from elms, alders and maples, were extremely beautiful. We regretted being ſo late in the year, as the vegetation of ſummer, leſs embrowned by autumnal tints and enriched with cluſters of grapes, muſt be very beautiful. We croſſed the Taro, which has been lately very impetuous: the fragments of a bridge ſtill remain, that many years ſince was deſtroyed by its violence.

Parma does not impreſs the ſtranger at its entrance: there is neither magnificence, nor much appearance of trade. It contains between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants. The duke's revenues are ſaid to amount to 20,000,000 of livres, of Parma; but, from bad management, he feels the inconveniences of ſcarcity of money. The expenditure of all the princes in Europe, like that of all the indivi-

individuals in England, appears to exceed their revenues.

The duke has reduced his army from three regiments to one, which consists of something between 1200 or 1600 men. The officers of the reduced regiments still retain their pay. He probably confides in his alliances.

The present duke of Parma, Ferdinand Marie-Louis, lives in a state of separation from the arch-duchess, with his son, who is designed to marry his relation, a daughter of Spain. The daughters, one of whom is represented as handsome, reside with the arch-duchess, who is sister to the emperor.

Our first object of attention was, the celebrated theatre, so admirably constructed, which has the classical appearance of a Roman work: it was built, in 1618, of wood; is capable of containing 12,000 or 14,000 persons: it is so well contrived, that sound is equally distributed over every part; the cause of which, Vigarani, who was sent by Louis XIV. could not discover, when the king wanted to build one at the Thuilleries. Upon some occasions it has been converted into a naumachia; and water was, formerly, ad-

mitted from the river Parma, for the diſplay of naval engagements. This theatre is now almoſt falling to ruin; the duke, however, has taſte enough to intend to repair it.

Notwithſtanding the people of Parma have ſo beautiful a model for a theatre, the modern building, where theatrical repreſentations are made, is an hideous houſe, built like the hulk of a great ſhip: the pit ſunk into a ſubterraneous hole, and the higher boxes projecting over the lower as if they were about to tumble down.

We ſaw a tragedy performed there, founded on ſome of the Spaniſh proceedings in America, entitled, Gonzalez, in which, without ceremony, a Spaniard was repreſented in a moſt deteſtable point of view. The characters were not badly imagined; but the monotony of Italian declamation is worſe to the ear than the rant of French tragedy. The next evening we ſaw a continuation of the ſame piece, though the Spaniſh ambaſſador was preſent. Spain and France are the only countries which compliment the court with an embaſſy, and they only in conſequene of their alliance. The preſent king of Spain married, I believe, the duke of Parma's

ſiſter;

ſiſter; and the duke's mother was, I think, ſiſter to Madame Victoire, aunt to the king of France. When the emperor Joſeph was here he did not ſtay at the palace, but took up his abode, as an inſcription tells us, at the poſt houſe. I ſlept in the bed in which he has toſſed with Imperial cares.

The duke extends ſome patronage to ſcience: he gives medals, one of 50 the other of 25 ſequins to ſucceſsful candidates from all countries. The academy contains a few valuable works in ſculpture; and among the pictures the famous production of Corregio, in which St. Jerom is introduced together with the Virgin and Child and Mary Magdalen. The Saint is much indebted to that noble contempt of chronology, which the Italian painters have ſometimes diſplayed when they would ſhew reſpect to a favourite,

"By making former times ſhake hands with latter."

for being placed in ſuch ſociety; the work is better executed than deſigned.

In a ſmall palace in the garden, built on the ſcite of the Farneſe reſidence, we ſaw the remains of a gallery, and a room painted with the laſt efforts (Extremos Tactus) of

Auguſtin Caracci's pencil. This admirable painter employed his laſt efforts in the ſervice of the Farneſe family, by whoſe patronage he and his brother had been encouraged: he died prematurely at the age of forty-five. The gardens of this palace are ſpacious, but not diſpoſed with any graceful diſplay of taſte.

The duke of Parma has the credit of being the patron of Bondoni, whoſe beautiful printing you muſt have often admired, and of which Edwards (who, with a man at Thouloufe, purchaſes from him almoſt every thing) has ſeveral ſpecimens. His Horace and Virgil are well known. The copies on vellum are much too dazzling to look at. His types are, certainly, unequalled. He is about to print a Homer, a Pindar, and the Pindaric Odes of Gray. I ſaw here ſome ſheets of a Latin Deſcriptive Poem of England, of which one hundred copies are printing for Mr. Trevor, by whoſe father the poem was written. If the work be all equal to the lines which I read, it is to be lamented that the public cannot be gratified by a ſight of it; —and why print but an hundred? Mr. Trevor's friends, I am ſure, amount to a much greater number.

The

The cathedral of Parma is large and gloomy; it contains ſome good pictures. The church of S. Baptiſte has the appearance of very great antiquity: its ſtatues and hieroglyphical figures deſerve much attention. The Baptiſtery is ſo large, that it ſeems to have been conſtructed for plenary immerſion.

We left Parma on the 28th, and travelled through a country of well-cultivated meadows and fields adorned with elms and other trees, to which the countrymen have learnt, as Virgil taught, adjungere vites*. The trees ſerve but as ſtems for vines to cluſter round: if they draw away ſomewhat of the nouriſhment of the ſoil, they ſtill ſerve for fire-wood and ſave the expence of poles. The vines ſometimes entwine "their marriageable arms" even with the willow.

We paſſed through Reggio, two poſts from Parma, where, notwithſtanding the prince, like the emperor, has ſuppreſſed ſome religious eſtabliſhments, are ſome churches and a cathedral, which a traveller ſhould ſtop to admire. Two poſts more conveyed us through Rubbiera, formerly a well fortified and important town, to Modena. We paſſed

* To join the vines.

the Seccia in a boat, though a bridge is almoſt finiſhed and ready to be opened: this bridge, and another, have been lately built, at the expence of the duke, who, in this reſpect, has behaved better than his anceſtors, whom Addiſon cenſures for want of public ſpirit. It is free to the Modeneſe; but ſtrangers are required to pay a toll. He has made alſo a new road, the old Æmilian way, which ran between Parma and Modena, being deſtroyed.

As I have travelled lately, I have frequently remarked the exiſtence of that ſtrength of colouring which painters have taught us to expect from an Italian ſky. The diſtant blue hills have all the depth of ſhade that I have often thought unnatural in pictures; and I have ſeen the morning ſun diſperſe the miſts and ſcatter a tinge equal to any that Claude Lorraine has exhibited.

Modena is a very elegant town; its ſtreets are regular and remarkably neat: the winding arcades which are ſeen in ſome of them have a good effect: but the painted houſes, which have the appearance of ſtage ſcenes, we did not admire. Some of the buildings are handſome. The town is not large; it may contain about 20,000 men. The ſoil in the neigh-

neighbourhood of Modena preſents remarkable veſtiges of a deluge in the abundance of marine productions. Sea weeds, ſhells, branches and trunks of trees, are often dug up; and ſometimes the remains of the devaſtations of probably later times, as the pavement of ſtreets, &c. The dutchy, which is about fifty miles in length and twenty-ſix in breadth, will be the inheritance of the arch-duke, who married the daughter and heireſs of the duke of Modena, as will alſo the riches which the duke has accumulated in a prudent and œconomical government: the whole of the military eſtabliſhment of which is one regiment.

The duke is now with his ſiſters and Mr. ——, a favorite Engliſh gentleman, at Soſſuola, a palace a few miles from Modena. He has two palaces at Modena; and in the new one is a cabinet, which, among many objects worthy of attention, contains the deſigns of Trajan's pillar, by Julio Romano.

It is a curious circumſtance that Raphael, in admiration of the deſigns of this pillar, introduced without any propriety the armour of the Sarmatians into his picture of Attila driven back from Milan by the Pope, or, rather, by St. Paul. The library here contains a valuable collection of books,

books, among which our attendant, however, had nothing more curious to ſhew us, than the famous edition of Boccacio, publiſhed at Florence in 1527, a beautifully illuminated Bible, in two volumes, executed for the duke of Ferrara in the laſt century; and a Greek manuſcript of part of the Evangeliſts, reputed to be of the 8th century.

The apartments of the palace ſtill contain ſome pictures, among which I particularly admired a Magdalene. The famous Magdalene of Corregio, and a hundred of the beſt pictures of this collection, were ſold to Auguſtus, king of Poland, and are now at Dreſden. It is the intereſt of princes to obtain ſuch collections, as they draw ſtrangers to viſit them.

Taſſoni's Buchet is ſtill exhibited, to the curious, in a tower of the church; and we were ſilly enough to pay for ſeeing it.

We arrived at Bologna, which is but three poſts from Modena, on the 30th, having paſſed the Iſola Triumvirada in the way. We were in time to hear Creſcentini, in the opera of Semiramis. His engagement at Bologna is for thirty-ſix nights, for which he is to receive 200 ſequins. The whole expence of the opera for that time, at the ſmall

houſe,

houſe, is eſtimated at 5000 crowns. The large houſe is only opened for a Buffo opera, during the Carnival. Bologna is a nurſery for Soprano ſingers. Farinelli, who was a native of Naples, retired to its neighbourhood loaded with the wealth and honours which rival nations had extravagantly poured upon him. I was not Joel Collyer enough to enquire for his houſe. A perſon, with whom I was converſing at the opera concerning Bologna, contrived to illuſtrate ſome of its cuſtoms, by picking my pocket. From him and other intelligent men, I underſtood that the city contains about 90,000 inhabitants: it is governed by a ſenate, conſiſting, nominally, of forty, but by a politic addition of ten to facilitate the influence of the Pope, actually compoſed of fifty, under the direction of a Gonfaloniere as ſupreme magiſtrate, who is changed, by election, every two months. The Pope's vicegerent exerciſes, by intrigue, more authority than he is conſtitutionally inveſted with by the ſtate. He is allowed, indeed, to preſide at the judicature of criminal cauſes. The preſent legate has reſided there five years, which is a longer time than the

legates

legates usually continue. The Pope derives a great advantage from his government, restricted as it is by the privileges of the state.

The streets of Bologna are narrow, and darkened by arcades: they are washed by a branch of the Reni, which turns the mills employed in the manufacture of silks, damasks, sattins, velvets, and taffata's of this town. The people are, certainly, distinguished for their ingenuity and industry. They excel particularly in making walnut-tree work, and artificial flowers, as well as the articles abovementioned.

The Bolognese are no niggards of the wealth which they procure from trade. Their public buildings and churches are numerous and grand; among the latter that of St. Petronius, which contains the meridian line of Casini; that from June to January marks the point of mid-day, is the largest. In the cathedral is the last work of the expiring genius of Ludovico Caracci.

La Madona di St. Luca, which is finely situated on an eminence without the town, is ascended to by a grand arcade of three miles in length, open by pillars to the south; here is exhibited the picture of the Virgin and Child attributed

buted to the Evangeliſt, whoſe ſkill in painting is firſt mentioned by Nicephorus. In an inſcription in a vault near the church of St. Mary in the Via lata at Rome, where St. Paul's houſe is ſuppoſed to have ſtood, a picture of the bleſſed Virgin is enumerated among the works ſaid to be painted by the Evangeliſt; whether this be the ſame, or not, I do not take upon me to determine: one at Rome conteſts with it the reputation of having being painted by ſo diſtinguiſhed a maſter.

The eſtates of Bologna are equally divided between all the children; hence nobility has been ſometimes impoveriſhed, but trade, perhaps, promoted. The nobility, however, ſtill maintain ſufficient ſplendor. It were idle to trouble you with an account of individual houſes, or of the beautiful productions of the Bologna ſchool of painting which they contain: they require weeks to be properly ſeen. The Inſtituto muſt, however, be noticed: among many curious helps to ſcience, which its numerous rooms contain, we ſaw the fine collection of aſtronomical inſtruments purchaſed from the effects of Lord Cowper, and the admirable wax repreſentations of anatomical

mical ſubjects, particularly of the parts of the head. If the whole body were delineated with the ſame accuracy as were the parts which we ſaw, and were generally introduced, it might ſuperſede the neceſſity of exhibiting dead bodies in anatomical ſchools, which are always obtained with difficulty, and viewed with horror or diſguſt. We were diſpoſed to make ſome compariſon in favour of the Engliſh ladies, when we obſerved with what ſang-froid ſome Italian women, who accompanied us in the rooms of the inſtituto, examined the monſters and nudities expoſed to view. How offenſive is it to ſee the female character devoid of delicacy, that timid and engaging charm which ſhrinks with ſenſibility from every object that might excite a bluſh, which is the peculiar grace of Engliſh women, and the great and faſcinating ornament which ſecures thoſe laſting attachments that we form in our country!

The univerſity of Bologna ſtill retains ſome of its ancient reputation, as the chief ſchool of civil juriſprudence cultivated in conjunction with the elegant parts of literature. The *nutricula juris* may, under proper reſtrictions, always be the *muſarum domus*; and we are pleaſed

pleaſed that abſtruſe ſciences ſhould be rendered engaging, as the laws of Lycurgus were the more readily adopted becauſe ſet to muſic. Public lectures are read at this univerſity, by the profeſſors, without any additional pay, ſo at leaſt our conductor told us; but the cuſtoms and diſcipline of every univerſity appear admirable in the eloquent deſcriptions of theſe gentry.

The immediate environs of Bologna are beautifully diverſified and pleaſant. They want only the ſpreading fulneſs of a river to wind between their hills. The ſtreams that flow through the valley are ſhrunk to creeping rills, which, with difficulty, make their way over rough beds: ſuch are moſt of the Italian rivers that we have ſeen: ſtony channels in the hot weather, and torrents in the cold: in the winter conferring no ornament, in the ſummer ſpreading devaſtation.—How unlike to our rivers which are

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;"

and from which

"No inundations ſpoil
"The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil."

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

FLORENCE, Nov. 18.

WE left Bologna on the 3d of November, and though obliged to take ſix horſes to our chaiſe, could not, in this hilly country, get farther than Feligare, four poſts from Bologna. On quitting the fertile valley in which Bologna ſtands, we entered on the Appennines, and continued to aſcend and deſcend hills but little adorned the whole way: from one of them we had a diſtant glimpſe of the gulph of Ancona. Our inn at Feligare had an entrance like that of the cave into which Gil Blas was conducted, à l'entrée d'une longue alleè en pente êt ſouterreine; like that, it afforded much better entertainment than we at firſt expected, particularly ſome excellent Florence wine, much ſuperior to what is to be obtained at great inns, where the object is

to

to decry, le Vin du Pays, and to ſell that of expenſive importation.

On quitting Filicare next morning, we had a view of a little volcano in the neighbourhood of the Douane, where we diſtributed ſome bribes not to have our baggage diſturbed on entering Tuſcany. The volcano, as it is called, appeared to us, at ſome diſtance, to be compoſed only of a flame of ſmall circumference, affording a kind of glow-worm light which required the contraſt of darkneſs to produce any effect. The flame is a barometer to the neighbourhood: it encreaſes on the approach of bad weather; and when fierceſt, portends a ſtorm. Some years hence this volcano may be dangerous to the neighbourhood: it is now an object only of curioſity. Thus, even at the Apennines, begin the volcanic fires of Italy!

The next day we toiled again, for four poſts, over Apennines and Alps, ſometimes aſſiſted by oxen. At Monte Carili we paſſed a ſmall neglected houſe, which is called a chateau of the duke: it is not remarkable for beauty or poſition.

Having quitted the mountains, the laſt of which is adorned with ſome fine cypreſs trees,

we got, towards evening, a noble view of the vale of Arno: of Florence, ſpreading wide its white houſes, ſuburbs, and villas, through a charming well-varied country, of which the hills and the valleys were covered with duſky-leaved olives and vineyards. As Meggot's was full we took up our abode at Vanini's.

Florence well deſerves the praiſes which it has received. Trade and the fine arts ſeem to flouriſh there in union. The ſtreets and quays that border on the Arno are delightful. The bridges, particularly the Ponte della Trinita, with the ſtatues of the ſeaſons, and that with the cycloidical arches by Ammanati, are very handſome. The houſes have a noble appearance; and the ornaments of ſculpture ſcattered about the town give it a claſſical air.

In every part of the city are works and buildings erected for its embelliſhment, by the Medici family; and I am not ſurprized that the people were ſo dazzled by the taſte and magnificence of theſe favourite princes, as to forget the defects of their government. Yet how ſuperior is the title which Leopold has on their gratitude! His deſigns were certainly

good,

good, and he executed many noble plans. The offence which he gave to the higher ranks is a proof of the general propriety of his regulations; and the prosperity of the inferior classes, excited to industry and rewarded by increasing trade, is a strong presumption of the wisdom of his measures. If he was inquisitive and strict in his examinations into private and domestic conduct, it was to counteract the prevalency of ruinous and destructive vices. He abolished the protection of sanctuaries, and with it the use of the stilletto, for private revenge will seldom venture on indulgence, when the gratification of it has no exemption from punishment. As the people appear to be less choleric here than in other parts of Italy, and as justice is more readily administered, assassination, it is hoped, will entirely cease in the Florentine dominions. The people are taught to respect the value of life, since the duke, with a spirit that merits universal attention, has entirely abolished the punishment of death, together with the absurd cruelties of torture without exception; as also confiscation of property, and, as much as possible, all consequences of punishment operating to the injury of the relations of condemned persons, making confinement and

labour for life the higheſt puniſhment for crimes before deemed capital.

In agreement with what Beccaria has advanced upon this ſubject, it may be obſerved, that whatever natural or civil right man may be ſuppoſed to poſſeſs over the life of man, muſt reſult from the conſideration of ſtrict neceſſity—which neceſſity has been ſuppoſed not to exiſt in ſome caſes where death is decreed even by the laws of our country; the ſeverity of which hath, therefore, been mitigated in the execution of them. The divine laws inveſt government with the ſword of juſtice, to be exerciſed with the moſt conſiderate moderation. In caſes where the welfare and intereſts of ſociety are not deeply and eſſentially affected, ſo ſevere and irremediable a puniſhment ſhould not be inflicted. In inferior offences every advantage of juſtice, and greater benefits of policy, may be obtained by perpetual and ſolitary impriſonment, or by other modes of puniſhment, which operate to a deprivation of the power of injury and to the effect of permanent example. Laws which profeſs a reverence for Chriſtianity, ſhould be indulgent in affording every opportunity for the reformation of the guilty; and conſent, with reluctance, to hurry wretches,

loaded

loaded with unrepented crimes and recent ſtains, into the preſence of their Creator. In the caſe of murder, perhaps longer time might be allowed for repentance, after the perpetration of the crime, than is admitted in our country. Upon this ſubject, however, it is beſt to ſpeak with diffidence, ſince the general regulations of our law are founded upon conſiderations of the moſt comprehenſive knowledge and benevolence.

The grand duke, with the ſame wiſe and benevolent intentions, reformed the whole criminal law, proportioning puniſhments to crimes upon juſt principles, and correcting the ſeverity of the maxims eſtabliſhed in times of oppreſſion and anarchy. He was well aware that good government depends not ſo much on the ſeverity as on the due execution of the laws; and if the magiſtrates honeſtly act up to the ſpirit of Leopold's decrees, his people will be well governed and happy.

One law, perhaps, of Leopold's benevolent code might be objected to; that, I mean, by which he decrees, that whoever ſhall inculcate public maxims contrary to the Catholic (Roman Catholic) religion, ſhall be treated with the greateſt and moſt exemplary rigour, and never receive a leſs puniſhment than hard

labour, either for a time or during life, according to the circumſtances of the caſe. This, certainly, may open a door to perſecution. It prohibits every publication that contains opinions unfavourable to the doctrines of the Romiſh church.

The character of Leopold, after all that has been ſaid upon it, certainly deſerves to be ranked high in the records of good princes. If he failed when removed to the Imperial throne, to a government involved in difficulties, by the precipitate meaſures and injudicious conduct of his predeceſſor, it ſhould not leſſen our admiration of his virtues, diſplayed in the ſmaller field of his Florentine dominions. The country certainly proſpers under the operation of his meaſures; and relieved from unneceſſary expences, it is recovered from the waſte and depopulated ſtate which former travellers repreſent it to have appeared in from the effect of its burdens. He aboliſhed ſuperfluous parade, civil and military: he gave encouragement to manufactures which now flouriſh, particularly thoſe of wool and ſilk: and he ſuffered the poor Jews, the great agents of trade, every where elſe oppreſſed and driven to a ſelfiſh and vindictive hatred of

others,

others, to enjoy ſome indulgence. The lower ranks, who felt his paternal care, all ſpeak of Leopold with affection. The nobility ſtill regret the departed ſplendor of the Medici, of that aſpiring family, which, though boaſting of an origin from Athens, appears to have riſen to the government of Florence from a low ſtation; which, though they filled the Papal chair four times, and formed alliances with the higheſt princes of Europe, are ſaid to have derived their immediate deſcent from coal merchants at Mugello. The family was ſcarce heard of, at Florence, till the 14th century, when ſome of them, who profeſſed phyſic and ſurgery, gave the name of their profeſſion to their deſcendants, and left for their arms the inſignia of a ſhop, with eight or nine cupping inſtruments, or, as ſome ſuppoſe, medicinal pills.

One muſt not be at Florence and omit to ſpeak of the gallery. The firſt entrance to it opens the perſpective of a corridore, lengthened to the ſight by its narrowneſs, and lined on each ſide with pictures, ſtatues, and buſts. A walk through rows of emperors, and empreſſes, conducts one to its tribunes and de-

tached rooms, every one of which contains beautiful and interesting works of antiquity.

