

110
2.11.98.
PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY

OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY

Mrs. Alexander Proudfit.

SCB
3203
v. 3









L E T T E R S

B Y

C. H E R V E Y, Esq.



L E T T E R S

F R O M

P O R T U G A L, S P A I N,
I T A L Y A N D G E R M A N Y,

I N T H E Y E A R S 1759, 1760, A N D 1761.

✓
B Y C H R I S T O P H E R H E R V E Y, E S Q.

V O L U M E T H E T H I R D.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y J. D A V I S, C H A N C E R Y - L A N E; F O R
R, F A U L D E R, N E W - B O N D - S T R E E T.

M.DCC.LXXXV.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

500 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Acquired from the

Library of the

City of New York

1900

1900

1900

L E T T E R S

F R O M

I T A L Y, &c.

L E T T E R I.

Velettri, 10th February, 1761,
Tuesday, 8 o'clock at night.

I SET out for this place about 12 o'clock this morning, after a good dinner, or rather a good breakfast, before my departure. Tho' I came post, and it is only two and twenty miles, it was after sun-set before I arrived hither. I brought a letter for a gentleman

VOL. III. A of

of this place, but it seems he is gone out of town, however they expect his return tomorrow morning. My inn I think is as bad as can possibly be. Indeed to the southward of Rome, things begin to have the air of Spain. There is some reason why accommodations should be worse in hot countries than in colder climates. The mildness of the air renders them less necessary. At this time of the year, people would be starved in England in the room I am at present setting. No glass to the windows, tho' that indeed is at present remedied by the wooden shutters being closed, but then there are proper interstices to let the wind pass, My chimney likewise smokes. Part of my supper is just tumbled down, or rather upstairs, and I am going to eat the rest.

Velettri,

Veletri, 11th February, 1761, one o'clock
in the afternoon, Wednesday.

The gentleman I was recommended to has been with me this morning, and we took a walk out together about the town, and have been scrutinizing, upon the spot, into the history of the surprize of Veletri by the Germans. It happened in the year 1744. You know the queen of Hungary sent troops under prince Lobkowitz, to invade Naples, which met the Spanish and Neapolitan forces at Veletri. The Spaniards were quartered in the town, and the Germans in a wood upon a hill near it. The Spaniards were sent into Italy by Philip the Fifth, to assist his son Don Carlos, who is now king of Spain, and whom he had placed upon the throne of the Two Sicilies, after he had conquered those dominions from the house of Austria. The queen indeed had ceded them, but upon war's breaking out again, she renewed her former claims. Just the same as she has been

doing with regard to Silesia this war. She sent twenty thousand men to the attempt. It was these who were quartered upon the mount Artemisius near Veletri. The king of Naples was quartered and lodged in the only handsome palace here, belonging to the family of Ginetti. Lobkowitz and his generals resolved to attempt a surprize of the place by night. General Brown, an Irishman, was to command the attack. The British fleet under Admiral Mathews was then cruising off the coast, which is not above four or five miles from Veletri, to assist the Germans. A day or two before the surprize, Lobkowitz marched some of his troops down rather more to the shore, than his camp, and a report was spread, purposely I suppose, that he was going to imbarck his troops on board the English fleet, in order to go straight to Naples. However, if any person suffered themselves to be deceived by such a report, they were not much skilled in sea-affairs, for it must have been a pretty large fleet to have
received

received twenty-thousand men. The night settled for the attempt at last came. Some regiments of German troops were marched round to attack Velettri on the contrary side to where they were encamped. There was another, likewise, ordered to go and spread an alarm towards the east, but they lost their way in the night, and never appeared during the attack.

The Neapolitan gate, which was on the opposite side to where the Germans were encamped, was the place intended to be forced. Without it the Irish regiments in the service of Spain were quartered. General Brown cut the greatest part of his countrymen to pieces. During this alarm the king put on his cloaths, and girding on his sword as quick as possible, ran out of the back door of his house, attended by some of his nobility and life-guards, who were upon duty near him. He went through the garden belonging to the palace of the Ginetti

A. 3

family,

family, and took the road towards Valmontonio. There were some of his cavalry here, from whom he got a horse, and went on, after encouraging them to defend his person. He got to a capuchin convent not far from Veletri, where he met the duke of Modena, and the French ambassador, two persons for whose safety he had been very anxious. He then marched to the right wing of his troops, who were encamped on that side of Veletri, where he omitted nothing a general could do to animate and arrange his men. It was now day-light, for Brown had been so delayed, that it was near dawn before his attack began. He had almost destroyed all his countrymen who defended the Neapolitan gate. The few that remained he had taken prisoners. He had broken too some Spanish horse that opposed him. He killed many of them, and took more.

He

He then seized the tents, and every thing else that belonged to the left wing of the Spanish army. He set the whole on fire. The town gate was now opened by force. The Spanish guards in vain attempted to hinder the entrance of the enemy. Sanseverino, brother to the prince of Bisignano, endeavoured to rally them. Some he reproached, some he stopt by force, till his great number of wounds rendered him so faint, that he fell, and was left for dead. In the mean time the Germans entered, and seized upon nine pair of colours found altogether just at the gate. They now separated their troops into three divisions. One went to the palace where the king lodged; the second towards the court of justice, a large building on the left hand as they entered; and the third up the street that leads through the middle of the town. They killed a great many people, and attempted to set fire to the houses in many places. The inhabitants, unused to war, hid them-

selves in their cellars, and expected to see their habitations entirely destroyed. The Germans continued killing almost every person they met, whether armed or not. They plundered every thing they could get, making very little difference between what belonged to the towns-people or their enemies. Almost all the Spaniards that remained in the town upon the entry of the Germans were either taken or killed. Count Mariano, tho' very ill of the gout, was obliged get away as quick as he could on horseback. The duke of Atrisco, after the house he was in was half pulled down and burnt, got off likewise, and mounting a horse, rode to the king's guards, of which he was commander. In short, fire, confusion and the enemy occupied every place; and a report was current, (a thing common enough upon all these occasions,) that the Spanish army was totally destroyed. What ruined the Germans was, that, instead of following their victory, as soon as they were masters
of

of the town they thought of nothing but plundering it. However, the Spaniards, who had recovered themselves a little on the outside of the walls, re-attacked the Germans. The engagement then became very bloody on both sides.

General Gage was the principal commander of the Spaniards under the king of Naples. He was a Fleming, and had been one of the Spanish Walloon guards. He directed the recovery of the town with all the art and vigor of an experienced officer. Andready, a general of the Germans, was wounded. Many prisoners were taken on both sides. The event was certainly of very great consequence, for if the Spaniards had been conquered, and their ammunition and magazines taken, it might have gone hard with the kingdom of Naples. In the meantime the king, who was never far from Velletri, sent two companies of the queen's regiment, which he had along with him, to
assist

assist his army. Gage, likewise, brought the Macedonian regiment, and that of Castille to the attack. The appearance of them cast a panic into the enemy, who were afraid of being surrounded, so that the Germans immediately began to run away as fast as they could. Some were killed in jumping down the steep precipices which surround the town. What increased the hurry of their flight was, their not receiving any assistance from their general Lobkowitz, who, I do not know for what reason, did not chuse to send them a reinforcement. The Spaniards pursued the flying enemy to so good effect, that they strewed the road quite up to the German camp with carcases. There were, still, however, some remaining in Veletri, who had got into the houses, and from thence infested the Spanish troops. As they were covered by the walls from the musquetry, they killed a great number, without being annoying themselves from the enemy. The Spaniards could not bring their cannon easily

easily to play upon them within the streets of the town, indeed I believe they had little or no artillery in it. However the Walloon guards at last broke into the houses, and, with some loss, killed or took them all prisoners. The count of Beaufort, one of the Walloon officers, was killed by the enemies bayonets. He did not fall upon the spot, but continued fighting, till at last they carried him away by force. His countrymen, the Walloons, seeing what had happened, redoubled their fury. They cut down the doors with hatchets, and as I have already said, all the Germans remaining within the houses were either killed or taken prisoners. In the mean time the pursuit of those who were retreating to their camp was continued. Count Novati was taken by the Spaniards in the duke of Modena's quarters, before he knew even that his own party was fled. The duke of Modena, you know, was then with the Spaniards. There was a consultation held by the king,

with

with him and other officers, about pursuing the Germans with all their forces, into their very camp. But some disputes arose about the way they were to march, which gave the enemy time to compleat their retreat.

Seven o'clock at night.

WE have been walking out a second time, and looking about Velettri. The houses are marked with musquet shot, the remains of the German attack. We saw where the then king of Naples saved himself, when he ran half naked into the garden and escaped. The situation of Velettri is really very pretty. It is placed upon a middling hill. The valleys about it are very romantic, and the sides of them clothed with vineyards and olive trees. I saw nothing extraordinary in the town but its dirtiness, as being surrounded with declivities I should think the water must run off.

off. Indeed they have nothing to shew but a pope's statue, and the art of making brandy, which they say is done cheaper here than at Rome. A coffee-house exhibited to me some curious figures, and you know what country gentlemen are out of England. I set out for Capua to-morrow, where I shall stay a day or two, before I go on for Naples.

L E T T E R II.

Capua, 8 o'clock morning,
Monday, Feb. 16, 1761.

THIS is the fifth day I have been at Capua, detained by some friends, but as their company will not be so agreeable to you as to me, I will give you the consequences of the German repulse at Velettri. I take great part of what I write from an elegant Latin history, of the late war in Italy, composed by Buonarnici, who served under the king of Naples, which makes him indeed rather incline to the party under whose banners he fought.

The Spaniards continued desirous of revenging, by an immediate attack upon their camp, the daring enterprize of the Germans. The count of Valhermoso offered
to

to follow them, if the king would but give him leave. He said he would go by a bridge called Mela, near the town of Lanuvio, where the horse could also come, and by excluding the enemy from Cintiano, exact immediate punishment for their hardness. The count of Valhermoso's opinion prevailed. But the misfortune was, that while these things were disputing, and the troops were getting ready, the Germans returned in peace to their camp. The Spaniards did indeed begin to march under the command of the count. But as soon as the king knew that the enemy was entirely retired, so that it was impossible to harrafs them any further in their retreat, and as he had a mind to give his troops a little rest after the great fatigue of the passed night, or rather morning, considering all these things, he ordered them to return to their quarters. The affair began at dawn of day, and lasted till nine o'clock,

The

The day following the king gave public thanks to all his army, and in particular to count Gage, and the duke of Castropignano. He praised his Spanish troops in not letting their courage flag under difficulties, and his Neapolitans for equalling their ancestors in their fidelity and love to their sovereign. He dispensed rewards to different persons. He promoted prince Sanseverino, the prince of Bisignano's brother, and made the prince della Riccia knight of the order of St. Januarius. They were both wounded. He then harangued his army, and exhorted them to have courage, nor be disappointed at difficulties. He told them that they ought rather to rejoice in having repelled an almost victorious enemy from their camp, than be sorry for their having been attacked, and receiving some loss. One man was hung up belonging to the town, as the Spaniards, tho' from reports perhaps more than proof, imagined some of the inhabitants had played rather

ther foul towards them. In fact, the subjects of the pope were badly off to have two great armies cutting and burning their houses about their ears, without being able to say, no, to either of them. The king then took care to have his camp better strengthened and guarded. The soldiers that had lost their arms, horses, and cloaths, were refurnished with all of them. Every province of the Neapolitan state was ordered to send a certain number of recruits, and every prince a horse. The princes and people did at last transmit what was required, but after some time. Naples made a free present of money to the king. Some auxiliary troops from Spain had the good luck to get to Gaeta and Naples, through the British fleet, which was then very powerful. Lobkowitz in the mean time, tho' he spread about every where that he had gained a victory, thought of making his retreat. As he had lost a great many of his men, and found the Spanish camp was

now strongly fortified, he gave up all hopes of any opportunity offering in his favor. A great many of his soldiers too were wounded, which added to the month of August, cause of unwholesome heats they were not accustomed to bear, rendered them unfit to do their duty. His principal officers began likewise to quarrel, which generally happens when affairs go bad. Malicious sayings flew about, that Lobkowitz was not capable of commanding an army. The horses were entirely emaciated. The country all round was consumed, by the long stay of the troops. The autumn too was coming on, a bad time for him to trust for provisions by sea. Tho' Lobkowitz wanted assistance himself, the king of Sardinia was intreating him to come and strengthen his party, and the general was obliged, by the queen's orders, to send him some forces. This commander was reduced, therefore, to the greatest dilemma, and his determination was, that it was necessary to march. He stayed, notwithstanding,

two months longer in sight of the Spanish army, whether it was that the Austrians were ashamed to abandon what had once been undertaken, or, that still some beams of hope were kept alive in their bosoms. During this interval, about a hundred Hungarian horse fell upon the town of Valmontonio by surprize, and killed all the few Spanish troops in it, with Portocarrero who commanded them. They plundered the town. In all the stay of the armies at Veletri, nothing more happened of any moment. Lobkowitz, who still continued in his intention of decamping, sent away before him the sick and wounded, and all other impediments, in order that nothing might retard his march. He ordered about a hundred men likewise, to make a bridge of boats over the Tyber, pretty near the bridge called Ponte Molle, in order that he might pass his troops the quicker over that river. After these dispositions Lobkowitz marched away in the night

time, in a great hurry. As soon as the king of Naples perceived their retreat, a step he had imagined the Germans would be obliged to take sooner or later, he ordered his army to follow, and his cavalry to harrafs their rear. The first night of their march, the Germans stopt at the Torre di mezza via, and the Spaniards in the valley of Albano. In passing the Tyber the Germans were overtaken, and a little skirmish happened before they could entirely get over their troops. When the Austrian army passed under the walls of Rome, the citizens looked upon them with a different eye from what they had done some months before, while going, as they said, to the conquest of Naples. Lobkowitz then had entered that city, with some of his generals, to pay his respects to the Pope. All the inhabitants crouded to see him. Buonamici says, that the day of his entering Rome, the people shewed him so much honor, and crouded so much about the tops of their houses to behold him, and
received

received him with such acclamations, that nothing seemed wanting to compleat his triumph but a victory (*ut nihil ei ad triumphum præter victoriam deesset.*) The Romans used to go out to the army, which was encamped but a little way from the town, and stare at and admire every thing. Buonamici imagines that they judged of the strength and force of the soldiers from their *barbarous* cloathing, and their harsh sounding language. The Romans said, that no nation, much less the Neapolitan, could withstand the look of such troops. But they were now returning in a quite different plight, and with quite different ideas from what they entertained before. Instead of invading, they were pursued, and instead of conquering, were endeavouring to preserve the troops they already had; in short, instead of acting upon the offensive, were become mere defenders.

8 o'clock at night.

I dined to day with the governor of this place, who is an Irishman, or at least of Irish extraction. At his table were the officers of an Irish regiment quartered here, with one Frenchman, who, tho' born at Aix, is yet enrolled among them. Upon my word the number of British subjects, and particularly Irish, serving in foreign countries, is a great detriment to the nation. There are three Irish regiments in Spain, seven in France, and one here, besides numbers of that nation scattered about the world in detached services. Walking out with some of the officers yesterday, they ridiculed the proclamation issued by our court, at the beginning of the war, to recall all British subjects serving foreign powers. What does the government mean, says one of them, by ordering us to come home? Let them order us bread there, and we shall be glad to return of our own accord. It is better however to serve a foreign power
than

than starve in Ireland. I believe you here see the sentiments of half the Irish nation, for I suppose near half of them are Roman catholics, and they all declare there is no way of living in Ireland, for persons of their persuasion, without they have independent fortunes.

I intend to go to-morrow to Naples.

LETTER III.

Naples, Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1761.

8 o'clock in the morning.

UPON my arrival at this place I received your letter, and shall, in consequence of it, relinquish my expedition to Sicily and Malta, and return to England. As I must wait however for the informations, which you will agree with me are so necessary, I shall slowly continue my journey homewards, till fresh advice gives spurs to my inclination.

I set out from Capua, as I told you I intended to do, on Tuesday morning, that is this day seven-night. As there are but two posts, or one change of horses, between Capua and this place, and as it was very early when I set out, you may imagine it was not late when I got to Naples. The road was tolerably good, and we passed through a middling town

town, called Averfa, famous heretofore for being the first fovereign eftablifhment of the Normans in this country, before thofe brave adventurers overthrew the dominion of the Lombards and Greeks, and eftablifhed a flourifhing kingdom in the Two Sicilies.

— — — I have been interrupted by a vifit from a Portuguefe gentleman, with whom I had made an acquaintance the laft time I was abroad. In the courfe of our converfation, I asked him if he had any news from Portugal, but he fays none, whether it is that there is not really any, or that his friends do not care to write what they know. He fays, however, that the king of Portugal was very much picqued, that the book written in his favor fhould be burnt by the common hangman at Rome. The imprifonment of Pagliarini, the Roman bookfeller, for publifhing fomething in his defence, has increafed his difpleafure, which is ftill heightened by that unhappy tradesman
having

having been condemned to the galleys for ten years. That was his sentence, but the pope has mitigated it by changing the galleys to his being confined in a fortress for the same time. I think there is nothing else to tell you concerning the affairs of Portugal.

Saturday, 9 o'clock in the
morning, Feb. 28.

We have had the most terrible uproar imaginable in the house opposite to my windows, merely for one woman's calling another a w—e. The opprobrious word was no sooner out of the offender's mouth, than all the relations of the injured innocent, of which there happened to be a good number present, as she was in her own house, fell upon the aggressor, or rather aggressors, and with mighty blows levelled her to the ground. But fortune sent her assistance. Her cries reached the ears of some of her acquaintance. They flew to her aid. The battle became general. Stones and dirt flew about without intermission.

intermission. Victory hovered over the combatants, dubious on which party to descend. But a serjeant with some soldiers entering, soon calmed the female tumult and all was peace. Even their tongues were hushed, which before had trumpeted to battle in the most warlike strain. So when Neptune with his tritons appears upon the face of the troubled waters———But a truce with similes, I will go to breakfast.

A gentleman has been telling me, this morning at breakfast, the story of some English sailors belonging to a merchant ship. The thing made some disturbance in this city. They got drunk and were roaming about the town. The Neapolitan guard, of which there are several placed in different parts of this populous town, told them not to make such a noise. A quarrel ensued, and the sailors, without any ceremony, closed with them and twisted all their muskets out of their hands. This attack upon the military
made

made great noise for some time, but it was at length thought proper to pass it over. Tho' the sailors were to be sure highly in the wrong, and were punishable in these monarchical countries to a high degree, I believe the officers did not care to demand public satisfaction, for their sentinels having been disarmed by unarmed men. In this manner the affair dropped. — —

L E T T E R IV.

Saturday, March 7, 12 o'clock
at noon. Naples.

A One horfed chair, which ply about this town like hackney coaches, has carried me this morning to Portici. It is a pleasant ride, some part of it along the sea-side. Tho' indeed the sea-side continues but little farther than till you are out of the town of Naples, but you are all the way near the beautiful bay upon which this town is situated. Naples towards the sea is really magnificent. As it is built in a semi-circle, and part upon a rising ground, it makes a great show. Portici is the place where the ancient Herculaneum stood, at least so antiquarians and learned people say, tho' I do not think we have any absolute proof of it. All Dion Cassius writes about it is as follows.

“ In

“ In the mean time a most unspeakable
“ quantity of ashes, borne along by the winds,
“ covered both earth and sea, and filled the
“ very air. Infinite damage accrued from
“ this to men and cattle. All fish and birds
“ were destroyed, and two intire cities, Her-
“ culaneum and Pompeii, were totally over-
“ whelmed, while the people were sitting in
“ the theatre.”

Now as there has been a town lost, and a town found, people imagine that the town lost must be inevitably the same with that discovered, which I do not think a certain consequence. Nor do I hold it absolutely certain that what they have discovered under ground was a town. I think they might have found as many things in a village, or even in a villa. They have discovered indeed a theatre I believe, or rather an amphitheatre, but some Roman emperors had amphitheatres in their villas.

Monday,

Monday, March 9, 5 o'clock
in the afternoon.

I am just come from dinner at the consul's, where there was much company. Talking about Herculaneum, he says more authors have spoken about that and Pompeii's being swallowed up besides Dion Cassius. This certainly gives some confirmation to the history of the submersion of Herculaneum, but none that Herculaneum is the identical place where the houses now found under ground at Portici are situated. The ancient authors, besides Dion Cassius, that speak of it, are Flavius Eutropius, Sextus, Aurelius Victor, Zonara, and, some others. Aurelius Victor I have not seen. Zonara is merely a copier of Dion Cassius, and Eutropius only says in general, that towns were destroyed. His words are as follow.

“ At

“ At this time the top of mount Vef-
 “ fuvius burfting, it is reported that great
 “ torrents of fire were fpread all about
 “ Campania, and that all the neighbour-
 “ ing country, with its towns and men,
 “ were deftroyed by the flames.”

I do not give you the words of Zonara, for they are merely copied from Dion Caffius. He even copies Dion Caffius's lies. I call them lies, for what Dion Caffius fays I can never believe. He declares the afhes of Vefuvius flew fo far, as to reach Rome, Africa, Syria, and Egypt.

“ In fine, the quantity of afhes was fo
 “ great, that part of them reached to Afri-
 “ ca, Syria, and Egÿpt, and entered Rome,
 “ filling all the air, and obfcuring the
 “ fun.”

It may be, but I think in this account there feems to be not only a poetical hyper-

bole, but a manifest contradiction: Rome stands to the north, and Africa to the south of Vesuvius, Syria to the east, and Egypt to the south-east. Ashes can only go with the wind, which must have changed most wonderfully to carry such a quantity, almost at the same time, to such different places. It is possible, to be sure, that the wind might change immediately from one point to another, but I doubt it.

Naples, 4 o'clock afternoon,
Wednesday, March 11, 1761.

MY little chaise has carried me a great way this morning, to behold a sight full of horror. I have been to see the new lava. It has run down from the bottom of the mountain, where it broke out, almost to the sea, and has crossed the road from Portici to the Torre dell' Annunziata, about four miles beyond the former place. Between the lava and Portici there is another town,

called Torre del Greco. About half a mile before you come to this wonder of nature, there is an inn. It is an ill wind that blows no person any good. Many people have been ruined by the lava. The master of the inn will get money. To be sure, his house was in a terrible bad situation for custom before, but now it is the rendezvous of all the curious, at least of their chaises and horses. And so it was of mine this morning. Having left my chaise, horse, and chaiseman at the inn, I marched forwards solus. It was a fine morning. My prospect on either side was terminated by a wall, which did not, however, obstruct the sight of some taller elms, round which, in due season, vines were to creep, much less that of Vesuvius, who reared his blasted head above the clouds. N. B. the top was misty. Before me lay the lava, horrible to behold! I at last came to it, mounted it, and crossed it. Tho' I express this quickly in words, I took more time in performing
the

the deed in reality; for I believe the lava is nearly half a mile across. Its height I should imagine to be that of a common house, and its length, from the sides of the mountain to the sea, four or five miles. You may imagine from this, the quantity of ground it has spoilt, which was almost all fertile land, and vineyards. Various houses too, were in its way, which it has occupied, flinging down some, and surrounding others. Nor is the lava quite cold yet; in some places, notwithstanding the many days it has been exposed to the air. In some parts it still smokes, and those burning spots are yellowish, or of a sulphurous colour. Perhaps the having more particles of sulphur, may be the cause of those places retaining the heat longer. The rest looked like the infernal soil, described by Milton, who had certainly seen mount Vesuvius, and from thence taken many of his ideas of hell. It is quite a new vent, which the mountain has broken itself out this

time, and where, I believe, no person expected an eruption. If the lava had come in the same direction, but had issued as usual from the top of the mountain, I do not believe it would have done a third part of the damage. This morning then have I seen the effects of this prodigy of nature. I could not help falling into a contemplative mood while I was standing in the middle of the lava and looking round. They have made now a sort of road over it, where chaises and horses may with difficulty pass. And then, as the lava is high, there is a great ascent to mount up to it, and an equal descent in consequence to come from it. There are the skeletons of two houses, the walls of which the lava was not able to throw down, and which stand in the middle of it, and make a pitiable appearance. A great stench of sulphur is smelt all round it. The chaisemen and horsemen as they passed were crossing themselves, and crying out, *Jesu Maria!* as fast as they could.

Having fatished my curiosity, I returned to Tre Cafe, the place where I had left my chaise, which I got into, and repassing by La Torre del Greco and Portici, returned to Naples.

Tomorrow I, for the first time, begin to see regularly what there is curious about this place. An antiquarian is to attend me. This is a wight, who by force of being pimp, or antiquarian, (for he serves in both capacities,) to foreigners, gets himself a livelihood. Anagni gave him birth, Rome claims the honor of his education, and Naples enjoys the happiness of his presence. He may be five feet high, rather thick than thin, or, as we should call it *junt* made, with a nose which comes out horizontally, formed very conveniently for a pair of spectacles to ride astride upon, and which indeed he generally wears. This is the figure which is to go out with me tomorrow for the first time.

Saturday, March 14, Naples,
6 o'clock in the afternoon.

IN company with my antiquarian I set forth this morning, as I intended, to hunt curiosities, and arrived at the famous Grotta of Posilipo, which is a road cut by the ancient Romans through a mountain. Whether begun with other views, or on purpose to make a road, I know not, but it is certainly a most stupendous work. My hired explainer said, it was where some quarries of stone of the ancient Romans were dug, and that in extracting the stone, having penetrated a great way into the rock, the thought of cutting it quite through entered into their heads. They still get stone from it. Its length is seventy paces, a hundred of which make an Italian mile. At the coming in and going out, the two apertures are made as large as possible to let in the more light. And they have bored two holes through the top in the middle for the same reason. But
notwith-

notwithstanding, it is still very dark and dismal. Upon my word, if the day is cloudy, you hardly see your way through it. However, there are torches to be sold at both the entrances. There is besides a general rule for goers and comers to keep to the right hand, or, in their terms, the one *alla marina*, and the other *alla montagna*, which, you know, only means towards the mountain, or towards the sea-shore. I think the passing through the bowels of this mountain, however, is very disagreeable. There is a dampness, which must be very unwholesome, and a certain smell like a vault, which is very displeasing, I do not know whether this scent arises from being so distant from the surface of the earth, and, consequently, deprived of the sun's power, or whether it proceeds from the dust which the coach raises, and which has that damp earthy stink, tho' most probably from both. I at length began to emerge from this subterraneous passage, and once more to behold the light of the day, which

was as fine in the beginning as nature ever beheld, and set off the pretty country there is the nearer you come to Pozzuoli.

Egli é un pezzo del ciel caduto in terra,

says a Neapolitan poet.* However, we stopped in our way, nay, even went a little way out of it to see the Grotta del Cane, where there is a famous pestiferous vapor, fatal to the life of any animal. The place in which it is situated is delightful. It lies near a fine lake called the lake of Agnano, furrounded with gently rising hills. The spring too now beginning, and the leaves budding, makes every thing look with a more pleasing aspect. I am afraid yours is not quite so far advanced in England. As for

* This is Sannazaro, I think, tho' I do not know whether he does not allude to the country farther on more towards Baia. The verse gives a very droll idea, and only means, "that it is a piece of heaven tumbled
"down upon the earth."

the Grotta del Cane, I imagine you think it a much greater place than it is. It is not above seven or eight feet high, and two or three in breadth and depth. A hole, you may say, cut out in the side of one of the hills. There is a door at the entrance of it, that you may see nothing without the assistance of a man, who keeps the key, and shews it. He lives at a village not far off. We had stopped at his house in passing. He had said he would come with a dog to shew us the experiment of the pestiferous vapor. But he did not appear. Tired out of all patience, we returned to the chariot which we had left about half a mile off at the descent into the valley. We were just got up to it when the man appeared with his dog. A council of war was called whether it was worth while to go back again. It was at last determined in the affirmative. As the dog was used to these experiments, the poor creature did not at all agree to the coming down in our company. The man was
forced

forced to carry him. The grotta was opened. His nose was held down below the vapor, and the wretched animal began gasping, and in about half a minute's time lay, to all appearance, as expiring. I told the man I was contented with the experiment, and the dog being flung upon the grass, in four or five minutes recovered. That is, after many contortions of his body, and grinnings, and shewing his teeth. The experiment equally holds good tried upon any other animal, as frogs, vipers, or any thing else. We got some frogs, which expired almost immediately. A pistol does not take fire when snapped in the vapor, a torch immediately goes out when held down into it; in short, there are all the effects of bad air. But you must remark, that this vapor does not raise itself above a foot or two from the surface of the ground, so that a man may enter into the cave, for such it is, without any danger. It is sufficient he does not hold his nose down to where the vapor arises,

the

the extent of which you see plainly by the greenness upon the walls. It is surprising to me, that being quite undivided from the good air, especially when the door is open, it does not evaporate.

L E T T E R V.

Monday, 3 o'clock in the afternoon,

March 16, 1761, Naples.

I Was to have gone this morning with my antiquarian to Baia, and so have proceeded with him to the island of Procida, and from thence to that of Ischia; but the weather turned out so bad, that it was impossible, and so we will finish our last journey, which we can do by our fire-sides without being exposed to the inclemencies of the sky.

From the Grotta del Cane we went to see certain sweating rooms near that place, which, by natural heat, are warmer than ever any hot-house was, and where sick people come to sweat off their disorders, and particularly those troubled with the distemper which takes its name from the kingdom
of

of France, but which, I believe, is equally the growth of every soil. Its effects, however, are rather different, and more pernicious in hot than cold countries. But at the same time, that its poison is stronger, it conceals the venom under a more placid aspect, and preys in secret upon the object it has once taken possession of. The French call it the Neapolitan distemper, but names, you know, can not alter the essence of the disease, nor prove certainly from whence it derived its origin. Persons afflicted with this self-brought evil, or with others flowing from more involuntary sources, visit these stoves of St. Januarius, as they call them, in the summer-time, and reckon the perspiration raised by this natural heat conducive to the restoration of their health. The remedy may be efficacious, but it seems to me a disagreeable antidote to go in the hottest months in this climate into a place as hot as you can well respire in, and there remain for an hour or two dissolving into a stream.