Here we may endeavour to ascertain the comparative effects of sculpture and painting. Of the works of the ancients we have only those, indeed, in the former department; but Titian's Venus must be equal to any pictures that were produced by the contemporaries of the Grecian sculptors. In sculpture we have the substantial representation of solid and palpable body: we admire the roundness of the limbs, the polished elegance and shades of the whole frame; we want, however, the tints of complexion, the natural colouring and mingled varieties of the flesh. The statue appears to tread with living and real existence, and especially when viewed in the dusk or by the deceptive light of the taper: it then almost deceives us. The picture invites the imagination, not to credit the real animation of its objects, but to range in the fictions of fancy and in the tombs of memory, though Ælian speaks of the painted representation of an armed warrior, by Theon, which, when exhibited with every contrivance for effect, appeared to rush forward to battle with the

spirit

ſpirit of reality *. Certain it is, with reſpect to my ſenſations, that while the Venus de Medicis abſolutely ſhrinks from my embrace, the Venus of Titian only tamely excited my admiration. Smollet thought that there was no beauty in the features of this incomparable ſtatue, and that the attitude was awkward. He choſe alſo to aſſert, that the Madonna della Sedia, at the Pitti palace, is deficient in dignity of ſentiment, and has the expreſſion of a peaſant. The Mother of Chriſt ſhould be deſcribed, doubtleſs, with a countenance of diffident ſweetneſs, ennobled by elevated ſentiments of conſcious dignity, from the ſenſe of having given birth to the Saviour of mankind; and Raphael has not failed to inſpire his work with ſuch expreſſion, though he has preſerved the ſimplicity which belongs to the character of Mary. There is always, perhaps, ſomewhat of affectation or fancy in ſuch criticiſm. When the world is agreed, the individual who differs may be ſuſpected of caprice or want of knowledge. The generality of men, who do not ſtudy the true expreſſion of nature, cannot judge of the fidelity with which the paſſions are repreſented. Hence ſuch various opinions concerning

* Ælian. Var. Hiſt. l. 2. c. 44.

the

the famous buſt of Alexander in this gallery of Florence; pretended connoiſſeurs having differed in their judgment, whether he be repreſented as fainting under exceſſive pain, or ſighing for new worlds to conquer. Yet ſurely the expreſſion of Death muſt have a diſtinct character from that of ambition, though pining under fruitleſs deſires.

The beſt works that we poſſeſs in ſtatuary are the figures of heathen perſonages, of heroes and Pagan deities: they exhibit the expreſſion of ſtrong paſſions, the diſplay of which it is probably of little moral uſe to admire; but the moſt ſublime pictures which we poſſeſs, are the repreſentatives of the higher characters of our religion — they exhibit the milder affections and the indication of Chriſtian virtues. Statuary therefore may, perhaps, contribute leſs to the improvement of the mind than painting, which has often excited devotion and pious ſentiments. The heathen ſculpture was generally filthy and abominable; for though it be allowed that the Venus de Medicis is but the diſplay of female charms, and that ſhe rather enchants us by the modeſt and retiring decency of her manner, than awakens any unchaſte ſentiments, yet the fawns and ſatyrs, and

imper-

imperſonated objects of lewdneſs, prejudice morality by ſuggeſting ludicrous ideas to mingle with our diſguſt. The hermaphrodite is ſculptured with ſuch elegance as cannot but arreſt attention to a ſubject little beneficial to delicacy; and I know of no moral effect to be derived from contemplating Zephyr's, Leda's and Cupid's; drunken gods, gladiators and heroes.

Modern ſtatuary, like modern painting, has generally choſen better ſubjects. It is to be regretted, however, that the ſaints of modern Italy, eſpecially the females, and even thoſe expoſed in the churches, are formed to produce any impreſſions rather than thoſe of ſpiritual devotion. Like the goddeſs of liberty mentioned by Cicero, they are copied from the miſtreſſes of the painters, or more frequently from the unhappy females procured by public patronage; ſo fatally has the advancement of the fine arts been connected with the progreſs of corruption. It is certainly prejudicial, in every point of view, to give the ſanction of high authority to what may contribute to deprave the mind; and it may be diſputed whether any improvement, even of the arts themſelves, be effected by the

allowed

allowed indulgence. The Grecian laws permitted the expoſure of female beauty, while the maſculine form was ſufficiently ſtudied in the exhibition of gymnaſtic exerciſes; but by a Chriſtian government ſuch indecency ſhould not be openly tolerated. The ſtudents at Florence are encouraged to animate their genius by the undiſguiſed diſplay of living charms. Yet, if we may judge from the works of the academy inſtituted by the grand duke, the arts have derived little advantage from the encouragement: ſculptors and painters might, at leaſt, be left to find out their own objects, and ſhould not be ſuffered to receive them from a public pandar.

Among the portraits of the painters of the three laſt centuries, which are collected in the gallery, we did not find the number of the Florentines proportioned to the opportunities of ſtudy which they have enjoyed: and we diſcover but few natives of the place among the artiſts who frequent the gallery as copyiſts. The truth is, that the proſperity of the arts muſt be temporary and accidental. The advancement of one good artiſt, under public patronage, might awaken emulation and call forth the exertion of genius in others. Arts flouriſh in

company,

company. Cofmo de Medici patronized at the fame time Michael Angelo, Leonardi di Vinci, Donatello and Benvenuto Cellini, and others, with a liberality which merited the panegyricks that were daily produced, in all languages, in his praife; and which will excufe the occafional parfimony or neglect, of which Benvenuto complains, arifing, probably in part from offence taken againft that extraordinary man, heightened by the contrivances of rivals.

The Perfeus of Benvenuto Cellini is ftill in the great piazza, near the window through which the duke looked with his favourite Sforza when it was firft fet up, and liftened to the remarks and encomiums of the people, who fhouted, in applaufe of the work which Sforza Cellini defcribes himfelf to have produced by a kind of miracle. It feems to have fuffered by expofure to the air; but ftill excites our admiration though amongft works of Michael Angelo and Bandinelli.

Among the proofs of the genius of Michael Angelo, at Florence, we were particularly pleafed with the anti-chamber and ftair-cafe to the library of St. Lorenzo, from a defign of that great artift: they are uncommonly elegant.

elegant. The library itſelf is well contrived, and contains, as appears from the catalogue made by the preſent librarian, a very valuable collection of books: we were ſhewn, by him, the Pandects of Juſtinian, in two large volumes, written very fairly on parchment, and in the ſame ſtate as they were brought from Amalphi.

We ſaw there alſo a Latin Bible, printed by Fauſt in 1462, which is, probably, a copy of the third edition printed of the bible. We examined a manuſcript of the Vulgate, ſaid to be of the 7th century, which appears to want the two books of Eſdras, and does not contain the controverted text of St. John. The library abounds in Greek manuſcripts, collated, in great part, by Clement II. The librarian has collated ſome manuſcripts of the Septuagint, for Mr. Holmes of Oxford, in order to aſſiſt him in his great work, of a collation of the Greek manuſcripts, as Kennicott collated the Hebrew.

The fine copy of the Virgil in this country, which is ſuppoſed to be of the 5th century, does not contain the Culex, or the Ciris, or the four lines commonly prefixed to the Æneid,

"Ille ego qui quondam, &c."

It

It contains twenty-two additional verſes in the 2d book of the Æneid, juſtly ſuſpected.

We noticed a manuſcript of Oroſius, and a bull of the council of Florence, written in Greek and Latin, and iſſued in 1439.

We obſerved here a man painting in imitation of old illuminated manuſcripts, an art which the duke wiſhes to revive. It will require, probably, many efforts before he will produce any ſpecimen to rival the elaborate works of the middle ages, when ſecluded leiſure and circumſcribed genius renewed its daily labours in the monaſtery, and employed all its attention on an art, which, though little to be admired for taſte or freedom of deſign, exhibits great richneſs of colouring and great neatneſs of execution.

The churches here, which amount to near 150, beſides the chapels of 87 convents, contain ſome fine works by the beſt maſters, and, in general, they are beautifully adorned with marble, drawn partly from ſome fine quarries which are found in the neighbourhood.

The duomo, or cathedral before-mentioned, of which you have, doubtleſs, ſeen many deſcriptions, has a magnificent exterior of variouſly-coloured marbles emblematically repreſentative

ſentative of the ſplendid outſide of the Romiſh faith; while the coarſe and neglected interior ſuggeſts the idea of correſpondence not ſo favourable to the inſide of the thing to which it is compared. The tower, as it often happens in Italy, is ſet apart from the reſt of the building. The gates of the Baptiſtery which are of bronze, ſculptured with parts of ſacred hiſtory from the New Teſtament, are ſaid to have been praiſed by Michael Angelo as fit to be the gates of heaven, a compliment which Francis the firſt had before applied to ſome gates that Benvenuto Cellini made for Fontainbleau.

In the cloiſter belonging to the beautiful church of the annunciation, is the celebrated freſco of la Madonna del Sacco, by Andrea del Sarti, who was buried in the church. It is to be lamented that the work will expire with a fate accelerated by its expoſure to the air. The chapel of St. Lorenzo, beautifully decorated as it is with Sicilian jaſper and curiouſly inlaid and variegated marbles, ſtill remains an unfiniſhed monument of the Medicean family. The family, as Addiſon apprehended, is extinct in its chief line; and the mauſoleum is not completed; ſeven dukes

have

have been buried in it. The ſchemes of the Medici were grand and impoſing. Superfluous wealth may wiſely be expended in the ſumptuous adorning of cities; but the funds of oſtentation ſhould never be ſupplied from the hard labours of the poor, in thankleſs diſregard of the rewards of induſtry. The revenues, under the laſt of the Medici family, amounted, by ſevere taxation, to 500,000l. with which was maintained an army of 40,000 infantry and 3000 horſe; a navy of twelve galleys, two galleaſſes and twenty ſhips of war. What ſums were expended by him and his predeceſſors in patronage I know not. The trade and proſperity of the country declined; but the arts and ſciences no where flouriſhed more than at Florence; witneſs, beſides the names before-mentioned, thoſe of Michael Angelo, Galilæo, Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Guicciardin, Machivel, Magliabechi, Brunelleſchi, Alberti, &c. all of whom were born or encouraged at Florence. The tombs of Galilæo and of Michael Angelo are to be ſeen in the church of Santa Croce, as is that of Brunelleſchi in the duorno or church of S. Maria del Fiore, on which this architect boldly raiſed the firſt cupola, or dome, that appeared

in Europe; which ſuggeſted the idea of that at St. Peter's to Michael Angelo, who confeſſed that he could not excel *, though his original genius would not deign to imitate the work.

Brunelleſchi was, undoubtedly, a great architect: he did not live to ſee this chief work completed, and to triumph fully over the oppoſition which he had experienced in it. He aſſiſted in the building of the church of St. Lorence, the Sacriſtie, the church of the Auguſtins, and other edifices, in which he diſplayed the proofs of that taſte, of which he firſt formed the principles from the beautiful churches of St. John the Baptiſt and S. Apoſtolo, at Florence.

The preſent generation of Florentines is not diſtinguiſhed by the number of its philoſophers, poets, or artiſts. The people have the reputation of being friendly and benevolent; and, perhaps, they are leſs corrupt than in other parts of Italy. Dante thought it to be equal to any city in the world. He looked on it with affection as the place of his nativity. It is certainly, however, a delightful city, and

* "Come te non voglio: meglio di te non poſſo," ſaid Michael Angelo.

ſtrangers

ſtrangers who ſettle in Italy, will, perhaps, do well to prefer it to any place. Its ſituation in the vale of Arno, and on the banks of the river, is extremely beautiful. The ſurrounding hills are charming. It is impoſſible to live at Rome or Naples during the ſummer months, while the air of Florence is refreſhed by temperate breezes from the mountains and the ſea even in the hotteſt ſeaſon. In the winter it is ſomewhat cold, being expoſed to the Tramontane winds, particularly ſince the Appenines have been ſtripped of their firs. Proviſions and fruit are abundant and cheap, and the contiguity of the ſea affords opportunity of receiving from or ſending to England whatever may be neceſſary, as alſo a facility of repairing to the coaſt for health or pleaſure. Its being the reſidence of an ambaſſador facilitates introduction to ſociety; and the Caſſino is opened, without difficulty, to ſtrangers, who may aſſociate with the nobility of both ſexes that aſſemble here for cards and converſation, and occaſionally for dinner parties.

The ſtyle of viſiting is not coſtly: very few entertainments are given at private houſes, except thoſe at which the whole expence may be lemonade and ice, and ſometimes tea. The

chief intercourſe is in morning viſits, or at public places. The dinner is ſelfiſh and negligent all over Italy. At Florence the women appear every evening at the opera or the theatre, where they have annual boxes: two of them are ſeldom ſeen together. A lady, attended by a cavaliere ſervente, or ſometimes by two, of this ſpecies of animal, (the ſecond being a kind of inferior deputy ceciſbeo) is viſited by other gentlemen, and ſometimes by ſome of the chief performers in her box. He who aſpires to the honour of being inliſted in the ſervice of a lady, may undergo the pleaſing duty of attending her every morning at her converzatione, and of eſcorting her, in a carriage, or on horſeback, in the woods and walks that border on the Arno. Attended by theſe guardians of their virtue, the women viſit every place or perſon to whom whim may lead them, and call on ſingle men at lodgings or hotels without ſcruple. I have ſeen ſome of the handſomeſt viſiting favoured Engliſhmen at Vanini's.—The ſubject is ſtale, but it may be worth while to remark, that theſe cavaliere ſerventes, of whom ſo much has been ſaid, originate, in the firſt inſtance, from that overſtrained ridicule which hath been thrown

thrown on jealouſy, and were eſpecially countenanced at Florence during the corruption of manners, which was produced by the plague there in the 14th century, of which, by the bye, Boccacio deſcribes the moral and phyſical effects with almoſt as much animation as Thucydides did thoſe of the plague at Athens. They were, probably, at firſt dependent relations, and the tie of connection is now as frequently intereſt as love. Be the object what it may, the cuſtom which tolerates the public diſplay of real or apparent infidelity is to be lamented as among the ſtrongeſt features of depravity. Every woman almoſt in Italy is openly neglected by the man who has ſolemnly plighted his vows to her, and attended by thoſe who are privileged to poſſeſs the opportunities of ſeduction.

It is little conſolation to conſider, that if no women can boaſt of an unſullied reputation at Florence, few are degraded by public cenſures, to open profligacy,—that the exterior of decency is preſerved, and that though the vital chaſtity of women is deſtroyed, the veil of reſerve is aſſumed in public. It is of little benefit to ſociety that youth is not pillaged by artful courtezans, if the whole order

of domeſtic life is ſubverted, progeny confuſed, and conjugal affection diſregarded.

The Florentine nobles live in magnificent houſes, but they ſtill ſell wine by the bottle: ſome of them have a better education than the nobility of Italy in general receive; and in their manſions we ſee the indications of literature and taſte. At the Ranuncini palace we were ſhewn a very fine and ſpirited drawing, on a ſacred ſubject, by Mengs, the Raphael of modern times, which was executed by that painter under the conviction of approaching death, when his expiring genius rouſed itſelf to execute a laſt monument to his fame. It was beſpoken for the king of Spain, but the Ranuncini family withhold it as the repayment of a debt which it liberally ſuffered Mengs to incur. At the Riccardi palace alſo we had a a fine library to admire, rich in manuſcripts, and books printed in the 15th century, as well as a ſaloon with a cieling painted by Luca Gordano; and in other palaces many and beautiful pictures. Our ambaſſador is not at Florence at preſent; he is at Piſa with the court: we were happy, however, to ſee our prince Auguſtus, who ſpent two days at Florence. He travels in the ſtyle of private

Engliſh-

Engliſhmen. He dined at the pope's nuncio's, attended only by two ſervants. We have a good ſociety among a few Engliſhmen and ſome few Florentines, from whom we receive much attention and kindneſs. We have Anſani at the opera, and were, a few evenings ſince, at his benefit; when, to heighten our entertainment, ſome pigeons were let fly about the houſe, and tinſel was poured down in a golden ſhower: Pioggi d'Oro with complimentary verſes.

We have here alſo a ſpecies of amuſement ſimilar but inferior to that of our Sadler's Wells. A man deſcended a few evenings ſince, at one of the theatres, by a rope, on which he reſted by a board fixed to his breaſt, from the cieling to the ſtage, with great applauſe.

We have ſpent one evening at the celebrated Corilla's, where Nardini and others were preſent. She is now grown very old, and has loſt, in ſome degree, thoſe powers which obtained her a public crown of honour at Rome. As ſhe is in great affliction for the loſs of a friend, her mind, ſhe told me, is naturally bent on ſorrowful themes. At our deſire ſhe recited two ſonnets with great ſpirit; one on the death of Mengs the painter,

the other to the memory of the empreſs Maria Thereſa.

The Italians have not loſt the art of uttering unpremeditated verſes. We were waited on by one immediately on our arrival at Milan, who addreſſed us with much fluency on our arrival.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

SIENNA, Nov. 27.

THE day on which, with regret, we left Florence, we travelled three posts, by Prato, through a flat country of vineyards to Pistoia, a dull deserted town, containing little to arrest the hasty traveller but some pictures, in an old style, in one of the churches. From thence we proceeded, three posts and an half, through a country well-planted with vineyards and separated into small enclosures, which suggested the idea of individual property, by Burgo Buggiano to Lucca.

Lucca is the metropolis of a small republic, containing about 120,000 people, in a district of, perhaps, thirty miles in circumference. The town has no very chearful appearance, for the houses are all lofty and shut up with grated windows, and the streets are somewhat narrow; it is enlivened, however, by the busy activity of the people, who are still as distinguished for industry as they were in the

time

time of Strabo. The ſoil of the country is remarkably fertile and well repays the labour of the tenants. It formerly furniſhed ſupplies to the Roman armies. Its olives, and other productions, now afford a revenue of 400,000 crowns. The government is ariſtocratical; the people are amuſed with the name of liberty, and probably have as much of it as is neceſſary to their happineſs. An adminiſtration of equal and impartial laws is more important to the welfare of communities than any very general circulation of power. Official departments open indiſcriminately to every rank muſt ever excite intrigues and ambitious conteſts, ſubverſive of order and general induſtry, and productive of factions and internal diſcord. The ſupreme power is veſted in the ſenate, which conſiſts of an hundred or an hundred and twenty of the higher order of the ſtate, who have the whole legiſlative and executive power: this, however, they do not ſeem to have abuſed, though ſome of the Italian principles of government prevail. The people are contented and well-attached to their conſtitution, in defence of which they have often fought with a very animated ſpirit. They appear to have neither the deſire nor the

power

power to trouble other ſtates, and are protected themſelves in ſecurity under the wings of the emperor, who, it is to be hoped, has ſufficient poſſeſſions to ſatisfy him without intermeddling with the affairs of a little ſtate, which has maintained its independence through many ages.

Lucca lays claim, indeed, to an antiquity little ſhort of that of Rome, though, according to ſome accounts, it was peopled by a Roman colony. It was eſteemed the chief town in Ciſalpine Gaul. Here Titus Sempronius retired after a three days engagement with Hannibal; and here Cæſar, Pompey and Craſſus divided among themſelves the territories of the Roman world. When they met for the diviſion, Cæſar was attended by the magiſtrates and nobles of Rome, and two hundred degraded ſenators were often ſeen waiting before his doors at the ſame time*. It ſuffered in the common devaſtation which ravaged Italy in later times; but having recovered its independance, it ſtood, in 564, a ſevere ſiege againſt Narſetes, the victorious general of Juſtinian, who practiſed an extraordinary contrivance to make its defenders

* Aleſſi Guerra Civil Rom. L. 2.

yield,

yield. Having erected a lofty ſtage before the walls, he pretended, in a ſcenical repreſentation, to cut off the heads of ſome noble youths of the city whom he had received as hoſtages. As the inhabitants were ſtill not terrified into a capitulation, he offered, if they would ſurrender the town, to reſtore their fellow-citizens; they, conceiving it impoſſible that he could reſtore thoſe whom they believed to be dead, agreed to the terms; but when the youths were produced, ſtill refuſed to give up the city. The hoſtages were ſpared by the clemency of Narſetes, who, in about ſeven months, obliged the city to capitulate. It was allowed to retain many privileges; and in the dark ages which ſucceeded, it was governed by its own dukes, its counts, and its marquiſſes, who were ſometimes called dukes of Tuſcany; Lucca having been declared the metropolis of Tuſcany by Alboino, king of the Lombards, who took poſſeſſion of Italy in 570, and divided it into provinces.

After many viciſſitudes during the diſputes between the Guelphs and Gibelines, in which it had ſided with the former, it was obliged to unite with the latter in 1263; but having reco-

recovered its liberties, it received a garrison from Manfred, who being excommunicated and killed by Charles of Anjou, Lucca was received under the protection of the victor, with an acknowledgment of its rights and privileges; and, in 1288, it passed under the protection of the emperor Rodolph, of the house of Austria. In subsequent troubles it was much harassed by factions, and weakened by dissension, and suffered various revolutions in its struggles for freedom. It was so frequently exposed to attack, that it was fortified as strongly as possible with towers, thick as the trees of the forest *, most of which are now destroyed, and the town is fortified by charters and treaties, the bulwarks of modern times; bulwarks which fail, indeed, unless supported by the courage of the people.