Even

Even in the month of March, I confess I found the house too hot to hold me. There is one good thing here, and which, I believe, is entirely necessary. This is, that the heat is in different degrees in different rooms, that you may gradually diminish it. For I think to come out of the hottest all at once into the cold air would be almost death to any person. We took this method, and, after having stayed a minute or two in the hottest, remained an equal time in that of the next degree of heat, and so on to the last; after which we sallied out into the open air, walked to our coach, and continued our journey to Pozzuoli. The further we advanced, the more beautiful the country grew, till our coming to the sea-shore of the bay of Baia completed the prospect, and rendered it a paradise. In distant view lay the island of Caprea, and over the promontory of Misenum some of the mountains of Ischia reared their heads. This, together with the fertility of the country, with now every thing budding;
the

the murmur of the waves of the sea chasing each other gently to the shore; the interspersion of hill and dale; the distant view of Baia on the other side of the bay; the nearer prospect of Pozzuoli, which we were now approaching; all these things put together formed that pleasing sensation which is easier felt than described. But we were now got so near the town of Pozzuoli, that the people began to run about us, and pester us to employ them. Some wanted us to take their boat to Baia; others to take their one-horse chair to the Solfatara; others were thrusting medals into the antiquarian's hand, and desiring him to give his opinion of them. As for Baia, we intended to put it off till another day, so that our thoughts were turned entirely to the Solfatara. Being entered the gate of Pozzuoli, we dismounted from our coach, and wanted to agree with one of the men for their one-horsed chairs, but they asked such a price, that we would not close with any of them, The inhabi-

tants

tants of the town of Pozzuoli are just as bad in an inverse proportion as the country about them is beautiful. They are some of the most ugly people in their looks, the most cheating in their behaviour, and the most noisy in their language, of any, I believe, upon the face of the earth. They are reported, likewise, in their fury to be able to dart a knife with such precision as to wound at a distance any particular part of the body they aim at. But I had nothing to do with them. My companion was to manage all. The country people brought him, I believe, a hundred medals to look at. This was our diversion, while we stood in the middle of the great square of the town, with half of its inhabitants, I believe, round about us. He in the mean time with gravity received the medals one after another, and looking at them through a glass with an air of authority gave his opinion. He generally used to tell the country people they were not worth any thing, tho' sometimes he gave
the

the value of a halfpenny or penny a piece for them. These, perhaps, he may sell afterwards to foolish foreigners for their weight in gold. I was diverted to see the rustics hanging upon him in suspense and anxiety for his determination upon their medals, and when he said, “no, tw’ont do,” with what a melancholy face they walked off! They find these medals in plowing the fields about Pozzuoli, and rummaging among the ruins, of which there are as great a quantity here as in any spot in Italy. The Romans must have liked this situation excessively, and, indeed, they were in the right of it, for it is a most delightful spot, tho’ the air is said now to be bad in summer time. As we could not agree with any person to carry us to the Solfatara for a reasonable price, we resolved to go there on foot. I ordered the *valet de place* I had brought with me to buy us some fish for our dinner, and we then set forward; but we had not gone many steps before one of the

chaifemen called us back, and came down pretty near to our price. We agreed with him, the chaise was got ready in a few minutes, and all thoughts of going on foot laid aside. The chaiseman rode behind as usual with the whip. We were hardly got out of Pozzuoli than we met an English gentleman, just come from Aix la Chapelle hither on horseback. The Solfatara is not above a mile and a half from the town, but as the road was bad, we were a good while in going it. The country pretty, as every where about Pozzuoli, till we come to the Solfatara, which is situated in a valley surrounded with hills, in the same manner as the Grotta del Cane, only there is no lake in the middle, and no fertility. On the contrary, through a great part of the valley not a blade of grass grows. The Solfatara itself consists in two or three columns of smoke, which issue with fury and noise out of some holes in the earth. The vapor that comes out of the ground is very thick. By

putting stones over the apertures, from whence it proceeds, they have got a way of catching some part of the stream, which adheres to the stones, and in part is congealed, or, more properly, coagulated under them, and becomes allum and I do not know what all. They get a great many other things of the same nature out of this valley, and in particular sulphur in great abundance, for it is mixed with the earth almost all about, by putting a quantity of which into a cauldron, they by force of fire melt the sulphur, and then strain it off from the *caput mortuum*. The ground all about here is hollow, at least, if we may judge from its sound. People can not dig to see, for the lower you descend, the hotter it grows, till the men are no longer able to work. They say there is a communication between the Solfatara and Vesuvius, and I believe it very possible, notwithstanding they are ten or twelve miles distant from each other. If what they report be true, it seems to be a

proof of it, which is, that when Vefuvius rages, the fury of the Solfatara decreases in great measure, and on the contrary. A Florentine has hired the land of the proprietors, (I think it belongs to some convent or other,) and makes what advantages he can of the productions of it. After having left this horrid view, consisting only in the barren valley and steams of smoke, the country in returning to Pozzuoli made amends. We went a different way from that we came, in order to go through the ancient town of Pozzuoli, or Puteoli, as the Romans called it; of which there are only ivy-grown remains discernable. But by the great vestiges of buildings, it must have been a very considerable place formerly. There are the ruins of a vast edifice, which my antiquarian told me was the temple of Neptune. How he knows it I can not tell, except he judges from the fine view it has of the sea, that it must have been dedicated to the god of the ocean. He shewed me a place under
ground,

ground, which he denominated a burying place. It had a number of a kind of pigeon holes, where, he says, the ashes were put in their urns. It may be. The ceiling of the vault was stuccoed in figures. I was glad to get out of it, for our torches made such a smoke and stink, that I could hardly bear it. Upon our return to Pozzuoli we sat ourselves down to dinner, which had been prepared by the *valet de place* in our absence. You know these *valet de places* are servants a foreigner is obliged to take in every great town to get him what he wants, and conduct him where he chooses to go. They are of little use except to an entire stranger, but it is a sort of tax upon travellers. Our dinner consisted in some cold meat we had brought along with us, and a fish bought at Pozzuoli by the *servitor de piazza*, or *valet de place*. I must use either the French or Italian name, as we have no English appellation for them. The wine was not bad, tho' not worthy of the praises

Horace has given to the Falernian grape, notwithstanding we were not very distant from the spot said to have produced that much celebrated liquor. A confused multitude of sailors came and made a noise in our room all dinner time. They wanted me to agree to go to Ischia with them, as they knew I had intentions of making that island a visit some other day. Others brought medals and things of that nature for my virtuoso's opinion. He treated all the country people in his usual way. Upon my word, it is the drollest thing in the world to see how they would lengthen their countenances upon his telling them that what they thought a very fine medal was not worth a halfpenny. After dinner we went to see another temple, which I think he called the temple of Jupiter Ammon, or Jupiter something or other, which has been discovered but four or five years. It was before covered with earth, and lay undistinguished. Whether it is true or no I can not say, but my learned companion

companion declared he was the cause of its discovery. There were three columns that reared their heads about half way above ground. He proposed digging to the base of them. They found a large marble pavement entire. All other things, I suppose, were broken and destroyed by the fall of the roof. You see, however, half walls standing, that form a number of little rooms, round about the temple, which he assured me were for the people to wash themselves in before they entered it. In fact, there are iron pipes and channels cut in the stone, that look as if they once conducted water; but whether for the ablutionary purpose he says, is, I believe, very uncertain. There was much more marble than what is to be seen at present, but the king took away whatever lay loose, not touching any thing that was fixed, which he said he would leave to the curious. By the king, I mean Don Carlos, who is now king of Spain, not the present king of Naples, who is only a boy, and I believe

has said nothing yet at all about antiquities. Such was the temple of Jupiter which I then saw, but measured nothing, as the guard there told me it was not allowed for any person to do it, and which, indeed, I never intended. After having inspected the whole, we returned to the house where we dined, from which this temple stood but at a little distance. It was lucky it was not farther, for the uncertain month of March had begun the day with a fine morning, and wanted to conclude it with rain. Indeed, it now began to pour very hard, but it was not of so much signification to us, as we had only to get into our coach and drive away to Naples.

L E T T E R VI.

Naples, half past nine morning,
Saturday, March 21, 1761.

ON Tuesday last, I went to see Hercula-
neum, and the palace at Portici, with my
Cicerone. On Wednesday we went to Baia,
abandoning our scheme to Ischia. On Thurs-
day I was upon the top of mount Vesuvius,
and was yesterday employed in seeing holy
week ceremonies. I do not much love these
religious functions, but I could not refuse
attending some company, who pressed me.
They would make me dine with them too.
Accordingly, about one o'clock I trotted to
the consul's on foot, for there are no coaches
permitted to go about from twelve o'clock
at noon on Wednesday, till twelve o'clock
at noon to-day. The reason of this is, its
being the holy week, and in memory and
penance

penance for our Saviour's crucifixion, there is a general requiem given to all horses. Not so to the men. For the ladies are carried, for humility's sake, about town in very fine chairs, loaded with ornaments, under the weight of which, two bedizened chairman groan. For humility's sake these fair penitents are dressed out as smart as the holy week's mourning will permit them, with two pages on each side of their chair, every seam in whose coats is covered with broad gold, or silver lace. Besides these two distinguished gentlemen, a troop of servants bring up the rear. Thus went the Neapolitan ladies, rendering all due humility and veneration to the season. Many of these glittering trains we met, when we sallied out after dinner on foot. The sight we were going to see was the king, surrounded by all his nobles, marching in procession, to visit two or three churches, and worship the sepulchres in them. When I say sepulchres, you may imagine I was going to see something

something like the tombs in Westminster abbey. No, holy week sepulchres, in Roman catholic countries, mean our Saviour buried, or, as I ought rather to say, extended upon the bier, with the Virgin Mary weeping over him. This is represented more or less finely, according to the churches. This is what his majesty was going to see, in three or four different representations. And this was the sight we were also walking forth to be spectators of. The day was fine. The sea was calm. Father Vesuvius slept. By this you may judge, our road lay near the sea. It did so. The whole bay of Naples stood exposed to our view. But at last, we came to the royal palace, which intercepted the prospect of the water. It has a beautiful situation, but exposed to be cannonaded by the ships of an enemy. Last war some vessels of ours appeared off Naples, sent by admiral Matthews, under commodore Martin, and threatened, not only to lay the palace, but the town in ashes. The
officer

officer who came on shore is reported to have taken out his watch and laid it upon the table before the king, telling his majesty, he could give him only half an hour to determine, whether he would recall his troops from the Spanish army, and, upon the king's complaining of the shortness of the time, he only dryly replied, that five minutes were already expired. The town was so incapable of defence, that it was thought proper to comply, and the Neapolitan troops were, by capitulation, drawn off from those of Spain, which was an advantage to the queen of Hungary, if it had been well executed. The Neapolitans were afraid we should have landed, but one father Pepe, a frier, had so frightened them with the idea of letting heretics set foot in their country, that I believe they would all have taken up arms against us, if we had attempted it, notwithstanding there were a great many in Naples that certainly favored the queen of Hungary's party. Con-
tinuing

tinuing our walk, we at last got to the balcony where we were to see the procession pass. Tho' we had hurried out immediately after dinner, we (as it happens in all such cases) staid about an hour before the king appeared. All the officers came first, in their different uniforms, and divided according to their different regiments. After them came the pages, then the place-men of the court, and the little king, surrounded by the principal of them. And last of all soldiers in quantity. This was all that was to be seen. We then adjourned to the church of the Pietà to hear the *miserere*, and see one of the sepulchres. We got up pretty near the altar, where we remained till the music was over, which lasted a long time. As for the sepulchre there was nothing extraordinary in it, but the music was divine.

Naples, three o'clock afternoon,
Sunday, March 22, 1761.

ON Tuesday the seventeenth of March, as I have already told you, I and my antiquarian set out with an intention of going to Portici, which we did. We there saw the miserable remains of Herculaneum. Our journey, indeed, began rather inauspiciously, for we had hardly passed a handsome bridge, called the Magdalen bridge, in our way to Portici, than our coach broke down. We told the coachman to mend it with ropes, or some how or other as well as he could, and walked on. We had two or three miles to Portici. However, walking on gently, we got to the entrance of the town, or rather village, that goes under that name. There is a long inscription set up here, with regard to mount Vesuvius, which now lay full in our view. As I had got a pencil, and we chose to wait for the coach, not to
appear

appear at the king's palace without a carriage, I leant upon the bulk of a baker's shop, and transcribed it. It is as follows.

* Poster! Poster!

Vestra res agitur.

Dies faciem præfert diei nudius perendino.

Advertite!

Vicies ab fatu Solis nisi fabulatur Historia

Arfit Vefævus,

Immani semper clade hæsitantium.

Ne posthac incertos occupet moneo,

Uterum gerit mons hic

Bitumine, alumine, ferro, sulphure, auro, argento,

Nitro, aquarum fontibus, gravem.

Serius ocyus ignescet, pelagoque influente pariet,

Sed ante parturit

Concutitur, concutitque solum,

Fumicat, coruscat, flammigerat,

Quatit aerem,

Horrendum immugit, boat, tonat, arcet finibus accolat.

Emica dum licet,

Jam Jam enititur, erumpit, mixtum igne lacum evomit,

Precipiti

* Posterity! Posterity!

Of your concerns I treat.

From

Precipiti ruit ille lapsu, feramque fugam prævertit;
Si corripit, actum est, periisti.

Ann. Sal. MDCXXXI. XVI Kal. Jan.

Philippo IV Rege,

Emanuele Fonseca et Zunica comite Montis regii

Pro-Rege,

Repetita superiorum temporum calamitate subsidiiſque calamitatis

Humanius quo munificentius.

Formidatus ferravit, spretus oppressit, incautos et avidos,

Quibus Lar et Supellex vita potior

Tum tu si sapiſ audi clamantem lapidem,

Sperne Larem, sperne farniculas, mora milla fuge.

Antonio Suares Messia Marchione Vici

Præfecto viarum.

Before I had finished copying the inscription the coach came up with us, mended as well

From length of time instruction is derived.

Beware !

Full twenty times since the creation of the sun, if history
be true, hath Vesuvius burned,

Overwhelming the tardy with destruction.

That no person may hereafter undergo its dire effects,

This marble tells them,

That the mountain which you behold,

Bears

well as the short time permitted. We got
into it, and drove to the king's palace,
which

Bears within its womb, quantities of
Pitch, alum, iron, sulphur, gold, silver,
Nitre and springs of water.

Sooner or later will it kindle, and, influenced by the sea,
produce to light
Its entrails.

But, before the monstrous birth,
It shakes the earth, and is itself shaken;
It smokes, sparkles, flames,
Impels the air,

With horrid roar, bellows, thunders,
And from its confines drives the labourer.

Do thou fly swift,

While fortune gives thee opportunity.

See! see! it labours, it bursts, it emits a lake of fire,
which with headlong fall rushing, preoccupies the flow.

If it seizes thee, thou art lost.

In the year of our safety 1631,

Philip IV. being king.

Emanuel Fonseca and Zunica, count of

Monte Real, Viceroy,

Who, upon the renewal of the calamities of former
times, has renewed the

which, as I think I have already said, stands nearly over the spot of the ancient Herculaneum, or of the ancient ruins which go under that name. We waited a long time before we could meet with the man who keeps the key of the palace, to shew it us, There is nothing, however, very particular, tho' all very fine and pleasing. The staircase pretty, and the rooms gay. One full of pictures, another full of English furniture, another of china, and so on. The china cabinet, for so they call the room,

Assistance given in them

With equal humanity and generosity.

The fearful hath this mountain spared, but it oppresseth
its contemners, particularly those uncautious
misers, who prefer their houses and
effects to life.

Thou therefore, if wise, hear this marble, which cries out
to thee. Leave thine household gods, leave
thy wealth, and fly with hasty step.

Antonio Suares Messiah Marquis del Vico,
Surveyor of the ways.

furnished

furnished with that manufacture, is a very *jem-crack* thing indeed. The ornaments were made at a fabric of china which the king of Spain had set up at Naples, but which he has now removed to Madrid. Tho' they did not work bad, yet they never equalled Dresden china, or some other European fabrics. The king's palace at Portici has a pretty view. It looks over a garden into the sea. What you will think odd is, that the high road passes through the middle of the great court of it, but that is to be altered when the palace is finished, and a road cut between the gardens and the sea. From the palace, we went to see Herculaneum, which is not above a hundred steps off. We could not go the common way of descending underground, as a pestiferous exhalation had taken possession of the passage. These poisonous vapours are the consequence of eruptions from mount Vesuvius. I think they say they are owing to effluvia proceeding from the lava which the mountain emits. The effects

generally extend themselves to several parts of the adjacent country. There is a cellar or two in Portici, where the people cannot go in now, upon account of it. Its noxious properties rarely break out but in low and inclosed places, where there is not a free ventilation of the air. My *fervitore de piazza* went to smell a little at it, at the entrance into Herculaneum, but he soon retreated. I think he complained of a sulphureous suffocating smell. I did not care to go and try the experiment, for fear of its making my head ache. We found a bird dead there. The poor little animal, not conscious of the infection, had perched itself upon some of the lower branches of the shrubs near the entrance, and not having sense enough to retire quickly, fell a martyr to the *mosfeta*, for that is the name the people of the country give to this corrupted air. The vapour remains sometimes five or six months in the places where it has chosen to establish its quarters, for tho' it comes
pretty

pretty much of a sudden, its retreat is by little and little. Probably, by something of this kind was Pliny's uncle killed, for it seems improbable his asthma should have had so immediate an effect, as to cause him to drop down dead, while he was walking along. The common passage down to Herculaneum being thus occupied, with all that part of the subterraneous town near it, we were obliged to enter by another way, where the theatre is, and which, upon account of the *moseta*, was the only thing we could see. However, as this building is pretty nearly entire, it was more than sufficient to shew, that it had been once the scene of diversion and entertainment, now the seat of darkness and desolation. The lava is above thirty feet high over it. If we had not this proof, it would have been folly to have imagined the mountain could have thrown out so much matter. The people undoubtedly had time to save themselves, as I think but one skeleton has been found in

all their excavations. They not only saved their own persons, but carried away their most valuable effects, as only statues and heavy things are left, that could have been worth much to the owners. After we had been all about the theatre by the light of torches, notwithstanding there is a little day let into the middle of it, by a hole cut up to the surface of the lava, we returned to enjoy once more the rays of the sun, which shone with full beams upon us all the way back to Naples, as it was a very fine day; On Thursday we went to Baia. As far as Pozzuoli, was the same road we had been before. We here took a boat with six oars, to cross over the famous bay of Baia. Imagine me now upon the sea, which was in a perfect calm, with a delightful country all round, and what heightened the romanticness of the scene, was to hear the man who steered sing, with a manly voice, some rustic, but expressive words, relative to the perfidiousness of that element, which was smiling

ing indeed now, but might soon be deformed with storms.

Being arrived to the shore of Baia, we left our provisions and some fish we had brought, to be dressed and taken care of at a little inn, and walked up the country to see what was to be seen. We saw Nero's prisons, as they are called, tho' I believe it very uncertain whether that cruel emperor built them; however they seem very worthy of the contrivance of a tyrant. You descend to them with a number of lighted torches, for they are entirely under ground. They consist in a number of cells, divided from each other by walls of great thickness. I confess the sight of these subterraneous dungeons, whatever was their use, made me enter into myself, and, as I imagined they really were prisons, I could not help reflecting, how many wretches might have passed silent years there without having once seen the sun, or might have been cruelly murdered without hearers

of their groans. Tho' I remained but a little time in these blind caverns, I really felt myself happy when I emerged into open air, and beheld the beautiful scenes which flourished all around. We then went to what they call the *Piscina mirabilis*, which is a set of arches, where there probably was water, but to what end, my antiquarian did not make clear to me. But why should I describe to you all the ivy-covered ruins, with which this country abounds. Temples and palaces have fallen a sacrifice to the devouring hand of time. "Yes, " they fall (says Ariosto,) the mightiest " cities, the most aspiring kingdoms fall. " Behold ! weeds and desert sand now op- " press the once illustrious Thebes and " Carthage !"

Cadono le città, cadono i regni

Copre Tebe e Cartago erba ed arena,

But

But the melancholy arisen from seeing these miserable vestiges of Roman manificence, was dissipated by the charms of the country, with the promontory of Misenum extended beyond it. It still preserves its ancient name, (Miseno) and Virgil's prophecy was true, when speaking of Eneas burying his pilot Misenus there, he says

*Imponit suaque arma viro, remumque tubamque
Monte sub aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen,*

After we had seen every thing we returned to the inn; where dinner was ready for us. We had our table set upon the margin of the sea, and eat to the music of the resounding waves. Dinner over we reembarked, and rowed about a mile, to some naturally hot stoves, of which there are a great number in this country. It seems surprising, as you go in, to find you breathe cooler air the more you stoop your head, but the wonder ceases when you know, that at the end
of

of these subterraneous vaults there is a boiling hot fountain, the vapor of which naturally ascends, as high as the cavern's roof will permit it. The sand here under the sea is hot, and if you take it up in your hands burns them. The water however, that lies above it, preserves its natural coolness. Indeed the whole country about Naples, for sulphur and fire, is the most curious I ever saw. From hence we went by land to a place called the Cumean Sibyl's Grotta. I do not know by what authority this name is given to it. There are a great many of these subterraneous passages in Italy. I can not think what could be the reason of the Romans having made so many of them. This Cumean Sibyl's cave, is situated upon what they call the lake of Averno, with as much foundation, I believe, as the former. On the other side, there are the ruins of a fabric which antiquarians have likewise taken the liberty to intitle, the temple of Apollo. The Romans say,
the

the lake of Averno was pestiferous, and Virgil tells us, that the birds in flying over it fell down dead, but what I then beheld was quite the contrary. Pure gales breathe around it, and all nature smiles. To reconcile this difference, my companion assured me, that the lake had purified itself by time. It may be so. From hence we went to another famous piece of water, called the Lucrine lake. But this, instead of receiving advantage from length of time, has lost above half its extent. A mountain, said to have risen suddenly out of the earth, during the space of one night, has almost covered it. This latter phænomenon, I believe, may be spoken of with more certainty than the water covered by the mountain being part of the Lucrine lake. First of all, this sudden rise of hills, (for it is a hill, not a mountain,) in the sulphureous ground about Naples, is not without example. Vesuvius has done the same lately, and pushed up divers little hills, out of which

which he lately vented that prodigious quantity of lava. There was an aperture at the top of each, out of which the lava issued. There were five or six of these hills at first, but two or three of them are fallen in, the rest, in all probability, will remain to eternity. Why may not our present hill then, have been raised somehow or other in the same manner? They say it is composed of a sort of pumice stones, and sulphureous matter. Besides, as it is an affair that happened much later than the latest account we have of the Lucrene lake, it ought to be more certain. The cheating, never-to-be-contented country-fellows, that accompanied us to shew these things, wanted us to buy some fish at a treble price, for their coming out of the remainder of this water. As I never had the fury of antiquity upon me, you may think they did not appear a bit more valuable to my eyes, than if they had swum in any other stream, and I consequently declined

declined the purchase. This did not quite please the venders, which gave me no great concern. After having dispatched as well as we could these grumbling fellows, and re-entered our bark, we coasted agreeably enough all the way back to Pozzuoli, which was two or three miles. We here got into our chariot, and rolled in a pleasant evening back to Naples.

L E T T E R VII.

Tuesday, 10 o'clock in the morning,
March 24, 1761, Naples.

I Go to Capua to night, where I shall stay two or three days. To give you now my journey to the top of Vesuvius. We only stopt at Portici a moment or two to buy some bread, as it is reckoned to be very good. This we joined to two fowls and a tongue, which we had brought along with us, and which were to serve us after our descent from the mountain. Our chariot then carried us to Refina, a village not much above a mile from Portici, where wheels can proceed no farther. In consequence, each get upon a jack-ass, of which animals the neighbouring inhabitants have always plenty to accommodate Vesuvian travellers. The whole village wanted to follow us, but

tickets distributed by my antiquarian confined the number, and left the rest scolding behind. Notwithstanding the uneasiness of my seat upon a pack-saddle, I could not avoid entering into the mirth of the company, which consisted in seven or eight men, besides my antiquarian and servitor di piazza. This latter is nick-named Papariello, and is the most like a monkey of any human creature I ever yet beheld. I do not see how by any definition you could distinguish him from that man-imitating animal, which certainly answers to the *homo* of the logicians, *animal bipes implume*, but a plucked turkey would do the same. Should you attempt to particularize a monkey, calling him an irrational creature, with his nose jutting in at the top, prominent cheek bones, and the lower part of his face advancing outwards beyond the upper, this all answers to Papariello. His mother was certainly frightened by a baboon when pregnant, and stamped the image which caused her terror upon

upon the embryo. If I was to meet Papariello in the wilds of Asia or Africa, I should run away for fear. But as I knew I was near Naples, and that the being which followed me was only a domestic *servitore di piazza*, I let it grin and chatter behind me with our auxiliary attendance. At length we were obliged to quit our jackasses, and trust to our own feet, as the steepness of the mountain permitted none but rational creatures to proceed any farther. Before us not a blade of grass grew. Every thing was blasted and desolate. And yet, if we may believe Martial, the sides of this mountain were formerly very fruitful. But in the epigram in which he expresses this, he says, their beauty was destroyed by an eruption which happened in his time, I suppose that under Titus. It is the 105th of the second book, and the words are as follow.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
Prefferat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus,

Hæc

Hæc juga quam Nisæ colles plus Bacchus amavit,

Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.

Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedemone gratior illi,

Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.

Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi versa favilla,

Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

Martial's epigram too proves the submer-
sion or ruin of Herculaneum, at least, you
see he says, that once there was a famous
place here of that name,

Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat:

But the idea of Mount Vesuvius at present
is certainly very different from what Martial
would give us of it in his six first lines.
Horror and desolation reign every where.
The soil nothing but lumps of lava and
ashes. The ashes make it very difficult
to get up to the top, as your feet slip back
and you gain very little ground. This was
the diversion which I was going to enjoy
for an hour and a half. Papariello remained
at the bottom chattering with one of the men

belonging to the beasts, he to take care of our provisions, and the man of his jack-asses. In the mean time I was laboring at the ascent. I had three men to assist me, two of whom preceded with handkerchiefs about their waists, which I had hold of, and the third pushed my shoulders behind. I soon, however, transferred my *tergal* assistant to the antiquarian, who seemed to stand in most need of him. After many stoppings to take breath, we at last arrived at what they call the *white stone*, about half a mile from the top of the mountain, where we sat down to rest and warm ourselves, as the ground was hot, and counterbalanced the mist and wind we had ascended to. Meanwhile one of our men was sent up to the mouth of Vesuvius, to see whether its horrid gape was visible, for sometimes there is so much smoke, you can see nothing. The mouth, as I have already told you, is about half a mile from this white stone, or rather black stone; for, if it was to be denominated from

its colour, it ought rather to have the latter appellation. Two or three years ago it was thrown, they say, out of the mouth of Vesuvius. Surprising, if true, how weights of that sort can be tossed about in the air ! This stone is almost as tall as a man, and roundish. It ought rather to be called a piece of a rock. But our man being now arrived to the mouth of Vesuvius, hallooed to us to come up, a sign of its dreary opening being visible. We set out accordingly, assisted in the same manner as before, and at last arrived at the brink of the precipice. As I did not care to follow the fate of Empedocles, I was a little cautious at first in looking down, and when I looked there was so much smoke, I could not see any thing at all. I thought the countryman we had sent before had deceived us in making us come up. However, I found that by fixing your eyes for some time upon the gulf, the wind at certain periods blew the smoke away just enough to have a peep. What I saw was horrid,

but it was not a bottomless gulf, as I had imagined. I saw a great descent of rugged and torn rocks, but still I could behold the bottom of them. My antiquarian explained this to me by telling me that the mouth had been open, and the circumference of the precipice twice as extensive, till a late eruption, which had made it fall in, and jammed it up in the manner I then saw. That this was the cause, in the last eruption, of the mountain's having burst an opening at the bottom, as not being able to throw out its matter at the usual mouth, and finding the sides weaker and more easy to force than the summit, it had vented itself that way. But in all probability it will in time open itself a fresh vent in the old place. However, you may imagine that the mouth is not so closed as not to leave a passage sufficient for the smoke to issue from. Nay, stones and ashes came out during the eruption below. But then the cavities wind about so among the ragged precipices of the

cratera

cratera, that you can not look down them. The cratera, or cup, is the term of art embracing the whole circumference and extension of the mouth of the mountain. The brink of this abyfs may be now about a mile in circumference, and formerly was above two miles, till the mouth fell in. Tho' we had taken care to get to the windward, yet still from time to time the smoke troubled us. As it was impregnated with sulphur and other infernal particles, it was not only disagreeable to the smell, but, I believe, even dangerous to stay in long. You know the fumes of a match almost stifle you. Think then how strong the effects of all this sulphur together ought to be. However, the common men venture a little down the beginning of this precipice, as a fellow did to get a lady's hat, when she went to the top of the mountain, and which blew off while she was standing upon the brink of the cratera, as I now was. I think the man hazarded his life for the sake of a

trifle she promised. Not that there was any danger of his rolling down into those cavities from whence the smoke issued, but from the noxious effluvia of the smoke itself. When the mouth throws out fire, you may imagine no person can go even where I was now standing; however, that is only some few months in the year, but it almost always emits smoke. After having satisfied our eyes sufficiently with this wonder of nature, we sat out upon our return. The men and I ran as hard as we could quite down to the white stone. Every step I took was almost up to my knees in ashes. The old antiquarian was puffing half way behind. I took the opportunity of this delay to pull off my shoes, and free them from the quantity of ashes that had stuffed them in my precipitate descent. Upon our second starting, I arrived also at the bottom much sooner than my companion. I here in company with Papariello and our jack-asses found a French friar, who was waiting our return.

return. He calls himself the hermit of Vesuvius, at the bottom of which he has a little cell where he lives. When he sees any strangers going up to the top of the mountain, he prepares some biscuits, wine, fruit, and other things, and meets them in humble tone upon their return to the bottom. But you must not think this is all done out of charitable hospitality. It goes, indeed, under that name, but the holy father expects double the price to be put into his alms-box for a recompence. These provisions being joined to our own, we sat down upon the ground, and began to regale ourselves after our fatigue. The place where we were making our rustic dinner was delightful. As we were upon a rising ground, tho' at what is generally called the bottom of the hill, all Naples lay discovered to our view. A calm sea beyond, interspersed with the islands of Procida, Caprea, Nisida, and Ischia, heightened the prospect. This added to the pretty and variegated country below

us, full of houses and villages, completed the scene. What with this beautiful prospect, eating our provisions, and drinking the friar's good wine, which he called *Lacrymæ Christi*, tho' I believe it was not genuine, we all waxed very merry. The friar too, notwithstanding his long beard, penitential habit, and the crucifixes tied to his girdle of rope, was extremely facetious. In short, we passed an hour very agreeably, till it was time to set off and return to Naples. In our way thither we stopped at Portici to see his majesty's museum of the curiosities dug out of the ruins of Herculæum. I was forced to enter here alone, as they have no good opinion of antiquarians, tho' every curiosity of portable weight is under lock and key, and only seen through wires. There were all sorts of utensils, corn, bread, books, thread, and I do not know what all. However, as I am no antiquarian myself, I did not stay so long to
feed

feed my eyes with these footy * remains, as another might have done. In about half an hours time I sufficiently satisfied my curiosity, and returned to Naples; but before I left the apartments I could not avoid going into a room, where a friar was attempting to read some of the books. It is a most tiresome occupation, as they are folded up in the old Roman manner, and the vellum breaks to pieces when you attempt to open them. I do not think he will make much of it, tho' he endeavours lightly to glue the fragments upon a piece of paper. What he was working at was Greek, and the letters were visible, as they are sometimes upon a sheet of writing that is burnt. Before I conclude this paper I will just inform you that Herculaneum was discovered accidentally by the digging of a well. After having de-

* This collection has since been considerably increased by the discovery of Pompeii, where, however, they go on digging but very slowly.

scended a considerable depth they were very much surpris'd to find a column of marble, and upon going a little lower they found other ruins, which was the reason of the king's ordering his people to continue the work. By these means was discovered the surpris'ing city of Herculaneum, for such I can no longer doubt it to be from inscriptions, but the memory of whose destruction was almost effaced. I shall only add a remark of the late queen of Naples, now queen of Spain, who, upon desiring her husband not to build in that place, told him, that as he was digging out what belonged to others, so others might hereafter dig out his present buildings, if he continued his intention, which his then Sicilian majesty did, notwithstanding his royal consort's admonition.

Capua,

Capua, nine o'clock at night,
Wednesday, March 25, 1761.

I arrived here last night, and after dinner with the governor to day, he carried me in his equipage to the place where old Capua stood, and where Hannibal's army is said to have become enervated. It is about two miles from the present city, which is built upon the river Vulturnus. There are the ruins of an amphitheatre, with other remains, which point out plainly the situation. It was anciently a considerable place, but the great revolutions this country has undergone has changed almost every thing. I will give, as usual, a flight sketch of them.

After the destruction of the Roman empire, the kingdom of the two Sicilies, like the rest of Italy, passed under the dominion of the Goths. They left them, however, their own laws, which remained till the Lombards,

Lombards, another unknown northern people, drove out their predecessors, to be themselves expelled in the course of time by the power of the Franks, or France, under Pepin and Charlemagne. But tho' these monarchs totally destroyed the kingdom of Lombardy, they could not penetrate into these distant parts of it, where various princes of that nation set up independant sovereignties, tho' the remains of the Roman empire at Constantinople still retained some maritime towns on this side of the Pharo of Messina. All the island of Sicily, on the other, fell into the hands of the adventurous Saracens, who at this time were extending their empire with all the courage of heroes, and enthusiasm of mad-men. In such a confused situation did things remain, till the Normans, with the same bravery, by which they conquered England, but without any force, at first insinuated themselves as auxiliaries, and afterwards subjugated the whole of these realms to their dominion, which

which Roger the first transmitted to his posterity with the title of a kingdom. The Norman male line failing, the house of Swabia, in Germany, after some contests, succeeded to their rights, by Henry of Swabia's having married Constance, daughter to Roger. The perpetual disputes and wars between these princes, (who were often elected emperors), and the popes, gave much trouble to these states, whose proximity subjected them to frequent attacks from the Roman see. At length pope Clement IV. judging he should never be at ease with a hostile family so near him, gave by a feudal claim the crown of the two Sicilies to the count of Anjou, under condition that he should conquer them, which that ambitious prince of France performed, after having defeated and slain Manfred, the bastard son of the emperor Frederic II. who had seized the throne, under pretence of defending it for his infant nephew in Swabia. That nephew, Conradine, made another attempt
some

some time after, but was taken prisoner, and infamously murdered upon a public scaffold. The house of Anjou seemed now to have no enemy, but their tyrannical government set the inhabitants, particularly those of Sicily, so much against them, that they massacred all the French in the island upon the famous Sicilian vespers, and threw themselves under the protection of Peter king of Arragon, who having married the daughter of Manfred, set up a pretension to the crown of both kingdoms, but only obtained that of Sicily. Thus did the two Sicilies remain divided, for above a century and a half, when, in 1442 Alphonso, then king of Arragon, conquered the whole, but left Naples to his bastard son Ferdinand, which again separated the two kingdoms. Ferdinand, notwithstanding the illegitimacy of his birth, transmitted the crown of Naples to his son Alphonso, till Charles the eighth of France, heir to the rights of the house of Anjou, drove out Ferdinand the second,

Alphonso's

Alphonso's son, who, recurring to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, recovered his kingdom by their assistance, but gave them an opening to a state, which they pretended to be their own, as heirs to Alphonso, who they said, could not give away a kingdom conquered by the blood and treasures of Arragon, to a natural child. At length this politic prince entered into an agreement with Lewis the twelfth, who had succeeded to the throne of France, to drive out Frederic, who had mounted the throne of Naples, upon the death of Ferdinand, and divide his dominions between them. It was put in execution, and that unhappy prince, with all his family, was forced to seek shelter in France, being too much irritated against Ferdinand the catholic, who had got possession of his towns, under the mask of friendship and assistance, to receive any favor from him. This partition, as might be easily foreseen, did not hold long, but the two monarchs quarrelling, a war succeeded, in which Ferdinand

dinand conquered the whole, and drove the French out of the kingdom, shortly after to be expelled out of the dutchy of Milan by the victorious arms of his grandson Charles the fifth. 'Tho' France has since made attempts, yet they have not succeeded; so that I can not but agree with Ariosto that,

* —bisogna che non lice

Ai Gigli in quel terren prendere radice.

When the house of Austria ceased to reign in Spain, these dominions, with the Milanese, were ceded to it by the peace of Utrecht, but conquered afterwards by the Bourbon arms, and you see the queen of Hungary has in vain attempted to recover them, so I imagine they will long remain an appendage to the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon.

* Wish you the real truth to know,

Lilies in Italy won't grow.

L E T.

L E T T E R VIII.

Rome, three o'clock afternoon,
Sunday, March 29, 1761.

I LEFT Capua on friday, after receiving many civilities from my Irish acquaintances, and particularly from the governor, who got me a very neat lodging. I think they seem to live comfortably enough, but they are discontented at not rising, and would enter into our service, if religion permitted. Their regiment is called the King's, and was given by Philip the fifth to his son, now king of Spain, after the attempt upon Veletri, by the Germans. Their marriage regulations might not be of disservice in our army. A lady must bring at least five hundred ducats (about a hundred and fifty pounds,) in portion; a person of inferior quality a thousand; but they may marry

ther officer's daughter, without any thing at all. Their hospitality kept me up much later than I intended, the evening before I set out, and in passing the gates next morning, I was surprised to be stopt by the sentry, who was an Englishman, and made me pay the tribute of some drink-money, for being his countryman. These are mostly deserters, as the officers find it dangerous and expensive, to go recruiting into Ireland. These runaways are a vile race of people in general, and I have seen them begging charity upon their knees in Spain and Italy, under pretence of their having fled from the most horrid tortures, upon account of their being Roman catholics. A woman came up to my coach at Pisa, and not knowing me to be an Englishman, told me a dismal story of the barbarities she had undergone, upon account of her religion, and, that she had chosen to live upon charity in a foreign land, rather than suffer the cruelties which were exercised upon her in her own. Such are

the hypocritical calumnies of our common people abroad, tho' I did find two men at Seville, who were better than the rest. When they came into my room, I was going to give them something, but they desired only to make me a pair of shoes, a request I could not deny. As there is the same glorious privilege at Seville, as in London, that none but freemen can work in the city, they were obliged to sit under a tree, without the gates, where, having but one last, all the shoes they made for the Irish, were nearly of the same size, which they excused upon account of neatness, if too strait, and of ease in hot countries, when they proved too big. Excepting these, I never saw an industrious renegado Briton, and will therefore leave such worthless people, and continue my journey.

After passing the meadows, corroded by the silent stream of the Garigliano, or as Horace much better expresses it,

———rura, quæ Liris quietâ

Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis,

we came to the mole of Gaeta, where there is a beautiful view of the sea. A light refecton gave us strength to continue our journey without stopping, but to change horses, through a wild country, to Terracina, the first town in the pope's dominions. It was the Anxur of the ancients, but I did not see the white rocks celebrated by Horace, in his journey,

Et positum faxis latè condentibus Anxur.

On the contrary, Terracina is situated rather in a hole, or at least the inn where the post-house is, but there are something of cliffs hanging over it, and perhaps the
ancient

ancient town might be at the top of them, as there are buildings there at present. Yesterday I intended to have got hither, but finding the night shut in, I stopped at Marino, not an ugly village, about twelve miles from this capital. It is situated upon the rising grounds which break the Campagna of Rome, and are interspersed with a number of villas, and villages, among which was the ancient Tusculum, now Frascati. The present Romans do not however, seem to love the country so much as their ancestors did, and are rarely, for any length of time, out of their city, except during the month of October. This morning I easily arrived hither, through the vast plain which lay between,

LETTER IX.

Rome, Tuesday, April 7, 6 o'clock
in the afternoon, 1761.

IN reading Voltaire's *Henriade* I have met with a description of Rome, which answers pretty much to the state I find affairs at present in this capital. I will give it you. The author introduces it upon the arrival of discord thither, coming in search of policy, whose residence he places in this city, when both united assist the league against Henry the third, then king of France, and Henry of Bourbon, afterwards Henry the fourth, then king of Navarre.

Rome enfin se decouvre a ses regards cruels,
Rome, jadis son temple et l'effroi des mortels,
Rome, donc le destin dans la paix, dans la guerre,
Est d'être en tous les tems Maitresse de la Terre.
Par le sort des combats on la vit autrefois

Sur leurs Trones sanglans enchaîner tous les Rois.
 L'Univers flechissait sous son Aigle terrible.
 Elle exerce en nos jours un pouvoir plus paisible.
 Elle a su sous son joug asservir ses vainqueurs,
 Gouverner les esprits, et commander aux cœurs.
 Ses avis font ses loix, ses decrets font ses armes.

Près de ce Capitole ou regnaient tant d'allarmes,
 Sur les pompeux debris de Bellone et de Mars,
 Un Pontife est assis au Trone des Césars.
 Des Prêtres fortunés foulent d'un pied tranquille
 Les tombeaux des Catons et la cendre d'Emile.
 Le Trone est sur l'Autel, et l'absolu pouvoir
 Met dans les mêmes mains le sceptre et l'encensoir.

Là Dieu même a fondé son Eglise naissante,
 Tantôt persécutée, et tantôt triomphante.
 Là, son premier Apôtre avec la vérité
 Conduisit la candeur et la simplicité.
 Ses Successeurs heureux quelque tems l'imiterent,
 D'autant plus respectés que plus ils s'abaissèrent.
 Leur front d'un vain éclat n'était point revêtu,
 La pauvreté soutint leur austère vertu ;
 Et jaloux des seuls biens qu'un vrai Chrétien desire,
 Du fond de leur chaumière ils volaient au martyre.
 Le tems qui corrompt tout changea bientôt leurs mœurs :
 Le Ciel pour nous punir leur donna des grandeurs.
 Rome, depuis ce tems puissante et profanée,

Aux conceils des mechans se vit abandonnée.
 La trahison, le meurtre, et l'empoisonement
 De son pouvoir nouveau fut l'affreux fondement.
 Les Successeurs du Christ au fond du sanctuaire
 Placèrent sans rougir l'inceste et l'adultere,
 Et Rome qu' opprimait leur empire odieux,
 Sous ces Tyrans sacrés regretta ses faux Dieux.
 On écouta depuis de plus sages maximes,
 On sçut ou s'épargner, ou mieux voiler les crimes.
 De l'Eglise et du Peuple on regla mieux les droits,
 Rome devint l'arbitre et non l'effroi des Rois.
 Sous l'orgueil imposant du triple diadème
 La modeste vertu reparut elle-meme.
 Mais l'art de menager le reste des humains,
 Est surtout aujourd'hui la vertu des Romains.

You may think I have written the foregoing passage incorrectly, but it is the new way of spelling French, Voltaire pretends to introduce; and, as I do not think myself a person of authority enough to be able to correct him, I have transcribed the passage as I found it. To understand the lines that go on from

Là son premier Apotrè avec la verité,

you

you must know that, according to the Roman catholic doctrine, St. Peter came to Rome, and was the first pope there; and that from his to our days there has been a continual uninterrupted succession of them. Indeed, at first they confess they had only the title of bishops of Rome, but affirm their authority was the same as it is at present, and the only difference was in the name. I can not now avoid adding, as I imagine you may have never seen it, what Voltaire says in the same poem concerning the state of England during the reign of queen Elizabeth. Henry the third of France sends Henry of Bourbon to her court to desire assistance against the League. Upon his arrival in England there are the following verses,

En voyant l'Angleterre, en secret il admire
 Le changement heureux de ce puissant empire,
 Ou l'éternel abus de tant de sages loix
 Fit longtems le malheur et du Peuple et des Rois.
 Sur ce sanglant Theatre ou cent Heros perirent,
 Sur ce Trône glissant, done cent Rois descendirent,

Une femme à ses piéds enchainant les destins,
De l'eclat de son regne etonnait les humains.
C'était Elizabeth, elle dont la prudence
De l'Europe à son choix fit pancher la balance,
Et fit aimer son joug à l'Anglois indompté,
Qui ne peut ni servir, ni vivre en liberté.
Ses Peuples sous son regne ont oublié leurs pertes ;
De leurs troupeaux féconds leurs plaines sont couvertes,
Les guérets de leur bleds, les mers de leurs vasseaux,
Ils sont craints sur la terre, ils sont Rois sur les eaux,
Leur flotte imperieuse asservissant Neptune,
Des bouts de l'Univers apelle la fortune.
Londres jadis barbare est le centre des Arts,
Le magazin du monde, et le Temple de Mars,
Aux murs de Westminster on voit paroître ensemble
Trois pouvoirs etonnés du noeud qui les rassemble,
Les députés du Peuple, et les Grands, and le Roi,
Divisés d'interêt, reunis par la Loi ;
Tous trois membres sacrés de ce corps invincible,
Dangereux à lui même, à ses voisins terrible.
Heureux, lorsque le Peuple, instruit dans son devoir
Respecte autant qu'il doit, le souverain pouvoir.
Plus heureux, lorsqu'un Roi, doux, juste, et politique
Respecte autant qu'il doit, la liberté publique.
Ah ! s'cria Bourbon, grand pourront les Français
Reunir comme vous la gloire avec la paix.
Quel exemple pour vous, Monarques de la Terre.
Une femme a fermé les portes de la guerre,
Et renvoyant chez vous la discorde et l'horreur,

D'un Peuple, qui l'adore, elle a fait le bonheur,
 Cependant il arrive à cette ville immense,
 Ou la liberté seule entretient l'abondance,
 Du Vainqueur des Anglais il aperçoit la Tour,
 Plus loin d' Elizabeth est l'auguste séjour.
 Suivi de Monary seul il va trouver la Reine, &c.

By the conqueror of the English, he
 means king William the first.

L E T T E R X.

Rome, half after 11, morning,
Sunday, April 12, 1761.

I HAVE been to take half an hours walk in the garden belonging to Villa Medici. The late rains have made the country very pleasant. The morning is fine. The birds were hailing the advancing spring. Underneath my view, lay all Rome, with St. Peter's, towering above the rest of the buildings. Beyond it was a ridge of hills, interspersed with trees and houses, which gave a pleasing termination to the prospect. Indeed some part of them was bare, and to such a degree, that, as the late fallen rain had not yet had its effect, they looked rather brown, than green. But the trees about Villa Madama, made up for the want of them in other places. After having taken
several

several turns among shady alleys, (the shade produced by no less a plant, than bays or laurel,) I returned home. The Turks, they say, are arming to attack Malta, upon account of their not restoring the ship which the slaves brought into their port. I should think, they would rather turn their arms against Egypt, which has revolted. Be it as it may, they will not be ready soon, and it is reported, that when the Grand Signior came to examine his fleet, he found many of the ships old and unfit for service, and that his workmen are only now cutting down the timber, to build others to replace them. We have had a paper handed here about Rome, which they say came by the way of France. It is the edict of the Grand Signior, for the assemblage of his fleet to attack Malta. You will see it is a burlesque to laugh at the Maltese, and the invention of some foolish Italian. Such as it is, I will translate it to you.

“ The

“ The manifesto, published by the grand
“ Signior, throughout all his empire, and
“ particularly in the city of Tunis, to the
“ sound of trumpets, tymbals, and plates
“ of silver, from whence a copy has been
“ sent by father Jeronymo da Como Capu-
“ chin Missionary.

“ Mustapha, emperor, and most powerful
“ Ottoman sultan, son and nephew of God,
“ king of the Turks, of Greece, Persia,
“ Phrygia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, Pamphy-
“ lia, of the greater and lesser Egypt, of
“ Armenia and Arabia, lord of the greatest
“ part of Europe, Asia, and Africa, sancti-
“ fied head of the clergy of Mahomet,
“ guardian of the sepulchre of the Messiah,
“ the greatest recompence of the faithful,
“ king of kings, sovereign prince above
“ all princes in the world, terror and scourge
“ of all Christians, inestimable hope of the
“ Ottomans, the precious stone, the sacred
“ jewel, and most tremendous king.

“ The

“ The eternal and immortal memory of
 “ the great sultan Amurath, Grand Signior
 “ of the Turks, our predecessor and beloved
 “ brother, had always in his thoughts to
 “ deprive the Christians of the little rock
 “ belonging to the knights of Malta, and to
 “ destroy their galleys, upon account of the
 “ common hurt they do in our seas, but
 “ while the before mentioned Grand Signior
 “ Amurath, was putting his intended ex-
 “ ploits into execution, the angel of death
 “ cut them short, so that he could only
 “ leave to us by testament, the obligation
 “ of executing what he desired. Till now in-
 “ deed, we have not shewn ourselves solicitous
 “ to effectuate his intentions, but spurred
 “ at present by the disdain conceived against
 “ the knights, and their favourers, upon
 “ account of the bad treatment used towards
 “ our ships, to our no small displeasure,
 “ upon this account, coming to a proper
 “ resolution, we order,

“ That

“ That in virtue of this edict, all our
“ subjects do appear in Constantinople with
“ their galleys, within all the moon of
“ March, and that the galleys of our most
“ copious arsenal, and the vessels found in
“ our extensive dominions, do arm and
“ come, within the prescribed term, to
“ our before mentioned capital, in order
“ to be ready, under pain of our indigna-
“ tion, to embark our army, which is to
“ become the terror of the universe, and
“ the utter desolation of the Christians, for
“ the sun, the moon, and the stars, in
“ wonder at the multitude of our galleys
“ and vessels, shall be obscured, by the fre-
“ quent firing of our bombs, while the fish,
“ half dead with affright, shall hide them-
“ selves in the most retired profundities of the
“ ocean ; the animals of the earth flink
“ into their woods and forests, and the trees,
“ rooted up by the thunder of our artillery,
“ deplore their faded honors. From this,
“ our inevitable power, Christianity shall
“ prove

“ prove the effects of the anger conceived
“ by us, for the loss of our galeon.”

Some Italian has written under the Italian copy of this Turkish declaration, the two following lines, which if they shew nothing else, will at least give a specimen of the venom which the Italians bear in their breasts against the Turks.

Trace infame, tanto crudel orgoglio
L'abbasserà quel disprezzato scoglio,

which is something like what follows in English.

“ Infamous Thracian, that so much de-
“ spised rock of Malta, shall humble thy
“ cruel haughtiness.”

Now you have read this declaration, I dare say there is no reason for me to tell you, that it must be spurious. The ridicu-
VOL. III. H lousness

lousness of the style alone, is enough to confute it. True it is, that the Turks have a high-flown diction, but this is many notes above any thing that has ever yet been heard. And yet, notwithstanding all its bombast, it is silly, stupid, and flat. You may consider then, what I have said hitherto concerning the Turks, as a fable. That the Maltese however, are making preparations for defence, and have recalled their knights, is certain. That is, not all of them, but those of younger date, who have still caravans to perform, which consist generally, in cruizing on board the Maltese ships against the Turks, but now, I suppose, all the caravanisters will remain stationed in the island. Indeed I believe they never meet the enemy, at least we never hear of any knights of Malta, either killed or taken.

To have a true idea of this order, you must consider them, as so many military friers. Their origin, was merely that of
keepin g

keeping an hospital at Jerufalem, for the pilgrims who vifited the holy fepulchre in the time of the cruſades. As theſe were often oppreſſed and robbed by the Turks, in coming to Jerufalem, they took upon them likewise to defend them. After the loſs of the holy land, they conquered Rhodes, and, upon being driven from thence by the victorious arms of Soliman the ſecond, finally ſettled at Malta, which was ceded to them by the emperor Charles the fifth. Thoſe who have profeſſed, that is, who have taken all the oaths, and enjoy commendas, or benefices, are pretty much under the ſame reſtriction as friers, and they make the monaſtic vows of poverty, chaſtity, and obedience. But the troop of them you ſee about Italy, are thoſe who have only performed their caravans, and got the croſs. Now it is theſe that are recalled, for I believe moſt of the others are always inhabitants of Malta. To prove you the truth of this call from Malta, I will tranſlate you that of Don Siſto

Cesarina, an acquaintance of mine, from which you may have an idea of all the rest, as they are pretty much alike. The servants they bring, are to be above eighteen years old, that they may be able to bear arms. It is as follows.

Signor Cavalier Don Sisto Cesarini,

From the Grand Priorate,

April 1, 1761.

“ In order that your most *illustrious signor-*
 “ *ship* may set out immediately for Malta,
 “ to perform your caravans, and exercise
 “ the employs that shall there be committed
 “ to you, the most eminent grand master,
 “ together with his venerable council, have
 “ ordered cardinal Colonna, grand prior, to
 “ intimate to you, in virtue of holy obedi-
 “ ence, as he does by this present letter, to
 “ set out immediately, in order to go to the
 “ convent at Malta, together with as many
 “ servants as you please, provided they are
 “ above

“ above eighteen years old, and are provided
 “ with proper arms.

“ Cardinal Colonna, having thus per-
 “ formed the injunctions laid upon him,
 “ and nothing doubting but you will not
 “ neglect to fulfil those at present laid upon
 “ you, and increase the merit of them towards
 “ his eminence, by your speedy obedience,
 “ the cardinal nothing doubting this, pro-
 “ fesses himself, &c.

L E T T E R XI.

Thursday, April 16, 1761. Rome,
half after 1 in the afternoon.

LA S T night, at a lady's house, the company entered into a long conversation with regard to the affairs of Portugal. There was a gentleman made me laugh. We were talking about the Jesuits, and whether they were guilty or not of the attempt to assassinate his faithful majesty. We agreed, that tho' some might have been engaged in the plot, the whole body could not. "I am sure, "at least," says the gentleman, "they could "never have had any thing to do in the "way-laying of the king, the night of the "third of September, for if they had, they "would have done it better."

I have

Friday, April 17, 12 at noon:

I have been this morning trampling about Rome. It was pretty warm; for as the bad weather is now over, the sun begins to exert his force. I went as far as the triumphal arch of Constantine the great, which stands near the Flavian amphitheatre. It was erected for his victory over Maxentius, who had seized the Western Empire, but was defeated at the Pons Milvius, and, with many of his troops, said to have been drowned in the Tyber, as the bridge broke in their flight. It was before this engagement that Constantine is reported to have seen the miraculous vision of the cross, with the words, "By this sign shalt thou conquer," written over it. This is a prodigy strongly attested by Eusebius and other ecclesiastical writers, but the view of the arch I have been contemplating this morning staggers my belief. It would be reasonable to expect some mark upon it acknowledging the immediate in-

terposition of Heaven in Constantine's favor. But I found none, except you think it expressed in the inscription, which says, "that
" Constantine conquered the tyrant by the
" influence of the Deity," (*instinctu Divinitatis*,) a style never before used by the Romans; but then the whole is spoiled by what is added afterwards, "that he did it
" likewise, by the greatness of his own
" mind," (*magnitudine mentis*,) which does not seem a very proper expression for a newly converted Christian. Besides, there appear to be Pagan representations upon more than one of the bas-reliefs; however, in answer to this, a gentleman informs me, from what authority I know not, that this arch was made up and adorned from the ruins of various other places. Near this arch is one of a less size, in honor of Vespasian's conquest over the Jews, by his son Titus. It is famous for having some of the sacred utensils of the Jews, as the golden candlestick, &c. carved upon the sides of it, but they are almost effaced.

effaced. The Flavian amphitheatre, which is adjoining to both the former antiquities, is one of the noblest remains of ancient structure. It is now called the Colosseum, and its venerable stones

—spirant adhuc imperiosa minas.

It was erected by Flavius Vespasian, and was heretofore the resort of multitudes to see the cruel diversion of gladiators fighting with each other, or men contending with wild beasts, of which immense quantities were brought from Africa for the diversion of the capital. Many martyrs are likewise supposed to have perished here, when pagan Rome first drew the sword against infant Christianity. But whatever cruelties may have been exercised in its arena, the surrounding building is great and noble, and strikes a modern with thoughts of the inferiority of our present places of entertainment. You have often seen it in paintings, tho' nothing but
itself

itself can give an idea of its vastness. Not above a third of its circumference is perfect; however, from thence an idea is easily formed of what the whole was, when it was compleat. The popes have pulled down a great part to raise the modern edifices of Rome; and the Barberini family being the principle destroyers, caused this saying against them,

Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini.

L E T T E R XII.

Rome, Sunday, April 19, 1761,
half after 11 in the morning.

I WILL now translate you the, most essential part of the account published by the court of Rome concerning the expulsion of cardinal Acciaiuoli, the pope's nuncio, from Portugal, and the dismission of the commendator d'Almada, the Portuguese envoy, from this city. Tho' you may have seen the Portuguese account, I dare say that of the *holy see* has not come to your hands.

“ The sixth of the month of June 1760,
“ the marriage between the most serene in-
“ fant Don Pedro, and the most serene
“ Donna Maria Francisca, princess of the
“ Brazils, was celebrated unexpectedly in
“ the city of Lisbon. Notice was given
“ of

“ of this joyful event, not only to all the
“ ambassadors of foreign courts, but even
“ to all ministers of inferior rank; by a
“ message from Don Lewis da Cunha, secre-
“ tary of state for foreign affairs. This
“ attention, however, was not used towards
“ cardinal Acciaiuoli, who still resided in
“ that court with the character of aposto-
“ lical nuncio. His eminence” (a title given
to all cardinals,) “ clearly saw that this
“ omission was on purpose to offend, not
“ only his private person, but his public
“ character. He had not, indeed, received for
“ a long time that respect, which was due
“ to him from the court, considering him
“ either as a nuncio or as a cardinal. But
“ while he could think, or force his imagi-
“ nation to believe, that these slights regard-
“ ed his private person only, he suffered and
“ dissembled every thing with a most unpa-
“ ralleled patience. As soon, however, as he
“ found the dignity of his prince, the supreme
“ head of the church, offended in the pre-

“ sent

“ sent conjuncture, by an affront so public
 “ to the whole city, he judged there was
 “ no longer room for dissimulation. After
 “ having reflected upon what would be the
 “ readiest means of preventing the impend-
 “ ing disorders, he went to Don Lewis da
 “ Cunha, the secretary, and complained of
 “ the message not having been sent to him,
 “ which all the other ministers had received.
 “ Don Lewis answered him by saying, that
 “ the message he had sent to the other
 “ ministers was not to inform them of the
 “ royal marriage, but to instruct them of
 “ the rank and order they ought to observe
 “ in the present conjuncture, in their ap-
 “ pearance at court, which his eminence
 “ not being able to do,” (He was forbid the
 court upon account of the previous disputes
 about the Jesuits.) “ the message became
 “ superfluous. His eminence answered, that
 “ the message sent to the other foreign
 “ ministers contained two parts; first, an
 “ intimation of the marriage, and then the
 “ method

“ method they ought to observe in receiving
“ their respective audiences ; and tho’ the
“ latter did not concern the nuncio, as he
“ could not appear at court, a participa-
“ tion of the former ought to have been
“ granted him as well as other foreign
“ ministers. The note sent to all the other
“ foreign ministers was as follows.

“ From the palace, June 6, 1760.