Some vestiges of the splendor of Lucca, in former ages, are still to be seen. An ossuarium and a cinerarium were discovered in 1692, by which it appeared, that the people were, formerly, buried and burnt within the walls of the town, contrary to a law of the

* An old writer represents Lucca torreggiar a guisa d'un Boschetto.

twelve

twelve tables*, which the independent ſpirit of the people diſregarded, as well as to all ſalutary regulations. The remains of its magnificent amphitheatre, into which whole foreſts and oceans were occaſionally introduced, and which was alternately filled with the beaſts of Aſia and Africa, and with the fleets and monſters of the deep, are now converted into the walls of a priſon ſtill to reverberate with the ſounds of guilt and miſery. The materials of this amphitheatre have been employed in the erection of churches, in honour of that religion which ſuppreſſed the barbarous ſpectacles therein exhibited.

Lucca is ſaid to have been converted to Chriſtianity by St. Paolino, a diſciple of St. Peter, of whom many miraculous ſtories are related, and who is ſuppoſed to watch, with the affection of a patron, over the intereſts and ſecurity of the city, where he is reverenced as one of the ſeventy diſciples, and the firſt martyr of Tuſcany. The doctrines and principles of the Romiſh church took deep root at Lucca. The hiſtorians of the city are anxious to vindicate the pretenſions of St. Antony, a prieſt of Lucca, to the honour of

* In Urbe ne urito neve ſepelito.

having

having firſt inſtituted the eremetic life in Italy, in the fourth century, by retiring himſelf to mount Piſano, now called San Pantaleone in the territory of Lucca. St. Antony was a native of Egypt, and is generally repreſented to have retired to ſecluſion in the deſerts of Thebais. It is probable that an apprehenſion of ſuffering from the perſecutions to which the primitive church was expoſed, and a deſire of raiſing the ſoul by abſtract ſpeculations in imitation of the diſciples of Dionyſius the Areopagite, ſeduced individuals to ſolitude before the time of St. Antony. He, however, perhaps both in Egypt and Italy, firſt eſtabliſhed monaſtic life as a religious inſtitution, and preſcribed regulations for its direction; and his example and precepts produced very general imitation and effects. In the tenth century the city of Lucca alone contained fifty monaſteries.

When the reformation, however, began to dawn, ſome of its rays gilded the ſpires of Lucca, where a greater freedom of opinion was permitted than in the arbitrary ſtates of Italy: here, indeed, the famous Diodati was born in 1579. He was the firſt perſon in Italy who publiſhed an Italian tranſlation of the

the ſcriptures, which appeared at Geneva in 1607, and afterwards in a better edition in 1641. It is a looſe tranſlation with notes. The liberty of diſcuſſion allowed in free towns is favourable to the advancement of the Reformed faith. Diodati publiſhed his tranſlation with the proper diſtinction between the inſpired and the apocryphal books, aſcertaining thoſe that were canonical, and placing thoſe conſidered as apocryphal after the books of the New Teſtament, where, indeed, they ſhould be placed; or, perhaps, they ſhould be always publiſhed ſeparately, as the ſacred code ought to be preſerved from any intermixture with human compoſitions however excellent. The Romiſh church has ever oppoſed the introduction of tranſlations in the vulgar tongue; and when they ſhall be generally read, the corruptions of that church muſt be reformed.

It is impoſſible now, indeed, to prohibit entirely the uſe of tranſlations. The prieſts, however, endeavour to recommend ſelect portions, and qualify what they deal out with cautious reſtriction. Part of an authoriſed tranſlation, has lately appeared from the French verſion of the Vulgate with that text annexed,

and

and a Commentary with a literal and ſpiritual Explication, drawn from the Fathers and Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtorians, by D. Luigi Iſaac le maiſtre de Sacy: a large work ſo encumbered with directions and notes, to ſecure the doctrines of the Romiſh church, that it will be of little general uſe; for when completed it will conſiſt of twenty-five volumes in quarto, which are to be ſold at about 5s. 6d. per volume, ſo that the whole work will coſt near ſeven pounds; and thus are the records of inſpiration, the goſpel and its doctrines opened to the poor! The people of Lucca are not rouſed from the dominion of the Romiſh church; they ſtill credulouſly believe its doctrines and idolatrouſly worſhip its ſaints.

Among the images is that of the famous crucifixion known by the name of il Volto Santo, which is believed to be the ſculpture of Nicodemus, the maſter of Iſrael, who acknowledged our Lord and honoured his body at his burial, and who, in the execution of this work was, it ſeems, aſſiſted by a divine power. The reputation of ſo diſtinguiſhed an origin, and the report of its tranſportation to Italy, with præternatural circumſtances aboard a veſſel divinely guided, eſtabliſhed its credit ſo

 much,

much, that altars and churches were erected to the Volto Santo beyond the boundaries of Italy, and William the IId, of England, ratified an oath "per vultum de Lucca." It is ſtamped on the coin of the republic, which preſerves it high in public eſtimation, and marvellous tales are ſtill told of its hiſtory and powers.

Somewhat of the ſtrict ſpirit of republican equality prevails at Lucca. No titles are born by the higher ranks, except in the caſe of a few individuals who have foreign diſtinctions. Sumptuary laws are obſerved even by the women, who wear black the whole year, except during the Carnival, when they change their colours every day.

A ride of two poſts, from Lucca, brought us through a low wet country to Piſa, which is a remarkably fine ſtately city. The quays are broad and handſome, and the Arno dilating towards its mouth has a nobler expanſe here than at Florence. The ſtreets built on each ſide of the river have a grand appearance. Florence and Paris derive their ornament from buildings circumſtanced in a ſimilar manner. Wren deſigned that London ſhould have taken the ſame advantage of its

river,

river, and if his plan had been adopted we ſhould have heard but little of the views from the pont-neuf, or of the perſpective of the canals in the Dutch towns. The two ſides of Piſa are connected by three bridges, one of which is very handſome. The Arno, however, is but ſhallow, and navigable even in the winter only by ſmall veſſels, which are towed by boys, who run along a wall which forms part of the embankment of the river. The town has loſt much of its ancient population and importance; and inſtead of the 150,000 inhabitants of which it once boaſted, among which were one hundred citizens, each of which fitted out a galley, at his own expence, and maintained it during a war, it does not now contain above 20,000. So do cities fluctuate and decline! The court, however, often reſides here, particularly during the winter, as the air is milder than at Florence.

The Piſa guide, if you can procure it, will give you an ample account of the botanical garden and the obſervatory, of a cathedral with pillars from the temple of Epheſus, and gates, ſome from Jeruſalem, ſome elaborated by John of Bologna; of a baptiſtery, remark-

able for its font and pulpit, and of a leaning tower, of which it is not yet determined, whether the inclined poſition be deſigned or accidental. It will tell you of curious cuſtoms, of ſham battles on the bridge, of annual ceremonies, and many other things which I have as little inclination to copy as probably you would have to read. It may be worth while, however, to notice the campo ſanto, a cæmetery of very peculiar deſcription: it is built upon the reputed dimenſions of the ark, being 550 palms in length and 160 in breadth. The earth in its encloſure is ſaid to have been brought from Paleſtine, and to have the power of pulveriſing bodies, depoſited in it, in the ſpace of twenty-four hours. The walls are painted in freſco with fantaſtic and extravagant repreſentations of Death, in different forms, and of angels employed in the pious office of taking ſouls out of the mouths of juſt perſons, or of conteſting with devils for friars and godly perſons, with other ſuch edifying conceits; but the moſt important objects of obſervation in it, are two old inſcriptions which illuſtrate the cuſtoms of antiquity. They deſcribe the honours voted by the Piſan colony to Lucius, and

Caius

Caius Cæſar, the ſons of Auguſtus. To Lucius is decreed a black ox and a black ſheep, adorned with blue fillets: it is directed that the ſacrifices ſhould be burnt, and that urns of milk, honey and oil ſhould be poured upon them. Caius, who died of wounds ſuſtained for the republic, is to be lamented by a general mourning, with a ſuſpenſion of all buſineſs and amuſement; and the 21ſt of February is noted as an inauſpicious day, in which no ſacrifices, ſupplications and eſpouſals can be made, and no games, but thoſe of funeral rites, can be celebrated. In this cæmetery is a monument, recently ſet up, in honour of Algarotti.

The country between Piſa and Leghorn, but two poſts diſtant from each other, is well wooded. The marſhes have been drained by the liberal exertions of the marquis Generi. We took up our abode at the hotel of Mr. Curry, a civil Iriſhman: it commands a fine view of the ſea, the port, and the iſland of Gorgona where the anchovies are taken.

Leghorn is a much ſmaller town than I expected to ſee. The appearance of trade is not great. Engliſh goods, uſeful and orna-

mental of every kind, are expoſed in the ſhops, ſome of which are very handſome, in the ſtyle of thoſe in London, and contain a great variety of articles. The ſtreets and coffee-houſes are crouded with people of all nations, with Jews and Turks, and all the throng of the mercantile tribe, whoſe daily buzz ſoon wearies the ſtranger that loiters but for obſervation and amuſement.

It is curious, however, to mark the effects of commerce, which aſſimilates different tempers and unites oppoſite intereſts in the interchange of civilities. The regulations and arrangements of commercial towns alſo muſt always merit attention; it is intereſting to ſee order eſtabliſhed amidſt apparent confuſion, and regulations obſerved which people of different languages and various characters agree to reſpect. The poſt, the cuſtom-houſes, and particularly the lazaretto where quarantine is performed with ſecurity to the town and convenience to the individual, are well appointed and directed. It is a pleaſing and no uncommon circumſtance for perſons, eager for the ſociety of their relations, to enter the lazaretto and live in temporary ſecluſion, and at the riſk of ſuffering, from infection, with the objects of their regard. The

impa-

impatient affections and tenderneſs of the female ſex are often conſpicuouſly diſplayed in this manner; and ſtrong as are the attachments, generous as are the exertions in general of women, they can on no occaſion exhibit more endearing proofs of fondneſs.

Not very far from the lazaretto is a burial ground: diſeaſe and death are near neighbours. This ſpot is eſpecially intereſting to the Engliſh traveller, as appropriated to the reception of his countrymen. We noticed ſeveral handſome monuments, and names familiar to our ears, among others that of Margaret Rolle, counteſs of Orford, baroneſs Clinton, who died in 1781. You will recollect the ſingularity of her character, and particularly her unhandſome indifference towards the Houghton collection. The inſcriptions are not often claſſical, and ſometimes ſavour of mercantile ſpirit. It is recorded on the tomb of A—— L——, that he induſtriouſly collected ſtatues, pictures, and coins, which was certainly very meritorious, and doubtleſs will recommend him at the ſeat of judgment, elſe why ſhould it be mentioned in his epitaph? We ſaw other names and virtues recorded of other perſons, who travelled into Italy in queſt of health or of riches, and

who have all died, τηλοθι πατρης, far from their native ſoil.

In reading monumental inſcriptions we cannot but regret that we become acquainted with many virtues only when it is too late to enjoy them, and are introduced to excellent parents, huſbands, children and friends but to lament their departure, and to bewail their loſs.

We have often complained to each other as we have been led to ſights not worth notice, that the valets de place and Ciceroni of great towns are very troubleſome animals, but this day we were convinced of their utility, and that many intereſting circumſtances might paſs unobſerved but for their inſtructions, for in ſhewing us the port, our judicious informer placed me in a ſpot, from which I could diſcern, at one point of view, the noſes of the four ſlaves chained to the feet of Ferdinand the Firſt, a circumſtance that might have eſcaped my attention if unaſſiſted.

The evening amuſements at Leghorn are confined, at preſent, to the theatre. Marcheſi lately warbled "his glib diviſions" here to a large audience. We depend, for our amuſement, on dramatic repreſentations, exhibited

hibited by Neapolitan children, pygmean actors, whose premature powers, and artificial accomplishments surprise and disgust us.

Hitherto, since our arrival in Italy, we have had cold and rainy weather; we begin now to experience the warmth of an Italian climate.

When we left Leghorn we slept the first night, at Pisa, and the next day arrived at Sienna, having passed through a country which, by its vegetation and scenery, reminded us of England, till we came again to hills covered with olives. Our road lay through Farnachetti, Castel, del Bosco, Scala, Certaldo, Poggio Bonzi, and Castiglioncello, in all eight posts.

Sienna is somewhat of a solitary town, situated in a very beautiful country. The English often chuse it for a residence. In the time of Dante its polite inhabitants enjoyed the reputation of speaking the Italian language in great purity, and they have retained the reputation ever since. Hence it is resorted to as a school, in which are studied the graces of the Italian tongue. Society is obtained here with little difficulty. The ladies, however, are said to be dangerous, and to abuse the freedom

freedom which, as Smollet long ago remarked, they enjoy more, perhaps, than the women of any town in Italy; and no where, in good truth, are they over-much reſtrained. We judged, however, of their manners only from report, as we ſtaid but to viſit the town, in which the cathedral, elaborately enriched with marble ſculptured pillars, and Moſaic pavement, by Dominico Bucafumi, and the curious pulpit of diaphanous alabaſter, worked with ſacred ſubjects by Giovanni di Piſa, are moſt remarkable.

It is ſurely creditable to the Romaniſts that they have exerted every nerve, and called forth every effort of genius, to decorate the temples of God. The expenditure has been, perhaps ſometimes too much laviſhed; but it is a narrow œconomy which would reſtrict its expences only in buildings erected for public worſhip. God ſhould ſeem not to be diſpleaſed with ſumptuous edifices raiſed to his honour, ſince he commanded Solomon to build him a temple ſo magnificent; and his prophet Haggai upbraided the people who dwelt in cieled houſes, when the houſe of the Lord lay waſte. If the Jewiſh Diſpenſation were a religion of external pomp, Chriſtianity does not reject its im-

impreſſive ornaments, which, though they have no importance in deference to God's greatneſs, have a comparative value in our eſtimation and intentions. The ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome are unconnected with the ſplendor of its edifices, though, in ſome inſtances, they may have been heightened by the repreſentation of corporeal objects.

After admiring, in this cathedral, Bernini's ſtatues, we were ſhewn, in the Sacriſtie, twenty-nine volumes of illuminated vellum with the church ſervice, executed together with twenty-nine more volumes now in Spain, by a Benedictine monk: a beautiful and elaborate work of the cloiſter. The ten freſco pictures in this ſacriſtie, by Pinturrichio, are from the deſigns of Raphael.

The ornaments of the Piccolomini and Zoridadari palaces, and the Aſſumption of the Virgin, by Carlo Maratti, at the Auguſtin convent, deſerve to be particularly noticed, as does alſo a very ancient picture, in wood, of the Virgin, at the church of the Franciſcans, executed by Guido Seneſi, which diſputes the claim of antiquity with that at Florence, and is a curious ſpecimen of painting, in its infancy, ſtiff and rude.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

ROME, Dec. 2.

WE left Sienna with impatience, and with joy that no other place would interfere to check our progreſs to Rome. We ſlept the firſt night at Radiocafani, in a ſolitary houſe, which, for aught I know, was the caſtle built by Deſiderius, king of the Lombards; it ſtands in the centre of bleak hills not far from Chiuſi, the ancient Cluſium, the capital of Porſenna; and what was more important to us, not far from Montepulciano, ſome proofs of which, in tolerable wine, conſoled us for our bad fare. The next morning, having deſcended from our rocky unadorned hills, by or near the old Via Caſſia, to a ſmall wretched village called Ponte Centino, we entered the Pope's territories which were inſtantly characterized by the appearance of idleneſs and dirt. At San Lorenzo, our next ſtage, we had a fine view of

of the expanded lake of Bolſena, and ſoon arrived at the town of Bolſena, where the famous Papiſtical miracle, in confirmation of the real Preſence, was diſplayed, which occaſioned the obſervance of the feaſt of Corpus Chriſti, and which is celebrated by the pencil of Raphael.

Travelling from thence we entered the Boſco Helerno, the ancient Lucus Volſinenſium, where ſome of the Pope's guards demanded money for protecting us againſt the unauthorized banditti who formerly pillaged travellers in this notorious wood. Our route, as we continued our journey under oaks ſcarce yet diſcoloured by the tints of autumn, conducted us through Monteſiaſconi to Viterbo, a large town, of which the inhabitants ſupport twenty-four convents. The air of the neighbourhood is impregnated with ſulphureous particles, which aſcend from a ſmall lake, formed at no great diſtance by the waters which iſſue from a boiling ſpring.

We ſet off, next morning, before "the roſy-fingered morn appeared," or, as it is better expreſſed in Hudibras, before the ſun had,

"In

" In the lap
" Of Thetis taken out his nap."

We hurried through ſome now unrecorded towns, about ſix poſts, to Rome. The poſtilions drove, the laſt miles, with a rapidity that accorded with our impatience, over the deſolate plains of the Campania, where our eager eyes could diſcover ſcarce the veſtige of a ruin, in plains on which Rome muſt formerly have laviſhed its ornaments; where we could diſcern no object between the fine mountains in the horizon but neglected ſlopes of land, a few ſcattered houſes, a few trees, or bits of trees, an old tower but not of Roman antiquity, a monument of thoſe ages of which theſe fertile lands have not yet recovered the devaſtation, a ruin ſince its ruins. Such is the ſad neighbourhood of Rome!

" Mors etiam ſaxis nominibuſque venit."

Death has deſtroy'd its ruins and its name.

St. Peter's was ſeen towering at fifteen or ſixteen miles diſtant; but Rome itſelf diſplayed no magnificence as we approached. No ſtriking character of antiquity, no pomp of

of modern grandeur appeared till we had paſſed the Tibur at Ponte Molle, the Pons Milvius of the ancient city, and driven by the Flaminian way through the Porta del Popoli, built from the famous deſign of Michael Angelo, and were ſtruck with the appearance of the two modern churches, and the Egyptian obeliſk brought from the Circus Maximus, where it had been placed by Auguſtus.

We had no ſooner alighted at Pio's, in the Piazza di Spagna, than we procured a guide and haſtened through ſome dirty ſtreets, and over the bridge of St. Angelo, to St. Peter's.

In the ſpirit of claſſical enthuſiaſm which is kindled at the ſight of Rome, many would, perhaps, enquire firſt for the capitol, the forum, the coliſſæum or the triumphal arches. But the monuments of antiquity we know to be almoſt dilapidated and half concealed amidſt modern buildings, and half buried in their own ruins. We were, as yet, alſo unprovided with an antiquarian, and therefore contented ourſelves with a haſty view of St. Peter's, of the corſo crouded with eccleſiaſtics, of the large and encumbered palaces of the nephews of popes and cardinals, of the churches and public buildings of this diſtinguiſhed city,

and

and then returned to our lodgings, where our rooms were thronged with valets, tradeſmen, and antiquarians, with recommendations from Mr. Jenkins or his ſervants.

As we only arrived here laſt night, and as we are peſtered by a numerous levee this morning, I can ſend you no farther account of this intereſting place at preſent. Lord M——— arrived here this morning, and we find that many of our countrymen are here; lord and lady C——d, and miſs P—tt, with a long liſt beſides.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

ROME, Dec. 10.

BY what variety of features may Rome be characterized! We are confuſed with the unconnected diverſity of objects which we have ſeen in a few days, under the direction of the abbé Andrè, a Cicerone, who attends us upon reaſonable terms, and is an œconomiſt in diſburſements; who is an abſolute walking map, and ſufficiently intelligent in the hiſtory of the antiquities to which he conducts us. We have already viſited many of the fallen monuments of the heathen empire—the ſhattered columns of temples in which idolatry triumphed—the broken remains of aqueducts which conveyed whole rivers to Rome—the crumbling walls of theatres, where gladiators were fed to bleed freely, and taught to die gracefully for the amuſement of unfeeling ſpectators, females as well as males—the

 ſunk

ſunk arches, through which captive ſovereigns were led in chains and inſulted dignity.

Intermixed with theſe, we have ſeen the proud dominion of Papal Rome—the palaces of its ambitious pontiffs—the muſeums, in which the works of ancient genius are collected together with the rival productions of modern times—the churches, in which the ornaments of heathen buildings are introduced with ſplendid, though often incongruous application.

It is vain to look for any features of Pagan or Chriſtian Rome ſeparately: they are ſtrangely blended and incorporated together. It is ſometimes difficult to aſcertain the works of ancient and modern times, and almoſt impoſſible to diſcriminate between the characters of ancient and modern ſuperſtition. Houſes of recent date exhibit the detached and ſculptured fragments of Roman buildings. Chriſtian churches are erected on the foundations, and conſtructed with the materials of heathen temples. The ſtatues of the apoſtles are ſupported by the columns of the emperors; and the remains of the puteoli, deſigned for the reception of the vileſt ſlaves, are loſt in

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the labyrinth of the catacombs, now honoured as the ſepulchre of the primitive martyrs. Could Rome, in its proud day, have foreſeen that the profeſſors of the deſpiſed religion of Jeſus ſhould, in future ages, thus have dominion over the ruins of its Pagan magnificence, how would its haughty creſt have been lowered?