“ The assurance his majesty has of the part
“ his———majesty takes in every thing that
“ concerns the welfare of his royal house,
“ obliges him to embrace the opportunity of
“ the very hour of the celebration of matri-
“ mony between the most serene princess of
“ the Brazils and the most serene infant Don
“ Pedro, to declare to the aforesaid monarch
“ this joyful notice, which by order of his
“ majesty I communicate to your excellency,
“ acquainting you of my sending away an
“ express with these news to your court, in
“ case

“ case your excellency has any occasion of
 “ transmitting dispatches by it. And as upon
 “ this occasion their majesties and highnesses
 “ intend to give audience to all ambassadors
 “ and public ministers, they will appear to
 “ receive it according to the antiquity of the
 “ presentation of their credentials. In any
 “ thing that I can do that may be agreeable
 “ to your excellency, you may entirely com-
 “ mand me. Heaven guard your excellency
 “ many years,

“ I remain

“ Your excellency’s

“ most obsequious and

“ obliged servant,

“ Don Lewis da Cunha,

“ Cardinal Acciaiuoli, after these repre-
 “ sentations made to Don Lewis da Cunha,
 “ continued to entreat him in more express
 “ terms not to oblige him to abstain from
 “ those public demonstrations of joy, which
 “ there was no person more desirous than
 “ him-

“ himself of shewing for an event so greatly
“ to the satisfaction of the royal family of
“ Portugal, and of the whole nation. Don
“ Lewis promised to represent to his most
“ faithful majesty the instances that his
“ eminence had made him, and send him
“ an answer to them. But this answer did
“ not come all that day, nor the day after.
“ So that his eminence, the three appointed
“ nights of the seventh, eighth and ninth
“ of June, abstained from illuminating his
“ palace in the manner that the other am-
“ bassadors did theirs. In order, however,
“ to make up for the inattention he had
“ been obliged to shew, he went to the
“ Count of St. Lorenzo, first gentleman of
“ the bedchamber to the most serene infant
“ Don Pedro, and begged him to make
“ his respectful excuses to the royal couple,
“ and tell them the real cause of the neglect
“ he had, without his fault, been obliged
“ to shew. No person belonging to the
“ court or ministry complained to the car-
“ dinal

“ dinal of his behaviour. Neither did the
 “ public, who knew the cause of it, give
 “ any sign of their disapprobation, either
 “ during the three days of common festivity,
 “ or afterwards. In this interval his emi-
 “ nence continued living in tranquillity,
 “ and as he was not conscious of having
 “ been wanting in his duty, he resigned
 “ himself to the state of the times. The
 “ morning of the fifteenth, which fell on
 “ a funday, about the hour of nine of the
 “ foreign clock or twelve of the Italian, as his
 “ eminence was getting himself ready to
 “ celebrate the holy mass, a commissary
 “ of the state office, by name John Galvas,
 “ together with the brigadier Don Lewis
 “ de Mendonza, came in a hurry to his house,
 “ and desired to speak to him. In the mean
 “ time his palace was invested by a number
 “ of soldiers, who had also entered and
 “ dispersed themselves about the gardens.
 “ The two before mentioned persons being
 Vol. III. I “ admitted,

“ admitted, the former of them gave his
“ eminence the the following letter.

“ His majesty making use of that just royal
“ and supreme power given him by all laws,
“ in order to maintain the fovereign autho-
“ rity unviolated, and preserve his vassals
“ from scandals prejudicial to the public
“ tranquillity of his kingdom, orders me to
“ intimate to your eminence, that, upon
“ the immediate receipt of this letter, your
“ eminence must depart from this city, and,
“ crossing the Tagus, go, forthwith, by the
“ streightest road out of these kingdoms,
“ within the precise term of four days.

“ One of the royal equipages is ready, on
“ the opposite shore of the Tagus to your
“ eminency's house of habitation, for the
“ decent conveyance of your eminence.

“ And in order that your eminence may
“ pursue your journey, without danger, of
receiving

“ receiving any insults, contrary to the pro-
 “ tection which the immunity of your
 “ character shall always find in the domi-
 “ nions of his majesty, he has commanded,
 “ that you shall be accompanied to the fron-
 “ tiers of this kingdom, by a sufficient
 “ military guard. I beg your eminence
 “ would command me, in any thing I can
 “ do for your service. Heaven preserve your
 “ eminence for many years. I remain

From the Palace,	} Your most obsequious
14 June, 1760.	
	} humble servant,
	Don Lewis da Cunha.

“ Cardinal Acciaiuoli, after having read
 “ the foregoing letter, desired time to write
 “ a note to the secretary of state, but it was
 “ not granted him. He then desired the
 “ short space of time, to be able to hear
 “ mass, but that was also refused him, and
 “ he was obliged to dress himself immedi-
 “ ately. He then called those few servants
 “ that were most necessary to him, and

“ having duly protested against the violence
“ used to his sacred personal character, as
“ well as to that of a public minister,
“ always respected in the person of ambassa-
“ dors of princes; he followed the officers,
“ as he was obliged to do, and entered with
“ them into the royal barks, which carried
“ his eminence across the Tagus. On the
“ other side, he found some bad equipages
“ waiting for him, which he got into, and
“ began his journey, accompanied by thirty
“ dragoons, which, indeed, had been given
“ him under colour of preserving him
“ from insults, but were, in reality, to guard
“ him, as if he had been a prisoner. They
“ passed the fortresses of Estremoz and Elvas,
“ without his eminence receiving any of the
“ usual honors. After five days journey,
“ he came to the frontiers of Spain, where
“ his guard abandoned him. Upon his arri-
“ val at Badajoz,” (the first town in Spain,)
“ he received so many marks of attention
“ and politeness from the officer, who com-
“ manded

“ manded that garrison, that they made up,
 “ in some measure, for the disgusts and
 “ disagreeable treatment he had hitherto
 “ suffered.

“ It is not at present our business to exa-
 “ mine the cause and manner of the expulsion
 “ of the pope’s nuncio from the court of a
 “ catholic prince. That may be the work of
 “ some other time, and some other pen.
 “ But this preliminary history was necessary
 “ to what we are going to say. While these
 “ things happened in Portugal, in the space
 “ of a few days four couriers came to the
 “ Portuguese minister plenipotentiary at
 “ Rome, the Commendator d’Almada.” (I
 need not tell you that commendator is a title
 belonging to persons who have commendas,
 or benefices, from any order of knighthood.)
 “ Two of the couriers arrived on the 21st;
 “ one on the 28th, and the fourth on the
 “ 30th of the month of June. All Rome
 “ was in great anxiety, to know what news

“ these repeated messengers brought. It
 “ was soon, however, known in general,
 “ (tho’ the Commendator made a great secret
 “ of it) that they brought disagreeable news.
 “ However, at last, in the afternoon of the
 “ 30th, which fell on a monday, the Com-
 “ mendator d’Almada begged to be admitted
 “ to an audience of his holiness. His holi-
 “ ness, being busied with other occupations,
 “ answered that he could not grant his
 “ request, till the friday following. The
 “ Commendator d’Almada wrote another
 “ note the same evening, acquainting his
 “ holiness of the necessity he was under of
 “ throwing himself at his feet, before thurs-
 “ day, the day the Spanish and Portuguese
 “ couriers set off with the letters for those
 “ kingdoms; which was granted him.

“ Thus was his holiness prevailed upon by
 “ Commendator d’Almada’s intreaties to for-
 “ ward the audience he was to give him only
 “ on the friday, to the wednesday morning,

“ 2d July preceding, notwithstanding it
 “ was the day of the ordinary audience of
 “ the ministers of his state, and notwith-
 “ standing cardinal Acciaiuoli had never been
 “ able to obtain one from his Portuguese
 “ majesty, tho’ he had solicited it for many
 “ months.

“ In the mean time, on tuesday the Por-
 “ tuguese and Spanish letters arrived, and
 “ those from Lisbon, in date the 9th of
 “ June, brought an account of what had
 “ passed with regard to the cardinal nuncio
 “ till that day; as, his not having been in-
 “ formed, from the court, of the marriage,
 “ a civility which all the other ambassadors
 “ had received, the reasons of the resolutions
 “ he made, of not conforming to the public
 “ demonstrations of joy, together with other
 “ facts, which aggravated the former inat-
 “ tentions he had received, and plainly shewed
 “ the disposition of the court of Portugal,

“ to still further displease and injure the pontifical minister.

“ Upon account of these motives of discontent, his holiness thought proper to suspend the giving an audience to the Commendator d’Almada, till he should be farther informed of the present state of affairs in Portugal. Accordingly, monsignior chamberlain sent him the following note.

“ From the ante-chamber of our holy
“ father, 2d July 1760.

“ Notwithstanding monsignior chamberlain gave part yesterday morning to the Commendator d’Almada of his holiness’s condescending to anticipate his audience, he is obliged to signify to him, at present, by express order from his holiness, that he can not grant him the
“ promised

“ promised audience this morning, upon
 “ account of letters arrived yesterday from
 “ Lisbon, by the ordinary post, the contents
 “ of which shall be communicated to his
 “ excellency, by some other more opportune
 “ method. Monsignor chamberlain desires
 “ his excellency to honor him with his
 “ commands, which he shall obey with the
 “ utmost attention, professing himself to
 “ be, &c.

“ Upon receiving this message from the
 “ pope, the Commendator d’Almada not only
 “ passed all bounds of moderation, but even
 “ of that decency which ought to be observed
 “ in their own territories to the most insigni-
 “ ficant sovereign upon the face of the earth.
 “ He distributed a great bundle of writings
 “ (that he had prepared) to all the foreign
 “ ministers, acquainting them, at the same
 “ time, with his imminent departure from
 “ the court of Rome. These scandalous and
 “ tiresome

“ tiresome papers were soon spread through
“ all the city.

“ We do not think it at present worth
“ our while to answer all that is badly
“ jumbled together in the writings distributed
“ by the Commendator d’Almada.
“ If there be occasion, we will do it another
“ time. It is enough to say, that there is
“ nothing consistent in them, but reiterated
“ expressions of the obsequiousness, and
“ constant devotion of his faithful majesty
“ to the holy apostolical see. His holiness
“ is fully convinced of it, notwithstanding
“ the conduct of his minister is not at all
“ conformable to such sentiments. There
“ are, besides, many good maxims interspersed
“ in these writings, but they prove
“ just the contrary to what they were designed.
“ They prove, to the most evident
“ demonstration, the great condescension his
“ holiness has shewn to his majesty’s demands,
“ as well as the great desire he has
“ always

“ always had of conforming to his royal
 “ pleasure. Indeed, the ministers of the holy
 “ see have always had, and always will have,
 “ for his most faithful majesty that respect
 “ and veneration, which are not only due to
 “ every crowned head, but more particu-
 “ larly to a king so much esteemed by the
 “ holy apostolical see, as well upon his own
 “ account, as for the great deserts of his
 “ august ancestors. In consequence of these
 “ sincere sentiments, his majesty’s mini-
 “ sters shall always be treated with respect,
 “ as we know well that no injury can be
 “ offered to a minister, in ministerial affairs,
 “ without insulting the sovereign at the same
 “ time.”

LETTER XIII.

Rome, 11 o'clock morning,

Monday, April 27, 1761.

TO continue you the papal account of the retreat of the Commendator d'Almada from Rome.

“ We leave it to the reflection of those
“ ministers, to whom the Commendator
“ d'Almada distributed his papers, to judge
“ whether he could speak in the manner he
“ did of the ministers of his holiness, with-
“ out, at the same time, highly injuring the
“ holy father. We should be glad, that
“ they would decide also, whether a foreign
“ minister has the privilege of declaring,
“ that he will not treat with the first minis-
“ ter of that prince to whom he is sent.
“ History furnishes us with many examples,
“ and

“ and that of Portugal with some not very
 “ ancient, of a court, when not contented
 “ with the minister sent by a foreign prince,
 “ having solicited, and obtained his being
 “ recalled. This is our case with regard
 “ to the Commendator d’Almada. But we
 “ shall not so easily find an example of a
 “ foreign minister’s refusing to treat with
 “ the principal minister of that prince, to
 “ whom he is sent. Before we resume the
 “ thread of our interrupted narration, we
 “ will just hint, that we think it probable
 “ that Commendator d’Almada himself would
 “ have dared to put the before mentioned
 “ papers into his holiness’s hands, if the
 “ desired audience had been granted him,
 “ and so insult, face to face, the pontifical
 “ majesty. The tenor of the writings, as
 “ well as the strict silence he observed, not
 “ only with regard to the court ministers,
 “ but even towards those that were most inti-
 “ mate with him, shew that these papers
 “ were distributed with an intention to affront
 “ a prince, who unites in his person, the
 “ ecclesiastical

“ ecclesiastical and civil sovereignty. Every
“ person will be able to judge, that this be-
“ haviour merited due resentment. How-
“ ever, his holiness, tho’ informed of the
“ substance of the writings distributed by
“ the Commendator d’Almada, as well as of
“ the indecent expulsion of his nuncio
“ from Lisbon, yet, making use of that
“ heroical moderation so natural to him,
“ even before he was raised to the high
“ pontificate, the holy father, I say, upon
“ thursday morning, after the congregation
“ of the officers of the holy inquisition,
“ giving the usual audience to cardinal Neri
“ Corsini, protector of the crown of Portu-
“ gal, entered into a discourse with him
“ concerning the depending affairs of that
“ kingdom. His eminence said, he had not
“ yet seen the writings distributed by the
“ Commendator d’Almada. He then pro-
“ ceeded to declare, the various pretensions
“ made by that minister, and in particular,
“ that his holiness should appoint some
“ other person, in the room of cardinal

“ Torriggiani, his principal and ordinary
 “ minister, to treat with him concerning
 “ the present state of affairs in Portugal.

“ His holiness, justly offended at the fore-
 “ going strange proposition of the Commenda-
 “ dator d’Almada, not only rejected it abso-
 “ lutely, but, as he was persuaded there
 “ was no discussing affairs any longer peace-
 “ ably with the aforesaid minister, declared
 “ he would treat with no person concerning
 “ them, but his eminence cardinal Neri
 “ Corsini. This prelate took the opportu-
 “ nity of the audience, to deliver to his
 “ holiness a letter from his most faithful
 “ majesty, containing a participation of the
 “ marriage of the most serene infants. The
 “ Commendator d’Almada had never made
 “ any mention of this letter in his repeated
 “ intreaties, by word and writing, for an
 “ audience. His holiness sent the cardinal
 “ an answer to this letter the morning
 “ afterwards, testifying by his expedition,
 “ the

“ the sincere pleasure he had in hearing of
“ any thing that was agreeable to the royal
“ family of Portugal. This audience was
“ on the thursday morning, the day before
“ the following notification was hung up at
“ the door of the hospital of the Portuguese
“ national church of St. Anthony. The
“ place where it was, hung up was, indeed,
“ furrounded with walls, but in all other
“ respects was public, and frequented by all
“ kinds of persons.

“ Francis d’Almada & Mendonza, of the
“ council of his most faithful majesty, and
“ his minister plenipotentiary to the holy
“ apostolical see, &c.

“ I here inform all the vassals of our
“ sovereign lord the king, that his majesty
“ having with most exemplary patience be-
“ held, for a long time, and by many deci-
“ sive facts, all those channels stopt, by
“ which he might obtain the ear of his
“ holiness,

“ holiness, without seeing any hopes of his
 “ being able to address to him, his most ob-
 “ sequious supplications, and reflecting at
 “ the same time, upon the extraordinary,
 “ scandalous, and unheard of animosity of
 “ the political ministry of the court of
 “ Rome, in declaring a rupture between
 “ their court, and that of his most faithful
 “ majesty ; the king seeing this, and that
 “ it is not any longer possible, under the
 “ present disagreeable circumstances, to con-
 “ tinue his public minister in Rome, or pre-
 “ serve in that city, a number of faithful
 “ and honorable vassals, while they are daily
 “ witnesses of the repeated insults used to-
 “ wards him by the ministers of that court,
 “ who, contrary to the pontifical honor and
 “ decorum, have enticed many to their
 “ party, that now declare themselves noto-
 “ riously as such, to the universal scandal
 “ of all Europe ; in reflecting upon these
 “ circumstances, the aforesaid monarch finds
 “ himself obliged to command his before

“ mentioned minister plenipotentiary, as well
“ as all the vassals of his crown, together
“ with those who as such, enjoy ecclesiastical
“ benefices in his kingdom and dominions, to depart forthwith from a court,
“ where they can be of no service to the
“ most holy father, but only increase by
“ their presence, the insults committed
“ against his majesty’s royal authority. It
“ is this royal authority which his majesty
“ can not dispense with himself, from maintaining as unviolated, and as independent
“ with regard to temporal affairs, as his
“ august ancestors transmitted it to him,
“ without becoming responsible, not only
“ to God and the catholic church, of which
“ he boasts himself a most devout son, and
“ exemplary defender, but at the same time
“ to all the monarchs of the universe.

“ In consequence of the above mentioned
“ order, his most faithful majesty commands all his vassals to appear tomorrow,
“ the

“ the third of this present month of July,
 “ at one-and-twenty of the Italian clock,
 “ at his minister plenipotentiary’s house of
 “ residence, in order to give an individual
 “ and exact account of all the subjects of his
 “ majesty in this city. And to the end
 “ that these royal and indispensable resolu-
 “ tions of his most faithful majesty may
 “ come to the knowledge of all his vassals
 “ residing in this capital, I have ordered
 “ the present edict to be drawn out, which
 “ shall be subscribed by me, and hung up
 “ in the royal hospital of St. Anthony be-
 “ longing to the same nation, in order that
 “ no person may pretend the excuse of
 “ ignorance.

“ Francisco de Almada and Mendonza.

“ From my residence,

“ July 2, 1760.

“ By his order, Don Francisco

“ Antonio Joseph Rodriguez.

“ In consequence of the foregoing noti-
“ fication, the thursday afternoon a copious
“ meeting of Portuguese was held at the
“ Commendator d’Almada’s house of resi-
“ dence. This, after the manifested and
“ intimated rupture between the two courts,
“ had the air of a mutiny. The holy
“ father, however, tolerated this new excess,
“ and suffered a man still to remain in Rome,
“ tho’ upon many accounts he deserved so
“ little to be considered as the minister of a
“ prince, who professes to have an inclina-
“ tion to cultivate the correspondence and
“ affection of another. Saturday, the fifth
“ of the aforefaid month of July, a fresh
“ notification was hung up as before at the
“ hospital gate; the remarkable tenor of
“ which is as follows.

“ Fran-

“ Francisco de Almada and Mendonza, of
 “ the council of his majesty, &c.

“ This is to give notice to all the vassals
 “ of our sovereign lord the king, that his
 “ holiness, according to his usual benignity,
 “ having considered the impossibility of the
 “ above mentioned minister plenipotentia-
 “ ry’s continuing his communication with
 “ the political ministry of his holiness,
 “ contrary to the positive order of the king
 “ his master, so highly offended by it, has
 “ been so good, to the total exclusion of the
 “ aforesaid political ministry, to appoint the
 “ most eminent and reverend cardinal Cor-
 “ sini, protector of the crown of his most
 “ faithful majesty, in order that he should
 “ treat and confer with the above men-
 “ tioned minister plenipotentiary concern-
 “ ing the present state of affairs in Portu-
 “ gal. It is hoped, therefore, that by the
 “ deputation of so worthy and zealous a
 “ cardinal, new and secure means will be

“ opened to his most faithful majesty, for
“ obtaining that satisfaction which is due
“ to him, and with that expedition which
“ the exigence of the present circumstances
“ require. The said minister has therefore
“ taken upon himself the suspension of the
“ rupture declared by his notification of the
“ second of this month; flattering himself
“ that the holy father will be moved to give
“ his majesty those deserved and necessary
“ satisfactions, which the said monarch so
“ religiously expects from the inflexible
“ justice of his holiness, who without
“ doubt will remember the attempt of assassinating a monarch in his own court, by
“ the machinations proved and adjudged to
“ a society of men, by their institution dedicated to God, as also that this very
“ monarch, for the space of above a year
“ since the execrable attempt, has suffered
“ such affronts and calumnies in a court,
“ which is the head of the catholic church,
“ as would oblige even a private person to
“ demand satisfaction.

“ His

“ His most faithful majesty hopes at
 “ present to find that redress which he so
 “ religiously expects from the inflexible
 “ justice of his holiness. And in order that
 “ the above mentioned suspension of the
 “ rupture may arrive to the knowledge of
 “ all the vassals of our nation, I have order-
 “ ed the present edict to be made, which
 “ shall be subscribed with my name, and
 “ hung up in the same place as the former
 “ of the second of July.

“ Francisco de Almada and Mendonza,
 “ From the palace of my
 “ residence, July 4, 1760.

“ By his order, Don Francisco
 “ Antonio Joseph Rodriguez.

After this notification the papal memorial
 goes on as follows.

“ It was in this manner the Commendator
 “ de Almada heaped injury upon injury, at
 K 4 “ the

“ the same time that he pretended to de-
 “ clare himself content with his holiness.
 “ Upon this new fact the holy father could
 “ not in reason shew further toleration. He
 “ sent orders to cardinal Corfini to come to
 “ him that same evening. The cardinal
 “ had not as yet heard a word of this new
 “ event. His holiness informed him of the
 “ abuse Commendator de Almada had made
 “ of the discourse he held with his eminence
 “ the Thursday before, and how he had
 “ wrested the words of his holiness, when
 “ he told his eminence that he would treat
 “ with no person but him concerning the
 “ affairs of Portugal, to mean, that his
 “ eminence was to be the person to treat of
 “ the affairs of Portugal with Commendator
 “ de Almada, to the total exclusion of car-
 “ dinal Torriggiani, the most holy first mi-
 “ nister. This false intelligence he not
 “ only rendered public by the before men-
 “ tioned notification, but he likewise sent
 “ written

“ written notes of it to all the foreign
“ ministers.

“ Upon account then of all the foregoing
“ circumstances, our holy father, to free himself
“ from a person whom he always found ready
“ to increase the flame of discord, declared to
“ cardinal Corfini that he would give ear
“ to no person about any thing concerning
“ the affairs of Portugal, till the Commenda-
“ dator de Almada had not only left Rome,
“ but was entirely gone out of the eccle-
“ siastical dominions. That after his de-
“ parture he would with pleasure attend
“ to any discourse or treaty, which could
“ be entered upon, so it was not contradic-
“ tory to his dignity and the decorum of
“ the holy see.

“ This is the sincere account of what
“ preceded and accompanied the expulsion
“ of cardinal Acciaiuoli from Portugal, and
“ the departure of the Commendator de

“ Almada from the court of Rome. We have
“ endeavoured to exprefs every thing in the
“ moft fimple manner, without ornament or
“ emphatical words, the miserable refuge of
“ perfons who know they are in the wrong.
“ Thofe who have right on their fide, are
“ contented that every auditor fhould form
“ their judgment upon the indisputable
“ basis of facts.”

L E T T E R XIV.

Rome, Saturday, May 3, half
an hour after 11 morning.

TO the papal memorial in my last the Portuguese have published an answer, which is the same burnt by the hands of the hangman about two months ago. It is tedious and stupid, nor would have been ever read, if such a noise had not been made about it. I will give you, however, some of the heads of it.

After having said much about the preceding affairs, he accuses the nuncio for not making illuminations the three nights of general festivity for the royal marriage.
“ Tho’ some lights were seen on common
“ evenings, all then was dark and dismal,
“ and the pontifical nuncio seemed to mourn
“ at

“ at the happy event.” When he comes to the expulsion, he says, the guards were necessary to defend his eminence from the insolence of the mob, who, enraged at his neglect, had assembled about the house, and would have proceeded to greater violences, if their fury had not been appeased by the cardinal patriarch, who lived next door. As to the expulsion, he justifies it by various examples, and the authorities of Montesquieu and Grotius, who say that an ambassador, abusing his right of representation, is to be sent back. He laughs at the remarking with how much more civility the cardinal was treated at the first town in Spain, where he was only a passenger, than in Portugal, where he favored traitors to that crown, and who had been declared such in form by his most faithful majesty. “ To be sure
 “ he ought to have had the king’s own
 “ coach to carry his sacred person, but he
 “ was much better off than the Commenda-
 “ tor de Almada, who had neither coach
 “ nor

“ nor horses allowed him, when he was
 “ obliged to leave Rome. But they would
 “ not let the cardinal hear mass, which is a
 “ tremendous accusation; however, no eccle-
 “ siastical precept can be binding at the
 “ expence of great tumults and bloodshed,
 “ and his eminence might have equally
 “ heard the same at Aldea Gallega. The
 “ silence of the fortresses of Elvas and Estre-
 “ mos, through which he passed, is to be
 “ excused by those honors never being
 “ shewn to persons who lie under the dis-
 “ pleasure of the reigning monarch, and
 “ from the want of gun-powder to quell
 “ the seditions fomented by his eminence.”

He then recites the attempts of the nuncio and cardinal Torrigiani, the pope's minister, against Portugal; and, upon the latter having accused that nation of wanting to adopt the maxims and religion of the English, he oddly adds, “ That we shall see hereafter
 “ who is the person that is most inclined to
 “ adopt the English maxims and religion.

“ Perhaps

“ Perhaps cardinal Torriggiani himself is
“ nearest to that point, for he has no reli-
“ gion at all.” He then proceeds to prove
his accusations, which he does, however, only
upon his own word, by saying that “ these
“ two cardinals were impiously and sacri-
“ legiously united with the friars of that
“ company, which derived its name from
“ Jesus, contrary to the welfare of his ma-
“ jesty, the quiet of his kingdoms, and the
“ decorum of the holy see.” He says they
agreed to declare that the proceedings against
the Jesuits were unjust and odious to the
whole Portuguese nation. Cardinal Torrig-
giani was to write this to all foreign courts,
and the nuncio was to second it under pain
of being relegated as bishop to the little
town of Rimini. Frightened with these
threats, cardinal Acciaiuoli talked of the
great power of the Jesuits, and kept him-
self at a distance from that court, to which
he was sent. He did not visit the cardinal
patriarch because he had not been with
him,

him. The condé de Oeyras did not treat him with sufficient affability. “Undoubtedly he ought to have bowed down before the apostolical nuncio, as has been heretofore done, through a badly understood devotion.” A conspiracy was likewise formed by these two intriguing cardinals, which might not have been so easily discovered, if the nuncio had been more cautious in concealing his meetings with the heads of it.” Notwithstanding this his majesty only solicited the removal of the two cardinals from public affairs; but finding the conspiracy increase, he was obliged to proceed to the expulsion of cardinal Acciaiuoli, tho’ he might have treated him as a violator of all laws divine and human. He even concealed his crimes under the colour of being offended at his not illuminating his palace. By proceeding in this manner, his majesty was enabled to quell the conspiracy, tho’ he found with displeasure some persons

“ sons engaged in it, who had the nearest
“ connections with the royal family.” The
author then proceeds to justify the Commen-
dator de Almada as acting from orders, and
gives instances of disrespect shewn to him.
They made him stay a considerable time in
the ante-chamber, before he was admitted
to an audience of the pope. When he
went to the pope’s nephew, with the son of
the first minister of Portugal, they were
never asked to sit down, and another time
he was made to wait so long, that he went
away. Cardinal Torriggiani, the first mi-
nister, received him leaning, and in improper
postures, but what is more important, told
him, when the king of Portugal was wound-
ed, “ that it was owing to the sins of that
“ nation.” He confirmed this upon ano-
ther occasion, and added, “ Can you deny,
“ sir, that Lisbon is become as bad as
“ Geneva? Why there are people that
“ buy the Moorish women, only to prostitute
“ them, and sell the children.” Commen-
dator

dator de Almada was obliged to make some answer, but within the rules of modesty and decency; upon which the cardinal replied, “that he had never been at Lisbon
 “himself. This proves that his friends
 “the Jesuits gave him the information.” The author then accuses the pope for not answering his majesty’s requisitions concerning the Jesuits, as being offended at his faithful majesty’s not writing to him immediately upon his exaltation, tho’ he was laboring under the wound he had received from the assassins. When the trial of the criminals arrived in Rome, it was forbidden to be reprinted, and when Commendator de Almada asked leave to do it at his own expence, it was refused him; and upon his desiring to know the cause, was told that his holiness never gave reasons for his actions to any person. In the mean time cardinal Torriggiani published every thing he could in favor of the Jesuits, and ironically laughed at the accusations against them.

“ Do not tell me,” says he, “ of the Jesuits
“ being guilty of the crimes laid to their
“ charge. We know what a jealous nation
“ the Portuguese are. They are only afraid
“ these reverend fathers should leave horns
“ in their houses. An expression,” exclaims
my author, “ worthy of a cardinal,
“ worthy of a prelate, who bears the title
“ of first minister to his holiness.” He
ordered also his spies to inform him of those
who spoke ill of that society. The auditor
of cardinal Conti was taken up on that ac-
count. A lay friar of the convent of the
Minerva was banished from Rome, for seek-
ing after the papers which came out against
the Jesuits, to please his friends in the
country. On the contrary, the books print-
ed by the Jesuits against the king of Portu-
gal were put upon a level with the gospel,
tho’ they attacked the reputation of his
majesty, the honor of his people, and the
conduct of his minister. Monsignor Correa
was told he could not be advanced in the
church,

church, because he was a Portuguese. The king has, therefore, certainly a right not to treat with the first minister of his holiness, by whom his nation is held in such contempt. With regard to the papers distributed by the Commendator de Almada, they were sent to him expressly from Lisbon. “ It is said, if
 “ he had not been denied an audience, he
 “ might have presented them to the pope
 “ in person. Being a future contingency,
 “ he might or he might not. They were
 “ perhaps sent purposely to be shewn to his
 “ holiness, who ought to have pleasure in
 “ hearing the truth. But they were spread
 “ abroad with an intention of injuring his
 “ holiness, as my antagonist asserts, tho’
 “ it is impossible to judge of intentions or
 “ thoughts. The church itself, guided by
 “ the Holy Ghost, does not claim this extraordinary privilege. It is an injury to
 “ his most faithful majesty even to think that
 “ Commendator de Almada had an intention
 “ of affronting a prince, who is said to unite

“ in his person the *ecclesiastical* and *civil*
“ sovereignty. I know not by what au-
“ thority these attributes are given to his
“ holiness.” The author then insists upon
cardinal Neri Corsini having been appointed
to treat concerning the affairs of Portugal,
and brings letters which seem to prove
there was some truth in it. He falls foul
upon the title of most holy first minister,
given to cardinal Torriggiani. “ I know,
says he, “ that in the style of the law, the pope
“ or high pontiff is called the most holy. I
“ know that the most sacred body of our Sa-
“ viour, in the consecrated wafer, is likewise
“ called the most holy. But it does not
“ seem at all proper to me that the title of
“ most holy should be lodged in the person
“ of cardinal Torriggiani, whether we con-
“ sider him as a politician or as a prelate.”
He then accuses cardinal Cavalchini, who
is also in the administration, “ of calling the
“ king of Portugal a tyrant, and styles him
“ a blind mercenary prelate.” After much
other

other abuse, which rather proves the author to be a low-bred person, he concludes with this sentence of Justinian,

Non quod fit Romæ, sed quod fieri debet attendendum est.

* We must regard not what is done, but what ought to be done at Rome.

L E T T E R XV.

Rome, three quarters after 12, morning,
Wednesday, May 6, 1761.