It is really intereſting to conſider, how Papal Rome has riſen from the aſhes, and inveſted itſelf with the pomp of the Gentile city! The church of St. Theodore ſtands on the ruins of a temple erected in honour of the infant founders of Rome, on the ſpot where they were fabulouſly reported to have been nurſed. The church of St. Coſmo and St. Damian unfolds the gates of a temple, dedicated to the ſame reputed founders of the city. That of Santa Maria, ſopra Minerva, beſpeaks its own origin: and without going out of Rome to find the walls of the temple of Bacchus in the church of St. Urbino, we need only obſerve, that the Pantheon, dedicated by Agrippa to Jove and other deities, was conſecrated by Pope Boniface the fourth, to the Virgin and holy martyrs, and by Gregory the fourth to all the ſaints. The Corinthian braſs, deſpoiled from the portico of this temple, was converted into

the canopy, ſupported by its wreathed columns, at the Papal altar of St. Peter's; and the church of St. Paul is decorated with marble pillars, drawn from the mauſoleum of Hadrian.

The ſupporters of the Romiſh faith were pleaſed with the idea of converting the ſanctuaries of falſhood and impiety to the purpoſes of reputed holineſs; and, upon ſimilar principles, they erected the Carthuſian convent over the baths of Dioclesian,—the church of St. Andrea della Valle, on the place where ſtood the theatre of Pompey,—that of St. Marcello, on the ſite of the temple of Iſis, ſuppreſſed even by Tiberius for its infamy,—and that of St. Agnes over ſome public ſtews, from the ſtain of which the ſaint was miraculouſly preſerved, as the elegant ſculpture of Algardi teſtifies.

It would have been well for the integrity and reputation of the ſucceſſors of St. Peter, if they had borrowed only the external materials of the heathen buildings, inſtead of adopting at the ſame time the Pagan rites, and incorporating prophane ceremonies with the purity of the Chriſtian worſhip. But unhappily the temples, dedicated to Chriſtian ſaints, became often as much the ſcenes of idolatry as thoſe which had been devoted to fictitious deities.

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The ſtatues of heroes were converted into thoſe of martyrs, ſtill to receive adoration and to preſide at conſecrated altars. Thoſe who entered the church, like thoſe who entered the temple, ſprinkled themſelves with the luſtral water, enhaled the perfumed incenſe, beheld the lighted taper, and hung up the votive tablet.

The continuance of heathen practices has ſometimes been noticeable in other inſtances. The veſtal virgins revived again in the perſons of nuns—proceſſions of the hoſt but mimicked an ancient pattern—canonized ſaints ſucceeded to tutelary gods, and licentious ceremonies, in honour of indecent emblems, are ſtill remembered *. The circumſtances and appendages of the heathen worſhip were ſometimes adopted, and probably in conſequence of the heathen reproaches, againſt the Chriſtians, for wanting thoſe things which mankind had been accuſtomed to reverence as moſt ſolemn and acceptable to the divinity. They ſhould ſeem, at leaſt by their exact conformity, to reſult from imitation on the

* Witneſs the proceſſions that exiſted, within a century, in Sicily; the finger of St. Coſmo, and the concha veneris worn by pilgrims.

part of the Romaniſts, and not, as the learned but fanciful Warburton imagined, from the general influence of ſuperſtition, producing the ſame effects under both ſyſtems.

Cuſtoms long eſtabliſhed in religion muſt have retained ſome power over thoſe who determined to relinquiſh their errors; and however primitive chriſtianity might reprobate exiſting ſuperſtitions, ſome things were retained as harmleſs in accommodation to prejudice, and ſome were inſenſibly received by that ſpirit of imitation through which manners gradually coaleſce, wherever long intercourſe prevails, as it is eaſy, in civil matters alſo, to trace ſome lines of conformity between the character of ancient and modern Rome.

That the conſequence of this adaptation in religious matters has been prejudicial to the reputation of Papacy, and that the doctrine of the Romiſh church is, in conſequence, in a great degree anti-chriſtian, has been ſhewn by many writers. The ſpirit of its correſpondent inſtitutions was often, perhaps, good, but that ſpirit is now evaporated, and its vital intention decayed, while the church is loaded with an accumulation of barren and deſtructive ceremonies.

One

One feature of purity, however, the Romiſh church has preſented amidſt all its corruptions; a ſpirit of chriſtian benevolence to its members, carried often to exceſs; a ſpirit, demonſtrated in every poſſible diſplay of charity for the ſuccour of every variety of diſtreſs; and hence a ſtriking character of diſtinction may be diſcovered between heathen and papal Rome, in the numberleſs inſtitutions which now exiſt for the relief of human miſery of every kind, and attaching to every age, from the cradle to the grave, and in the proviſion for every want, mental or bodily, that can admit of aſſiſtance or remedy.

At all times there has been ſomething of grandeur in the Roman character: in all ages it has diſplayed features impoſing, at leaſt, though dangerous. In the periods of the republic, we cannot but admire, amidſt military paſſions and a rage for conqueſt, an uncommon generoſity to the vanquiſhed, an invincible fortitude, a diſintereſted patriotiſm, private temperance, and integrity of domeſtic manners. Amidſt the corruption that accompanied the increaſe of empire, we are ſtill dazzled by the diſplay of genius and captivating literature; by a morality highly refined and ſplendid, though debaſed

with inherent errors and mixed with vicious principles; by a vivid animation of eloquence and enchanting graces of poetry. If the virtues of the Romans have been attractive, their vices have been alſo great and extraordinary: their corruption has been vaſt, their ſuperſtitions domineering and of extenſive influence.

The temper of the Romans ever aſpiring, ſtill often exhibits its force in the degenerate race of the preſent day, in which we may notice a commanding preſence, an expreſſive countenance, an impoſing air, a genius and a vigour which need but encouragement and direction to break through the fetters which reſtrict their exertion. If we would advert to the magnificence of the ancient city, as diſcernible in monuments ſtill extant, we muſt conſider, with aſtoniſhment, the grand, though half-dilapidated fabric of Coliſſæum; the extent and accommodations of the Imperial baths, ſpread out like provinces with walks, porticos, and muſeums, enriched with every variety of decoration *; the temples of the

* "Lavacra in modum provinciarum extructa," ſays Ammianus Marcellinus, ſpeaking of the Antonian baths erected

the city and its obelisks, its triumphal arches and well-compacted roads, carried over rivers and mountains to the extremities of the remotest provinces; its aqueducts, its catacombs, its tombs, and its palaces *.

The remaining monuments, erected in the flourishing times of the republic, are inconsiderable when compared with those of its declining state. The Tiber still divides the city, though not with the καθαρον ρεον, "the clear stream" of which Dionysius speaks; but how have the artificial works of men perished!

"Disce hinc quid possit Fortuna, immota labascunt
"Et quæ perpetuo sunt fluitura manent,"

says the ingenious conceit of an Italian poet †.

Mark Fortune's power; fix'd monuments decay,
And things which ever fluctuate ever stay.

Of the Sublician or Æmilian bridge only some piers are now left; of the capitol, the

erected by Caracalla, which contained private baths for 23,000 persons, and were yet smaller than those of Diocleſian.

* In the time of Cæsar there were fourteen aqueducts which supplied 150 spouting fountains and 118 public baths, besides water for the Naumachiæ.

† Janus Vitalis.

site

ſite alone is known: its immobile Saxum has diſappeared; of the temple, where Numa Pompilius had his intercourſe with Ægeria, and derived ſanctions for his ſalutary laws, nothing remains but a dripping grotto with a broken ſtatue; of the great work of the Cloaca Maxima but one arch of a ſewer is to be ſeen.

When an acquaintance with the works of Greece and of other countries produced a taſte for the arts, the emulation of the candidates for popular favour, and the rivalſhip and munificence of Imperial patronage, filled the city with buildings of uſeful or oſtentatious character. The quarries of Egypt were imported, and the marbles of Aſia were worked up to Grecian deſigns. Unfortunately it happened, that the temples erected in the earlier periods, and the edifices built near them in later times, were ſo crouded together, that they muſt have loſt half their effect.

Rome was long bounded by its ſeven hills and raiſed up its works on a confined ſcale. When its dominion increaſed, a predilection for the ſeat of empire ſtill remained; and the arts, though generally introduced, were cramped in their exertions. The neceſſity of fortifying a city, of which the inhabitants were

engaged

engaged in continual wars with the neighbouring powers, required that the ſtreets ſhould be narrow, as more eaſy to be defended, and as occupying a leſs ſpace. Eſtabliſhed plans are not readily altered; and the central part of Rome, for many ages, muſt have been reſtricted to its original dimenſions, which were extremely confined, as we may judge from the ancient plan of Rome diſcovered on a pavement in the church of St. Coſmo and St. Damian; from the dimenſions of the ancient forum; and from the breadth of the via ſacra, a principal ſtreet of Rome, in which its religious proceſſions were diſplayed, and in which Horace and other ſpeculative loiterers ſtrolled, Rome did not dilate into its open ſpaces till eſtabliſhed proſperity excited confidence in the ſecurity of the capital.

Enough, however, of Rome remains, to enable us to trace the progreſs of its architecture from its perfection, in the time of Auguſtus, to its decay in the time of Conſtantine. In viewing the remains of the marble city of the former emperor, we muſt join with St. Auſtin in the wiſh to have ſeen Rome in its ſplendor. In beholding the arch of the latter emperor loaded with the orna-

ments

ments of a happier period, we muſt regret the decay of the arts.

It is one thing, however, to contemplate Rome as an admirer of the fine arts, and another to view it as a philoſopher. In the former character we muſt be gratified at every trace of excellence, in the latter we muſt lament that patronage of the arts which diverted the attention of the free-born ſubjects of Rome from ſchemes ſubverſive of liberty, which gradually adminiſtered to the corruption of the people, and relaxed the ſtern virtues that had eſtabliſhed their proſperity.

The pleaſure received on beholding the ruins of ancient Rome, of whatever nature they may be, muſt be derived principally from the reflections which they ſuggeſt; generally ſpeaking, the ruins have little beauty in their preſent appearance. An architect, indeed, may ſtudy the broken entablatures of the temple of Jupiter Stator as a grammar; a ſculptor may ſpend weeks in ſtudying the Torſo; and a painter may contemplate, as pictureſque objects, the vaulted arches of the temple of Peace; but the general traveller muſt derive his amuſements from recalling the hiſtory, connected with the objects which he

he ſees, and from following up the thoughts which they ſuggeſt; and the ruins of Rome muſt always prove intereſting in proportion to our acquaintance with their hiſtory and our habits of reflection.

The common ſpectator, who glances over the veſtiges of Rome merely as objects of ſight, is ſoon wearied; but the intelligent traveller, who dwells with improving meditation on the changes which the city has ſuſtained, and on the moral cauſes that have effected them, feels conſiderable ſatisfaction in this wonderful place, and finds every object pregnant with inſtruction. The Coliſſæum, ſtriking as a beautiful ruin, does not ſufficiently arreſt our attention, unleſs we recollect not only the ſavage purpoſes to which it was generally applied, but that the altars, raiſed within its circumference, are conſecrated to ſaints martyred there for a religion now triumphant. The temple of Peace becomes more intereſting, if we recollect that in it were lodged the ſpoils brought from Jeruſalem; that it was afterwards burnt, like the temple of which it received the treaſures, and that its riches flowed in a molten ſtream through the ſtreets of Rome. The arch of Titus

Titus will exhibit proofs of the accompliſhment of the Hebrew prophecies, to him who conſiders the ſculptured repreſentations of the ſacrificial veſſels, the tables of the ſhew-bread and of the law, and of the candleſtick with the ſeven branches*. Our piety will be awakened to inſtructive reflections, on remembering that Titus entered through this arch to cloſe the gates of the temple of Peace, in auſpicious teſtimony of an eſtabliſhed concord emblematical of that Peace which Chriſtianity, aboliſhing the Jewiſh polity, ſhould finally produce. The inſcription on the arch of Conſtantine becomes really curious to the reader, who, in the expreſſion of the emperor's having ſaved the republic "by an impulſe of the divinity and the greatneſs of his own mind †," diſcovers an alluſion to the dream which hiſtorians repreſent to have preceded the victory over Maxentius: and in traverſing the vaſt tract which was covered by the palace of Nero, it is ſatisfactory to

* It is well known that the Jews have always ſtudiouſly avoided to paſs under this arch, which reminded them of their departed polity and proſperity, forfeited agreeably to ancient prophecy.

† "—Inſtinctu divinitatis et mentis magnitudine."

recollect,

recollect, with Orosius, that a building, polluted by crimes, and from which Christianity was cruelly persecuted, was marked out as a monument of destruction by divine vengeance.

The edifices of the papal times, like the ambitious projects of the papal power, have been scarce inferior to those of pagan Rome; and the considerations which they suggest are often as important and interesting as those which arise from reflection on the heathen works. The fountains, and palaces, the convents, and churches, compleated by the popes, have almost rivalled the labours of antiquity. The vatican is said to contain eleven thousand rooms, and with its gardens to occupy a space equal to that covered by the city of Turin. Twenty millions sterling had been expended on St. Peter's in the time of Fontana, and who that has seen it regrets the cost?

The painters and sculptors of Leo the Xth, were scarce inferior to those of the emperors, and they employed their talents on much higher subjects; for, instead of imitating the fierce and turbulent passions which characterised the heroes of antiquity, the modern artists were animated to the highest emulation

by

by the ſublime emotions of religion. Sixtus the Vth embelliſhed Rome, if not as much as Auguſtus, at leaſt, according to Voltaire, as much as Henry the IVth did Paris, though the national hiſtorian informs us, with the vanity of a Frenchman, that this was the leaſt boaſt of Henry though the greateſt of Sixtus *.

The church, it is true, has had its periods of taſte in the arts, and its periods of decay. Its temples, where the graceful dome is ſuſpended, where the breathing ſtatue and the living picture are ſhewn, are too often encumbered with rich materials and elaborate ornaments; its virgins dreſſed out in trumpery, and its altars covered with tinſel, are expoſed where we might admire the deſigns of Bramante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. With ſuch trumpery, however, many are as well pleaſed: and ſtrangers ſtare with aſtoniſhment, when they are told of the value of the falſe ſtones, and lack-luſtre diamonds which have been preſented by the Ananias's of former times.

* Sixtus reſtored the fountain of Maſſa, of which the ſource was twenty miles from Rome, near the ancient Præneſte, and conducted it by an aqueduct of 13,000 paces on arcades.

The

The preſent pontiff ſeems more diſpoſed to collect the productions of former ages than to excite living genius. The vatican is enlarged, and its apartments are daily altered for the reception of the works of antiquity which are conſtantly dug up from the rubbiſh of ſucceſſive devaſtations, to increaſe the collection. Scarce a picture of any value is allowed to be ſent away from Rome, as it is well underſtood of what advantage the works of art are in drawing ſtrangers to this capital. Mr. Durno with difficulty paſſed out a picture of Parmegiano under the name of another painter, though Sir W. Hamilton paid 1500 l. to him for it for Lord A——.

But little encouragement is given to modern artiſts either by the pope or the Roman nobility, who are content with exhibiting the treaſures of hereditary poſſeſſion; and they, whoſe anceſtors rewarded the labours of Michael Angelo, now ſcarce afford to pay an artiſt to copy portraits; and when they do, they chiefly encourage foreigners. The French and Engliſh, indeed, are now the chief promoters and patrons of the fine arts. The French have hitherto conſtantly employed twelve ſtudents in architecture, ſculpture, and painting,

ſupported through a noble inſtitution eſtabliſhed by the proud patronage of Louis XIV. in which they are liberally ſupplied with whatever may contribute to the progreſs of the arts. Many of them have diſplayed great excellence. I hope that the œconomical arrangements of the modern reformers, in France, will not cut off the ſupplies which the munificence of royalty has furniſhed. The Engliſh academy ſends but one ſtudent every three years, who is alternately an architect, a ſculptor, and a painter; and who is allowed 100l. per ann. beſides travelling expences, which is ſufficient. The funds, one ſhould have hoped, might have afforded to ſupport one in each department. The preſent ſtudent is Mr. H——d, brother to Mrs. C——, who intends to expoſe a very elegant deſign for a mauſoleum, in the next exhibition at Somerſet-houſe: perhaps the choice would have been more attractive, in our country, if it had been a deſign for a ſenate-houſe. As his taſte and execution are very good, one wiſhes his works to have every intereſt that may draw attention. Mr. H—— furniſhed the deſigns for ſome additions to Mr. P—n's houſe at S——.

Many

Many individuals ſtudy here at their private coſt, and do great credit to our country, in painting and ſculpture. Among thoſe in the former department, deſerve particularly to be mentioned Mr. Flaxman and Mr. Dear, both of whom have a bold and original genius; and among thoſe of the latter, we were much pleaſed with the works of Mr. More, Mr. Head, Mr. Robinſon, Mr. Gregnon, Mr. Fagan, and Mr. Durno, and of many others whom I hope it is not invidious to omit.

Theſe artiſts, with Angelica Kauffman and many others, reſide at Rome rather to gratify their own taſte than in expectation of preſent patronage. The liberality of the pope, however, is not to be diſputed: his taſte only does not lead him to the encouragement of modern ſculpture or painting. He expends large ſums in promoting the improvement of moſaic works, which are well executed at Rome. The works of antiquity in this line have all nearly periſhed. Pavement is occaſionally diſcovered; and the little piece of the four Doves, which Pliny admired at a villa of Trajan, ſtill remains at Rome to rival the beautiful works in moſaic, which daily encreaſe the collection

at St. Peter's, and which at a diſtance, deceive us as paintings of firſt maſters. The pope's general expences are not large; he has the power, therefore, to indulge his taſte. His civil eſtabliſhment exhibits few attendants at the vatican; and his military appointment conſiſts of a few domeſtic troops, who appear, on great days, in a motley dreſs with antique helmets and breaſt-plates, that hang looſely upon them, and who garriſon Civita Vecchia, Urbino, and Ferrara, with, perhaps, a few other places. His holineſs has been commended for attending to more important concerns than the purſuits of taſte; and we join in praiſing him for having drained the Pontine marſhes, a work which baffled the conſul Cethegus and the emperors of Rome, and which is now completely effected to the great convenience of the traveller.

His endeavours to encourage commerce have been more commendable than ſucceſsful. If he had equally exerted himſelf in other things ſtill more eſſential; if he had encouraged the peaſantry to ſettle on the dreary waſtes of the Campania, had given up the preemption of its produce which damps all ſpirit

of

of induſtry, and by taxing the land inſtead of the produce, had induced his ſubjects to cultivate his once fertile territory; if he had ſet up a regular and ſtrict policy, puniſhed individual acts of revenge, and eſtabliſhed a fair and ſpeedy adminiſtration of juſtice; if he had rouſed the nobility to uſeful ſervices, aboliſhed monopolies, even that of corn now poſſeſſed by his own nephew *, and reformed a vicious clergy to Chriſtian virtues, he would then have conferred eſſential obligations on his country, and have ſupported the declining power of the papacy which now totters to deſtruction. We ſhould have then ſeen his territories flouriſh; we ſhould have ſeen his reſidence not a ſad mixture of magnificence and dirt, a ſcene of eccleſiaſtical pomp and wretched poverty, a city of ſpiritual pride and hideous beggary †; where ignorance triumphs

* Thoſe who are inclined to conſider the pope as antichriſt, will recollect that St. John foretold of the beaſt, "that no man might buy or ſell, ſave he that had the mark, or the name of the beaſt, or the number of his name." Rev. xiii. 17.

† The miſerable wretches expoſed to excite compaſſion in the ſtreets of Rome, are the moſt melancholy and diſguſting objects that it is poſſible to contemplate: they

triumphs in the incredulity of the higher and in the ſuperſtition of the lower ranks; where vice and ſin of every kind predominate; where proſtitution holds out its lures at every window; where aſſaſſinations are daily committed in the face of day, and known murderers beg for charity under the porches of every church; and where a cardinal, now in exile at Genoa*, was condemned for attempting to poiſon a brother of the conclave.

To ſuch undertakings, however, under exiſting obſtacles, the preſent pope is unequal. With good intentions and ſome exertions he aims not at ſuch arduous labours, but is contented with publicly kiſſing the foot of St. Peter with the zeal of a pilgrim; with officiating gracefully on the great days; with improving his muſeum, and with cultivating ſacred literature, the cauſe of which he has ſerved, by publiſhing, in 1784, a fine edition of St.

are totally disfigured by the effects of vice and diſeaſe.—He who has ſeen them may fancy that

" Laniatum corpore toto
" Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,
" Ora, manuſque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
" Auribus, et truncas inhoneſto vulnere nares."

* Cardinal C——i.

Maximus,

Maximus, with a well-written dedication to Victor Amadeus, and by extending ſome countenance to men of diſtinguiſhed talents.

Many of his ſubjects, not ſatisfied with ſuch pretenſions to their favour, ſeem to feel little regret at a paralytic affection under which he now labours: unleſs, indeed, from apprehenſions that he may not outlive the carnival. Many think that the papal power will expire in him; and obſerve, with apparent pleaſure, that the niches in St. Paul's church are now filled up, except one deſtined for the reception of the portrait of Braſchi. Severe epigrams are often affixed on the ſtatues of Marphone and Paſquin, on which the libels of antiquity were hung. Diſcuſſions are common, in which the ſuppreſſion of convents, in neighbouring territories of Florence, is pronounced to be deſerving imitation; and the writings of the Reformed church, in ſpite of interdictions, make their way. Let us hope that when reformation begins, as begin it muſt, it may come gently, that it may facilitate a re-union with the Reformed churches, a conſummation devoutly to be wiſhed, to which the church of England is ſincerely inclined, and bends with increaſ-

ing favour; anxious only to ſee the cauſes of ſeparation removed and palpable errors given up, which may be thought, indeed, the more practicable ſince many of the Romiſh writers have almoſt explained away the offenſive part of many of their doctrines, indefenſible as they are, and often refuted as they have been *.

* See a ſenſible Treatiſe on this ſubject by the ingenious Mr. Dutens ſur L'Egliſe du Pape.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

ROME, Dec. 20.

ROME is very full of Engliſh, many of whom are lodged near each other in the Piazza di Spagna. They aſſociate much together, preferring the company of their countrymen to the being carried in crouds, under Mr. Jenkins's protection, to concerts and converzationes, at the houſe of princeſs Santa Croce, or the cardinal de Bernis.

The cardinal de Bernis is well known to have formerly entertained all ſtrangers at his houſe with great hoſpitality; but as his revenues from France have been withheld he now receives company only of an evening. The two aunts of the French king are now with him. They were viſited on their arrival by the pope, which is an unuſual mark of attention from his holineſs. They confine themſelves to a ſmall ſociety. The Engliſh at

theſe

thefe houfes do not intermix much with the Romans. They are fomewhat regardlefs of etiquette, and they do not often fpeak Italian with fluency; and the Romans diflike to fpeak French. The two parties, therefore, like the ftreams of the Rhine and the Arve, near Geneva, flow in the fame current without mingling together. At the prince de Borghefe's the parties are more felect and pleafant; but it requires private introduction to be admitted to them. There are no public amufements at Rome except during the carnival, a time of neceffary relaxation, when the ancient difcipline of the church was obferved. During the reft of the year there are concerts, indeed, in the churches: the vocal performers are Caftratos, who fhould not be permitted to fing in facred edifices, efpecially in a country where emafculation prevails to an extent that requires difcouragement of every kind. The Roman nobility are chiefly the defcendants of the relations of the pope's, and confequently often of foreign extraction. A few of them boaft of being derived from the ancient Romans. The two branches of the Maffimi family claim a defcent from Fabius Maximus, who, in the flourifhing period of the fecond

Punic

Punic war, was the diſintereſted poſſeſſor of nine acres of land. They certainly can trace their pedigree to the tenth century, when they were a powerful family. There are alſo three branches of the deſcendants of Valerius Publicola *, whoſe anceſtor, with Herſilia, effected the reconciliation between the Romans and Sabines, and who himſelf joined with Brutus in delivering his country from the tyranny of Tarquin, and reconciled Porſenna to Rome. The Urſini, the Colonna, and the Savelli families, with a few others, pretend alſo a deſcent from diſtinguiſhed perſonages of the republic; but their pretenſions are leſs ſatisfactorily ſupported.

Since I have laſt written to you, we have made an excurſion to Tivoli, to which we drove, over eight miles dreary waſte of the Campania, a country once deſcribed, by Varro, as an orchard, and excelling all lands in fertility. The parts of it which are now thinly inhabited, are laboured by perſons who repair to it for a ſeaſon from Viterbo, Perugia, and other parts of Italy: the Roman territories being depopulated by caſtration, celibacy, and bad government. The few tenants of the

* The Publicolæ Meſſalæ et Valerii.

diſtrict

diſtrict prefer the pure air of the mountains to that of the plains, rendered unwholeſome by the noxious vapours which aſcend from ſtagnant waters and a volcanic ſoil*. Theſe, it is true, were experienced in ancient times, as we learn from Livy, but in a leſs degree, as the atmoſphere was then corrected by vegetation, and the breath of herds and men.

The volcanic nature of the country about Rome tends to confirm the opinion of thoſe who, from the language of St. John, recollect that Rome, like Sodom, ſhall "be utterly burnt with fire," that ſhe ſhall "ſink like a great mill-ſtone in the ſea," and "her ſmoke riſe up for ever and ever." Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth, a work of ſublime fancy and extravagant reaſoning, attempted to ſpeculate upon the mode of this deſtruction; and it is curious to ſee how a theoriſt gets over difficulties that obſtruct his ſcheme. The

* Not many years ago ſome perſons united themſelves into a ſociety, with deſign to inſtruct the poor perſons who live in the worſt parts of the Campania. They were entitled the Paſſioniſti. Their charitable intentions were fruſtrated by the interference of government, which wiſhed to ſave the lives of perſons ſo worthy. The interference was here impolitic; it was benevolent in its intention, but not in its effects.

inge-

ingenious writer leaſt, from the ſituation of Italy, the ſea ſhould be thought likely to extinguiſh the conflagration which he ſuppoſed to take place, imagines that the ocean and Black Sea, from which the Mediterranean is ſupplied, will ſink in their channels ſo low as not to be capable of flowing into the Mediterranean at each end; and theſe ſupplies being cut off, it would ſoon empty itſelf ſo far, partly by evaporation and partly by ſubterraneous paſſages, as to ſhrink from all its ſhores and become a ſtanding pool of water in the middle of the channel.

I ſhall not dilate in an account of the Ponte Lucano, by which we paſſed the Arno about twelve miles from Rome; of the Crater, of the extinguiſhed volcano, and of the Solfaterra, with its floating iſlands of compacted reed and bulruſh, not far from which the unfortunate and ungenerous Zenobia, the beautiful patroneſs and betrayer of Longinus, lived in an elegant villa, given her by her conqueror Aurelian; and from the elevation of a throne inſenſibly ſunk, as Gibbon tells us, into a Roman Matron; her daughters being married into Roman families, and the race being continued to the fifth century. Baronius ſuppoſes

ſuppoſes Zenobius, biſhop of Florence in the time of St. Ambroſe, to have been deſcended from her.

The ſcenery of Tivoli; the fine ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, of which the arches ſtill diſplay a great range of front covered now with vineyards; the caſcades, ſome of which ruſh headlong from the ruins to ſwell the Arno; the hills, covered with olives, among which the fancy may trace veſtiges of the villas of Cæſar, Caſſius, Lepidus, Horace, Quintilius Varus, Catullus, Propertius, Statius, and Vopiſcus, and compare their deſcriptions with exiſting ſcenes; and the elegance and projecting ſwell of the Sybil's temple, hanging over the grotto of Neptune, led us on to a ſucceſſion of the moſt intereſting contemplations that could amuſe and delight the mind. Our reflections were brought down to later times when we were conducted to the villa Eſtenſe, near the town where Hippolito of Eſte, cardinal of Ferrara, "the great offspring of the Herculean line," to whom Arioſto dedicated his Orlando Furioſo, built up his taſteleſs and elaborate ſtructure, and gardens, and terraſſes, and grottoes, and other artificial works in face of the bold and

uncon-

uncontrolled beauties of the neighbouring country. At night, though I ſlept in a room close to the temple of the Sybil, or of Veſta as ſome think it, and heard the wind roar through its time-injured columns, my mind was ſometimes engaged in modern events, ſuggeſted to memory by the name of lord P——e and of B—— written on the walls.

After ſeeing Tivoli we viſited, with leſs pleaſure, Freſcati, where the modern Romans, as well as thoſe of ancient times, paſs a few of thoſe weeks when it is moſt unhealthy to remain at Rome. The villas are ſtately, the gardens large and adorned with water-works, hydraulic organs, buſts, ſtatues, &c. The prince de Borgheſe, from the villa Taverna, may contemplate an eſtate of 60,000 crowns per annum, ſpread, as may be imagined, over a vaſt extent of country, ſince its lands are but little cultivated, and few flocks, or herds, or chearful villages, or farms, are to be ſeen. If I were to ſpeak to you of the ſtupendous and intereſting ruins of Hadrian's villa, of the endleſs ſucceſſion of its buildings, of which the forms and even ornaments are ſtill diſcernible, I muſt write a volume.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

ROME, Dec. 25.

I DID not close up my letter that I might send you a short account of the ceremonies of this day, on which we were present, by ten o'clock, at St. Peter's, and saw the pope officiate between two rows of cardinals richly dressed. Their cloaks were covered with the finest lace. The Latin and Greek gospel and epistle were chaunted by the priests of the respective churches. The frequent change of the pope's dress, between which he was sometimes stripped to his flannels, unfortunately suggested ludicrous ideas, and disconcerted the muscles even of some attendant ecclesiastics. He received the communion in both kinds himself, sucking the drop of wine from the chalice through a golden quill or pipe, a custom introduced about the tenth century, and soon discontinued, except by the pope. His holiness afterwards administered the wafer to each of the cardinals. After he had performed the service, he was carried on men's shoulders, wearing the tiara. A large feather waved

waved on each ſide of his chair. We were ſhocked at the oſtentatious diſplay of grandeur in a weak mortal, in a church erected to the honour of God. It was ſomething, however, amidſt unmeaning parade and illdirected attention, to ſee an object almoſt idolized and lifted up to the higheſt pitch of human vanity, only to proſtrate himſelf in voluntary abaſement to the ſuppoſed body of Chriſt.

LETTER XXXI.

NAPLES, Jan. 5, 1792.

ON leaving Rome we drove over other parts of the deſerted Campania, rendered intereſting by the extenſive ruins of an aqueduct, and by the veſtiges of a few buildings, and bounded on one ſide by the ſlopes of Freſcati prettily covered with houſes. On the road was no buſy throng, no loaded cars of merchandize. A little ſhrivelled deſcendant of ſome one of the pope's nephews riding effeminately on a managed horſe, led by a page on foot, was the chief modern object, on a road which led us by the monuments of Aſcanius and the Horatii.

As we approached Veletri the country improved in cultivation. There was the appearance of vineyards and of olive-trees, of wine that gladdens the heart of man, and of oil to make him of a chearful countenance.

Veletri is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been the birth-place of Auguſtus. It was, certainly, ſometimes the ſeat of the reſidence of the emperors; and the ruins of Otho's palace are ſtill to be ſeen in the neighbourhood. As it is not above twenty or twenty-five miles from Rome, it was near enough to partake of the viciſſitudes of the capital. It now contains about 15,000 inhabitants. Its wine was celebrated in the time of Pliny; but, like other parts of Italy, it appears to have loſt the art of making it well. It affords but indifferent accommodations, indeed, of any kind to travellers. We were informed that we might have ſlept at the Ginetti palace, of which the ſtaircaſe is ſo much admired; but we diſliked the idea of a deſerted manſion, where we muſt have heard the wind howl, through vacant courts, on a night ſtormy enough for the machinations of the Witches in Macbeth, or for Lear to have ſheltered his degraded head in the hovel of Mad Tom.

The next morning after having paſſed through a country ſlightly variegated with cultivation, we entered on the Pontine marſhes, and proceeded rapidly over a fine road above fens, as extended and dreary as

thoſe of Lincolnſhire, about ſix poſts and half to Terracina, of which the fine ſpiral rock, formerly called Reato, and a ſea view opened beautifully. It is a ſmall town with a church built on the lofty ſummit, where ſtood, in ancient days, on the white rocks of Anxur, a temple of Jupiter. The neighbourhood of Terracina exhibits a beautiful diſplay of the productions of the Italian climate. As we ſkirted a bay of the ſea we admired the fine hills, at the foot of which the road runs, and which are covered up their ſides with myrtles, bay-trees, the acanthus, the lentiſcus, and occaſionally the palm-tree, among which the goats brouze.

Having entered the Neapolitan dominions, as we approached Fundi we were ſtruck with the ſight of an orchard of orange trees, the firſt that we had ſeen; for though theſe trees abound towards Nice, and in ſome ſheltered and more mild ſpots of Italy, they are confined in the parts which we have hitherto viſited to gardens, in which they are covered during ſome of the winter months: thoſe which we ſaw near Fundi were about the ſize of a large apple tree; they are clumpy, but ſomewhat too round and regular to produce a picturesque effect, notwithſtanding the beauty of the

the golden fruit contrafted with the green of its leaves.

We were much pleafed with the fine cork trees which grow in the neighbourhood. They retain their beautiful fable green leaves, which refemble thofe of the ilex during the winter months. They are, probably, of fomewhat modern introduction into Italy, fince Pliny fays, that there were none in his time*; though the bark was formerly efteemed excellent to make bee-hives, and not to mention its other general ufes, it was fometimes applied to medical purpofes; cups compofed of it being thought beneficial for the ufe of hectical perfons, and the afhes being fuppofed, when drunk, to ftop the bloody flux.

Fundi, which is the firft Neapolitan town, reminded me of Cicero's account of its inhabitants, who ftill feem to preferve the irafcibility of which he fpeaks. We faw one of the poftillions draw a knife here, in a difpute with our courier†. This neighbourhood gave birth to the monfter Tiberius, who, on

* Nat. Hift. L. 16. c. 8.

† "Trati. Animi." L. 6. Epift. 13.

leaving Rome, firſt retired to his native ſeat in the adjacent territory of Fundi with a ſmall attendance, with deſign, as Tacitus in part ſuſpects, to conceal from an obſervant capital the diſplay of that luſt and cruelty of which it experienced the effects; and aſhamed of the deformity of a ſtature emaciated and bent, of a head deſpoiled of hair, and of a face ulcerated and marked by medical applications. The reputed cave is ſtill to be ſeen, ſome of the ſtones of which fell at an entertainment, of which the tyrant partook, and cruſhed ſome of his miniſters to death, when Sejanus eſtabliſhed his deſtructive influence over the emperor, by oppoſing his body to ſhelter him from the impending miſchief which threatened the termination of his crimes *.

The inhabitants of this country have had a bad character from the higheſt antiquity. The Leſtrigones, or men-eaters of Homer, lived about two poſts farther, at Mola di Gaeta. They were a ſavage race, who profited by the diſtreſſes of the unhappy ſufferers driven on their coaſt. Cicero was killed in this neighbourhood. We, however, travelled

* Tacit. Annal. L. 4. c. 58.

ſafely

ſafely by the light of a beautiful moon, to Mola di Gaeta, through a country ſomewhat rude, though its hills formerly produced the Cæcuban wine, and are ſtill covered with olives.

Mola di Gaeta is a ſmall fiſhing town, beautifully ſituated at the head of a delightful bay.

The whole neighbourhood ſwarms with inhabitants, whom induſtry might cloath better, but who ſeem to prefer dirt and poverty with indolence, to wealth with labour. From Mola di Gaeta, we had a charming ride the next morning, along a fine terras covered with myrtles and olives, to Carigliano, where we paſſed the river Carigliano, the ſilent Liris of antiquity, and the boundary of ancient Latium, near which are the remains of an aqueduct that belonged to Minturnæ, and the plains where the Romans fought with the Tarentines, aided by Phyrrus. The drive from thence, by St. Agade and Francoleſi, to Capua, is leſs adorned by vegetation; it is, however, populous and fertile. We were contented with the ſight of modern Capua, without turning aſide to examine the remains

of the ancient city, where the troops of Hannibal were debauched, and where the ruins of an amphitheatre exhibit ſome proof of its ancient ſplendor.

From Capua we had two poſts to Naples, where we arrived as the evening cloſed, and drove down the throng of the Strada di Toledo, lighted with candles at the ſtalls, placed on each ſide, as occaſional ſhops of proviſions, which, together with the lamps at the madonnas, and the flambeaus of a ſtring of carriages, produced a gay effect of illumination. We admired the addreſs of the good father, who, by thus inducing the people to ſet up candles at the images of ſaints, rendered ſuperſtition a ſource of light.

We took up our abode at the hotel de Venice. The next morning, though the 29th of December, we breakfaſted upon the plat-form of ſome leads which hang over the border of this beautiful bay, admiring, under a ſummer's ſun, Veſuvius, from the conical top of which iſſued a cloudy column of ſmoke; and around us the white and chearful buildings that encircle the bay, the iſland of Capri, and the ſhore of Portici. Finding

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our lodging, however, inconvenient, we moved to Labotte's, a ſituation equally beautiful as to ſome of its rooms; from one of which I can ſee the mountain from my bed.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

NAPLES, Jan. 20.

NO place that I have ſeen has ever ſtruck me ſo much as Naples. The beauties of the bay are numberleſs, and Europe cannot ſhew a walk more delightful than that in which we loitered the firſt morning contemplating the gay company, among which we found many of our countrymen; and admiring the ſtriking and admirable piece of ſculpture, the Tauro Farneſe, in which, on a ſingle block of white marble, are repreſented Amphion and Zethus in the act of tying their ſtep-mother to the horns of a wild bull in order to throw her, with it, into the ſea.

This magnificent work, it is to be feared, may ſuffer from its expoſure to the weather. The ſea-air, if I miſtake not, is unfavourable to marble. The port and the pier at Naples, are, likewiſe, very beautiful; but the general diſtribu-

diſtribution of the city is not ſtriking. The Neapolitan ſtile of architecture is bad; ſome of the churches are handſome, and extremely rich in ornaments: the pictures which they contain do not engage attention after thoſe at Rome.

It is the cuſtom, on arrival at Naples, as it is alſo at Spa and other places, to ſend round cards to the principal ſtrangers; an attention which, though it does not eſtabliſh an acquaintance, facilitates intercourſe. Sir W. H——n has been abſent with the king almoſt ever ſince we arrived; we ſoon obtained, however, an introduction to his lady, and have been ſtruck, as all are, by her perſon and accompliſhments. During the abſence of the ambaſſador ſhe received company, for an hour or two every evening, before the opera. She has alſo occaſional concerts, in which ſhe herſelf joins, and very kindly aſſiſts the Engliſh in their introduction to the houſes of other ambaſſadors. She is univerſally received with that reſpect which her ſituation and eminent qualities deſerve, and is particularly noticed, with a very flattering attention, by the queen. With the little that we have ſeen of Sir W. we are much pleaſed: he is very intelligent and

and affable, and very attentive to thoſe who have proper recommendations to him. The houſe of Sir J. D——s is, likewiſe, open to the Engliſh; and he has, generally, a public day, once a week, for cards and converſation, from which he endeavours to exclude the Italians, though with little ſucceſs, ſince they ſometimes do not wait for invitation.

At theſe houſes, and at thoſe of the bankers, as well as at their private lodgings, the Engliſh meet very ſociably and with little form. They likewiſe intermix with perſons of diſtinction from other countries. There is an aſſemblage of foreigners, from all parts, who meet at the houſes of the different ambaſſadors; and alſo at the academy, for admiſſion to which, it is neceſſary to be furniſhed with tickets by the ambaſſadors, and to be provided with a full dreſs. At this academy is a good concert, and cards, and principes and principeſſas in crouds.

The Neapolitan nobles do not ſtand high in their general character. Extremely uneducated, and holding literature in contempt, the men have little but their good humour to recommend them. Their evenings are generally ſpent at cards or at an inſipid opera; and they

they have not thoſe common ſources of information, which, in other countries, are opened in newſpapers and dramatic entertainments. At a great diſtance from their ſovereign they maintain reciprocally a proud ſuperiority over their dependants, and are ſeldom taught the uſeful knowledge of their own deficiencies, by aſſociating with any of the learned profeſſion, except a few of the clergy.

The author of an old Deſcription of Naples ſpeaks of its moſt ſkilful theologians, its excellent doctors, its rare (I ſuppoſe ſcarce) philoſophers, its accompliſhed phyſicians, its excellent orators, its acute counſellors, its diſtinguiſhed poets—where are they vaniſhed? Its theologians, doctors, and philoſophers, ſeem to have retired, in diſguſt, from ſociety; its accompliſhed phyſicians are marvelloufly reduced in number, and modeſtly yield the precedency, in practice, to a Scotchman; oratory is, alas! on the decline; law is degenerate, and poetry very feeble in its productions. A few individuals, occaſionally, are to be found, who are ſufficiently enlightened to bewail the general ignorance which prevails, and which they perceive, that it muſt require much

much time and many changes to remove. Even theſe, however, too frequently aſtoniſhed at the magnitude of the errors which they diſcover, are inconſiderately led to ſuſpect the reality of truths beſt eſtabliſhed; and diſguſted with the abuſes of power and the follies of ſuperſtition, become wild in politics and ſceptical in religion.

To ſpeak of the female ſex without commendation is always an unpleaſing taſk: we cannot but wiſh, however, that the natural endowments of the women of Naples were more improved, by education, than they appear to be. Brought up in the ſuperſtitious ignorance of a convent, they are very deficient in acquired knowledge and accompliſhments; and we are concerned to find, that ſome are not even inſtructed to read. A few of the higher ranks ſpeak French, but they are diſinclined to engage in converſation in that language; and their own Italian they ſpeak very coarſely, though often from pretty mouths and with much good humour. Education, if it ſhould not reform that vicious levity which is known to prevail in their conduct, would at leaſt reſtrain and throw a veil of greater decency over that corruption

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which ſaps the principles of domeſtic life, and leſſens the number of amiable wives and affectionate mothers.

In England, thanks to the exiſtence of religion and a reſpect for the true happineſs of life, the value of fidelity and virtue are ſtill felt; and they who depart from them are compelled to affect their appearance or to retreat from ſociety:—ſuch, alas! is not the caſe at Naples; the very air of the place ſeems to be ſeductive; its effects have been diſplayed in many generations. Roger Aſcham properly obſerved to Sir Richard Sackville, ſpeaking indeed of Italy in general, "I take goying thither, and living there, for a yonge gentleman that doth not goe under the kepe and garde of ſuch a man as both by wiſdom can, and authority dare, rewle him, to be marvelous dangerous *."

The public amuſements at Naples are various and ſplendid. The opera-houſe, its decorations and performers are in a ſuperior ſtyle. We have heard Banti with ſingular pleaſure: ſhe occaſionally ſings at our ambaſſador's. The inferior theatres are tolerably

* See his School-maſter.