LAST night I heard an odd story. A Dutch gentleman, had it by letter from the Spanish envoy, or ambassador at the Hague, who is one of the principal persons concerned in it. His name I think is Grimaldi. A letter came to him, from a gentleman in Spain of birth and fortune, acquainting him with his son's being eloped from that kingdom, and, that he had heard of his being at the Hague. He then described his person, and the manner in which they told him he used generally to go dressed, and desired the ambassador to make all possible enquiries after him. Grimaldi acted accordingly, but his researches were fruitless for a long time. One evening, at a play, he saw in the pit a
person

person that answered every circumstance of his friend's letter. He gave orders to his servants to dog him when he went home, and bring him word where he lived. They did so, and brought him word, that they had followed the young man to a certain public house, of which I do not remember the name, but was not one of the best at the Hague. Grimaldi went the next day to the place, and enquired for the before-mentioned person. The landlord knew him by the description, and conducted Grimaldi up to his room. The stranger scolded the landlord, for introducing a gentleman of the rank of Grimaldi into his chamber, which was so indifferent and all in a litter. Grimaldi said, that he need not make any apology, for that he was used to go into all sorts of rooms, and desired the man of the house to leave them alone a little. Upon the landlord's disappearance, Grimaldi opened himself to the young gentleman, and told him, that he was informed of his quality, and

that his relations were very desirous of his returning into Spain. The young man, in a genteel manner, denied his being the person Grimaldi spoke of, and affirmed, that there must undoubtedly have been some mistake in his being directed to him. Come, come, young man, says Grimaldi, do not fear any thing. I know you. Your parents and relations are willing to excuse any errors of youth, you may have been guilty of. I have orders likewise to pay what debts you have contracted here. I am sure you will have no difficulty in gratifying the desires of your relations, that are so good to you, and return home. Come, come, confess every thing, and you may be sure all your friends will behave in the kindest manner towards you. The young gentleman, forced by these remonstrances of the Spanish minister, at last confessed himself to be the person. He said he had been guilty of follies, but as his friends treated him with so much tenderness, he could not do less than acknowledge

knowledge it, and attempt to repair matters by his good behaviour for the future. Grimaldi then told him, it was not proper for a person of his rank to stay in so bad a house, and that he would take him into his own, till things were ready for his departure. Accordingly he did so, and in about ten days every thing was in order for the young gentleman to set off. His debts amounted to the sum of ten thousand gueldres, or a thousand pounds. These Grimaldi discharged. The day of his departure being arrived, he set off, accompanied by a couple of servants belonging to the Spanish minister. He had behaved very well all the time he was in Grimaldi's house, and did the same quite to Brussels. As he seemed so very reasonable, and entirely content with every thing that had been done for him, the servants did not keep so strict a watch over him as they ought. In short, our gentleman disappeared about a day before he was to proceed upon his journey, and has not been heard of since. The two
servants

servants returned to the Hague, to acquaint their master with what had happened. But Grimaldi, in the mean time, had received a letter from his friend in Spain, acquainting him with his having found his son, and that he had never been out of that kingdom. You may imagine what a rage the Spanish minister was in, to have been tricked in this manner. But he absolutely forced the cheat upon the young man, who strenuously denied his being the person at first, and was with difficulty, and half by compulsion, brought to confess it. It is not known with certainty who this impostor could have been. But it is imagined, that most probably he was a Spanish valet de chambre. Whoever he was, he was well acquainted with the names and anecdotes of the family that lost their son.

Rome, 1 o'clock afternoon,
Thursday, May 7, 1761.

I have heard another story, which I dare say is a lie, however, it made me laugh.

It

It is as follows. The teller declares it is true, and that an account of it is come by letter from Thouloufe, where the fact is said to have happened.

Five chimney sweepers in that city were complaining to each other of the hardships of their way of life. That they were always dirty, and poking about chimneys, in short, that they passed their time in a very disagreeable manner. One of them started a new thought. Had we not better, says he, go and expose ourselves to military fire, rather than that of chimneys. They all at last agreed, that there was nothing like serving the king, for at least, if they were killed, they should die like gentlemen. You must understand, that they were all a little in liquor. The foregoing resolution being unanimously made, they went all five to a serjeant, and told him their intention of enlisting. Two louis d'ors, to be paid down immediately to each, was the bargain made

made for their entrance. The money was received, they were inlisted, cockades were put in their hats, and all over. They were quartered in a guard-room that evening, and the next morning were to be sent to the regiment. After they had slept a proper time, to be able to make due reflexions, they began to repent of what they had done. They fell foul upon the poor man that had first given them the advice. However, they had sense enough to know that scolding was of no service, and that they had better think of some remedy for the impending misfortune. What was to be done? the doors and windows were impassable, for there were soldiers all about. They were alone in the room, a thing, which tho' I have not told you, yet you may have imagined, from the preceding circumstances. At last, a chimney presented itself to their view. It was now dark. No sooner thought than executed. Allons, was the word. Their coats were stripped off. Their evil counsellor

fellow led the way. The rest followed. In a short space of time, they found themselves safe upon the roof of the house. But tho' they were now in open air, they were almost in as great a dilemma as before. They diverted themselves indeed, in running about the tops of the houses, but no secure method of descending offered. At last, they thought it best to hazard the going down another chimney, where there was no fire lighted, and which was at a good distance from that which they had ascended. They did so. But to change the scene, and precede them into the room where they were descending. Many gentlemen and ladies were sitting round a great table playing at pharaoh, the fashionable game in these countries for persons who love to hazard their money. The first thing they heard was a noise in the chimney, and after a little jump, a man not of the whitest appeared in it. A second followed the first, a third the second, in short, they all exhibited their sable person-

ages

ages to the assembly. The company, sufficiently surprized at the appearance of the first man, were still more so at that of the second. The arrival of the third caused a universal panic. The fourth raised them from their chairs, and the fifth sent them running out of the room. Whether they thought them robbers or spirits, is what is not yet ascertained, but their terror had made them leave all their money displayed upon the table. The first thing the chimney sweepers did, upon finding themselves masters of the field of battle, was to plunder the enemy's camp. They layed violent hands upon the money, which stood exposed to view. Loaden with the spoils, they called a council of war to consult what was proper to be done. It was agreed to return to the guard-room, clean themselves there as well as they could, and say nothing of the matter. They did so. As they had been but a little time absent, they trusted to their not being missed, which proved the case.

Early

Early the morning after, when the soldiers and other people began to enter the room, they found them pretty much in the state they had left them in the evening before. They were, perhaps, a little dirtier, but as they had never been clean, the difference did not strike the spectators. When the serjeant appeared, they began by telling him, that they heartily repented what they had done the evening before, and that they were drunk when they insisted. They then proceeded to acquaint him, that they would try and get him a little sum of money if he would let them go. It was agreed that they should give him twenty louis d'ors, double the sum which he had paid them. They said it would be difficult for them to raise so much. That they would try however, what they could do with their friends and relations, rather than be forced into the army. One was sent to negotiate for the rest. Some little time after, he returned with the money, which he pretended to have had

had much difficulty in raising. The twenty louis d'ors were paid. The chimney sweepers were released, and they went away in triumph, to divide the remainder of their spoil, which was not inconsiderable

L E T T E R XVI.

Whitfunday, May 10, almost 11 o'clock
in the morning, 1761. Rome.

NO news at Rome, except that three woman were murdered last night in their house. But the circumstances, or even the truth of the fact, is not yet known. Things with regard to Malta go on the same as before. Many knights set out yesterday from Rome to go to Cività Vecchia, and embark on board the pope's galleys for that island. The papal galleys, the St. Peter and St. Paul, to which has been lately added the St. Prospero, go out every summer to cruise against the Turks and Moors. Once they took a little Moorish bark, and what triumphs did they not make when they returned home! I do not know whether they did not even illuminate the whole

town of Rome for it. I have been this morning in Villa Medici, in which, after the great rains, every plant smells and looks most delightfully. The pope had been obliged to offer up his prayers to heaven for fair weather, and at length he has been heard. To shew you how much cardinal Torriggiani is hated here at Rome, I will add the following epitaph made upon him, which supposes him dead and buried at the *leaning wall*, the place where they inter Jews, criminals, excommunicated persons, &c. Protestants are buried in Sextus's tomb. Januenses is a modern Latin word used here for the Genoese, whom the pope has laid under censures for refusing to acknowledge a nuncio he sent to the Corsicans.

* Diis manibus Genioque loci.

Aloysio Cosimo Torriggiani Cardinali

Flo-

* To the infernal Gods and evil genius of the place.

The senate and people of Rome have prepared this
sepulchre

Florentino,
 Quod Januenses e sinu matris Ecclesiæ
 Expulerit,
 Populumque Romanum Lusitanicæ
 Pecuniæ pondere sublevaverit,
 Exulumque Jesuitarum numerum
 Mirificè auxerit,
 Senatus Populusque Romanus extra portam
 Flaminiam ad *murum-inclinatum*
 Monumentum posuit tumulumque paravit.

The Porta Flaminia is what is now called Porta del Popolo, of which I have already given a description.

sepulchre, and raised this monument at the *leaning wall*, without the Flaminian gate, to the cardinal Aloysius Cosimus Torrigiani of Florence, for having expelled the Genoese from the bosom of the holy church; for having eased the Roman people from the weight of Portuguese money; and for having wonderfully increased the number of exiled Jesuits.

Wednesday, May 13, half after 12
at noon, 1761. Rome.

It is true that the three women were murdered four nights ago, but as yet it is not known who did it. The house was likewise robbed. According to the custom of this country, most of the people who lived nigh, or had any concerns with the family have been put into prison, in order to undergo proper examinations. They say it must have been more than one who perpetrated this horrid deed, by the * instruments of death found in the house. There was a knife and two or three of those instruments with which they kill hogs in this country. It is a sort of long awl, which they run into their hearts, and so put the poor beasts out of their pain much quicker than we do.

* These circumstances were not true, as will be seen hereafter by the confession of the criminal, which is in these papers.

The

The following edict is published concerning this affair, which I will translate, to shew you the style of the country in these sorts of things.

“ Edict

“ of impunity and reward.

“ The most illustrious and reverend
 “ Cornelius Caprara, governor general of
 “ Rome and its districts, and vice-chamber-
 “ lain to his holiness, being desirous of
 “ coming to the knowledge of those male-
 “ factors, who, on saturday morning, the
 “ ninth of this present month of May, did,
 “ by many wounds and stabs, barbarously
 “ murder in their own habitation, opposite
 “ to St. Guilianello’s church, the three un-
 “ happy women, Francisca Dei, widow of
 “ the late Joseph Antonio Rosati, Anna
 “ Dei, widow the late Francis Rossi, toge-
 “ ther with Francisca Vetturini, (their
 “ maid servant); The governor being de-
 “ sirous of coming to the knowledge of the

“ authors of the aforesaid enormous crime,
“ to the end that they may receive the
“ punishment due to their horrid action,
“ orders and commands, according to the
“ oracle received expressly from the mouth
“ of our holy father, that whatever persons
“ of whatever state, degree or condition,
“ even ecclesiastical, have any knowledge of
“ the malefactors, who perpetrated the afore-
“ said murders, as well as of those who
“ have harboured the same, or have any
“ way been accomplices to the before men-
“ tioned crime, should declare what they
“ know, within the space of two months,
“ to his most illustrious signorship, or his
“ principal notary here underwritten. And
“ this under an assurance of the persons
“ so informing remaining undiscovered, and
“ under pain, in case of disobedience, of
“ being condemned to the galleys, either
“ for a certain time or for life, according
“ to the more or less aggravating circum-
“ stances of their omission, the determining
of

“ of which will remain in the breast of his
 “ most illustrious signorship.

“ On the contrary, those who shall reveal
 “ the malefactor or malefactors, or accom-
 “ plices of the said murders, shall receive
 “ the reward of five hundred crowns (pretty
 near the same as a crown English,) “ to be
 “ disbursed immediately by the reverend a-
 “ postolical chamber, provided that they give
 “ sufficient information to proceed against
 “ the malefactors, who have absconded, and
 “ to expose to the torture those who are
 “ apprehended.

“ And supposing the informer be an ac-
 “ complice, over and above the reward, he
 “ shall receive a full and entire pardon,
 “ provided he give sufficient information, as
 “ above, against the other malefactor̄s.

“ And in order that no person may have
 “ excuse for not obeying these our com-

“mands, our holy father releases from the
 “blame of irregularity any ecclesiastic that
 “may reveal, or do any thing in execution of
 “this present edict, which shall be affixed
 “and hung up in the usual places of Rome.

“Rome. From our mansion-house, May
 “11, 1761.

“C. Caprara, governor and vice-chamberlain.
 “Bernardino Rosetti, notary.”

This is all we know at present of so horrid an affair. Indeed, I wonder more murders do not happen in Rome, as the government is so very mild, or rather relaxed. I do not believe they execute above one person in a year. There are many causes of this, but the two principal are the protection of the churches, and the protection of the princes and cardinals. The churches save, at least, the life of the criminal, who flies for refuge to them. Princes and cardinals by their
 inter-

intercession do as much; for they are such great people, there is hardly any denying them. And then the trials themselves are generally so long, that two years often pass before the criminal can be brought to due punishment. True it is, they have tortures to terrify them in prison, but they do not perhaps produce the desired effect. The streets too are so dark, and the town so ill, or rather not at all guarded, that many murders must happen. This morning, after various visits, I proceeded in my coach along the Corso, passed Piazza Colonna, and afterwards Piazza Navona, and arrived at last at Pasquin's statue, so famous for the satires in former times hung upon it, and which thence took the name of pasquinades. It is here Pagliarini, my bookseller, lives. I have already told you that the head of the family is in confinement for having printed something about the affairs of Portugal, but his brother carries on the business of the shop. Rummaging over books, I here light
upon

upon a curious performance. It was a pompous account of the embassy sent by James the second to the pope. Lord Castlemaine was the ambassador, attended by other Roman catholic gentlemen. The author, however, only explains, tho' curiously, the ceremonies, but not the end of this embassy. I believe the real cause of it was always a thorough secret, but it was undoubtedly something regarding affairs of religion. The pope ought to be now contented, for he has not only an ambassador, but the family itself at his court. The young pretender, indeed, is wanting, and we do not know what can possibly be become of him. It is a mystery. Tho' I can not think him dead, for I see no end in concealing his death. Nor should I think he was in France, as he was so very ill treated by that nation last war, that if he has the least spirit, he will never have any thing more to do with them. The French, after having signed the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, seized him at the opera, bound him,

him, and carried him, guarded, to the frontiers of France. A few months before they had shewn him royal honors, and promised him assistance in money and troops. Perhaps the court of Rome and the court of England may know where he is, but the body of people in both nations are, I believe, equally ignorant of his destiny. The old man lives very retired, and I think you hardly ever hear his name mentioned. Cardinal Stuart, or, as they call him here York, the younger brother, makes more noise, and parades about Rome, having had large benefices granted to him.

Thursday, May 14, three quarters after
12 at noon, 1761, Rome.

With regard to the murder of the three women, there is a suspicion, they say, fallen upon three journeymen taylor, who used to frequent their house, and who have absented themselves from Rome.

The

The Roman galleys sat out yesterday from Cività Vecchia to cruise against the Moors, and conduct at the same time many knights of Malta to their little island. There were a great number of them assembled here at Rome, from the different parts of the world, in their way to Malta, in obedience to the grand master's orders. He has laid a tax too upon those who have commendas or benefices, so that the governing part of the order is likely to be a gainer by this threatened invasion of the Turks: We hear at present no talk of them, nor do I believe that they had ever any intentions against that island.

division are shut up at sun-set, nor are they unlocked until sun-rise. However, this evening, as it was a particular festival, they had leave to keep them open till late. Upon our arrival there, we found four or five more coaches belonging to persons whose curiosity had brought them upon the same errand as ourselves. The Jews treated us with great civility, and indeed, how could a people so humbled as these are, do otherwise? As there were a number of lights, and a number of people, the heat was most excessive. There was a sort of stench too, which is generally to be enjoyed in the Ghetto, and which I believe is owing to the great quantity of inhabitants in it, near ten thousand crowded altogether. After I had seen every thing that was to be seen, I thanked Emanuel, a Jew of my companion's acquaintance, who had been our gentleman usher, and we re-entered the Christian part of Rome. Poor unhappy nation of the Jews! I pity them in these countries. The Ave Maria bell no
sooner

sooner rings, which is half an hour after
 sun-set, than immediately the gates of the
 Ghetto are shut, nor is there any more
 egress from them till morning. I think
 they are nearly as bad off as the English
 were in William the Conqueror's time, when
 at the toll of the curfew they were obliged to
 put out fire and candle. They may indeed
 have as much fire and as many candles as
 they please, but then liberty, all-desired liberty
 is denied them. They pay besides many
 heavy taxes to the pope, and receive many
 insults from the people, and yet notwith-
 standing all of them remain faithful to their
 law and religion. Tho' indeed, if we turn
 our eyes to Spain and Portugal, the privi-
 leges they have here are great. They burn
 them, at least did so formerly, in those
 countries if they are discovered. Tho' I
 believe that law only regards Spanish and
 Portuguese subjects, who apostatize to the
 Jewish religion, to which they say those two
 nations are very much inclined. However,
 their

their situation in Rome, tho' not so bad, is not the most agreeable. And then they are obliged every saturday, which is their sabbath, to attend at a Christian sermon. It is a Dominican friar who preaches to them. They say many of them stop their ears, not to hear the blasphemies which, according to their way of thinking, must be uttered. Many too, in spite of the noise the Italian preachers make, resign themselves into the arms of sleep. To remedy the two before mentioned evils, a knight armed with a cane, patrols through the assembly, and inflicts more or less blows of it upon delinquents in similar cases, according to the greater or less leniourness of their offence. Many others are the disagreeable circumstances to which the Jews in Rome are subject. They are forbidden to keep the Talmud, said to be traditions from Moses and the Prophets, and in which their present religion chiefly consists. Where the sacrament is exposed in any church, they are not to pass by the door
of

of it. Upon good friday they dare not appear out of their habitations, and indeed all easter they have but a bad time. They are known by a yellowish piece of cloth they are obliged to wear tied about the crown of their hat. Poor Jews ! I pity them. If persecution alone proves a religion, as an Irishman in Spain told me it did, in relation to the hardships he complained the Roman catholics suffered in that island, if, I say, persecution alone can prove a religion, that of the Jews has more right at present to be true than any. The fact I believe is, that no religion is to be destroyed by persecution, for the moment persons are persuaded of the truth of what they believe, let that persuasion be ever so false, yet as their blindness makes them convinced of it, they would sacrifice every thing in the world to preserve it.

LETTER XVIII.

Rome, Thursday, May 21,

1 o'clock afternoon.

WE have had the news this morning of Bellisle's having surrendered to the British arms. I hope it may be true. There is also a report of there having been taken up at Terracina, three men supposed to be the authors of the late murder. We talk of peace, but whether with foundation I know not.

I have been this morning to see the procession of the Corpus Domini. I was tired with it, as being longer and less curious than those in Spain. At Rome they have no dancing giants or other pretty things of that kind, to divert your eyes. Indeed this capital, in its outward appearance, is the most like a protestant country of any Roman catholic town

town I have ever seen, The superstitious ornaments of their religion abound much more the farther you go from the capital of it. It is indeed natural, if we reflect, that it should be so, and the farther any opinion is removed from its center the more it degenerates. I was pleased at the wonder, which one Sebastian, a servant I have just got out of the country, shewed at every thing. He seems come into a new world from so little a place as Bibbiena, from whence I had him. The magnificence of the procession, and of St. Peter's church, and the croud of people and all together, confused his mind to such a degree, he did not seem to know what to do. Indeed St. Peter's is a most magnificent edifice, and the oftener I go into it the more it strikes me. I have heard some prejudiced English equal St. Paul's to it, but they either must have no eyes, or those organs must have a very diminishing effect with regard to things situated out of their native country.

The only part of the procession which was new to me, was the pile on which the pope was carried, which was raised to a great height, and supported by many people who walked under it. On the top of all, bolstered in with cushions, knelt the pope, whose hands were supported aloft by a desk made on purpose, and in them was raised to public view the consecrated wafer. Behind him were held upon long poles, large fans of ostrich feathers, which made him appear as in the clouds to a spectator from the ground. As the pompous machine passed we all knelt down, which I have heard in England to be wrong, but the contrary seems exposing yourself to an offended populace, without any profit or honor. After all was over I returned part of the way in bodily fear, upon account of the croud of coaches, and my coachman has a great propensity to run foul of all carriages he meets in his way. Some time ago he jostled me against a cart full of wood, and had like to have overturned the carriage,

carriage, because he would not stay a moment or two till the load was passed. I scolded him for it. His reply was, "that he had no patience with those fellows, who had so little respect for gentlemen. That there was a great deal of difference between them and himself. That they carried wood, but he cavaliers." My answer to this was, that what he said was true, but that if the wood was overturned, it was only picking it up again, if on the contrary the cavalier broke his neck, it would be very difficult to find out an equivalent remedy.

LETTER XIX.

Rome, 7 o'clock evening,

Sunday, May 24, 1761.

I HAVE been this morning to St. Paul's, a church not out of the gates of Rome, but near a couple of miles from the inhabited part of it. The walls of Rome at present, are of the same extent as the ancient. Now, as the city is not quite so populous and flourishing, as it was in the time of the emperors, there is a large space of ground within the walls, not only not inhabited, but even not built upon. There are plantations of vineyards, and other rural productions, just as if you were in the country. I imagine, in the days of ancient Rome, that the city had large suburbs likewise adjoining. But there is some difference between the capital of the pope's territories,

territories, and the metropolis of the greatest part of the civilized world, as Rome then was. After having experienced some heat along a large dusty road, we arrived at St. Pauls'. Tho' St. Peter's is much superior, this church is nothing like equal to its name sake in London. It is notwithstanding, a handsome building, and there is a very fine antique colonnade of granite, that leads up to the principal altar. I say the principal altar, because Roman catholic churches have many of them. That which is called the principal, stands in the place where our communion table does, and then on each side, as you go down, there are a row of others. They call them chapels, where there is no more than one altar. We just walked a little about St. Paul's, to look at it and enjoy the coolness of its ayles, for as the fine weather is returned, it begins now to be a little warm. Sebastian, who was with us, stared about in wonder at the magnificence of Rome and its *environs*. It

certainly, take it altogether, is the most magnificent city I have ever seen. Florence is cleaner, and perhaps, more agreeable, with a prettier country about it, which is well cultivated, while here near Rome, it is but badly so in general. The Romans have different ideas from other nations. In secular governments, commercial, civil, and military employments, are what are most sought after. Here persons who flatter themselves with having talents, immediately endeavour to enter into orders. Indeed it is the only way in which they can raise themselves, for who is not a prelate can have no public office. The prelature is that ecclesiastical rank, by which persons are qualified to bear charges under the government. Indeed there are the pope's few officers to his troops, who are not prelates, and yet have posts, such as they are, but even these are subservient to their head, the prelate Monsignor Piccolomini, who is generalissimo of the papal forces.

The

The fun is just set behind Villa Madama.
The shadows lengthen. Night approaches.
As usual, I am going to dress for evening
visits.

L E T T E R XX.

Rome, 11 o'clock at night,
Wednesday, May 27, 1761.

NO less than a lord is come to lodge over my head, a lord something or other, but he is an Irish Roman catholic. Stretched upon my sofa after dinner, to enjoy partly the benefit of sleep, and partly of building castles in the air, I was all on a sudden waked from my reveries, by an unexpected noise over head. This noise was not like that of a man walking. It more resembled that of the hammers of a paper mill beating slowly. After the sound had patroled all about the apartments that are over mine, it came to the head of the stairs, which it descended. The body which caused it, talked French in a magisterial accent. After it had proceeded down stairs, I looked out of the window

dow, to see it issue from the house. There did I behold, as I have since found him out to be, my lord's *avant-coureur*, incased in the greatest pair of jack boots, which ever struck mortal eye. He had been sent before to take an apartment for his lordship. He had only a red waistcoat on, girt with a sort of French gilt belt, from which a hanger depended. The people of this house, as well as those of the adjoining habitation, (where they dress my dinner) together with a swarm of beggars, were gathered round about him. He in the middle *proudly eminent*, seemed to give laws to all. From time to time, he walked two or three steps backward and forward. A lane was immediately made, by the by-standers, for wherever he chose to pass. The street re-echoed with the percussion of his boots against the stones. At last however, having fixed every thing I suppose, he remounted his horse, which tho' of a diminutive appearance, and seemingly very unequal to the weight that pressed him, yet

urged

urged by frequent spurs, the effect of which must be considerably encreased by the *momentum* of the boots when in motion, departed on a gallop. I imagine the man returned to inform his master of his proceedings, and conduct him to the house he had fixed for him. I did not see his lordship arrive, as I was out making visits at the time he came. When I returned last night I found my staircase illuminated with many lamps, for I used to be content with poking up my way in the dark, but his lordship has done me the favor, to light up the entrance to my apartments. Upon my coming home this morning I sent up my servant to see, whether he and his governor were at home. He left two tickets with my name, so that this evening, or tomorrow morning, they will probably, return me this ceremonial visit.

L E T T E R XXI.

Rome, half an hour after 12, at noon,
Monday, June 1, 1761.

THE end of this month I shall set off for England, taking however, a little mountainous air at Bibbiena in my way. His lordship and governor are removed to more spacious lodgings, as they justly complained of those over head being too small for them.

They say that Cardinal Paolucci's coachman has been put into prison this morning, upon suspicion of being guilty of the murder of the three women. As the report goes, he was carrying a pearl necklace to a jeweller to sell. It was known by some person or other to have belonged to one of those women. Leave was asked of his master

ter

ter the cardinal, to arrest him. It was given. He was taken up. His livery was stripped off his back at the prison door, and he is now in safe custody. This is the report of the day.

On friday I went to Tivoli, where I lay that night, and returned on saturday much pleased with my excursion. Its ancient name was Tibur, and the river Anio, tumbling down the rocks, forms very picturesque scenes. I agree with Horace in liking it better than Lacedemon, or Larissa, tho' I never saw either of those places.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus optimæ
Quam domus Albuniæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Lib. i. Od. vii.

The last line is wonderfully exact, when you see the little cascades, where the river hops down, from rock to rock, through the
rich

rich side of a hill. The *syvarum comæ*, another expression of the same author, is also equally descriptive of the olive trees, which grow in amazing plenty round about this place, and are of such a size, and their small leaves so interwoven, that they do not give a bad idea of a shaggy mane. Over Tivoli hangs the pretty temple of the Sibyl, which tho' small, is reckoned of perfect architecture, but time has destroyed a great part of it. Beneath it the whole river falls down many feet perpendicular, but this universal gush is not near so pretty, as the little falls of water I have mentioned. On saturday we went to see the ruins of Hadrian's villa, which lie about three or four miles from Tivoli. These scenes of former luxury are now the resort of all venomous animals, serpents, vipers, lizards, toads, &c. The extent of the remains is so vast, that it seems impossible to be merely the villa of that voluptuous prince. Bid your imagination represent to you, a scattered confusion
of

of venerable ruins, overgrown with moss, and interwoven with trees, and you have some faint idea of the place. But the owl now reigns here instead of the impious Antinous, and the voice of luxury has given place to the cries of those nocturnal birds. Having satisfied our curiosity, we returned to dine at Tivoli, and in the afternoon descended from the hills, and drove through the low country to Rome.

Rome, 10 o'clock evening,
Tuesday, June 2, 1761.

IT is true what I told you of cardinal Paolucci's coachman being put into prison, for the murder of the three women. As soon as the fact was committed many of the neighbouring inhabitants, as I have already told you, were confined. From these they learnt who frequented the house. It was found that this coachman had been there. He had been godfather to one of the women's children,

children, but the child was now dead. Spies were immediately set at his heels, as well as at those of every person, who had any connection with the family, and who were not already in prison. With regard to spies, I do not think there are any cleverer than those of Rome, or that any government has better intelligence of the little things that pass in their state than this. The spies observed that this man, from being very poor and oppressed with debts, appeared rather in a better condition. He bought some furniture for the house, where his family lived. He cloathed himself and family better. But however, as he was a cardinal's coachman these were not sufficient circumstances to apprehend him. You can not imagine how delicate the government is here of touching a servant, or any thing that belongs to cardinals or princes. However, at last he went to sell the pearl necklace I spoke of yesterday. The spies, who saw him with it in the shop, and observed that he left it there, went

and informed the governor. The necklace was carried to some of the people who had been arrested upon account of this affair, and who knew it to belong to one of these women. The pope was acquainted with the whole. They told him what suspicions they had against the man. But he said he would not have them arrest a cardinal's coachman without a moral certainty of his being guilty. Orders were however given out, to apprehend him, and a letter was sent at the same time to cardinal Paolucci, who was, together with his coachman, at his country house at Albano. As soon as the constables and bailiffs arrived at Albano, which is near fifteen miles from Rome, they first arrested the coachman, and then gave the governor's letter to Paolucci. You may imagine he could have no objection against his coachman being carried to jail for so enormous crime. Accordingly he was brought yesterday to Rome, and yesterday evening confessed the whole fact. His confession is as follows.

To

“ To the most illustrious and reverend the
“ lord governor of the pacific city in criminal
“ affairs.

“ Rome, in the capital court concerning
“ murder qualified with larceny and burglary,
“

“ Against

“ John Albani of Rome, prisoner,

“ Bettini notary.

“ The morning of the tenth of May last,
“ which was the feast of whitfunday, the
“ following women were found dead in their
“ habitation viz.

“ Francisca Dei, aged sixty years,

“ Francisca Vetturini, aged fifty years,

“ Anna Dei, aged sixty years.

“ They were all three widows, the two
“ first living together in their before men-
“ tioned habitation, which was frequented
“ likewise very much by the third, who used
“ to go there to do little services, being sis-
“ ter to the former of the two said cohabi-
“ tants. Now, as it was believed that they had
“ been feloniously murdered the preceding
“ night, in order to rob the house, the most
“ exact researches were made to find out the
“ author or authors of this most horrid crime.