ſupported,

ſupported, but little frequented. We ſaw at one of them a tranſlation of Richard Cœur de Lion. Our prince Auguſtus, who lives under the brow of Veſuvius at Portici, partakes of the amuſements here as a private man, and receives viſits from the Engliſh. He was lately entertained at a ſplendid dinner by the king, who is fond of obliging all perſons, and particularly civil to the Engliſh. Our ambaſſador is diſtinguiſhed from among the reſt by every mark of kindneſs, and Mr. A—— is prime miniſter. Should we ever have occoſion, therefore, for the aſſiſtance of the Neapolitans in the Mediterranean, it may be preſumed that the counſels would be in our favour.

The Engliſh are often invited to be ſpectators of the hunting-matches, at which his majeſty ſlaughters hundreds of boars, which being preſerved in his woods, and fattened on the huſks of grapes, on morelles, truffles and cheſnuts, furniſh admirable food, and of a flavour infinitely ſuperior to that of any pork which I have elſewhere taſted. Some of theſe boars are preſerved in the crater of the extinguiſhed volcano at Aſtrume, which is ſix miles in circumference, and of which the lava is covered

covered with woods, as was that of Vesuvius before the eruption in 1631. It is no uncommon circumstance for his majesty's party to butcher many hundreds of these boars in a few days. Sir W. H. informs us that they have killed a thousand in less than three weeks since he has been out. Naples is filled with pork, and the stalls in every street are covered with its brawny rolls.

The king is a favourite with his people. The qualities of his heart are good; but he seldom puts his subjects to the blush by the display of superiority in acquired knowledge. He conciliates their affections by condescension. His dominions are badly governed: they abound with people insufficiently employed. Few exertions are made to counteract the national indolence of the natives, which might be done by the simple encouragement of allowing the exportation of corn. No measures are adopted to suppress their crimes by a rigorous administration of justice: and as poverty is very general notwithstanding the fertility of the country, it is unsafe to travel in Calabria, or, indeed, any where but in the public roads. At Naples the use of the

ſtilletto has been as common as in the other parts of Italy. Sir W. H——, though ambaſſador from the moſt reſpected court in Europe, was obliged, lately, to bribe higher than the culprit, in order to obtain the puniſhment of a perſon who was known, ſeveral times, to have ſtabbed his porter, though happily not with mortal wounds. The priſons are full of wretched murderers ſcarce ſenſible enough of the enormity of murder to feel the miſery which they deſerve.

The guide who occaſionally conducts to the different places which are viſited in the neighbourhood, and who acts under the direction of Mr. Clarke, the excellent and pleaſant antiquarian here, is publicly underſtood, and acknowledges himſelf to have murdered two or three perſons; but he acts upon honour and with regard to his reputation, with the parties whom he eſcorts. Confeſſion and payment for the performance of a ſtipulated number of maſſes may generally eaſe the wounded conſcience of an Italian, every crime being excuſed by the indulgent contrivances of the Romiſh church. Her prieſts, inſtead of enlightening the minds of the people, keep up ſuperſtitious ignorance

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perform their bungling tricks, draw expensive offerings from misguided devotion, amuse the imagination with splendid ceremonies, illuminations, and parade of ornament; and teach their wealthy followers to display their idle vanity in costly presepios or representations of the circumstances of Christ's nativity.

The present chief civil magistrate of the city appears to have been roused by the extent of crimes, and has exerted himself in an unusual manner to suppress them. His jurisdiction is confined; but the effects of his endeavours are sufficiently visible, and prove that authority, firmly and steadily employed, would do much to suppress the abuses which prevail.

The government here is supported by a strong military force; its numbers have been lately reduced, but they have been much improved in their discipline by the exertions of general Salis, who was invited here for that purpose. The navy consists but of a few ships. The king wished to encrease it, but has been dissuaded.

Wretched as the government is, there are few murmurs; the people being sensible that

they are better circumſtanced than when under the deſpotiſm of their former viceroys, one of whom once introduced the plague to thin the number of revolting ſubjects. The poorer ranks are content to live in the ſtreets, in numbers that excite great ideas of the population of the country; who are ſolicitous only for the food of the day and for the protection of St. Januarius, to whom they ſuppoſe God to have deputed the charge of Naples, as vicegerent of the department, eſpecially againſt the deſtructive eruptions of Veſuvius.

Of the Lazaroni, who ſwarm in every ſtreet, you have heard much, but poſſibly are not informed for what reaſon they were ſo ſtyled. The duke of Guiſe tells us, in his Memoirs, that they firſt aſſumed it in the revolution which he ſupported againſt the Spaniards, as deſcriptive, probably, of the wretchedneſs which they ſuffered under the oppreſſion of their tyrannical governors, as former revolters in Flanders took the title of gueux, or beggars, and aſſumed the habit of mendicants; ſo others in Guienne were called croquants, a term of ſimilar import; a third ſet in Normandy, piednuds or bare-feet; and

a fourth

a fourth in Beauſſe and Soulange, ſabotiers. The Calviniſt's, in France, were ſtyled parpaillots; and the Proteſtants, in general, Huguenot's, from the circumſtance of their aſſembling in conventicles, and in cellars under ground, at Tours, near Hugo's gate *: titles ſometimes affixed as ſtigmas, but more often deſigned to excite compaſſion, or to ſeduce to diſcontent †.

* Davila, ch. 1.

† So the ever memorable and ever to be deteſted ſans culotes: the ferocious wretches ſans decency, ſans humanity, ſans common ſenſe, ſans religion, ſans every thing, which can diſtinguiſh men from brutes.

LETTER XXXIII.

NAPLES, Jan. 24.

NAPLES and its environs are not only ſuperior to Rome and its vicinity in the beauties of nature, but almoſt rival them, in the opinion of the general traveller, in point of local intereſt, and in antiquities, at leaſt as to their preſent appearance. On every ſide of this delightful city there is much to awaken the recollection of former times: if we proceed through the wonderful paſſage of Pauſilipo, and ſkirt the ſhores of Baiæ, we trace the veſtiges of Roman temples, the ruins of villa's of Pompey, Cæſar, Cicero, Lucullus, and Lentulus, and many other diſtinguiſhed men, now covered in part by the tranſparent waves of the bay. In the neighbourhood are the ſtill more ancient ruins of Cumæ; the cave, where the virgin Sybil uttered her oracles, and predicted, ſays St. Jerom, "the

birth of Chriſt;" the fragments of the temple dedicated to Apollo by Dædalus; the arch of Aqua Felice, a portal of Cumæ, and part of a well-conſtructed aqueduct. Near theſe are the ſcenes of Virgil's Elyſium with all its deſtinctive ſcenery and circumſtances; the remains of Nero's temple, ventilated by the ingenious tyrant as if with deſign to prolong the ſufferings of the wretched objects of his vengeance; the coliſæum; and the piſcina mirabilis, a reſervoir which was conſtructed to hold ſupplies of water ſufficient for the fleets at Miſenum, or the luxuries of Baiæ. Not far from theſe we may ſee the Campi Plægrei, the Leucogaia encloſed by projecting brows of hills *, which has continued to ſmoke from the time of Strabo, ſcalded to whiteneſs by the corroding vapour; and the mole, or the reputed remains of Caligula's mad attempt. The whole circumference to the horizon is marked with claſſical and diſtinguiſhed objects; and we may contemplate at the ſame time, with different but intereſting ſenſations, the town of Puzzuoli, decayed ſince the age of Cicero from a ſecond Rome, in which St. Paul preached, on his arrival from

* "Imminentibus Superciliis."

Rhegium, to a ſmall fiſhing town, and the iſlands where Julia and the wife and ſiſter of Commodus were baniſhed, and where Tiberius rioted in beaſtly ſenſuality. On theſe objects, as I have nothing new to communicate, I ſhall not dilate; moſt of them have been pourtrayed with ſo much animation, that they muſt ever live in deſcription at leaſt, though the artificial parts of them rapidly decay by the waſte of time, and by that remarkable neglect which we noticed here and at Rome as to objects ſo attractive to ſtrangers, and conſequently ſo lucrative to the inhabitants of the country.

A ſtrong proof of this diſregard to the legacies of antiquity may be ſeen at Virgil's tomb, which we viſited with as much enthuſiaſm as did Silius Italicus, and were ſurprized to find that, notwithſtanding it is well known, from many monuments of the ſame kind near Puzzuoli, that theſe circular tombs contain two principal depoſitaries for the urns, the lower room at Virgil's tomb has never been opened. It is by no means a pictureſque object, though ſome "gentle evergreens wind round it," and has been well compared to the pigeon-houſe at Morceham, in Devon-

ſhire. Our poetical recollections were diſ-concerted by the following monkiſh lines, written cloſe to the ſepulchre,

" Qui cineres tumulo hæc veſtigia conditur olim
" Ille hoc qui cecinit Paſcua, Rura, Boves."

Can. Reg. 1554.

It is obvious to remark that they are utterly unintelligible, at leaſt to me who am no œdipus.

The Italians are fond of inſcriptions. There is one very near the tomb at the entrance of Pauſilipo, addreſſed to the poor, who cannot read Latin, in order to point out certain ſprings by the virtues of which they are to profit. Sannizarius, as his flattering epitaph informs us, was buried near the tomb of Virgil. His genius was by no means contemptible, though we cannot ſubſcribe to the idea of its affinity to that of the author of the Georgics.

If the places or ruins yet alluded to are not to be put in competition with the veſtiges of antiquity on the Roman territory, let us drive in a different direction to Pompeii, over plains laid deſolate by Lava, to the ſite of a town more than once deſtroyed by the eruptions of the mountain, as appears from the foundations

and

and various lamina on which they were laid. Nothing can be more interesting than the remains of a place preserved ages after those of contemporary cities, by the very destruction which threatened prematurely to annihilate its every trace.

At our first slight descent at the entrance, we see the soldier's quarters, with the names of some ancient Romans, inscribed above seventeen centuries ago, on the walls; the plat-form and proscenia of two theatres; some rooms of a private house, with a human skull that once was animated with the features of Roman genius; the impression of a foot sunk in yielding lava; the perfect form of the temple of Isis, built of stuccoed brick; its columns, its altars; the cænabulum of the priests, in which the bones of some fish were found; the slaughter-house with the still-existing ring to which the generous and struggling victim was tied, and the canal by which the blood was conducted away.

If ascending by the Appian way we proceed across the vineyard to a suburb of the town we behold two narrow streets, each about ten feet wide entirely cleared: we have a perspective view of both at the same time

diverg-

diverging obliquely from a fountain at a ſharp angle. We ſee the rows of houſes on each ſide unroofed, indeed, and with walls dilapidated, and preſenting the appearance of buildings half-deſtroyed and cleared away after a fire. The pavement, the narrow trotoir, and the channels, worn by the wheels, are ſtill perfect. We enter into the houſes, which, excepting one diſtinguiſhed by its colonnade and double ſtair-caſe, are very ſmall, and generally built with a portico encloſing a court, into which fountains were uſually introduced. The apartments, particularly thoſe of the ſurgeons houſe, where chirurgical inſtruments and manuſcript rolls were found; as alſo thoſe ſuppoſed to have belonged to the veſtals, are painted with figures, many of which have been removed, but a few ſtill remain and look beautiful, when their colours are freſhened by water thrown upon them. In ſome rooms are the remains of moſaic pavement. The utenſils now uſed by ſoap-boilers were found at the houſe of one of that buſineſs. The ſtain of an heated cup is ſtill viſible on the front ſlab of a tavern; and the indecent ſymbol of a brothel bears teſtimony to the groſs manners of the people

who

who were deſtroyed in the town. The walls of the ſepulchre at the outſide of the city, are ſculptured with ancient maſks.

Some ruins in the neighbourhood exhibit a ſpecimen of an ancient villa with the whole plan of the houſe; its out-houſes; and its garden, which is about, perhaps, half an acre, and divided into compartments, in one of which was a pond. The walls of the rooms retain ſome delicate painting. The cellars ſtill contain Amphoræ, with wine, encruſted by aſhes to a ſolid ſubſtance. In the cellars of this villa the ſkeletons of ſome unhappy ſufferers were found, who had fled there for ſhelter from the ſhower of aſhes which buried the diſtrict.

At Herculaneum the remains of a theatre ſtill may be ſeen, with its ſeats, its orcheſtra, and ſeveral departments, all much more below the ſurface of the ground than are the ruins of Pompeii. The ruins of Stabia have been ſo little cleared, that we were told it was not worth while to viſit them.

If afterwards we turn to Portici, we find a diſplay of every article which can illuſtrate the private and domeſtic œconomy of the ancients. In one muſeum is collected almoſt all the furniture

niture uſeful and ornamental of a Roman houſe. The lectiſternia, the ſide-board, the culinary utenſils, and even the eatables are preſerved. The weights and ſcales and ſteelyards are ſcarce excelled by modern improvements. The caledaria with heaters firſt ſuggeſted the idea of tea-urns. The implements of agriculture, which reſemble thoſe uſed in our own time, prove that neceſſity always operates by the moſt ſimple contrivances and ſuggeſts nearly the ſame means. The tops, and different repreſentations of ancient amuſements, prove the antiquity of many games, as well as do the lines of Horace, that ſpeak of riding on ſticks and playing at odd and even. The toilet and its furniture unfold the decorations of female taſte. The chirurgical inſtruments here are not ſufficient in number to illuſtrate much of the ſtate of ſurgery at the time when they were uſed. Among the muſical inſtruments is an uncommon trumpet, which Dr. Burney conceives to be the ancient clangor tubarum. The altars and the ſacrifical veſſels exhibit the parade of Paganiſm. The lacrimatories and amulets of indecent ſuperſtition expoſe the artificial and credulous follies of the people.

The

The paintings which fill rooms, ſometimes engage our admiration by the diſplay of elegant figures and deſcriptions, of Bacchanals and Fauns dancing on the tight rope, of Chiron teaching Achilles, of Dido abandoned, of the victory of Theſeus over the Minotaur, of Genii with their attributes. Theſe, being found on the walls of private-houſes, demonſtrate the high perfection to which the art of painting was advanced, while the filthy repreſentations which painting and ſculpture ſometimes exhibit, argue the coarſeneſs and corruption of ancient taſte, and diſguſt us with the idea of a people, among whom ſuperſtition conſecrated unnatural conjunctions, and female delicacy was not ſhocked by the moſt unchaſte ornaments. He that ſees them cannot but marvel much at the affected refinements of ſome modern advocates of natural religion, who pretend to extract from the emblems of a looſe and popular credulity, a pure and elevated philoſophy, and inſtructive intimations of moral import.

The ſcrolls of the Papyrus, hard and reſembling rolls of portable ſoup, particularly ſtruck us; four or five have been explicated by an elaborate proceſs: but, inſtead of the loſt and regretted

books

books of Livy and Tacitus, they unfold a dry treatiſe on the Epicurean philoſophy; a work or two on Morality and Rhetoric; and a Diſſertation on Muſic, by Philodemus, containing, as ſome ſay, a Vindication of the Arithmetical Proportions, in Confutation of the Syſtem of Ariſtoxenus, or, as others ſtate, ſome Reflections on the bad Effects of Muſic in a republic. Two only of theſe works have, I believe, yet been publiſhed. A third Treatiſe is ſoon to appear, and the examiners will, I hope, perſevere till we recover ſome of the works of which we regret the loſs, and ſome of equal value with thoſe which we poſſeſs.

Among the relics of antiquity which we ſaw at Naples, none are more beautiful than the Etruſcan vaſes, of which Sir W. H. has eſtabliſhed another collection more complete than thoſe which he before diſpoſed of; they are inimitable in their forms, and extremely engaging in their deſigns. There can be no doubt that they are Grecian works; and they have been chiefly found where Grecian colonies have ſettled.

Fine pictures do not abound at Naples. The king inherits ſome beautiful ſtatues from the houſe of Farneſe, among which is the

Tauro,

Tauro, before-mentioned, and the Farneſe Hercules, at the palazzo degli ſtudi publici, which noble building is intended for the reception of the antiquities ſtill expoſed to danger at Portici, and of the pictures at Capo di Monte. The library is already large and curious.

The king gives encouragement to modern ſtatuary, and alſo to a manufactory of porcelaine, as well as to the imitations of the Etruſcan vaſes, which, though far inferior to the originals, are very beautiful. A ſpecimen of them has been ſent as a preſent to the king of Great Britain; but even Wedgwood cannot imitate them.

The day Sir W. H. ſhewed us his collection he gave us, at dinner, the ſumen, a delicacy of the Romans, and a fine piece of roaſt beef, the boaſt of Britons: we preferred the roaſt beef.

Naples is viſited not merely for the remains of antiquity; nature no where exhibits more wonderful and extraordinary features. Veſuvius, ſince we have been in its neighbourhood, has only rolled out a volume of ſmoke, ſometimes lightly and gracefully diſcharged, ſometimes with heavy and lowering ebullition clinging to the ſides. We have never once ſeen the coruſcation of a flame, though the

moun-

mountain has been often thought to threaten. A day or two ſince we mounted on mules at Portici, with impatience to viſit the Crater. We rode, about four miles, to the lava at the baſe, part of which is covered with cheſnuts, and vineyards from which the Lacryma Chriſti and Muſcadel are made. Quitting our mules at the convent, we toiled over a continuation of large and caked aſhes of lava, and above them aſcended by looſe and yielding ſand, often, "incedentes per ignem," treading on latent fire, of which we were ſenſible from the burning heat which ſcorched our feet and turned the colour of our ſhoes; and the exceſſes of which were avoided only by the ſkill of the guides, who carefully tried and examined the appearances of the lava, leſt it ſhould burſt into ſudden flame. When, after much fatigue, though without being obliged, as Sir W. H. ſometimes has been, to run over the incruſtation of the lava, we reached the verge of the crater, we drank our friends' health in ſome Engliſh porter. The perpendicular height is every year increaſed. It is eleven thouſand fathoms above the ſurface of the ſea; and the crater gradually converges towards the top. As we looked into it, when

the wind blew in the oppoſite direction, we ſaw the white ſloping ſides of aſhes, and a projecting tower, as it were, ready to fall into the chaſm. The gradually narrowing top will probably collapſe, when the bowels of the mountain and its reſources ſhall be exhauſted. The mountain groaned under our feet, and threw up threatening volumes of ſmoke glowing with a tinge of fire, and, ſometimes, almoſt burſting into flame. We were too much engaged by the immediate object to enjoy the fine view of the Mediterranean; and under impreſſions unuſual and ſometimes fearful, were glad to haſten down the ſteep deſcent, dangerous as it was, and often almoſt perpendicular. We had, however, no excuſe for fear, for women have often experienced the danger. As we crept down, ſome of the guides endeavoured to work on our minds, and to engage us to promiſe additional rewards if they conducted us ſafely. They deem themſelves ſecure as they are guarded by charms, ſome of them being marked with a croſs of St. Anthony, the patron of Italy, a guardian againſt fire. We ſtopped at the hermitage and converſed with the two monks who reſide there and give a character to the place: one

one of them is very intelligent. We queſtioned him concerning the eruptions. What a ſublime ſight muſt they afford! During ſome of them Naples ſeems doomed to inevitable deſtruction. The aſhes are extravagantly ſaid to have been carried, more than once, by currents of air, to Conſtantinople, an incredible diſtance. Pliny deſcribes the eruption, from which his uncle ſuffered, with great ſpirit; but it was ſurely pedantry or affectation unworthy a philoſopher, to pretend to read during ſuch event. With ſuch a ſcene to contemplate he had no occaſion for tablets but to record his ſenſations. Cheſterfield, a cold and conceited pedant in modern high life, might teach his ſon to be turning over books at every moment, while time might often be better employed in reflection; but Pliny ſhould have deſpiſed ſuch affectation. When he was hunting he might have taken his pen with his ſpear * to catch the ideas of his imagination, enlivened by exerciſe; but it was inſenſibility to talk of writing when Veſuvius was caſting out its tremendous deſtruction.

Whatever we viſit at Naples is enlivened by the chearfulneſs of fine weather. We

* See Letter VI.

ſeem to enjoy a beautiful ſpring even in the winter months; and do not wonder that Sir W. H. ſhould have inſcribed, over his new room, a juſt, though trite, line,

"Hic ver aſſiduum atque alienis menſibus æſtas."

The weather at Naples is ſometimes dreadfully oppreſſive: we even now pant for the ſhade which we cannot find, and feel that the air enervates and depreſſes the ſpirits to indolence. There are few ſtrangers who do not complain of its effects. In the hot months Sir W. H. retires to a houſe near Pauſilipo, and fortifies himſelf by bathing and management. The climate was, probably, more wholeſome formerly, when the fields were better cultivated, and when the north of Italy was overſhadowed by foreſts. The air, deſtructive or not to the body, appears to have ſharpened the intellects of the Italians, which are never clouded by Bœotian or Batavian vapours. The people brighten as we advance from the heavy atmoſphere of Milan to the fine air of Naples, where, however, in the ſummer, we muſt be burnt alive, or ſwallowed up by earthquakes. Every nobleman

in

in Calabria has a wooden houſe to reſort to in caſe of ſuch alarm. One might fear alſo without great imputation of timidity, the effects of ſubterranean fires, a burſt of which, in 1538, dryed a lake not far from Naples, and threw up, in one night, a mountain three miles in circumference and one hundred feet high. But theſe are rare calamities, and the vegetation is wonderful. Italy formerly produced eighty ſorts of wine, more than two-thirds of which were the production of the ſoil; and we now eat green peas in January. You would hardly ſuppoſe it worth while to have recourſe to artificial heat in ſuch a climate: yet the hot-houſe, at Caſerta, exhibits very curious proofs of its effects. That, and the kitchen garden, are kept up by the perſevering and undiſcouraged exertions of our ambaſſador, and diſplay ſome very beautiful plants.