“ Finally however, cognition was had of
“ its having been probably perpetrated by John
“ Albani, of fifty years of age, a Roman by
“ birth, and coachman by profession, and who
“ had been god-father to one of the children
“ of Francisca Dei. He was accordingly ap-
“ prehended in the city of Albano, by the offi-
“ cers of justice, on the morning of Sunday
“ last, 31st of the month of May, and being
“ conveyed to Rome and there imprisoned,
“ he clearly confessed the fact, as follows.

“ That

“ That having known for many years the
 “ above mentioned Francisca Dei, she at
 “ last got him the place of postilion with
 “ the master that her husband was then
 “ serving as coachman, and that upon this
 “ their intimacy increasing, he stood god-
 “ father to a daughter the said Francisca
 “ Dei had by her first husband. However,
 “ Francisca Dei’s first husband dying, and
 “ she, upon his death, having changed her
 “ habitation, he had not had an opportunity
 “ of visiting her any more. He met her, in-
 “ deed, from time to time in the streets,
 “ and knew that she was married again to
 “ a baker in Banchi (a part of Rome.)
 “ This second husband of Francisca Dei’s
 “ died likewise, and left her in easy circum-
 “ stances. Although John Albani had never
 “ been once in her house during all the
 “ time of her widowhood, and the life of
 “ her second husband, passing, however,
 “ three or four months ago through Banchi,
 “ and seeing her at the window, she called

“ to him, and told him to come up stairs;
“ informing him of that being her present
“ habitation, and shewing him the house.
“ After having seen every thing in it, he
“ went away, but returned to make her
“ a second visit ten or twelve days before
“ Whitsunday. And lastly, as he was bur-
“ thened with debts, and did not know how
“ to maintain himself and family, consisting
“ in a wife and two grown up daughters,
“ and a son, he returned to her house on
“ friday, two days before Whitsunday, about
“ the Ave Maria, in order to beg her to
“ lend him a couple of zecchins, as he
“ knew she was in good circumstances.
“ The door was opened to him, upon his
“ knocking, by Francisca Vetturini. He
“ asked her whether her companion, Fran-
“ cisca Dei, was at home, for that he
“ wanted her to do him a service. Fran-
“ cisca Vetturini answered, that she was
“ not at home, and that she did not know
“ whether she would return that night.

Francisca

“ Francisca Vetturini told him, likewise,
 “ if he wanted money, that there were no
 “ hopes of his getting any, as her companion
 “ had none. He pretended that he did not
 “ want money, and asked her what time
 “ Francisca Dei would be at home the next
 “ morning. She said that she would be at
 “ home all the morning, but that he had
 “ better return in the evening. He then
 “ went away. The next morning, the day
 “ before Whitfunday, his necessity pressing
 “ him, he got up early, and resolved to
 “ return to the house, and ask Francisca
 “ Dei to lend him the two zecchins, (tho’
 Francisca Vetturini had denied her, he
 probably had a suspicion that she was
 at home the evening before,) and in case
 “ he found only one of the women in the
 “ house, he resolved to murder her, and
 “ take what he wanted of himself. In fact,
 “ after having armed himself with a sharp
 “ pointed knife fixed into the handle, and
 “ after having provided in his master’s stable

“ a thick strong stick or club, which he hid
“ under his livery cloak, he went thus deli-
“ berately about eleven o'clock” (six o'clock
in the morning, according to our way of
reckoning,) “ to the house. He rung the
“ bell upon being arrived at it. Francisca
“ Vetturini, the companion of Francisca
“ Dei, opened the door as soon as she saw
“ who it was, and told him that Francisca
“ Dei was not at home, and had not re-
“ turned home all night, as she had told
“ him. They talked together some time,
“ and at last Francisca Vetturini turning
“ about as if she was going into the kitchen,
“ he took this opportunity of giving her
“ a blow upon the head with his club or
“ bludgeon, which immediately caused her
“ to fall down upon the ground stunned.
“ He here gave her fresh blows with his
“ club, and bolted the street door. But
“ while he was doing this, he heard a
“ woman screaming in another room. Upon
“ which he immediately ran into it, where
“ he

“ he saw Francisca Dei sitting up in her
 “ bed, with only a shift and bed-gown on.
 “ He immediately applied his club to her
 “ temples, which laid her flat upon the
 “ bed; after having reiterated his blows,
 “ he pulled out his knife, and cutting her
 “ throat, killed her. He returned into the
 “ room where he had left Francisca Vettu-
 “ rini stunned upon the floor, and who was
 “ beginning to move a little, and cut her
 “ throat likewise with the same knife. Af-
 “ ter he had done this, he wiped his hands,
 “ which were all bloody, with the corner
 “ of one of the sheets belonging to the bed
 “ upon which Francisca Dei’s corpse lay, and
 “ began rummaging the drawers of her
 “ kneeling desk, which stood by the bed-side.”

(These kneeling desks are very common in
 Roman catholic countries, with four drawers
 in them.) “ Out of the first drawer he took
 “ in haste eighteen or twenty pauls, (nine
 or ten shillings,) “ two pearl necklaces of
 “ three rows of pearls each, two small
 rosaries

“ rosaries of lesser pearls, three folitaires
“ for women, with crosses pendent from
“ them studded with diamonds, three dia-
“ mond rings, a pair of ear-rings, with
“ three pearls each, leaving every thing
“ else in the drawers in confusion ; in which
“ state they were found by the officers of
“ justice when they made their search.
“ He stole out of the second drawer nine
“ silver spoons, and nine plain silver forks.
“ But while he was searching the other
“ drawers to find out where the money
“ was hid, he heard the street door bell
“ ring several times. He went on tip-toe
“ to see through the key-hole who it
“ was, and finding it was a woman, he
“ resolved to open the door, and kill her
“ likewise, in order that he might not be
“ discovered. After having opened the
“ door, he saw it was one Anna Dei, who
“ used to come and do services, and dine
“ in the house of the two old women,
“ being sister of Francisca Dei. As she
knew

“ knew that he now and then used to come
 “ to the house, she had not the least doubt
 “ of any thing, but entered immediately,
 “ in order to go through the passage that
 “ led to Francisca Dei’s room. He, upon
 “ her being entered, directly shut the street
 “ door, and followed her with the aforefaid
 “ club, and at the door of Francisca Dei’s
 “ bed-chamber, gave her three or four
 “ blows, till, being fallen upon the ground,
 “ he cut her throat likewise. However, as
 “ she struggled much, he was obliged to
 “ attempt it with his knife several times
 “ before he compleated the horrid act. After
 “ this third murder, he was too much con-
 “ fused to make any farther search in the
 “ house of these unhappy women; and as
 “ soon as he had washed his hands a second
 “ time in a bowl full of water in the kitchen,
 “ went away, pulling the street door after
 “ him, which shut with a latch. He imme-
 “ diately went to a feller at second-hand’s
 “ shop (like our merchants in Rag Fair or
 Monmouth

“ Monmouth Street,) in St. Barbara’s Lane,
“ where, by means of a woman, he got
“ pawned at the mount the necklace of
“ smallest pearls in three rows, receiving
“ for his pawn forty crowns,” (pretty near
the same as English crowns,) “ and the
“ ticket of the mount for the receipt of the
“ necklace.

The nature of what they call the mount in Italy is as follows. Imagine the government to keep a great pawnbroker’s shop at the interest of six per cent. This is in a few words explaining to you what is meant by the mount. The idea would rather make us laugh in England, if his majesty was to become a pawnbroker. But it is not a bad scheme to raise money, and is introduced in all the governments of Italy. If no person appears within the space of three years, the pawn is forfeited, and publicly sold. In short, every thing is nearly the same as at a common pawnbroker’s. At least, this

is raising money without burthening the public, by the voluntary contributions of the people, and as all other persons are prohibited from exercising that business, these cities are freed from that pest of other great towns, the pawnbrokers.

“ John Albani afterwards went to the
 “ fat woman, who sells things at second-
 “ hand in the Smith’s Lane, and by her
 “ means pawned nine forks and spoons for
 “ thirty crowns, which she gave him to-
 “ gether with the ticket of the mount for
 “ the receipt of the goods. Before he re-
 “ turned home, he threw the knife with
 “ which he had murdered the women into
 “ a sink there is in the square belonging
 “ to the Roman college near St. Martha’s.
 “ As soon as he came home he burnt the
 “ stick or club.

“ Twelve days afterwards he went to the
 “ feller at second-hand that lives at St.

“ Andrew della Valle, and brought him
“ one of the crosses and a pair of ear-rings
“ to pawn for him at the mount, which
“ the feller at second-hand did; the first
“ for ten crowns thirty baioccs, and the
“ second for seven crowns twenty baioccs;
“ and two or three days afterwards he went
“ to another fellers at second-hand who
“ lives near the mount, and made him
“ pawn for him another cross and a ring
“ for seven crowns fifty baioccs; after-
“ wards returning to the feller at second-
“ hand that lives at St. Andrew della Valle,
“ he sold him one of the rows of the pearl
“ necklace, with the largest pearls, for
“ fifty crowns, pretending to be sent by
“ the owner in order to sell them, and that
“ he was to have a zecchin if he sold them
“ well. The other two rows of pearls of
“ that necklace, together with the little
“ rosaries of pearls, and the other crosses
“ and rings, as well as the five tickets of
“ the mount, were found in his house, in
“ the

“ the search made there by the officers of
 “ justice upon his being apprehended. The
 “ money received from these pawns he had
 “ partly spent in paying different debts of
 “ his, which he particularizes, partly to
 “ provide for what his family and himself
 “ wanted, and the rest was found by the
 “ officers of justice in their search.

“ This confession with regard to the mur-
 “ der remains verified, first, by the recog-
 “ nition of the dead bodies, upon which
 “ the following wounds were found.

“ Wounds found upon the corpse of
 “ Francisca Vetturini.

“ First, a wound in her throat, with
 “ recision of the right hand jugular vein,
 “ penetrating quite to the wind-pipe, done
 “ by an instrument incident and perforant.
 “ Secondly, a wound upon her head, with
 “ laceration of the integuments, made by
 “ repeated

“ repeated strokes, and which beginning
“ from the left side of the frontal bone, was
“ extended quite to the coronal future, with
“ fracture of the scull, and which pene-
“ trated so far as even to scatter about the
“ matter of the brain, all done by repeated
“ strokes of an instrument incident and
“ lacerant.

“ Wounds found upon the corpse of Fran-
“ cisca Dei.

“ First, a wound in her throat, with
“ recision of the carotis, and laceration of
“ all the contiguous vases and muscles,
“ caused by an instrument incident and
“ lacerant. Secondly, one in her forehead,
“ caused by an instrument incident and
“ perforant. Thirdly, one above her left
“ eye, by an instrument incident and per-
“ forant. Fourthly, one near the said eye,
“ made by an instrument incident and per-
“ forant. Fifthly, one upon the eye-brow
“ of

“ of the right eye, made likewise by an
 “ instrument incident and perforant. Sixthly,
 “ one upon the left temple, with laceration
 “ of the integuments and entire fracture
 “ of the bone, till part of the matter of
 “ the brain came out, made by an instru-
 “ ment incident and lacerant. Seventhly,
 “ one near the said temple, with fracture
 “ of the skull quite to the matter of the
 “ brain, made by an instrument incident
 “ and lacerant. Eighthly, one repeated in
 “ the same place by an instrument incident
 “ and lacerant. Ninthly, one near the same
 “ place, made by the same instrument.
 “ Tenthly, one on the right-hand side of the
 “ hinder part of the head, made likewise
 “ by an instrument incident and lacerant,

“ Wounds found upon the corpse of
 “ Anna Dei.

“ First, a wound in her throat upon the
 “ epiglotis, made by an instrument incident

“ and perforant. Secondly, one in the left
“ jugular vein. Thirdly, one near the
“ carotis on the same side. Fourthly, one
“ on the right hand side near the jugular
“ vein. Fifthly, one near the carotis ; all
“ made by an instrument incident and per-
“ forant, and penetrating to the wind-pipe.
“ Sixthly, one upon the bridge of the nose.
“ Seventhly, one above the left eye. Eighthly,
“ one upon the frontal bone, where the hair
“ begins to grow. Ninthly, one on the
“ other side likewise, where the hair begins
“ to grow. Tenthly, one on the beginning
“ of the coronal future ; all made by an
“ instrument lacerant and incident. Ele-
“ venthly, one in the palm of her left
“ hand, made by an instrument incident
“ and perforant.

The translation of these wounds as de-
scribed by the surgeons, may have tired and
shocked you, besides, I have not been able
to translate them well, as I do not know
the

the proper technical terms of surgery. But to continue.

“ Notwithstanding part of the above mentioned wounds were adjudged by the learned surgeons to have been caused by an instrument incident and lacerant, yet, upon their being juridically examined a second time, by the reasons there given, they do not exclude their having possibly been caused by an instrument contundent and lacerant, as a club or stick, and in part the cause of the deaths of these unhappy women.

“ The confession with regard to the murder remains verified, secondly, by the dead bodies being found in the same position as described by the prisoner, with the sheet and bowl of water stained with blood.

“ Thirdly, by the acquaintance he had
“ with the three deceased women, as re-
“ counted by himself, and verified by divers
“ witnesses, which gave him an easy entrance
“ into the house, when, on the contrary,
“ they were very cautious of opening the
“ door to any person else, till they knew
“ the quality of him that demanded ad-
“ mission.

“ The confession with regard to the rob-
“ bery remains verified, first, from the pre-
“ existence and deficiency of the before
“ mentioned stolen goods, according to the
“ deposition of various witnesses : (the wit-
“ nesses named).

“ Secondly, from the inciting cause to
“ commit this robbery, deduced from the
“ prisoner’s extreme poverty, confessed by
“ himself, and proved by various witnesses :
“ (witnesses named).

“ Thirdly,

“ Thirdly, by the money spent *ultra vires*,
 “ for he paid many debts with which he was
 “ burthened, as he himself confessed; and
 “ which is verified by the creditors them-
 “ selves. (The creditors named.)

“ And fourthly and lastly, the confession
 “ with regard to the robbery remains veri-
 “ fied by the sale of one of the rows of
 “ pearls to the seller of second hand things
 “ at St. Andrew della Valle, according to
 “ the deposition of the same, and by the
 “ five tickets of the mount, found in the
 “ prisoner’s house, as well as the remainder
 “ of the stolen goods, with part of the mo-
 “ ney received upon those that were pawned,
 “ and the goods were proved to be the same
 “ the unhappy women had in their possession
 “ by the before mentioned witnesses, and the
 “ sellers at second-hand deposed upon oath,
 “ that they pawned for the prisoner the
 “ above mentioned things, &c. &c. &c.

Wednesday, June 3, 1761.

1 o'clock in the afternoon.

THE governor was present yesterday evening at a *conversazione*, or assembly, where I went. He said that John Albani had made him two requests. The one was to have a particular confessor, and the other to have more to eat. “I know, said he, I am to die
“in a short time. At least feed me well
“while I live.” And yet the government allows prisoners in jail nine pence a day, but he was not contented with that sum. The governor says, he believes no prisoners have so much allowed them as they have here. I could not answer him yes or no, with regard to ours, tho’ I believe they live but poorly, if they have not something of their own. They say Albani will be executed in about a fortnight. His death is to be *mazzolation*, an Italian word which means, that he is first to be knocked down with a
mallet

mallet like an ox, and then have his throat cut. Indeed it is the very same fate he made the poor women suffer. It is an uncommon punishment here at Rome, and only for great crimes. They generally hang as we do. They never break upon the wheel, any more than in Great Britain. The government, with regard to criminal proceedings, is certainly much too mild here.

Rome, 1 o'clock afternoon,
Thursday, June 4, 1761.

AS a proof of the great mildness, or rather relaxation of this government with regard to criminal affairs, I will bring you an example, which happened yesterday, and of which my servant Sebastian was witness. It happened in Piazza Navona. As he was passing through it about five o'clock in the afternoon, he saw two men quarrelling. One flung a stone at the other, which hit him upon the breast. He who had received

the blow went up to the other, collared him with his left hand, and with his right plunged his knife thrice into him. This he did with all the apparent phlegm and tranquillity in the world. He then walked at leisure to the steps before St. Agnes's church, where he could not be apprehended, and patrolled up and down them with as much quiet as if he had been taking a contemplative walk. The other in the mean time began crying out and shewing his wounds. He had one in his arm, another in his breast, but Sebastian did not see where the third struck. He drew up the shirt of his wounded arm, which was pouring out blood. He was only in a waistcoat. He put his hand likewise many times upon the wound in his breast, which shed blood too, but in less quantity, and every time he touched it, he burst out into tears afresh. Sebastian, who was in company with another servant, then came away. It is dangerous in this country to be staying where broils are. For
when

when the officers of justice come, they put all present into jail, some as accomplices and others as witnesses. The criminal, who generally takes refuge in a church, is the only person that can not be touched. Indeed they discharge those who are not guilty, after some days imprisonment, but still, it is hard to be sent into confinement and endure all the hardships of it, tho' for ever so short a time.

There is nothing farther material about the coachman. It seems he had been a butcher, so that he was practiced in the art of killing. He has not only demanded to eat better, but to have a better bed during the little time he is to live. It seems he went up stairs and marked the door of the people that lived over the rooms where the women were murdered, with blood, in order that the suspicion of the murder might fall upon them. He says he was so confused, that he had very little fear about him, except of see-
ing

ing what he had done. They report that he has been guilty of other crimes. I think I should make an excellent ordinary of Newgate. When I return to England I believe I shall take orders, and you must get me promoted to that post.

L E T T E R XXII.

Rome, five o'clock afternoon,
Saturday, June 6, 1761.

AS I think you like to see nature unful-
lied, I will translate you a letter of Sebas-
tian to his patron in Tuscany. As he is
gone out to buy me a sword-knot, I have time
to copy it. He has given it me unsealed to
inclose in one of mine. You may think it
a breach of trust to read a servant's letter,
but as they do not contain plots against the
state, I hope it is a crime that may be par-
doned. I will endeavour to preserve the
style in the translation. It is as follows.

Rome, June 6, 1761.

“ My dearest sir,

“ You can not imagine the pleasure I had

“ in

“ in receiving a letter from you. I am as
“ glad as possibly can be, to hear you be
“ well in health and all your good family.
“ Heaven preserve you so. I, thank heaven,
“ am well. So is Signor Christopher, (mean-
“ ing me,) heaven preserve him. Where we
“ live is very good air. It makes one eat a
“ great deal. But I keeps to the rule you
“ gave me, when I left Bibbiena. I eats as
“ little as I possibly can. As for chawing
“ rheubarb, I does not think I have occasion
“ at present for it. If I finds any thing,
“ if I finds any oppression upon my stomach,
“ I will begin chawing it immediately. If
“ I be always as I be now I am content. I
“ have seen a great many fine things here at
“ Rome, fine palaces, and fine churches.
“ For news at Rome, all I can tell you is,
“ that, as they tell me, a coachman is to be
“ executed next week. He was the coach-
“ man of a cardinal. Killed three women.
“ And this happened the day before whit-
“ funday. Now he goes that morning to
I her

“ her house, having been godfather to her
 “ child, and he gives her the good *morrow*
 “ with killing her; and this was not enough,
 “ he cut the throat of another woman she
 “ had in the house; and when he had done
 “ all this, he began rummaging the house, to
 “ carry away what he liked best. Now
 “ while he was doing this some body knock-
 “ ed at the door; now this was another wo-
 “ man that came in search of death, and he
 “ heard this knocking, and so he looked and
 “ saw it was a woman, a friend of his, and
 “ so for fear of being found out, he killed
 “ her too; and he has since been found out,
 “ and he is now in jail. I was going out a
 “ walking the day after the procession of the
 “ Corpus Domini, and a quarrel fell out
 “ between a bailiff and another coachman
 “ of one of these cardinals, but I do not
 “ know what his name be. And so these
 “ gave one another blows with sticks, and
 “ wounds with a knife. And all this hap-
 “ pened near me, but I runs away as quick
 “ as

“ as I could, gets into a house. For you
“ know the saying *rumores fuggite*, and I
“ likes to sleep in a whole skin. I does not
“ love quarrels. And three or four days
“ ago I was in Piazza Navona, and I was
“ looking at the great fine fountain there,
“ and I sees a man take a flint that lay at
“ my feet, and so he flings it at another,
“ and so the other comes to this that was
“ standing so just close by me, and so he
“ gives him three blows with his knife.
“ You may imagine what a terrible fright I
“ must be in. I trembled like an aspen
“ leaf, and my legs were shaking under me,
“ as if they had been reeds, and these fine
“ things happen here every now and then.
“ And then hear how light handed they be.
“ Well ! I would never have believed it,
“ They stole two handkerchiefs out of my
“ pocket, that were worth two pauls, (a
shilling,) in one morning. I puts my
“ hand into one pocket, and there was no
“ handkerchief. I puts my hand into t’other
“ pocket,

“ pocket, and there was no handkerchief
 “ neither; and so you see one must take care
 “ here, and this is the fine news of this
 “ town. I supplicate you to give my res-
 “ pects to all the good family from me.
 “ And when you write to signor master of
 “ your children, tell him that I did write to
 “ him, but as how, that he has never wrote
 “ to me. And pray my respects to him,
 “ and I pay the same to your most illust-
 “ rious signorship. And I remain heartily
 “ desirous of your orders, and kissing your
 “ hand till death, &c.

“ Pray be so good to salute Betty and
 “ Angelo, and tell the young ladies I will
 “ bring them all the rosaries and things.
 “ Excuse my boldness, but be so good to
 “ send the inclosed to Signor Domenico.”

This is Sebastian's letter, in which, as I
 said before, you may see nature undisguised.
 Coming from the country into a great town,
 the poor fellow finds himself lost in it.

L E T-

LETTER XXIII.

Rome, five o'clock in the afternoon,

Tuesday, June 9, 1761.

HAVING given you the confession of John Albani, you shall now have the defence his counsel made for him. You may think it curious to hear talk of defence, when a man has confessed himself guilty. It is so, but notwithstanding this, John Albani was defended after his confession by Joseph Ascevolini, advocate for the poor. There is this office of advocate for the poor in all the courts of justice in Italy. It is a lawyer paid by the government, to be counsel for the prisoners. Blush, England, land of liberty, not to have a similar charitable provision in thy island. In vain is it said, the judge is to be counsel for the prisoner. The judge can not frequent jails, and have private inter-
views

views with the malefactors, and teach them what to conceal, and what to bring out in evidence. Nay, do not I see the very contrary, that the government pays a man to be counsel for the crown, or counsel against the prisoner? And shall poor unhappy offenders enjoy less privileges on British ground, than where we say tyranny and oppression rule? These are, however, too strong words for a monarchical government. Blush then, I say again, my native country, and own, that tho' thy subjects in general enjoy advantages beyond those of other nations, yet in this particular Italy triumphs. With regard to the advocate for the poor's defence of John Albani, after his having confessed the crime, it is as follows. It is addressed to the supreme court of judicature of Rome. After having repeated the confession, it continues thus.

“ In consequence of the foregoing confession, so said to be verified in the greatest

“ part of its circumstances, which we shall
“ consider hereafter, the most vigilant ex-
“ chequer (fiscus in latin) maintains, that
“ the prisoner John Albani having confessed
“ the three before mentioned murders, with
“ the undeniable and aggravating circum-
“ stances of treachery and robbery, ought
“ with diligence to be consigned to the ex-
“ ecutioner, to satisfy injured justice by a
“ public death, in order to deter people, by
“ his example, from similar excesses for the
“ future.

“ We however, tho’ streightened in time,
“ the process having only been consigned to
“ us yesterday, friday 5th June, so that we
“ must form the present defence to day, sa-
“ turday 6th, in order that it may be printed
“ to morrow, sunday the 7th, to be distributed
“ the day after, monday the 8th, the day
“ preceding the determination of this cause,
“ we, I say, tho’ thus streightened in time,
“ have not in the least lost our courage,
“ neither

“ neither from the aforefaid confeſſion, nor
 “ from the vulgar axiom, “ *Non * eſt confeſſi*
 “ *cauſa tuenda rei;*” and on the other hand we
 “ conſider, with reaſon, the clemency of our
 “ moſt ſacred prince, who has not only en-
 “ truſted us with the defence of thoſe who
 “ are innocent, *ut † a calumnia liberentur,*
 “ but has particularly charged us with the
 “ protection of the guilty, *Ne ‡ plus æquo et*
 “ *ultra crepidam mulſentur.*

“ We even hope with confidence from
 “ what we ſhall ſay, notwithstanding the
 “ before mentioned confeſſion of the priſo-
 “ ner, that this ſupreme tribunal, ſo full of
 “ juſtice and equity, and who in the exami-
 “ nation of the moſt horrid miſdemeanours,

* The cauſe of a criminal who has confeſſed is not to
 be defended.

† That they may be freed from calumny.

‡ That they may not be puniſhed beyond the mark
 which juſtice requires.

“ *irascitur* * *duntaxat crimini sed non reo*, will
 “ save the unhappy prisoner from capital
 “ punishment, as we also humbly supplicate
 “ in his name.

“ There is no doubt, but that the confes-
 “ sion of a prisoner, when suspected of *sug-*
 “ *gestion* and subornation, or when it is not
 “ verified by the generical proof of the crime,
 “ is not to be in the least regarded, as the
 “ following authors observe, with regard to
 “ suggestive confession; Bossius de exam.
 “ reorum, num. 13, Cartar de interroga-
 “ tione reorum, lib. 2: cap. 1, num. 53, et
 “ num, 581, and Farinacci talks learnedly
 “ upon this matter in his 81st question, from
 “ num. 309, to num. 313, as well as Ver-
 “ miglioli in his criminal council 18, num.
 “ 19, and Conciol. in his alleg. 61, num. 25,
 “ and in his criminal resolut. word confes-
 “ sion, resolut. 23, num. 1, and with regard
 “ to a confession not verified by the specific

* Bears enmity to the crime alone, and not to the cri-
 minal.

“ circumstances

“ circumstances of the crime, the following
 “ authors maintain its having no weight.”
 (After having mentioned twenty authors,)
 “ Conciol. under the word confession resol.
 “ 18, num. 1 says, “ In order that a con-
 “ fession may have its effect against the
 “ confessor, it must be verified in all the
 “ circumstances and qualifications confessed
 “ by the prisoner, whether the confession be
 “ spontaneous or forced by torments.” And
 “ Farrinacci says, this is the common opi-
 “ nion of the learned, whom Giovagnoni,
 “ Guazzini, &c. follow; and Vermiglioli
 “ in his con. 18, num. 18, says, “ This
 “ principally takes place when those who
 “ have confessed, declare, for example, that
 “ certain blows were given upon the back
 “ part of the head with an iron bar, and yet
 “ this circumstance as well as others can not
 “ be verified, *as it is necessary they should be for*
 “ *a confession to have force to the detriment of the*
 “ *confessor,*” &c. Now this undoubtedly holds
 “ good, with regard to the punishing of a de-

“ linquent capitally, as in the present case,
 “ upon the authority of a confession so much
 “ to be criticised as this ; for according to
 “ the maxim, *Nemo* est dominus membrorum*
 “ *suorum*, concerning which the following
 “ authors, &c. Our provident laws there-
 “ fore, which unite justice with mercy, only
 “ regard in capital punishments, be the case
 “ what it may in others, that clear, true and
 “ sincere confession, which is not subject to
 “ any criticism intrinsical or extrinsical,
 “ according to the division the following au-
 “ thors make, &c. and Concilioli, under
 “ the word confession says, that a confession,
 “ to be called certain, must be made con-
 “ cerning a fact which is certain, with a
 “ certain place, time, and other circum-
 “ stances expressed, otherwise it is of no
 “ force, as the following authors confirm,
 “ &c.”

* No person has power over his own life.

Our author having laid down these premises, goes on to prove John Albani's confession not to be valid upon two reasons, "first of all because it is *suggestive*, and secondly, "because it does not agree with the circumstances of the crime." The latter reason you will understand, the first perhaps may want some explanation. But the worst is, I do not know whether I am able to explain it to you, however, I will try. By the word *suggestion*, we mean in this country any sign, or hint, or other act causing or leading the criminal to confess what otherwise he might not have done. For example. A judge can not in the middle of an examination ask the criminal abruptly, what he did in such a place such a day, because the criminal might possibly forget himself, and thinking to excuse what he did there, confess at the same time that he was such a day in such a place. I will give you a second example, taken from the present fact, which is what the advocate for the poor is going to build his first defence

Q₄ upon.

upon. When John Albani was first taken up, he denied the fact ; but the judges carrying him into his own house, and making a general search in his presence, he afterwards confessed it. This, says the advocate for the poor, was not acting legally, for his first denial being confuted by things found in his house contradictory to what he had said, it induced him to a confession. They had asked him what there was in his drawers ; he had replied, “ three tickets of the mount ;” they found five, and so on in many other things. This is what the Italians mean by *suggestive* interrogations, which are not permitted in these courts of justice. But they make use of tortures to extort confession, which are worse. You must not however, think that these torments are used arbitrarily. There must be a certain degree of conviction, before they are applied. The kind of torture they generally inflict is the cord, which is suspending a man in the air by his hands, which are tied behind him. Sure, with regard to
this,

this, England triumphs over Italy. Is it not more humane to try to get at the truth by artful examination than by tortures? Not that a person when forced by pain can, tho' innocent, confess himself guilty, as is imagined in England, for they expect the confession to be verified in every one of its circumstances; besides, a criminal is always taken down from the rack before he begins to confess. But to leave my remarks, and continue the advocate for the poor's defence.

“ However, passing over the before mentioned undoubted theories to come to our present case, it must be granted, that the prisoner constantly denied the fact in his first examination of the 31st May, confessing only to have received the things pawned from a man in a livery coat, and whom he knew only by sight, and for whom he went to the mount, and received the money for the aforesaid pawns with three tickets of the mount. The money he said

“ he

“ he gave the man in the livery coat, and
 “ that the three tickets were at his house.

“ Nor can it be denied that immediately
 “ after this examination, a general perqui-
 “ sition was made in his house and in his
 “ presence, and that besides the three tickets
 “ of the mount which the prisoner had con-
 “ fessed to have there, two others were
 “ found, with goods belonging to the un-
 “ happy deceased women.

“ Nor can it be denied that this perquisi-
 “ tion, made according to our opinion *citra* *
 “ *necessitatem*, in the presence of the prisoner,
 “ (as the exchequer could have made it le-
 “ gally by witnesses, and then in due time
 “ have contested it to the prisoner, as the
 “ most learned prelate of the exchequer
 “ clearly tells us, in his criminal instruc-
 “ tions, where he never mentions the pre-

* Without necessity,

“ fence of the prisoner, cap. 6, num. 126,
 “ and fol. f. and cap. 9, from num. 76 to
 “ fol. g.) was the sole and precise cause
 “ of his confession the ensuing morning;
 “ in which he has accounted as well for
 “ the five tickets found in his house (*which*
 “ *five tickets, you, sir, found in my house yesterday*
 “ *in my kneeling desk.* Process, fol. 217) as
 “ likewise for the goods stolen from the
 “ unhappy women, found likewise in the
 “ prisoner’s house. (*And the rest of the goods*
 “ *I stole, which I had put into the kneeling desk*
 “ *at home, you, sir, found them there in my*
 “ *presence, and in that of the witnesses.* Process,
 “ fol. 218.)

“ Now if suggestion is lawfully verified,
 “ either when the judge questions the pri-
 “ soner concerning the particular circum-
 “ stances and qualities of the crime com-
 “ mitted; verb. gr. Whether he killed
 “ *John an Oakes* (Titus) on such a day, in
 “ such a place, wounding him in his breast
 “ with a sword, knife, or other instrument,
 “ according

“ according to the precise terms of De Ange-
“ lis, &c. with whom agree Vermiglioli, &c.
“ or when the judge indicates to a negative
“ prisoner the particular arguments of the
“ crime he is accused of, see Adden, &c.
“ and Farinacci, &c. which latter says, that
“ a judge, to avoid suggestion, ought not
“ even to read to the prisoner the deposi-
“ tions of the witnesses, as also Chartar,
“ &c. &c. Now this being the case, what
“ greater *suggestion* can there be than what
“ was caused by the situation of the pri-
“ soner upon seeing his house searched before
“ his eyes, and two tickets of the mount
“ found in it, which he had not confessed,
“ besides other things belonging to the un-
“ happy women, which he had likewise
“ passed over in silence. He must then,
“ with reason, imagine that these things be-
“ ing found in his desk, proved the falsity of
“ his first assertions, and persuaded the judge
“ of his being guilty, now Bursatti, &c. hold
“ it as *suggestion* in whatever manner his
crime

“ crime is notified to a negative delinquent,
 “ as also Amen, &c.

“ And, in fact, the words of the prison-
 “ er’s second confession above related, and
 “ the short interval of a few hours from his
 “ first negative to his second affirmative
 “ confession, sufficiently prove that he was
 “ struck with the judicial perquisition made
 “ in his presence, and finding himself dis-
 “ covered, and almost convicted, he resolved
 “ to confess what he had firmly denied but
 “ a few hours before the judicial perquisi-
 “ tion.

“ From hence, therefore, no person can
 “ deny this confession to be suggestive, and
 “ as such void of weight, Vermiglioli, &c.
 “ especially so as to deliver the confessor
 “ to capital punishment, Cyriac, &c.

“ Now if the second confession of our
 “ prisoner is not to be regarded, so as to
 “ deliver

“ deliver him up to capital punishment, as
“ being, with foundation, suspected of fug-
“ gession, which we have hitherto been
“ proving, much less ought it to be re-
“ garded, as it is not at all verified, but even
“ contradicted by the circumstances of the
“ crime.

“ This truth will be manifested by call-
“ ing to memory, that the prisoner says in
“ his confession, that he killed the three
“ unfortunate women with a stick or club,
“ and a knife. Now, on the contrary, the
“ fiscal surgeon, Francis Pignotti, does not
“ make the least mention of an instrument
“ contundent and lacerant, such as is a stick
“ or club, but excluding that absolutely,
“ says, and repeats with confidence several
“ times, that the wounds found upon the
“ before mentioned three bodies were made
“ by two different instruments, one incident
“ and perforant, and the other incident and
“ lacerant, as may be seen above, &c.

“ Besides

“ Besides this, the prisoner confesses to
 “ have given three blows with his club upon
 “ the head of Francisca Dei, and a cut with
 “ his knife when he cut her throat, so that
 “ according to the foregoing confession, four
 “ wounds ought to have been found upon
 “ the body of the aforesaid Francisca. On the
 “ contrary, the learned surgeon found ten,
 “ six made by an instrument incident and
 “ lacerant, and four by an instrument in-
 “ cident and perforant, as process, fo. 10 to
 “ 14. Three wounds ought to have been
 “ found upon the body of Francisca Vettu-
 “ rini, two upon her head, and another
 “ in her throat, as the prisoner confessed
 “ to have given her two blows with his
 “ stick upon the hinder part of her head, and
 “ then cut her throat : (process, &c.) But
 “ the learned surgeon *mitius agendo* * with
 “ the body of the aforesaid Francisca Vet-
 “ turini, found only two wounds upon it,

* Acting more mildly.

“ one made by an instrument incident and
“ lacerant, and the other by an instrument
“ incident and perforant, according to pro-
“ cesses, &c.

“ And finally, the body of Anna Dei,
“ whom he killed the third, ought at most
“ to have had three or four wounds upon
“ the head, and some others towards the
“ throat, as the prisoner confesses to have
“ given the said Anna Dei three or four
“ blows upon her head behind, and different
“ wounds with his knife towards her throat.
“ (Proc. &c.) But the learned surgeon
“ is more liberal with the body of the un-
“ happy widow, and finds eleven wounds
“ upon it, between those upon the head and
“ the throat, declaring that six of them
“ proceeded from an instrument incident
“ and perforant, and the other five from an
“ instrument incident and lacerant, as may
“ be seen, &c.

“ Before

Before I go on I will make a remark. I think what the advocate for the poor says with regard to the wounds received, does not agree with the list I have already given you of those wounds. However, this does not cast any blemish upon the trial, for, as I have received it piece-meal, and it came to me through very different hands, the *text* may have been *corrupted*. It is difficult to get these trials, as they are not made public as with us. I was forced to get part of it copied out in a hurry by one friend, and part by another. As each has abridged things according to their inclination, it is no wonder if there is some difference. The defence goes on thus.

“ In the foregoing irreconcilable contradiction then, between the circumstances of the crime and the confession of the prisoner, which of these two proceedings ought to prevail? If we are to have regard to the circumstances, in that case

“ I answer, that the prisoner’s confession
 “ being manifestly contradictory to many
 “ substantial circumstances regarding the
 “ aforesaid crime, it can not have an
 “ effect against him strong enough to
 “ deliver him over to the hands of the
 “ hangman, * *ad expiandum morte naturali*
 “ *crimen*, and this is corroborated by the
 “ clear testimony of the foregoing authors,
 “ &c.

“ If, on the other hand, we ought to
 “ regard the confession of the prisoner, in
 “ this case with courage I answer, that this,
 “ being void of the indispensibly necessary
 “ verification of the circumstances, is ren-
 “ dered entirely invalid, and ought to be
 “ torn into the smallest pieces, as the fol-
 “ lowing authors clearly, excellently, and
 “ unanimously maintain in favor of a pri-
 “ soner, who has confessed himself guilty,

* To expiate his crime by death.

“ but

“ but whose confession does not agree with
 “ the circumstances of the facts, &c. &c.
 “ &c.

“ The sagacious exchequer was conscious
 “ of the foregoing insuperable difficulty, and
 “ has attempted to remedy it in the best
 “ manner possible, by hearing afresh the
 “ learned surgeon Francis Pignotti, and
 “ uniting with him the other surgeon of
 “ the prisons, Charles Guattani. These
 “ now pretend to maintain that the wounds
 “ found upon the heads of the three un-
 “ happy women, although declared by the
 “ first mentioned to have been caused by an
 “ instrument incident and lacerant, accord-
 “ ing to his first recognition, (process, page
 “ 7 to 19, &c.) might also have been made
 “ by a club or stick, which is an instrument
 “ contundent and lacerant (process, page
 “ 287 to 294, &c).

“ But this new inquisition has been made
“ unnecessarily, uselessly, and illegally.
“ Unnecessarily, because, even tho’ we sup-
“ pose the first inquisition of the learned
“ surgeon reconcileable with the confession
“ of the prisoner, as far as regards the in-
“ struments with which the said prisoner
“ wounded the unhappy women upon the
“ head, notwithstanding this, the other
“ plain contradictions of matters of fact
“ between the confession of the prisoner
“ and those circumstances of the crime pro-
“ duced by the learned Pignotti, concerning
“ the number and nature of the wounds,
“ can never be reconciled. And these will
“ always be an invincible obstacle in the
“ present trial against the admission of the
“ two before-mentioned acts, the inquisition
“ of the surgeon, and the confession of the
“ prisoner, as being contradictory and ex-
“ clusive of each other, according to the
“ following learned authors, &c. &c.

“ And,

“ And, secondly, this new inquisition has
 “ been made uselessly, because, among the
 “ instruments capable of destroying life,
 “ there are instruments *incidentia et perfo-*
 “ *rantia*, which wound by a point, and
 “ penetrate through the body, as knives and
 “ small swords. There are, likewise, in-
 “ struments *incidentia et lacerantia*, and which
 “ wound by cutting, as scymitars, broad-
 “ swords, and other similar arms, and there
 “ are likewise instruments *contudentia et*
 “ *lacerantia*, which, instead of penetrating
 “ and cutting, break the bones, and in
 “ breaking them tear the skin, as clubs,
 “ stones, &c. Every person knows this,
 “ and the division is clearly made in the
 “ general edicts of this tribunal, in the 32,
 “ 34 and 39 paragraphs, where pointed
 “ arms are distinguished under the name
 “ of incident and perforant; cutting arms
 “ under that of incident and lacerant; and
 “ sticks, stones, clubs and bludgeons, under
 “ the name of arms contudent and lacerant.

“ It may probably be true that the recog-
“ nition of the dead bodies made by Pig-
“ notti, and described by divers wounds
“ about their heads, with fracture of the
“ scull, and loss of part of the substance of
“ the brain, may carry along with it the
“ necessity of the instrument having been
“ contundent and lacerant, as Guattani is
“ kindly of opinion to favor his companion,
“ (process, page 289 to 292,) to which Pig-
“ notti, without doubt, agrees in his new
“ opinion, (process, page 292 to 294) but
“ notwithstanding this, it will always re-
“ main undeniable, that an instrument con-
“ tudent and lacerant can never be included
“ under the name of an instrument incident
“ and lacerant, as the two learned surgeons
“ erroneously say in their new opinion, to
“ support the word incident, made use of
“ by the said Pignotti (process, page 291
“ and 293), for a contundent instrument
“ can not *incide*, as is known to every person.

“ The

“ The judgment, therefore, being mani-
 “ festly erroneous in this material point,
 “ consequently renders all proceedings against
 “ the prisoner null and void, according to
 “ the following authors, &c. &c. &c. or those
 “ proceedings being authentic, as the con-
 “ fession of the prisoner manifestly contradicts
 “ them, it is thereby entirely rendered void,
 “ and consequently of no force, particularly
 “ with regard to condemning the prisoner
 “ to death, as we have already conclusively
 “ proved, &c.

“ Lastly, this new inquisition has been
 “ illegally made, because the judge ought
 “ merely in points like these to search out
 “ the truth, and not extort it, for, notwith-
 “ standing the heinousness of the crime,
 “ he is not permitted * *transgredi leges*, a
 “ privilege only reserved to the sovereign
 “ prince. They ought not, therefore, to

* To transgress against the law.

“ have read the confession of the prisoner to
“ the two learned surgeons, but to have ques-
“ tioned them, how a fracture of the skull,
“ and loss of part of the substance of the
“ brain, was causable by an instrument inci-
“ dent and lacerant, in order to hear from
“ their own learning, whether they could
“ have given a conclusive answer to their
“ demands. In this manner they would
“ have sought after the pure and naked
“ truth. On the contrary, in the present
“ case, the learned surgeons, Pignotti and
“ Guattani, being informed of the prisoner’s
“ confession, and by that being persuaded
“ of Pignotti’s mistake in describing the in-
“ struments, by which the unhappy women
“ were wounded upon the head, what won-
“ der is it if they have both attempted to
“ palliate the error of the former, by de-
“ fending it in the best manner they could ?
“ It would, indeed, be wonderful (and,
“ therefore, I neither can nor will suppose
“ it) if this supreme tribunal was to allow

“ a similar amendment, so contrary to all
 “ the rules and reasons adduced by the fol-
 “ lowing authors, &c. &c. &c.

“ We will now briefly produce the third
 “ exception, which we have thought pro-
 “ per to alledge against the confession of the
 “ prisoner John Albani. And this consists
 “ in the want of verification of the same in
 “ a substantial point, such as is that of his
 “ throwing the knife, with which he cut
 “ the unhappy womens’ throats, into the
 “ common sewer, in the square of the Ro-
 “ man college, near St. Martha’s. (Process
 “ page 214.) This circumstance not being
 “ verified in the process, proves the afore-
 “ said confession to be erroneous and false
 “ with regard to this, either directly so,
 “ supposing this perquisition has been made,
 “ and the instrument not found, or possibly
 “ so, supposing no perquisition has been
 “ made at all. Now this want of verifica-
 “ tion that the confession suffers with regard
 “ to

“ to the present point, gives occasion for the
“ introducing of the following most true
“ proposition, that a confession erroneous
“ and false in one substantial circumstance,
“ is presumed to be so in the whole, and,
“ therefore, can in no wise be prejudicial to
“ the confessor, according to the following
“ authors, &c.

Rome, Wednesday, 10th June,

11 o'clock morning, 1761.

“ From what we have said hitherto, we
“ flatter ourselves that we have put into no
“ small doubt the validity of the confession
“ of the prisoner, first, as it is to be suspect-
“ ed of suggestion; secondly, as it contra-
“ dicts the circumstances of the crime; and,
“ thirdly, as it remains contradicted itself in
“ a material point. The force of what we
“ here say will have likewise an additional
“ weight, if we consider divers extrinsecal
“ circumstances

“ circumstances proper to incite the innate
 “ compassion of this tribunal.

“ And first let me lay before the court the
 “ extreme poverty of the prisoner, many
 “ times declared by himself, and proved by a
 “ distinct description of his debts. (Process,
 “ &c.) This, tho’ not capable of excusing
 “ him from his crime, may, however, be
 “ an inducement to observe towards him
 “ some degree of minoration with regard to
 “ the punishment due to it, according to the
 “ unanimous affirmation of the following
 “ authors, &c. &c.

“ What we shall secondly produce in his
 “ favor is, his spontaneous confession, which
 “ as it has delivered the court from the trou-
 “ ble of procuring the necessary proofs
 “ against him, ought not to render them
 “ averse from some sensation of compassion
 “ towards the offender, and particularly as
 “ ever before this he has lived entirely
 “ blameless,

“ blameless, and at present knows his error
 “ and entreats mercy.

“ The third extrinsical circumstance in
 “ his favor, consists in the just and incessant
 “ tears of his wife and three children, among
 “ which are two girls that are marriageable.
 “ All these in the tenderest manner suppli-
 “ cate this supreme tribunal, not to oppress
 “ them who are innocent, with the perpe-
 “ tual ignominy they must undergo if their
 “ respective husband and father was to die
 “ upon an infamous scaffold; and they urge
 “ the authority of Baldovini in their favor,
 “ council 24, num. 19, tom. iii. where he
 “ says, that the children, by leading a perpe-
 “ tual life of ignominy, would suffer
 “ much more than their guilty father, whom
 “ death in a moment delivers from all his
 “ pains. And Vermiglioli says, council
 “ 250, num. 14 and 15, *Quam * maxime*
 “ *supremum*

* A number of children, who must become partakers
 of the calamity of their father, ought to have the greatest
 effect

“ supremum tribunal movere debet filiorum
 “ numerus, qui paternam calamitatem fen-
 “ tiunt, cum enim certum sit diminutionem
 “ pœnarum supremis magistratibus esse arbi-
 “ trariam, negari non potest quin filiorum
 “ numerus ad hujusmodi diminutionem sit
 “ considerandus, And Rainaldo, vol. lxxv.
 “ num. 15, “ Quarto, qui habet plures filios,
 “ qui ex quo paternam calamitatem sentiunt,
 “ faciunt pœnæ rigorem cessare.

“ And not to leave any thing untouched
 “ upon in so weighty a cause, we here de-
 “ clare that if the court, in order to avoid
 “ the difficulties produced by us, should at-

effect upon every supreme tribunal, and as it is undoubted
 that supreme magistrates have the power of diminishing pu-
 nishments, it is likewise certain that the having of a num-
 ber of children must be taken into consideration, as a
 reason for that diminution. And Rainaldo, v. 75. n. 15.
 The fourth reason is his having a number of children,
 upon whose account the rigor of the punishment ought to
 be mitigated, as they become fellow sufferers in the mis-
 fortunes of their parent.

“ tempt

“ tempt to condemn the prisoner, as convicted
 “ ed according to the tenor of the well
 “ known edict of the sacred and glorious
 “ memory of Benedict the fourteenth, our
 “ most illustrious benefactor, in this case,
 “ we demand time to defend the prisoner in
 “ this new light, as the short revolution
 “ of twenty-four hours does not give sufficient
 “ space to our weak abilities, first to
 “ defend the delinquent, as having confessed
 “ ed, and then as supposed negative, but
 “ pretended to be convicted by undoubted
 “ proofs, &c. for which, &c.

“ Joseph Ascevolini, advocate for the
 “ poor.

“ Philip Barbieri, notary for the poor.”

However, notwithstanding the foregoing
 defence, the following sentence, as I have
 already foretold, was denounced against John
 Albani.

Albani. I will give it you in the Latin, which is the original.

Die Martis, 9, Junii, 1761.*

Omnes convenerunt.

Johannes Albani malleo percussus juguletur, et in frustra scindatur, et ejus abscissum caput exponatur super portam, quæ dicitur Angelica, cum crate ferrea et eulogio infami.

You will remark, in the juridical proceedings, that the name of cardinal Paolucci, to whom John Albani was coachman, is nowhere mentioned. It was, I suppose, purposely avoided, not to expose the name of a cardinal in such an affair. Indeed, I do not

* Tuesday, 9th June, 1761.

All agreed,

That John Albani, after being struck down with a mallet, should have his throat cut, and be quartered, and his head placed over Porta Angelica in an iron grate, with an infamous inscription.

think

think it greatly to the honor of his eminence to have had a coachman so extremely poor, and so great a villain. John Albani was a man well known in Rome, and said to be remarkable for being a modest, mild person, and one who never swore an oath. I must confess I have no great opinion of these sanctified fellows. There is a native pride, if I may be allowed the expression, in true courage, honesty, or religion, which disdains the intruding of itself to public view. You will understand better the force of what the advocate for the poor says, with regard to John Albani's wife and children leading a life of perpetual ignominy, when you know that no person will have any thing to do, or even speak with the relations of a man that has been executed publicly. I do not deny but that it is infamous enough with us in England, however, here you see they carry it to the very highest pitch imaginable. The hangman, spies, and those sorts of people,
are

are likewise avoided as so many living plagues:

Ditto, 12 o'clock at night.

The clock strikes twelve. Now those dead persons, that have a mind to walk this night, set out from their abandoned graves. Now murder, with uncontrolled steps, stalks along the lightless streets of Rome, and now John Albani, the coachman, that killed the three women, is advertising of his being to die tomorrow. It is the custom in Italy never to inform criminals of their sentence till the night before they are executed, at eleven o'clock. The scaffold is already built for the execution tomorrow morning, in the square before St. Angelo's Bridge. However, notwithstanding, the sentence is only now indicating to John Albani, he must have imagined that he is to die soon. I do not know whether I can commend this custom of only shewing the criminal his dead warrant the

evening before his death. It must shock them, I should think, too much. The moment it is read to him two confessors seize upon him by each arm, as he is called out of his dungeon to hear the fatal mandate. Nor do they abandon him till his death, comforting and supporting him to the utmost of their power. You cannot imagine how eager the people of Rome are to see such a melancholy kind of spectacle. They have been taking places even to night, and windows in St. Angelo's Square, where the execution is to be, let at I do not know how much money. It seems to me a particular curiosity to be fond of seeing sights of this nature. And yet in all countries so many people are running after them. *De gustibus non disputandum est*, as the Italians say.

Thursday, June 11, 1761.

Three quarters past 12 at noon, Rome.

This morning, unwillingly, I saw the mangled carcase of John Albani, who was
 . I executed

executed about nine o'clock. In going to St. Peter's, near which I was obliged to make a visit, I passed over St. Angelo's Bridge, and, consequently, through the square adjoining. The first thing I beheld were legs and arms hung up upon the scaffold, like meat in a butcher's shop. Then John Albani's ghastly head grinned upon me, set up to public view. The rest of the body lay upon the scaffold. The sight shocked me, and I still have it present before my eyes.

The news I have picked up abroad is, that one of the three galleys of the pope, that set sail from Cività Vecchia for Malta, laden with knights belonging to that island, is lost. When I say lost, I do not mean that she is certainly sunk, but that they do not know where she is. The case is as follows. In the channel between Sicily and Malta, they met with a storm. The Saint Prospero, the galley they are anxious about, lost all her masts in it. As the sea ran too high for the

two others to be able to give her any assistance, they continued their voyage to Malta. When they got into that port they told the grand master what distress they had left the Saint Prospero in. As soon as the weather would permit, he sent out his five galleys provided with masts, anchors, cables, &c. to look out for her and assist her. Nothing has as yet been heard of her destiny. This, you may imagine, keeps the people of Rome in anxiety, as there were many gentlemen of good family on board her, as the marquis Accoramboni and others.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Rome, a little after 1 in the afternoon,
Sunday, June 14, 1761.

ALL the news stirring here is, that the papal galley that was lost is found again. Having sprung her masts, and not being able to weather the storm, she was obliged to turn back. She put into Giorgenti, a little port in Sicily, from whence' tidings have been received of her. This has relieved many noblemen who had relations on board from their anxious situation. With regard to Bellisle, it is esteemed in agonies, and that it can hold out but a very little longer. Peace however is talked of, and they say, that not only we and the French, but even the Austrians have appointed their plenipotentiaries, to meet at a congress at Augsbourg.

The country here about Rome has been infested with a prodigious quantity of mice, or moles, that have done considerable damage to the corn and vineyards. Prayers have been made on purpose to deliver the faithful from this plague. The prayer or exorcisement is as follows, tho' I do not hear those little animals have been less noxious upon account of it.

“ Exorciso * vos pestiferos mures per De-
 “ um patrem omnipotentem, et Jesum Chris-

“ * I exorcise you pernicious moles, in the name of God
 “ the omnipotent Father, and of his Son Jesus Christ, in
 “ order that you may forthwith depart from our fields
 “ and lands, nor longer dwell in them, but pass to other
 “ spots where you may be of hurt to none, cursing you
 “ on the behalf of the omnipotent God, and of the whole
 “ court of heaven, and of the holy church of God, that
 “ you may every day decrease, and become less in num-
 “ ber till no remains be found of you in any place,
 “ unless you should be necessary for the welfare or ser-
 “ vice of mankind. May he who is to come to judge
 “ the quick and the dead, and the world by fire, grant this
 “ our prayer. Amen.”

“ tum

“ tum filium ejus, ut confestim recedatis a
 “ campis et agris nostris, nec amplius in eis
 “ habitetis, sed ad ea loca transeatis, in qui-
 “ bus nemini nocere possitis; pro parte om-
 “ nipotentis Dei, et totius curiæ cælestis,
 “ et ecclesiæ sanctæ Dei vos maledicens, ut
 “ quocumque ieritis, fitis maledicti, defici-
 “ entes de die in diem in vos ipsos, et decref-
 “ centes quatenus reliquiæ de vobis nullo in
 “ loco inveniantur, nisi necessariae ad salu-
 “ tem et usum humanum. Quod prestare
 “ dignetur, qui venturus est judicare vivos,
 “ et mortuos, et sæculum per ignem. Amen.”

After the priest and people who followed
 him had made their prayers and processions
 in the infected places, they sprinkled them
 duly with holy water, after which lustration,
 and a decent number of crossings, the cere-
 mony finished.

Last night I saw a little piece of poetry
 that regarded Mr. Steavens the timber mer-

chant's son, who made a great figure here at Rome four or five years ago. He is dead, you know. While he was at Rome he had the pleasure of being in the good graces of the prettiest lady that was then in this town. Whether it was his money or his person, that pleased the marchioness Gabriele, I can not tell, but certain it is, they were both always together. To shew you what a fine excuse the Roman ladies have for making love with English gentlemen, they say that the marchioness Gabriele shewed all this affection to Mr. Steavens in order to convert him to the Roman catholic religion. It is upon this my poetry is founded, which supposes that the marchioness Gabriele's ghost appears to him, and speaks to him in the following manner.

Stivenez ! che fai ? che neghittoso ognora
 Fra dubbiosi pensieri errando vai ?
 Non vedi forse quanto incerto mai
 Sia del nostro morire il quando e l'ora ?
 Ah ! che di cambriar fede aspetti ancora ?

Ah perche mente a tanti errori dai ?

Per farti fedel, io sol t'amai,

Fallo or che son mórtà senza dimora.

Così facendo, se nemica stella

Col troncàre li mei dì, allo mio zelo

Non permise compir opra sì bella,

Sciolto quando farai dal mortal velo,

Sentirò con piacere che io sol fui quella

Il dì cui amor t'aprì la via del cielo,

In English prose as follows.

Why dost thou loiter, Steavens, fluctuating amidst the mazes of doubtful thought ? Awake to reason, and behold in me an example of the incertitude of human life. And canst thou still retard abandoning thy religion ? And canst thou still give ear to fatal errors ? To inroll thee amidst the number of the faithful, I loved thee in life. Execute my desires then without delay after my death. By doing this, tho' envious destiny, in cutting short my days, hindered me from accomplishing the glorious intention, still shall I with pleasure reflect, when I behold

behold thee freed from the veil of humanity, that it was I whose love first opened thee the path to heaven.

Do not you think this is a fine excuse for libertinism? See in what a droll manner the author has spelt Mr. Steavens's name. I do not know who he is. This mighty performance is anonymous. When the marchioness Gabriele died, Mr. Steavens did a very popular thing here at Rome, which was, to give a present of a hundred Roman crowns to some priests to pray for her soul, that it might be the sooner released from the pains of purgatory. I do not know whether this *terra incognita*, as doctor Swift calls it, is founded upon scripture, but I am sure it is established upon very lucrative maxims. How many legacies does not the ecclesiastical branch of the Roman catholic religion enjoy, which have been left by pious persons for masses for themselves or their relations. This spirit too is kept up by
stories,

stories, that seem, and probably are, formed on purpose. I will tell you one of them.

In a sermon at Leghorne during lent time, (I do not tell you the year, for I do not know it myself,) a preacher had been setting forth, with great eloquence, the duty all Christians lay under of assisting their deceased brethren by their suffrages or prayers. He expressed the pains of purgatory with such energy, and the remissness of the faithful in making contributions to relieve those poor sufferers by masses, in such pathetic expressions, that he brought tears into the eyes of all present.

There was an old beggar woman in church at the before mentioned sermon. She was so affected with what she had heard, that in going out of the door, she put three farthings, all she had in the world, into a charity box, that upon these occasions is always ready, in order to receive

ceive the pious contributions, that are offered for the benefit of the souls in purgatory, or rather of their advocates in this world. After the old beggar-woman had gone through two or three streets, the fresh air abated considerably the edge of her devotion, and increased that of her appetite. She reflected that she had given away all she had in the world, at a time when she had not a morsel of bread to eat. As it was late, and most people gone to dinner, she had but little hopes of any charitable passengers relieving her. In a fit of despair she threw herself down upon some steps there were before a public building, and began crying. She had not been long indulging her grief, before a venerable old gentleman passed by. He asked her what was the cause of her being so melancholy. She told him. Well, says he, I will assist you, only carry this letter I have in my hand to such a house, and the people there will give you something. The old woman
took

took the letter, and said she would do as he bid her, and the venerable old gentleman walked off. As soon as she came to the house that had been described to her, she asked for the master of it, to whom the letter was directed. He was a person of rank and fortune. Upon reading the letter he turned pale. As soon as he had finished it, he left his company, and desired to speak with the old woman. He begged her to give him a perfect description of the person who had spoken to her. She did so. He then asked her if she thought she should know his picture if she saw it. She said she had no doubt but that she should. Accordingly, he took her into a room where there was a great number of portraits of all his family and ancestors for some generations. As soon as the old beggar-woman had entered with the gentleman into this room, she began to consider the pictures attentively. At last she fixed upon one, which she said, was the venerable old gentleman that had
given

given her the letter. But are you sure of it, says the master of the house ? Yes, says she, it is so like him, I could swear it to be the same person. Why then, says he, as I am living here upon earth, it was my great grandfather that appeared to you, whom your charity has delivered from the pains of purgatory. He in this letter desires me to settle upon you a pension for life, and I shall accordingly, which he did ; and so my story ends.

It is by these and similar incitements, that the Romish church keeps up its great annual revenue of charities for the souls in purgatory. To this bank Mr. Steavens contributed his hundred crowns, for the soul of the deceased marchioness Gabriele. This action, as I have already said, made him very popular here in Rome. The marchioness Gabriele killed herself by dancing when she was big with child. I was at Rome during that time, and the very day I was to be introduced

duced to her, I went and saw her extended upon her bier in the church, with the little embrio placed upon her bosom. She looked pretty even in death, and

—beauty's ensign yet

Was crimson on her lips and in her cheeks,

but I believe it was owing to *rouge*. She danced between the acts of a play, performed by some gentlemen and ladies at villa Borghese.