The palace at Caſerta is ſtill, what its name imports, a dreary houſe, in a flat country, in the plain of ancient Capua. It contains views of all the Italian ports, by Hacket, and ſome ſpacious rooms, ſome of which are finiſhed and furniſhed with ſplendid decorations. The ſtair-caſe, and chapel, and

theatre, are very handſome. The gardens are ſtiff and diſpoſed with childiſh ornaments. The town, and houſes of the nobility are wretched.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

ROME, Feb. 1.

ON our return from Naples we obſerved that the ſpring began to open its early beauties. The lauruſtinus was in full blow; and ſome thorns already ſpread their white bloſſoms on the hedges. We looked at the reputed ruins of Cicero's villa, at Mola di Gaeta, and walked to Borgo di Gaeta, which is a town finely ſituated, and ſtrongly fortified, though taken by Charles the Fifth. There is an inſcription on the houſe, where that emperor received his wife. I ſaw no memorial to atteſt that this was the burial-place of the nurſe of Ulyſſes. We were ſhewn, however, the rock, ſaid to be clefted by an earthquake at the death of our Saviour. The impreſſion which they tell you was made, by the fingers of a man who doubted the fact, and aſked if the ſtone was ſoft, is certainly ſuch as fingers

might be ſuppoſed to make, though I do not mean to atteſt the fact.

Since our return to this intereſting city we have refreſhed our remembrance by reviſiting ſome of the places which moſt pleaſed us, and others which we before omitted. It being now the time of carnival, we have an opportunity of ſeeing the theatrical amuſements. The houſes are all prodigiouſly crouded. Crecentini is the beſt ſinger here. We cannot reconcile ourſelves to the dancing of men, dreſſed as women: their ſprawling and outlandiſh capers have none of the graces of female elegance. The moral intention of the thing muſt proceed from ſtrange miſconceptions.

In conſequence of an attempt at a very groſs fraud here, I have had ſome occaſion to ſee a little of the judicial proceedings, at Monte Citorio, where civil cauſes are decided by a judge, after the hearing of two counſellors, who plead before him. There are nine of theſe judges; one, who is brother to the Sardinian ambaſſador, is ſo little clear in his deciſions that both parties have been known to appeal from his decree. We have not been

been able to bring our cauſe to a hearing, and muſt leave it in the hands of Mr. Jenkins.

The time now approaches for our final departure from Rome; a place which I ſhall often think of, which I ſhall always rejoice to have ſeen. As a city, it has neither the gaiety of a commercial, nor the cleanlineſs of an opulent town. Its narrow dirty ſtreets are crouded with men who wear cloaks and daggers, and with women whoſe chaſtity no man celebrates; but at every corner is ſome veſtige of ancient grandeur and departed character: a pillar, a pantheon, or a triumphal arch. We may walk to the houſes, or tombs, or ſtatues of the great men, of whom we have heard and read, renew the impreſſions and correct the errors of youth, for Rome ſhould be viſited with the lantern of Chriſtianity, that we may juſtly diſcriminate between the parade of religion and the real impiety of this dark, gloomy, and ſuperſtitious city.

LETTER XXXV.

VENICE, Feb. 15.

WE left Rome Feb. 2d, and drove through a flat deſolate country, about four poſts, by Civita Caſtellana, to Borgetto, where the appearance of population began to improve. We croſſed the Tiber at Ponte Felice, and travelling over a more varied country paſſed Otricoli, ſituated amidſt romantic ſcenes, and thence mounted, by a "doubtful aſcent," to Narni, which is eight or nine poſts from Rome, and ſurrounded by tremendous cliffs and rocks, of which the moonlight did not ſuffer us fully to diſcern the beauty. Though it was late we did not ſtop to ſee if it correſponded with its former character, for elegant accommodations *, or to examine the birth-place of Tacitus, or the reputed bridge of

* Pliny, Letter IV.

Auguſtus,

Auguſtus, and the Æolian hills of Cæſis in the neighbourhood, but ſatiated with antiquities proceeded on to Terni.

The next morning we walked through a beautiful and well-wooded country, by a gradual aſcent, about four miles, to the Caſcata della Marmore, to which there is a road which was cut through the rock to facilitate the paſſage of the emperor Joſeph when he viſited the caſcade, ſo well known and ſo deſerving of admiration.

From Terni to Strettura we admired the hills richly covered with evergreens and the valleys, which, in the time of Pliny, were mowed four times a year, and ſtill retain their reputation for fertility. Theſe beauties, however, gradually diſappeared as we approached Spoleto, and aſcended the Somma, one of the Appenines. We ſlept at Spoleto, a town famous for having repulſed the troops of Hannibal fluſhed with their victory at Thraſimene, from a gate which ſtill exiſts, and is, beſides, rendered worthy of attention by a fine aqueduct, and a picture of the Nativity by Raphael.

The next day we drove through a chearful olive county, by le Vene to Foligno, through the vale of Umbria, along which the Clitum-

nus

nus freſhens the air, which Horace celebrates for its ſalubrity, and which, by its coolneſs, reminded us that we were travelling northward. The people ſtill believe that the breed of white cattle, which paſture on the banks of this river, and ſpread themſelves, indeed, over all Italy, derive their whiteneſs from its waters. Foligno is a large well-ſituated town, famous, in the records of modern hiſtory, for its confectionary. On the night which had preceded the day of our arrival, it experienced a ſlight concuſſion, an expiring throe of the earthquake which produced ſuch conſiderable effects in October laſt, and which has ſo frequently continued its movements, ſince that time, that the obſervance of the carnival there has been interdicted.

The aſcent of an high mountain, ſcattered over with poor villages, brought us to Serravalle. The country improved as we approached Ponte le Trave, and its ſcenery changed again to the wildneſs of Savoy, as we drew near to Valcimara. We ſlept at Tolentino. The land of this neighbourhood is highly capable of benefiting by the induſtry of its inhabitants, who, after having ſufficiently laboured on it, repair to the environs of Rome

to

to cultivate the plains of the Campania. The town affords a ſmall opera houſe, which I viſited. The next day a ride through a pleaſing county, ſwelling into gentle declivities, led us, by Macerata and Sambuchetto, to Loretto.

The pilgrims and votaries of the virgin decreaſe in rank and numbers: inſtead of repairing there in crouds to make offerings, they come individually to requeſt charity. The liberalities of ancient adoration are ſtill oſtentatiouſly diſplayed, though the dimneſs of the precious ſtones, often excites a ſuſpicion that their value is exaggerated. We were ſhewn, particularly, the preſent made by Henrietta Maria, queen of England, which is ſaid to have coſt 50,000 ducats. It is a ſmall repreſentation of an angel in caſt gold, enriched with diamonds. The angel inclines on one knee and holds up a golden heart covered with brilliants, inſcribed with the words Jeſus Maria, and terminating in a flame of rubies. There is a lamp burning before it.

The town depends for its wealth on the reputation of our lady's miracles. As thoſe are on the decline, the trade for beads, crucifixes, and relics, is not ſo briſk as it was. Our Engliſh

ſervant,

ſervant, however, purchaſed the trumpery with which every ſhop is filled, with the devotion of a pilgrim. We were permitted, as ſtrangers, to be preſent, in the evening, at a private theatre. The public opera-houſe was ſuppreſſed, about twelve years ago, upon the pope's obſerving that it faced the church.

The next day we had two ſtages through a populous and proſperous country to Ancona. We were pleaſed with the improving neatneſs of the town, which has flouriſhed ſince it was declared a free port by Clement XII. who, with a liberality ſcarcely ſhewn by any former pope, allowed a general toleration in religious matters. The mole, the port, and the triumphal arch of Trajan, the chearfulneſs of commerce, and the indications of ſucceſsful induſtry, render the town very intereſting. In the evening we were preſent at a maſked ball, which, however, was not more enlivened by character than thoſe are in England. It commenced with a lottery, the effects of which, though they may intoxicate a few, muſt produce a general depreſſion of ſpirits little favourable to the ſpirit of the entertainment.

Our

Our next day's route lay by Caſe Brugiate and Senigaglia, the laſt of which is a large and flouriſhing town, and has a cathedral embelliſhed by the preſent pope, of whoſe munificent piety we have ſeen many proofs in Italy. Paſſing thence through a flat country, by Marotto and Fano, we arrived in the evening and ſlept at Peſaro, the ancient town of which, as we learn from Plutarch, was ſwallowed up, a little before the battle of Actium, by an opening of the earth: it is now a diſtinguiſhed place of reſort for Italian merchants.

With the next morning we renewed our journey and drove over a dreary flat, by Catholica, to Rimini, an handſome but irregular town, decorated with the ornament of a fine old Arch. Paſſing thence through Savignano we arrived at Caſena, a Bologna in miniature, juſt at the concluſion of a tournament, which is annually kept up there. Continuing our courſe afterwards through Forli, we ſlept at Faenza, where, at the opera, we were regaled with the ſight of female dancers.

The ſucceeding day brought us by Imola and St. Nicholo, to Bologna. Having viſited this city before, we ſtayed but one day; and

on

on the following morning travelled by a very bad road to St. Georgio, and thence by a ſtill worſe to Cento, a ſmall neat town, which contains ſome good pictures, by Guerchino, who was born in the neighbourhood; one of which, a beautiful repreſentation of Jeſus appearing to Mary, is preſerved in the confraternity of the Nome di Dio; it is engraved by Strange. Another is notified as Guerchino's by a very indecent and prophane conceit, in which the figures of St. John and St. Francis, are introduced in repreſentation of his Chriſtian name, and the Eternal Father as the ſymbolical figure deſcriptive of Barbieri.

The roads the next day, for a poſt and half to St. George, and afterwards for the ſame diſtance, to Ferrara, were ſo execrably bad that we were obliged to have eight oxen to our chaiſe, and eight horſes to that of our friends, with whom we had joined party, and notwithſtanding this, we were detained for nine hours in a deep clay and ſtiff mud, through which, the perſevering efforts of the poor animals could, with difficulty, drag the ſtraining carriages, before we could accompliſh the two poſts and half. Such is the entrance of the country of Ferrara, once ſo flouriſh-

flourishing under the paternal government of its dukes. Its agriculture and trade now pine beneath the inauspicious influence of the papal authority, exercised by a legate, who is changed every five years. Ferrara became subjected to the control of the pope in the time of Clement the Eighth, who took possession of it with great pomp, after the demise of Alphonso the Second.

With this and other acquisitions the territory of St. Peter's is computed to extend two hundred Italian miles, equal, as commentators on the Apocalypse have remarked, to a thousand and six hundred furlongs, the space without the city, over which St. John saw "blood flow even to the horse bridles*." The city has the appearance of decay. It retains, as vestiges of its former grandeur, the palace of the princes of the house of Este, built in a bad stile of architecture; an ancient cathedral; a strong citadel, and spacious streets. Ariosto's monument is shewn at the Benedictine convent. He is said, with the usual fate of poets, to have been very poor, though his patrons employed him

* Revel. 14. v. 20. Newton, 3d vol. p. 266—268. Mede. p. 522.

in high offices; and an old traveller quaintly obſerved of him, "that though he were a good poet he wore very bad breeches."

At Ferrara we felt, very ſeriouſly, the *effects* of a tranſition from the mild air of Naples to the ſeverity of a northern latitude, and regretted that we had occaſion to quit the ſouthern parts of Italy ſo early in the year.

On leaving Ferrara, we proceeded four miles, by land, to Ponte di Lago, where we embarked in a very commodious veſſel large enough to receive both our carriages, and and floated down the ſtream of the Po, which has here a noble breadth. We *dined, and* ſlept on board in ſome tolerable beds that our courier made up; and next morning we entered the Taglio, and were towed along the canal by the ſide of dreary Lagune, ſpread out half water and half mud. We left the carriages at Fuſina, and entering the open Lagune had a fine view of Venice, gilded by the rays of an evening ſun, and appearing to have juſt riſen, as the mother of Love is deſcribed, in elegant and claſſic imagery, from the waves of the ſea*. We glided through

* "——————— Mater amoris
"Nuda Cythariacis, edita fertur aquis." OVID.

rows of handſome palaces lining each ſide of the great canal, and were landed at Petrillo's door, near the Rialto, of which, the beautiful arch is blemiſhed by the effect of ſhops and houſes built upon it.

As ſoon as we had procured, next morning, our gondola, which we have engaged for a trifle to be always waiting at our door, we embarked to take a view of this wonderful city and to deliver our letters of introduction. We were concerned to hear that Sir F——V———, for whom we had a letter, was dead. Mr. Watſon, the conſul, received us with much politeneſs.

LETTER XXXVI.

VENICE, Feb. 26.

THE Venetians, to whom we had letters, have treated us with much attention, and an hoſpitality more liberal than that of Rome or Naples. They give ſplendid entertainments, though their private tables are ſerved with great œconomy. They live in handſome palaces, many of them built from the deſigns of Palladio and other famous architects; and ſome contain fine collections of pictures, particularly that of the Doge, though the productions of the Venetian ſchool are not ſo numerous or ſo fine here as we expected. Thoſe ſet up in the churches never emigrate; but the fluctuations of a commercial town ſometimes waft away private poſſeſſions.

Concerning the Gremani palace here an odd law-ſuit is now pending. The late poſſeſſor, it ſeems, left it to the firſt-begotten ſon

of

of a relation. It happened that the wife brought twins; and the lawyers are ſet at work to diſpute which of the brothers is to be conſidered as the firſt begotten, the firſt or the ſecond born. The point is dignus vindice, for the academy of Paris has decided, that in the caſe of twins, the laſt born is uſually the firſt conceived, which, indeed, has been lately exemplified, as to quadrupeds at leaſt, of different ſpecies, at Verona, where a mare produced an aſs and an horſe, the former being firſt dropped though it was known to have been conceived after the latter.

Of the gaiety and ſplendor of the carnival we ſee but little. The rage for its extravagance ſeems to have expired in the feeble efforts of a few groteſque figures and ſome inſipid maſks. The baout is, however, convenient, and ſerves as an apology for the want of dreſs. I have been in it at the phil-harmonic ſociety, a caſſino or aſſembly, of which, only the firſt ranks are members, and where a full dreſs is uſually worn. The theatres at Venice are abundantly crouded, and during the carnival, eſpecially, well ſupplied. We have David, whoſe manly tones gratify an Engliſh ear, diſguſted with the "gargling

of outlandiſh throats;" and we have Mara, though the capricious lady is de mauvaiſe humeur on account of ſome tweedledee arrangement, notwithſtanding ſhe is to be paid 1500 ſequins for the carnival, which is, perhaps, more than Farrinelli ever received, in public ſalary, for the ſame ſpace of time.

The Venetian ſociety is really pleaſant. The women, who are pretty, though they have bad figures, are as devoutly inclined to the tender paſſion, as in the days when Aſcham and Burnet treated of the vices of Venice. We are invited to exceeding good private concerts; ſeven public theatres are open every night in this joyous city; and the Furor Dramaticus has run ſo high that another is juſt built.

The Doge has only the exterior of royalty, and few privileges but that of diveſting himſelf of his official dignities, and ſometimes appearing as a private man in the evening. He has a revenue of about 2000l. and nominates the dean and canons of St. Mark. His ſons and brothers, however, are diſqualified, by their affinity to him, from holding any civil office, or from being employed in any public department, domeſtic or foreign; and he is not allowed

allowed himſelf, to form a connection with any foreign prince without the conſent of council. He is ſubjected to the troubleſome and ſcrutinizing authority of the inquiſition, who have the keys of his palace and can ſearch it at pleaſure, being accountable for their conduct only to the council of ten. Every member of the ſtate, indeed, it is well known, is amenable before theſe vigilant and jealous magiſtrates, to whoſe tremendous power the government is ſuppoſed to be indebted for its ſecurity; and may be conducted out of a palace, to a priſon over the Ponte di Soſpiri, or thrown into the Canal Orphano without any regular trial or known ſentence.

Titles of nobility have been ſold at Venice upon great emergencies; but the nobles gradually decreaſe into a ſmall ariſtocracy: all are employed in ſome department of ſtate. The podeſtas, who have the civil preſidencies of towns; and the captains, who have the military power, are not allowed ſalaries ſufficient for the ſtate which they maintain, and make up the deficiency by oppreſſion and corrupt adminiſtration. The execution, however, of criminal juſtice is, generally, equi-

table, though ſtrict; and the people are kept in good order, and not extravagantly taxed. The commerce of the country, however decayed from its former extent, ſtill flouriſhes. Its glaſs manufactories are famous; but the plate glaſs is not by any means ſo large as that of France, nor ſo good as that of England.

The arſenal ſtill exhibits a grand diſplay of naval ſtores, and affords employment for its 3000 men, which is above double the number uſually employed at Plymouth. The men receive from a paul and half to eight pauls per day. When we were ſhewn the twenty-four Carlos on the ſtocks, which are conſtructed for 88 guns, though capable of containing 120, and recollected that ſuch veſſels are too large for the Venetian ſeas, and that travellers many years ago ſpeak of the ſame number, we began to ſuſpect that they are never finiſhed, and kept merely for oſtentation.

We contemplated here, very ſcientifically, the ſhort cannons, made in imitation of thoſe of the Engliſh at the time that they began to judge them inconvenient; the mode of boring, by which the men emulate turnſpits; the long rope-walk, of I know not how many hundred feet, and the gilded bucentaur: and

we concluded our obſervations with remarks on ſome excellent oyſters, in which we all joined with unanimous commendation.

The oyſters within the arſenal, which fatten on the bitumen and exudation of the wood in the docks and canals here, are in high and deſerved eſtimation, for their ſize and quality, with the Venetian epicures.

The nobles of Venice are, perhaps, more intelligent than thoſe of any other parts of Italy, being early called out to the exertion of their talents in public departments. The lower claſſes of the people are, however, but little inſtructed even on the moſt important ſubjects. The clergy being on the worſt of all eſtabliſhments, that of election, is neceſſarily degraded in its character. Perſons of reſpectable family, and liberal talents, ſhrink from a profeſſion where ſubſiſtence muſt be obtained by a popular canvas, and authority depend on the caprice of the pariſh which is to be directed. The higher ranks are, indeed, virtually reſtrained from taking up the profeſſion, ſince a noble, who enters into the ſacred function, forfeits his hereditary vote in the council. If he obtain a cardinal's cap his whole kindred muſt withdraw from all interference

ference with public affairs: and ſhould he even attain the pre-eminent dignity of patriarch, he will have no power or juriſdiction even over the church of St. Mark,—eccleſiaſtics being ſuſpiciouſly excluded from all authority.

From theſe unfavourable circumſtances the whole body is placed in a degraded point of view. Its members are ſeldom ſeen in elevated ſociety; and are little reverenced by the inferior ranks. Religion itſelf ſeems leſs regarded here than in other parts: its external circumſtances are leſs frequently diſplayed, and morality is ſcarcely profeſſed, at leaſt in many of its branches. The hoſt is never carried in public proceſſion, at Venice, on account of the narrowneſs of the ſtreets and alleys. Proteſtants are indulged in the domeſtic exerciſe of their worſhip. The Armenians have a church; at the Greek church the ſervice is in Greek; and the epiſtles and goſpels are chaunted, by an high prieſt, in a deſk.

Literature is not cultivated ſo much as it has been. The Venetian preſs has been formerly celebrated, and books of value may ſtill be collected here; but modern books

ſeldom

ſeldom appear. Liberty of opinion, on political and religious ſubjects, is much circumſcribed; it is therefore vain to look for great improvement in theſe departments. The age of true poetry is loſt at Venice, as elſewhere. Some modern productions, however, in the lighter works of genius, are to be admired for more elegance and correctneſs of verſification, than the Venetian dialect has before exhibited. It is a peculiarity at Venice, that the hiſtory of the ſtate is written by perſons publicly appointed, and who compoſe, therefore, under ſome reſtraint.

The annals of Venetian literature were publiſhed, in the 16th century, in a regular paper, ſold in a ſingle ſheet, called a gazzetta, from the piece of money ſo denominated, which it coſt. Other articles of intelligence were gradually admitted; and the term was adopted by other countries, to ſignify thoſe regiſters of miſcellaneous information which are read with ſuch avidity all over Europe.

The carnival here finiſhed on the 20th with extraordinary parade of caricature figures and trumpery maſks. The people endeavoured to amuſe the tædium of the day with an opera in the morning, beſides the uſual enter-

entertainments at night. Towards the conclusion of the carnival we were present at the annual ceremony of the flight of a man, dressed as Mercury, who descended by a rope from the Campanile, in St. Mark's place, to present the Doge with a nosegay. At the same time were exhibited some feats of strength, equal to those celebrated by Juvenal, or displayed at Sadler's Wells, of men standing on each other and building up a lofty architecture of human bodies. After this, and some fireworks played off with little effect, by day-light, the Doge was regaled, for a concluding treat, with the slaughter of three bulls, of which the heads were severed from the body with a large sword, wielded by a strenuous arm, in conformity with a savage custom which took its rise, eight or nine centuries ago, from the rebellion of a patriarch of Aquileia, in Friuli, in conjunction with twelve vicars. The patriarch was beheaded, with his confederates, in the Piazza di St. Mark. In commemoration of this punishment a bull and twelve hogs were afterwards beheaded in patriotic resentment. But the decapitation of the hogs being deemed ludicrous, and, perhaps, awkward, as these per-

perverſe animals ſhewed no diſpoſition to acquieſce in the ancient cuſtom, two more bulls were ſubſtituted as vicars; and beef, inſtead of pork, is diſtributed among the people, who contemplate the cataſtrophe with great ſatisfaction and appetite.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

VERONA, March 2.

WE left Venice, on the 27th, in a borchetta, and taking in our carriages at Fusina, were towed, by horses, along the Brenta to Padua, where we arrived in the evening. This river is confined by banks somewhat formal. It seldom dilates into fine reaches or graceful bendings. Among the noble palaces which adorn them, that of the Pisani family chiefly arrested our attention. We entered it, and admired its grand apartments filled with pictures by Zuccarelli.

A seat of learning in decay is always melancholy. The large unoccupied spaces of Padua remind us of its ancient population and trade, famous in the time of Martial, as its vacant schools suggested regret for its departed science. The circus, decorated with the statues of the illustrious men whom this city has

has produced, exhibits not only an interesting sight, but an incitement, one should suppose, to living virtue. Dr. Burney, when he was here, was as much delighted with conversing with Tartini, the celebrated composer, as if he had found another Livy. We met with no one to rival the historian in fame. The attention paid to literature appears not to be considerable.

The schools are still, however, frequented for lectures. It is remarkable that they are called il Bue, or the Ox; we are as unable to tell why, as to ascertain the correspondent etymology of our University in England; and know of no more analogy between schools and an ox, than Mrs. Cowley's Gradus did between learning and an hog.

We were surprized at the injudicious construction of the anatomical school. The benches hang, in a confined apartment, perpendicularly over the table on which the subjects for dissection are placed, so that the student may, with science, imbibe the vapours of infection, and the school may furnish its own subjects. Part of an human body was carelessly and indecently left on the floor of the anti-chamber.

Botany

Botany appears to be much attended to at this univerſity, which has been ſo long famous for the ſtudy of phyſic. The garden contains many very curious plants; among theſe, which I recollect, were the white pepper tree from Africa, of which the fruit does not ripen here; the China roſe, which changes its colour every day; the date tree; the canuba; the ficus indiana ſpinociſſima, which forms the boundaries of property in America, and bears a fruit; the cicuta aquata, which is very ſcarce; and to mention no more, the rux vernix, the accounts of which would incline one to credit what Dr. Darwin, in the notes to his Poem, reports concerning the poiſon-tree of Java; for though it does not ſenſibly ſcatter its influence, the touch of it is poiſonous, even though it come not into contact with the blood. A man laſt year, who accidentally touched it, was confined ſix weeks. It is imported from Japan; is about the ſize of a common roſe tree, and has leaves which reſemble that of the lemon tree.

In the town hall, at Padua, of which the roof is ſo curiouſly painted, we were ſhewn the tomb of Livy, and the lapis vituperii, "the ſtone of diſgrace," on which every debtor,

debtor, who will ſit, with bare rump, in full aſſembly, and ſwear that he is not worth more than a ſum equivalent to five pounds, is exempted from arreſt. It is curious to remark, how anciently and uniformly vindictive juſtice has directed its reſentment againſt this unoffending part, where, as we learn in Hudibras, honour is ſuppoſed to lie. It appears from ancient paintings, preſerved in the muſeum at Portici, that the pædagogues of antiquity flogged the offending youths of their time mounted, as they ſtill are at ſome ſchools, on the backs of other boys. It may be recollected alſo, that the creditors of this country were formerly accuſtomed to look for vengeance at leaſt, if not for indemnification to this part; and the miniſters of the law, though they now graſp the ſhoulder, ſeem, formerly, to have levelled their aim at a nobler part, as may be collected from the homely appellation which Blackſtone derives, by an unſatisfactory etymology, from bound bailif.

The poſt, which we reſumed at Padua, conveyed us two ſtages over a bad road, and through a flat country to Vicenza. As we were travelling northwards we ſhivered, on obſerving

that the diſtant mountains, towards which we advanced, were covered with ſnow.

The taſte for architecture, excited by Palladio and Scamozzi, ſhewed itſelf before we reached the town, in various buildings prettily deſigned. We were much ſtruck with the works of the former of theſe artiſts in ſeveral edifices of the city, eſpecially in the town-houſe, and in that which is called his own little manſion, of which the deſign is very elegant. The rotunda of the marquis of Capra, which is near the town, is well known to have been the work of Palladio, which ſuggeſted the plan of that beautiful trinket of a villa, built by Lord Burlington, at Chiſwick. This building contains thirty-two rooms in a ſpace inconceivably ſmall. It is called a rotunda from a circular apartment in the center, but has four uniform fronts. The architecture of Palladio, the Raphael of his art, ſhould be more ſtudied by our countrymen. There is, doubtleſs, a ſtyle of building adapted to every country; but many of the fanciful deſigns of Italy might be introduced in our buildings much to the ornament of England. It would be abſurd indeed in our latitude,

To

" To draw the wind through long arcades to roar,
" Proud to take cold at an Italian door."

But the banks of the Thames, the ſlopes of Richmond, and the green retreats of Windſor, ſhould be decorated with the diſplay of edifices, deſigned with ſome diſplay of taſte and fancy.

The olympic theatre here, built on the principles of Vitruvius, from a deſign of his great imitator Palladio, is the moſt elegant and claſſical work I ever ſaw. It has the image and appearance of antiquity; and I wiſhed to ſee the plays of Terence performed there, as with us by the Weſtminſter boys. Such a work at a public ſchool, with all its decorations and appendages, would furniſh a lively illuſtration of the dramatic entertainments, at which Scipio and Lælius appeared.

Palladio did not live to ſee the completion of his work. This great architect firſt laboured at Vicenza for twelve ſous a day; and, about the ſame time, Paul Veroneſe exerted his diſtinguiſhed powers for fifteen ſous. At the convent of la Madonna della Monte, at Vicenza, he has left an invaluable monument of his abilities, in a picture of the Reception of the Pilgrims among whom

Chriſt is repreſented to have appeared. In this picture the painter has introduced his own portrait, and that of his uncle.

Verona, which is about three poſts and an half from Vicenza, contains many things that deſerve more attention than we gave them. The eye is never tired of ſeeing, when the imagination can chuſe its objects; but our fancy, which was engaged only on domeſtic reflections, ſuffered us not to linger in the city, beyond the walls of which Shakeſpear's lover could find no joys. Yet the beautiful remains of the amphitheatre, of which the form and many of the ſeats are *perfectly* preſerved, awakened many intereſting reflections; and the converſation of the Counteſs Moſconi, to whom we had letters, would have afforded pleaſure for many weeks.

The pictures at Verona; the paintings of Paolo Cagliari, who conferred much ſplendor on the reputation of a city of which he aſſumed the diſtinction; thoſe of many other artiſts; the architecture of Sanſovino; the centre of a long labyrinth of paſſages, by which the town was undermined; the mauſolea of the Scaligers; the arch over the Adige; and the collection of foſſils, imprinted with forms of fiſh,

collected

collected by Signior Bozza, and now in the poſſeſſion of Count Cazolas, are better worth ſeeing than hearing of.

We quitted them all, without regret, the next morning, and ſaw the country gradually impoveriſh, as we approached Volarni. From thence, to Beri, the beautiful river Adige accompanied us, waſhing, in its gentle courſe, the brown and poliſhed baſe of ſome picturesque rocks which re-echoed every ſound that diſturbed the tranquil ſolitude of the country.

At Beri we taſted an excellent white wine made in the neighbourhood, which, for aught I know, may be the Tramminer wine. It is called Vino Santo, in ſtrong expreſſion of the eſtimation in which it is held. At Borghetto, before our arrival at Ala, we quitted the Venetian territories, and were allowed to import all our property unmoleſted, except our money, into the Tyrol; the firſt entrance to which, as we approached Roveredo, opened to us a rude country covered with heaps of rocks, wilder and more fantaſtic in their forms than thoſe of Savoy, and intermingled with tracts cultivated and populous.

A road through an open valley, bounded by bold hills, conducted us through Beſeno to Trent, where we found little to intereſt us but the recollection of a council which, after the dawn of reformation, had rouſed the attention of mankind to the accumulated errors of a corrupted church, confirmed the moſt extravagant doctrines of the Romiſh faith. We were conducted to the cathedral, where the council was held, to hear an incomparable organ, from which were expreſſed ſounds far more in uniſon and harmony than thoſe uttered by the cardinals, legates and biſhops aſſembled within the walls in the ſixteenth century.

The Adige ſtill accompanied us on our departure from Trent, flowing through a bold country, towards St. Michel. Our day's journey led us from thence, by Soleurno and Nairmach to Branzol, where we were pleaſed with the neatneſs and boarded floors of a German houſe, and with female attendants, who, however, were more remarkable for good humour than beauty. Their figures were not ſuch as a ſculptor would ſelect; and the broad features of their faces were oddly decorated by white woollen caps or black

frilled

frilled bonnets of a triangular ſhape. At Branzol we were ſhewn a green-houſe filled with noble orange-trees, from which the fruit is plucked three times in a year, though the trees are encloſed for ſeven months. As we travelled next day by Teutſchen, Colman Brixen and Mittewald, we admired a ſucceſſion of rude and romantic ſcenes clad in the rigors of winter, of which the appearance became more ſtriking in the diſplay of a glacier at Stertzingen, where we ſlept at a tolerable inn, though half-ſuffocated with the oppreſſive heat of a German ſtove.

As we proceeded the next day by Brenner and Steinach and Schonberg to Inſpruck, we ſometimes walked a ſtage, faſter than the horſes would drag the carriages. We were ſtruck with the grand ſcenery of the country. Before our arrival at Inſpruck we noticed an inſcription, near the road, which ſeemed worth copying.

" Anno 1782 Quo Pius 6. Pont. Max. Vienna Redux Æniponti. A. M. Eliſabeth A. A. Hoſpitio Honorifice exceptus Tirolim ſuo numine implevit. 12 Id. Maii heic trajecit."—Suo numine was a ſtrong expreſſion, however piouſly deſigned, to conſole his

holineſs for the diſappointment which he had experienced in his journey to Vienna.

The approach to Inſpruck is fine. On our arrival there, we heard that the emperor died under ſtrong ſuſpicion of an accelerated fate, on the firſt of this month, by the burſting of a blood veſſel. We were, on that account, refuſed permiſſion to ſee the palace where his ſiſter reſides; and were contented with viewing, at the church of the Franciſcans, the tomb of Maximilian and the figures of his illuſtrious kindred. Poor Leopold is now numbered with "the mighty dead." Many virtues, however, may be inſcribed on his monument; and we may hope that they are regiſtered where they will not be forgotten.

Inſpruck is finely ſituated on the Inn. We paſſed the river the ſucceeding morning, and toiled the whole day up ſteep hills, or cautiouſly deſcended down frozen roads, conducted by poſtillions whoſe phlegm we could never animate to profit by the few intermediate levels that we found in paſſing through Dorſtenbach, Parvis, Nazareit and Lermes, ſo that we travelled the laſt ſtage, to Reita, by the pale light of the moon, which magnified the appearance of the mountains and re-

flected

flected its beams on dark forests of fir, rising in beautiful contrast above extended wastes of snow. At the edge of these forests our servant saw two prowling wolves; in spite of which, however, and in spite of many a fearful precipice, we arrived, about midnight, at a good inn at Reita.

At Reita we understood that the nearest road would lead us through Bavaria, but a passport could not be obtained without delay; we therefore continued our course over the plains of Suabia, diversified with fine plantations of fir and parkish scenery; and after a tedious lingering drive arrived, long after midnight, at Augsbourg, where we were glad to stay a day to refresh ourselves among the chearful ways of men, by a sight of the many curious particulars which it contains.

Augsbourg has the spacious streets and bold character of a town that once flourished considerably. Its buildings are designed in a stile of architecture that disgusted Winkleman's refined taste so much, that he affected to be unable to endure the sight of Germany. They are, however, of a better character than those of contemporary cities; and the simple front of the town-house has been very much and

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very juſtly admired. Roger Aſcham tells us, that there were, in his time, a number of houſes which, ſet in Cheapſide, would overlook and over-brag the whole ſtreet; that there were then five merchants in it able to diſburſe as much ready money as five of the greateſt kings of Chriſtendom. The emperor Charles the Fifth wiſhed to borrow eighteen hundred thouſand guilders of one of theſe merchants, and was offered a million, which was equivalent to about one hundred and ſeventy thouſand pounds, then a vaſt ſum. One of them, during the time that the famous diet was held here in 1530, entertained the emperor, together with the king of the Romans, the prince of Spain, and the queen of Hungary regent of Flanders, for a whole twelvemonth, when the town was ſo thronged, by the attendants of the court, and the reſort of eccleſiaſtics and others to the important diet, that 2300 waggons, laden with proviſions, came every market-day into the town. Luther, during the ſitting of the diet, reſided at Coburg, in the neighbourhood. He had been once a monk of the Auguſtin convent here. The confeſſion of faith, drawn up with great eloquence, was read by Chriſtian Bayer,

chancellor of Saxony, in preſence of the emperor, who was more partial to the Romaniſts and diſpoſed to countenance their weak reply. The confeſſion, though it breathed the mild and temperate ſpirit of Melancthon, yet, as it eſtabliſhed boundaries of diſtinction, was the occaſion of a war between the two churches which continued till 1555, when the treaty was ſigned which reſtored peace to Germany.

Augſbourg is a ſovereign ſtate with an appendant territory. It is ariſtocratically governed, as all republics really are, by the higher families, but with more freedom of admiſſion of the lower ranks, by the repreſentatives of the burghers, than is uſual in ſuch government. Power is equally divided between the Romaniſts and the Lutherans. The former have the ſtep of precedency. The latter are ſometimes reported to be gaining the aſcendancy in numbers. Diſputes are frequent, but they ſeldom burſt out into open rupture. The dioceſe of Augſbourg is extremely valuable. It has generally been held by ſome one of the houſe of Bavaria or of the electorate. The miniſter from the Imperial court to the circle of Suabia uſually reſides here.

here. The town has every convenience: it is watered by aqueducts from the river Lech, which flows at no great diſtance from it. The uſeful arts are more cultivated here than thoſe of a politer nature. The toys and ſmall pictures for prayer books are, however, famous; and it is curious to ſee grave and phlegmatic Germans labouring for the amuſement of Children.

We were ſhewn an admirable collection of pictures here belonging to the dean. After being ſatiated with the rich colouring and bold deſigns of Italian pictures, we returned to a kind of domeſtic pleaſure in contemplating the accuracy and neatneſs of the Flemiſh ſtyle.

But the principal object of attention at Augſbourg is its library, where we ſpent ſome time. Among the curious books which the civil and attentive librarian ſhewed us was the Polyglot of Ximenes, one of the three vellum copies of which was purchaſed at the ſale of the Pinelli collection for four hundred and fifty guineas. We noticed alſo two manuſcripts of the Hebrew Pentateuch, a Greek manuſcript of the Goſpels, and Erhardus Ratdolf's Euclid with the firſt page with golden letters, the characteriſtics of its antiquity.

This

This Euclid was publiſhed at Venice in 1482, when the inquiſition objected to its figures as myſterious, ſuſpecting them, I ſuppoſe, to contain ſome lurking hereſy or ſedition. We ſaw alſo Cicero's Offices, printed at Mentz in 1466; and a Greek Pſalter, which appeared with a Latin Verſion, Sept. 20, 1481, and was the firſt Greek book publiſhed in Italy. The laſt book which I recollect was a copy of an Itinerary, ſuppoſed to have been made in the time of Theodoſius: the original of which was bought by prince Eugene for three hundred florins, and is now at Vienna.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

BRUSSELS, March 23.

NO remarkable town intervened to detain us between Augſbourg and Ulm, which are diſtant four poſts and an half from each other. The country, through which we paſſed, is flat and unadorned. Ulm is an Imperial town built in an antique ſtile of architecture. It is ſituated on the Danube at its confluence with the Iller. Its ſteel manufactures have been long famous.

The ſnow began now to fall in great quantities, and we congratulated each other on having quitted the Alps. We continued our journey by Weſterſetten, Geiſligen, Gæppingen and Blockingen, five poſts to Stutgard, the capital of the duke of Wertemburg's dominions, which are bounded by the Alps and the Black Foreſt, and finely watered by the Neckar and its different branches.

Stutgard

Stutgard contains about 20,000 inhabitants. It ſuffered much by the removal of its ſovereigns, who, on ſome diſſatisfaction, retired to Louiſburg. It has, however, recovered its reputation for loyalty, now a rare virtue, and proſpers as the ſeat of government.

We left the town next day and purſued our courſe over a trackleſs road, through a country of which the beauties are now covered with ſnow, by Entzweingen, Knittlingen, Bruchſal and Wagheuſel to Heidelberg, where we looked at the old object of attention, the great tun, which begins to be neglected, though the D—— of Y—— endeavoured to bring it into reputation again, by beſtriding it as well as any Bacchus of antiquity could have done. Not far from the place where it is kept, are the ruins of the palace deſtroyed by Turenne, the poſſeſſors of which muſt have formerly enjoyed the fine view of the Neckar, which fertilizes a valley from which they derived their profits. The town has not recovered from the diſtreſs produced by the French plunder, towards the concluſion of the laſt century, and the removal of the elector's court to Manheim. The Lutherans hold up

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their heads and uſe the church alternately with the Catholics.

Manheim is but a few miles from Heidelberg. Here we fell into the road which we had paſſed laſt year, and proceeded by Worms to Oppenheim. It was flattering to our country to notice, that while the people took us for Frenchmen, we were always deſired to pay for the poſt-horſes before we ſet off; but when it was underſtood that we were Engliſhmen, we were ſuffered to proceed in full confidence that we ſhould pay at the end of the ſtage. We could procure but two beds at Oppenheim, where we were detained for want of horſes. The place was full of Frenchmen, exiles from a once happy and flouriſhing country. What ſcenes of private diſtreſs has this mad and ill-conducted Revolution occaſioned!

We ſpent a day again at Mayence; and underſtanding that Coblence, Bonn, and Cologn are crouded to the threſhold with Frenchmen, we determined to purſue our route by Luxembourg, though the road was repreſented to be bad—not indeed in the degree in which we found it.

Our

Our firſt ſtage was to Bingen, where the French are now ordered to aſſemble, though the village can ſcarce afford them room, and they muſt ſuffer there great inconveniences. Their poverty intereſts our compaſſion exceedingly. Many ſubſiſt only on a daily allowance from the prince de Condè, who is at Bingen. Some of them, men formerly of family and conſequence, and accuſtomed to affluence, could not afford to pay to eat with our ſervants. The roads were covered with ſtraggling parties of them. The hotels are, ſometimes, cloſed againſt them.

After driving through a very beautiful country, delayed by bad roads, we proceeded by Latterſhall to Simerin, where we ſlept. A lingering drive through a dreary country, in which we were obliged to ſtruggle over roads broken and rough, as if they had been deſignedly deſtroyed to ſecure the wretched country from invaſion, brought us, after a paſſage over the broad and rapid Moſelle, to Keyrith, where we found little to conſole us that we could not reach Treves, at which city, however, we arrived early next morning, and found it crouded with French, who are

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fled for ſhelter here under the protection of the elector.

We ſlept at Grævenmaker, and arrived the next day by dinner at Luxembourg. We were much ſtruck with the ſituation and apparent ſtrength of the place. Its elevation, the difficulty of the approach, and the fortifications, conſtructed upon French plans by the French when they poſſeſſed it, appear to make it an almoſt impregnable fortreſs. The rivers and mountains which ſurround it render it likewiſe a very advantageous poſition to maintain. On application to the commandant to ſee the fortifications, we were told not only that we muſt not ſee them, but that we muſt immediately leave the town, unleſs we were detained by neceſſity. Such being the jealouſy at this critical period, when all Europe ſeems prepared to arm, that no ſtranger is allowed to ſtay above twenty-four hours in the town; we drove by Steinfort to Attort, where we ſlept.

The next day we were ſhaken over very bad roads by Malmaiſon to Flamiſoul, and thence through dreary and almoſt unpeopled wilds, on which, however, much cattle is bred, by Grinſheim to Marche, where we ſlept,

and

and the next day proceeded over level unintereſting plains to Namur.

Namur, after having been ſo ſeverely beſieged by king William and uncle Toby, was diſmantled of a great part of its fortifications by Joſeph the Second. The feelings of the people were ſo little conſulted, that the walks and trees of the ramparts were at the ſame time inſultingly injured and almoſt deſtroyed by the injudicious agents of the emperor. The intention of demoliſhing the fortifications of the towns in the Low Countries, was to deprive the people of places of defence, when they remonſtrated againſt grievances. The court, however, thereby loſt its ſtrong forts for garriſons againſt domeſtic or foreign enemies. The error was ſoon perceived, and the fortifications will be reſtored. We heard here many complaints againſt the injudicious and unjuſt proceedings of the Imperial court, which has offended, conſiderably, the people of theſe rich dependencies, by repeatedly promiſing and as repeatedly and evaſively failing to confirm their ancient and ſtipulated privileges. Why will not power lean to conciliate, and conſider gratitude, a better pledge than fear to ſecure obedience?

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The next day we reached Bruſſels, whence we ſhall proceed with all ſpeed to England, eager to return to thoſe ſcenes, and thoſe friends, of which, in every place, we have fondly cheriſhed the remembrance.

THE END.

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