Death too is at present busy among the cardinals. Cardinal Orsi, who has written an ecclesiastical history famous for the beauty of its style, breathed his last a few days ago. Yesterday news came, that cardinal Banchieri, the legate at Ferrara, was dead. Cardinal Paolucci is ill at Albano, and cardinal Passionei is in agonies at Frascati. The last is one of our great men here, or, according to the expression of the court of Rome, one
of

of the three cardinal palatines. The three cardinal palatines mean those three that live in the pope's palace, and have the principal sway in the government. They are the cardinals Torriggiani, Cavalchini, and Passionei. There is at present a fourth, which is cardinal Rezzonico the pope's nephew. Cardinal Passionei's illness is said to have been owing to an excess of passion or disgust. Being a person who has always had the gales of fortune favorable, upon her lowering a little he could not resist her frown. The affair as well as I can collect it, from the mysterious whispers that go about, is as follows. Lately a new catechism has been published, and handed about Rome for the instruction of children. Tho' published with due licenses, upon revision it was disapproved of by the pope. His private council was called, and the sentiments of the cardinals asked. Cardinal Passionei was always strongly against condemning this new performance, however, it was decided against him

by

by the majority of the assembly. The cardinal, as secretary of the briefs, was to subscribe this decree forbidding the catechism. He refused to do it, saying, it was against his conscience. However an order came from the pope, who was at Castel Gandolfo, telling him to sign it, or lay down his office immediately. Accordingly he signed it. However, as this was the first check he ever received in his life, he took it so much to heart, that the violent passions, which oppressed him all at once, overwhelmed the vital parts, and he fell down in an apoplectic fit. As he is seventy or eighty years of age, there seem to be but little hopes of his recovery, and he has entirely lost one half of his body. Nay, I think they even say that a mortification has begun on that side. He is not at Rome, but at Frascati, for many of the cardinals and other great personages of Rome are now in the country. They will most of them however, return by the feast of St. Peter, which is the 29th of this

month. It was to Frascati that the brief of the pope was brought him with orders to be signed. Most part of Rome think him entirely in the wrong, for not having signed directly, tho' contrary to his conscience. Their reasons have some weight. In the privy council, consisting of thirteen cardinals, of which number he was one, he had already produced all his opinions and arguments to the contrary. They had not the good luck to prevail, for seven of the cardinals were against him, and five only for him. With regard to subscribing the pope's decree, in consequence of the result of this council, his office of secretary of the briefs obliged him officially to sign what the pope wanted to publish. An Italian brought me the following example. Suppose, says he, Mr. Pitt, or the duke of Newcastle, or any other minister, were obliged to subscribe all the acts of parliament by virtue of some post they enjoyed. Notwithstanding any particular act of parliament might contradict their way of thinking,

thinking, yet when once the majority have voted it, they are obliged by virtue of their office to subscribe it, and as a subject to obey it. In parliament they had the liberty of bringing all their objections. Those objections had not sufficient weight with the majority. Therefore the minority is obliged to give up their opinion to the greater number, or else there could be no government.

L E T T E R XXV.

Rome, half after eleven in the morning,

Sunday, June 21, 1761.

WEDNESDAY fevennight, then, the first of July, whether I hear from you or no, the rising sun shall no more behold me in Rome. We have had a very sickly time in this metropolis, owing, I believe, to the extravagant weather we have had. Nothing but rain and thunder for a long time. The sky is now cleared up a little, and the heats begin to set in, but they are nothing like those of Spain. This is a middle climate between that and England. In Spain it never rains, hyperbolically speaking, in England always, using the same rhetorical figure. Italy seems the medium between these two extremes. It is this, I imagine, added to the great dews, which causes the
fertility

fertility of the country. But what does the natural fertility of the soil avail, if here about Rome they do not cultivate their lands? Many are the causes of this neglect of agriculture. I do not think, as we imagine, it can be upon account of the despotic government. In that case, Tuscany, Venice, Naples, and other absolute governments, would be the same, which is not true. You may wonder to hear me put Venice in this list, but certain it is, that the subject does not enjoy more liberty there than in any monarchy. All the republics of Italy are in the same style. The only difference between them and a monarchical government is, that there are sixty or eighty kings instead of one. All the rest of the people are equally subservient to the state as in Rome, or any where else. Indeed, I hardly know a nation but England, where some little share in the government descends to almost all the ranks in the state. Montesquieu, if I do not mistake, says it is the only free govern-

T 3

ment.

ment in the world. However, I do not hold the good cultivation of our lands in England to be owing to this liberty, any more than the bad management of those in the Roman state to the contrary. Wherever the countryman is equally sure of being paid for his labor, he has always an equal incitement to work. Now I imagine this pay is equally certain in the Roman state as in those of Tuscany, Venice, England, or any other. You will say, perhaps, that despotic authority has the power of wresting from the laborer his daily hire. It undoubtedly has. But it is a power that never has, and probably never will be exercised, as being contrary to the interest of the rulers. The less revenue the lands furnish, the less advantage all princes must naturally draw from their dominions. The countryman, therefore, having never seen any examples to the contrary, and not being in general very long fought, I dare say think themselves as sure of reaping the fruits of their

their labor upon Roman soil as ours do in England. There is not, indeed, the handy custom introduced in general here in Italy of the tenants paying so much annual money to their landlords for the use of their lands. Their way, especially in Tuscany, is often as follows, which, however, I think, ought to redound more to the disadvantage of the landlord than of the tenant. They pay in kind, that is, the farmer is to cultivate such a track of land at his expence, and half of the fruits it produces go to the maintenance of him and his family, and the other half to his landlord. This is in general, for in those sorts of contracts people, you know, may make what bargain they please. But the above mentioned manner of contracting between the landlords and their tenants must be very inconvenient for the former. Sure our way of money is much better; for, at the least, if the gain is less, you have so much neat cash come in your hands. For the farmer,

however, I do not know whether it is not advantageous, as they laughingly say in Tuscany that he generally gets half out of the landlord's half. The remainder must be sold, which obliges the nobility there to retail their wine out of a hole in the wall belonging to their palace. I see, therefore, no intrinsic cause to hinder the country people from cultivating their lands as much as those in England. I see many intrinsic ones derived from the nature of those country people about Rome. They are idle. Their principal happiness seems to be in seeing processions and other shows, of which there are no scarcity in this city. They may, likewise, be afraid of staying too much in the bad air, which occupies the country about Rome. Ambition, likewise, may hinder those who think they have talents. The common people even in England like to take orders, that they may become gentlemen. Much more will this desire predominate in a country where every office, even
the

the supreme, is in the hands of the clergy. The example of Sixtus the fifth, who is said from a hog-driver to have arrived at the dignity of pope, makes the lowest clown hope for equal good fortune. The great encouragement too for beggars in Rome, destroys the edge of industry. As they find they can be maintained by charity without working, many are those who like better to gain a miserable livelihood by roaming about Rome, than to fare better by laboring in the sun-burnt fields. The Romans have a very false idea with regard to beggars. There being more of them, they say, in Rome than in any other town, is a sign that there is more charity. But they are in the wrong. I grant that a number of convents are by their institution obliged to give soup and bread, and other things to the poor every day, and that a beggar, who has a mind to employ his legs, may get three or four dinners in this manner. I grant that many of the citizens make it a rule

rule to give every beggar that appears every day, let them be a thousand, a farthing a piece. I grant that in Easter-week the pope washes their feet, and the nobility serve them at table. But is all this charity? It may be so to the particular mendicants, but I am sure it is not to the state. Every government has a right to the labor of its poor subjects. In a well regulated city there should not be one beggar. Those unable to work ought to be supported in hospitals. The others should be forced to labor for their maintenance. What a manufacture might be set up by means of the wretches that are strolling about Rome! In answer to this, I am told that Rome is different from other towns, as a number of pilgrims come daily to visit the holy places. These are chiefly beggars, but must be permitted, or you destroy one of the principal tenets of the Roman catholic religion, which holds it meritorious to visit reliques and sanctuaries. But their stay might be limited, and with
regard

regard to the native poor of the city, an arbitrary government might make what regulations they pleased.

Monday, June 22, three quarters
after 12 at noon.

ONE of the scholars of the Clementine college has been robbed in a very hardy manner. He is a young man of fortune, brought up at this feminary. A person knocked at the door of his apartment. He told him to come in. All the students at these colleges have their different apartments, as at our universities. A kind of officer entered with a letter from major Rocco. This is a major in one of the pope's regiments. This letter assured the young gentleman that the officer, who was the bearer, was a person of honor and honesty, who, however, had met with misfortunes, and that the writer recommended him to his charity, desiring him to beg his fellow students

students to make a contribution for him. The young gentleman answered, "that, as
" for desiring his fellow students, he could
" not do it, because, if the rector of the
" college knew of it, he would be very
" angry with him. As for his own private
" part, he had very little money, however,
" if he would accept of half a zecchin, he
" would give it him." The man, notwithstanding his fine dress, said he should be very glad of it, and took it accordingly. But he had no sooner got it than he caught hold of the chain of the young man's watch, which hung out of his pocket, and said he should be glad of that likewise. The watch followed the pull he gave it, and he carried it off triumphantly. I do not know whether he did not draw out a knife to secure his retreat, but there was no need of that precaution, as astonishment had caused its usual petrifying effects. The student neither moved or cried out till the aggressor had retreated out of the room,
and

and locked the door after him to hinder a pursuit. Major Rocco, upon enquiry, had written no letter, and it was forged for an excuse to enter the room.

Tuesday, June 23, half after one
in the afternoon.

Cardinal Delci is dead, and in some days there will be a ceremony for his funeral. His body is to be embalmed. I yesterday evening made several parting visits. In one of them we had a dissertation upon our pronounciation of Latin, which seems very odd to foreigners. The Germans, French, Spaniards and Italians much more resemble each other in that respect than we do either. Notwithstanding, therefore, what some learned people in England say, I should think our pronounciation of that language has the least chance for being right. The Italians, I should imagine, are most likely to have retained something of the sound, as being
the

the successors of the ancient Romans. However, there are strong proofs to be given that their pronunciation of Latin is not entirely as their ancestors pronounced it. They are as follow. But for the first argument, you must grant me that when the Goths invaded Italy, and corrupted the language then talked there, it is more probable, in the ancient words they preserved, that they adhered to the sound than to the orthography. We see many fresh examples of this in all countries. The word *chocolate* with us, is *cioccolata* in Italian. The way of spelling is different, but the sound is nearly the same. The province of *Champagne* in France is written *Sciampagna* in Italian, a similar pronunciation in different languages not being attainable by the same letters. There might be a great many examples produced of this, but the two foregoing may be sufficient. Tho' I will just add that the Italians have adopted our word *fifb* for counters, which sound in their language

language must be spelt *fisce*, and accordingly is spelt so. This then being laid down as a foundation, it is probable that the letter I in the word *Iesus*, which the Italians pronounce in Latin as if it was written with a vowel (*iesus*) was by the ancient Romans pronounced as we do. Else why should the Italians put a G and I to their word Giesù, if you do not suppose that the Goths coming into Italy heard the word pronounced in that manner, but were obliged to spell it differently, to comply with the different sound of their letters? This is common to every word now in Italian, derived from those in Latin, with an I consonant, as *juvare*, *giovare*; *Jerusalem*, *Gerusalemme*; *Junius Giugno*; *Julius Giulio*, and many others. There seems to be another proof too existing, that the Romans pronounced the vowel I different from the consonant, and this is taken from their poetry. Wherever there is an I consonant, there is no elision, but with a vowel I there always is one; and surely they must have
a dif-

a different found, when the letter made either a syllable more or less. But tho' I think we are right in this respect, in every other I am afraid we must yield the palm, and particularly with regard to the vowels; the found of which we have totally changed from that of every other nation upon the continent. It is this which renders us unintelligible to foreigners when we speak Latin; but my civil law lectures in Germany so broke me in to this manner of pronunciation, that I am better off than most of my countrymen.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Rome, half an hour after 6 afternoon,
Sunday, June 28, 1761.

THIS morning there has been a great procession, which accompanied the tribute paid by the king of Naples to the pope. As I am in Rome I make use of this word, but Naples calls it only a free gift ; however it is a remnant of that feudal system which the popes endeavoured to establish all over Europe, and had done so in England, till Henry the eighth broke the vassalage entered into by king John. The trifling annual income was not their object, but the disposing of the kingdom in case of disobedience or vacancy. The money now to be paid by Naples, the sum of which I do not know, was placed upon a white horse, or hackney (L'achinea,) which enters St. Peter's church,

and is taught to kneel down before the pope, and present him with his golden charge. This docile beast is attended by the high constable of Naples, an office now hereditary in the Colonna family, the prince of which, with a long suite of cavalry and coaches, appears on horseback, dressed out at all points, and with much pomp.

In passing by the Rotonda, the modern name of the building, called anciently the Pantheon, and which is now sanctified and become a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary and all saints, I read the following edict, prohibiting the use of the there mentioned book. I translate it you, as it shews the nature of these ecclesiastical proscriptions, and is I believe the same which cardinal Passionei was obliged to sign. He is, they say, something better.

“ Edict of condemnation and prohibition of
“ the Italian translation of the French origi-
“ nal

“ nal work, bearing this title, “ Exposition
 “ de la doctrine Chretienne, ou instructions
 “ sur les principales veritès de la religion,”
 “ in five volumes.

“ Pope Clement the thirteenth, *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*.

“ Among the many detriments the catho-
 “ lic religion suffers, the thoughts of which
 “ afflict us day and night, none however,
 “ cause us more grief, than to behold the
 “ deluge of pernicious books that are pub-
 “ lished, endangering the safety of those
 “ souls, which have been redeemed by the
 “ most precious blood of Christ. Among
 “ others, a work in French, intituled, “ Expo-
 “ sition de la doctrine Chretienne, &c.” the
 “ author unknown, did heretofore arrive to
 “ our ears. We now are likewise informed
 “ that notwithstanding the decree fulminated
 “ by the congregation of the Index Expur-
 “ gatorius against this book, it has been

“ translated into Italian, and that many
“ copies of it are distributed about every
“ where. All obedient sons of the church
“ certainly know, that a translation of this
“ sort does not free a work from the censure
“ lanced against it in the original, and that
“ it is a fixed rule with the apostolical see,
“ that an author once proscribed in one lan-
“ guage, lies under the same prohibition into
“ whatever other it is translated, provided
“ it has not been purged by the lawful
“ authority of those to whom that office
“ belongs. However, notwithstanding the
“ foregoing tacit prohibition, yet the care
“ of the sheep of the lord intrusted to our
“ humility, and the protection of the divine
“ doctrines delegated to us from heaven,
“ (for the preservation of the purity of
“ which we are strictly accountable to Christ
“ our lord, and everlasting shepherd,) incite
“ us not to be contented with the condem-
“ nation already lanced, but oblige us to
“ take still farther care that our flock should
“ not

“ not be led astray by the appearance of
 “ piety, which this work exhibits, nor in-
 “ fected by the latent poison of opinions
 “ already proscribed by the holy see, so as to
 “ wound their hands with the attendant
 “ thorns, while they think of gathering the
 “ goodly rose. We are the more conscious
 “ that this our paternal care is necessary, as
 “ the aforesaid work is calculated for those
 “ who are as yet unskilled in their faith, and
 “ still in want of the milk of instruction,
 “ to use the words of the apostle, so that
 “ not being able to distinguish between good
 “ and evil, they with a pious intention
 “ might be led into errors. We ordered
 “ therefore, this Italian translation of the
 “ before mentioned original, consisting in five
 “ volumes, the first intitled, an Exposition
 “ of the Creed of the Catholic Faith, Naples
 “ 1758, printed by Francis Simon with
 “ license of superiors; the second, an Expo-
 “ sition of the Lord’s Prayer; the third, an
 “ Exposition of the Ten Commandments,

“ printed as before, but in the year 1759 ;
 “ the fourth, an Exposition of the Sacraments ;
 “ the fifth, an Exposition of the Command-
 “ ments of the Church, with a treatise ad-
 “ joined, concerning justification, 1760, print-
 “ as above, to be revised by our masters of
 “ sacred theology, chosen expressly for the
 “ examination of the same. And having
 “ received and heard their opinions, in the
 “ général congregation holden before us the
 “ 28th day of May, of the current year,
 “ together with the votes of our venerable
 “ brethren the eminent cardinals inquisitors
 “ general deputed by the apostolical see
 “ against the infection of heresy, and having
 “ duly weighed their opinions, we do by our
 “ apostolical authority condemn, reject, and
 “ prohibit, the above mentioned Italian trans-
 “ lation, as containing propositions respec-
 “ tively false, captious, jarring, scandalous,
 “ dangerous, suspectful, rash, contrary to
 “ the apostolical decrees and the practice of
 “ the church, and agreeable to propositions

“ already condemned and proscribed by that
 “ church. And we likewise prohibit and
 “ forbid, to all and every believer in Christ,
 “ under pain of excommunication, to be
 “ *ipso facto* incurred by the disobedient, the
 “ use of this book, viz. the keeping it by
 “ them, reading it, describing it, translating
 “ it, printing it, &c. and this under what-
 “ ever new title it may come out, or under
 “ whatever pretence of being corrected, only
 “ by the authority of private persons, *Willing*
 “ and ordering, by the same apostolical power,
 “ that whoever shall have in their possession
 “ the before mentioned work, either in the
 “ original or translation, shall deliver and
 “ consign it upon the emanation of this
 “ edict to the ordinaries of the respective
 “ places, or the inquisitors against the infec-
 “ tion of heresy. And the said ordinaries
 “ and inquisitors shall suppress the copies of
 “ the aforementioned books so delivered to
 “ them, that they may not fall into the
 “ hands of others. And in order that this

“ our present edict may be known to all, we
“ command our crier to publish it in the
“ usual places, and to leave copies of it hung
“ up at the following doors, viz. of the
“ church of the prince of the apostles (St.
“ Peter,) of the apostolical chancery, and of
“ the court general of Monte Citorio, and
“ in the square of the Campo di Fiore, ac-
“ cording to custom. And this our edict is
“ to oblige all and every person equally as if
“ it had been intimated to them personally.
“ And the copies of it signed by proper au-
“ thority shall have the same force as the
“ edict itself.

“ Given at Castel Gandolfo in the diocese
“ of Albano, under the piscatorial ring, (or
ring of St. Peter the fisherman,) the 14th
“ day of June 1761, in the third year of our
“ pontificate.

“ Cardinal Passionei.”

Monday,

Monday, June 29, 11 at night.

THIS being St. Peter's day, I have been engaged in the pompous church ceremonies exhibited upon that occasion. But the heat and crowd rendered them disagreeable. I have been more pleased with the illumination of the church, and the fire-works at Castle St. Angelo, this and yesterday evening. The former represented the dome and front of that building all in fire, and the latter sent up to heaven such an explosion of rockets all at once, that I never beheld the like, and when they burst, the flaming air seemed torn by hundreds of thunderbolts. But these sights have tired me, and I will go to rest. This I do the more willingly, as I shall be busy tomorrow in preparations for my leaving this capital the day after.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Loreto, Saturday, July 4,

8 o'clock morning.

I ARRIVED yesterday at this place, and shall leave it tomorrow, staying one day to see the flying house. I stopped at Terni, the antient Interamna, to go to the famous cascade, which took me up half a day. You must ascend the top of a high mountain, from whence the river Nar precipitately gushes down into the valley beneath. The beauty of the spot, the foam, the rainbow which it makes, added to the roaring of the falling water, formed a scene new and romantic. I know not how many yards the river falls down, but it is from the top of a high hill. That evening we got no farther than Spoleto, a town situated in the Apennines, the passage through which is very
bad

bad this way. The vale in which Spoleto is situated, is watered by the Clitumnus, whose meadows seem as rich as Virgil describes them,

Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus

Victima.

Lib. ii, Georg, vers. 146.

In the evening I walked out to see an aqueduct, just beyond which is a very pretty wood, full of hermitages, and among the anchorets I found an Englishman. He was civil enough to insist upon my staying supper, and I can assure you, I never fared better in my life. Notwithstanding the venerable beards which wagged round the table, and their sandaled feet which bespoke penitence, we passed a very lively evening. Yesterday I left Spoleto, and came here without any thing remarkable,

I have just had a book brought me of the wonders of the holy house, which I am
going

going to see. My author tells me, it was anciently inhabited by the patriarchs, and situated in the holy land. Let no person wonder at the duration of Roman cement, when this has lasted so much longer. St. Joachim and St. Anne, the parents of the Virgin Mary, at length came into possession of it, and it was there she was born. It was there, likewise, that the angel appeared, and hailed her. It was there that she conceived by the Holy Ghost. Upon account of the many sacred works performed under its roof, the apostles converted it into a church, to which many great men resorted, and rivalled each other in making presents. But the holy land falling under the hands of the Saracens, the servants of Christ were hindered from making their pilgrimages there as usual. God, unwilling that the house in which our Saviour was conceived should become a prey to Mahometan violence, ordered his angels to transport it into Dalmatia. The blessed angels obeyed
the

the omnipotent command. At midnight, between the 9th and 10th of May, 1291, they bore it upon the wing to a little place called Terfatto. Here it remained for above three years, but the Almighty, not liking the spot, ordered the holy building again to be removed to a thick wood, near Loreto. The trees bent down to earth in honor of its arrival, and remained many years in that prostrate condition, till the covetous proprietor of the land cut them down to sell the timber. As a band of robbers infested this place, the Lord harkened to the desires of the faithful, and caused it a third time to be transported into Loreto itself, where it has ever since remained stationary.

10 o'clock at night.

I have seen all the wonders of this holy place. I first visited the church, built over the fleeting house of Nazareth, which
can

can not again escape without carrying off the roof. I believe it is large, but looks smaller by the middle of its area being occupied by the miraculous house. Round it were a number of women in a string, moving upon their knees. This walking upon their stumps is, I suppose, enjoined them for a penance, and it has been so often exercised, that a groove is worn in the stones. One of the slaves who seized the Turkish vessel, would not cut off his beard till he had swept the Virgin Mary's house with it. Many other things of this kind are performed, but I left the *wriggling* penitents, and entered the building. The first idea which struck me, was the smallness of it; and I do not see how the Virgin Mary and her parents could live in two divisions, where I could hardly stir. The first was called that of the Santo Cammino, where there was a sort of oven, which I suppose is understood by the name to have been the chimney of the family. A porringer was shewn us,

confe-

consecrated, I believe, by the Virgin's having eat her soupe out of it. On the left hand was said to be the window, through which the angel Gabriel entered, but it appeared so small, that a spiritual being certainly could not enter it cloathed in a human shape. The other division was principally occupied by an image of the Virgin Mary, cloathed with the most transcendent finery, and blazing with all manner of the richest jewels. But what surprized me was, to see her face as black as ebony, nor do I know why they have changed her countenance to that of a negro. The sculptor had certainly very different ideas from those which gave birth to the beautiful Madonnas of Titian, Raphael and Guido. If we were in Angola, it might, perhaps, be politic to flatter the Africans, with the mother of our Redeemer having been of their colour; but I do not see the reason for this metamorphosis in Europe. After having gazed for some time, with astonishment, at the blackness of the figure,

figure, I adjourned to the treasury, where my eye was feasted with every thing that can be rich and costly, in gold, silver, and jewels. As there were many female ornaments, I presumed they might be given in penance to the Virgin Mary, by contrite ladies, who, to expiate their freedoms, sacrificed what gave lustre to their charms. At length, dazzled with the immense riches, if all real, of the place, I went to see other less brilliant objects, and even descended into the cellar, where there is a prodigious tun belonging to the convent, six times larger than any tun that was ever yet beheld upon the face of the earth, except at Heidelberg, and this tun is ycleped the Virgin Mary's tun, and the faithful in the Lord drink thereof. Tomorrow I continue my journey towards Bibbiena.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Cesena, Tuesday, July 7, 1761.

7 o'clock in the evening.

I GOT to this place on Sunday, where I have staid ever since, but shall leave it to-morrow. From Loreto I came to Ancona, a sea-port of the pope's, upon the Adriatic. It is placed upon a rock that juts out into the sea, and seems a town of good trade. But commerce is not encouraged in the papal territories. The castle looks as if it might be rendered tolerably strong, if his holiness did not depend upon other forces than the military. There is likewise a very handsome lazaretto for performing quarantine. I staid however but a little time, when I continued my journey along a most beautiful country, situated close by the sea side, whose then pacific waves often washed

our right-hand wheels. We passed the towns of Sinigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, and Rimini, and then we left the sea a little to enter the rich plain of Romagna, where a fine road shortly brought us to this city, after passing the Rubicon with less deliberation than Julius Cæsar did. Upon my arrival I went to the inn, but had not been there above half an hour, before a man came from a friar, of the order of the pious schools, to whom I had a letter, and who was to provide me horses to Bibbiena, and take care of my chaise till my return to Cesena. Father Angelo and his companion father Antonio, soon made me a visit, which this message was to announce. They seem both very good sort of people. They would have had me gone, almost by force, that night to their habitation, and taken up my quarters there. I excused myself, though with difficulty. I then tried to make them stay supper, but being friars, they did not care to remain out so late in an inn. Indeed while friars are in
convents,

convents; in Rome particularly, they can not stay out later than sun-set, but these two, father Angelo and father Antonio, only live in a house belonging to the pious schools, to take care of the affairs of that order. The affairs of the order in Cesena consist in the management of their farms and other possessions. The fruits of these they send to Rome, to the college of Nazareth, the principal of their institution in that city. But though I excused myself for the night, they were so importunate that I could not refuse exchanging my inn for their habitation in the morning, and here I am at present writing this letter. The room is solidly, not elegantly furnished. Fronting my window is the view of a dismantled fortress, which in ancient times might have been strong, but since arms in this country have given place to religion, has been abandoned, and is in some parts falling into ruins. The country about Cesena is very pretty, a rich soil, interspersed

with agreeable little hills. I have been received by my two hosts with the utmost civility, and that open politeness which pleases. After breakfast, yesterday, we went out to see what was most particular in the town. We went to see the library of manuscripts of some Franciscan friers. After that we proceeded to a good house, belonging to some person or other that had a servant who had been in England; and lastly, we went to see the cathedral. Upon our return dinner was ready, a good, but plain repast. When it was finished I took a walk, and visited the mother of a gentleman I knew at Rome, where we had some music, but the vocal part of it was greatly spoilt, by the accent of the inhabitants of this province. It is a most wretched dialect which they speak here, and at Bologna. They have got such a manner of lopping off the vowels, that they make the Italian language as rough as the Morisco.

Bibbiena, 9 o'clock in the morning,

Friday, July 10, 1781.

I arrived here last night, but very late and tired, being obliged to come quite on horseback through the horrid mountains I have passed. I set out from Cesena about sun-rise the day before yesterday. We continued our journey very agreeably through a fertile country for seven miles, when a little inn offering itself to our view, the men on foot, who took care of our horses, expressed their desire of drinking a little. We stayed, however, but a short time, as the men found the wine bad, and the provisions worse, and proceeded in the same manner and order as we had set out from Cesena. It was as follows. First of all marched the sumpter horse, attended by a man on foot. Next came my person, seated on a dark bay courser. Not one of those, however, foaled from mares impregnated by the

winds. By his side walked his master to take care of him and me in dangerous passes, of which we were to expect many as soon as

————— those imperious cliffs,
Whose haughty summits Italy divide,
And to a thousand provinces extend
Their shaggy sides and far-commanding front
Of mountains the supreme ———

discovered themselves to our view.

The foregoing are some lines of an Italian poet upon the Apennines. The original is as follows.

Rè degli altri superbo altero Monte
Ch' Italia tutta imperiosa parte,
E per mille contrade e più comparte
Le spalle, il fianco, e l'una e l'altra fronte.

The rear was brought up by my servant.

Our caravan was now arrived to a river called Burdello, where, as the mountains began, the roads began likewise to grow
bad.

bad. And, indeed, we took the worst road of all, for there was one pretty good, but Domenico, the master of the horses, for shortness, had made us take the former. It was not only the worst for the horses, but there were no accommodations for us. Upon seeing the place where we were to bait at dinner time, I thought myself returned into Spain. As there was no inn, I sat myself down upon the grass, under the shade of a spreading ever-green oak. But I had not remained there long before a venerable priest came to me, and desired me to walk into his habitation, which was near. After some compliments, I complied with his request. His house was but indifferent, however, you might sit down in it, and were covered from the sun. He furnished us too with some wine, not very good, but which was counterbalanced by some excellent cherries. The rest of our dinner was what we had with us, which were

some fowls, cheefe and bread, that the good friars at Cesena had furnished us withal.

During our dinner in the priest's or curate's house, we were entertained with the conversation of the under curate, who served us at table while his principal retired. In this miserable place no ceremonies were to be made. We all sat down to eat together at the same board. In the mean time the under curate talked of the prodigious learning and knowledge of his master, whom he called the arch-priest. This was a word he seemed mightily to like, as he was bringing it out every moment. The arch-priest does this, and the arch-priest does that, and every doubt he had was determined by the arch-priest's having said thus or thus. "Pray what o'clock is it?" "Oh lord! sir, we
" have no clocks among these mountains, but
" the arch-priest says, " that when the sun
" gets to the beginning of that door, it is
" mid-day." "Pray how many miles is it to
" San

“ San Piero in Bagno ? ” “ Upon my word, fir,
 “ I can not tell exactly, for I have never been
 “ that road, but I think I have heard the arch-
 “ prieſt ſay, that it is about ſeventeen.” In
 ſhort, ſomehow or other, the word arch-prieſt
 came out at every ſentence. In the mean
 time the arch-prieſt I believe was gone to
 ſleep, for I ſaw nothing of him. This arch-
 prieſt, in our language, is the parſon of the
 pariſh, who takes eccleſiaſtical care of all the
 ſcattered inhabitants about theſe rocks. His
 buſineſs is to ſay maſs for them, viſit them
 when ſick, &c. After our Spaniſh ſort of
 repaſt was finiſhed in the arch-prieſt’s houſe,
 I went out and extended myſelf under the
 venerable oak, that I had intended ſhould
 have afforded ſhade during my dinner, if the
 arch-prieſt had not invited me within his
 walls. As the ſpot where we then were was
 very high I had a diſtant view of the Adria-
 tic ſea, tho’ a great many miles from us.
 Between me and the Adriatic firſt of all lay
 ſome barren hills that I had paſſed, in an
 opening

opening between which I discovered the rich vale in which Cesena is situated, and beyond that the sea. But my eyes did not remain long open to enjoy this prospect. Every thing seemed calculated to lull me to rest, whilst

I venticelli dibattendo l' ali
Lusingavano il sonno de' mortali,

Anglice,

“ Whilst the zephirs fanning the air with
“ their wings, soothed the repose of mor-
“ tals.”

In short I slept for an hour and a half under the shade of this oak, with a gentle wind breathing in my face. When I waked a lizard was crawling upon my legs, and a little serpent was about a foot from my head. I started up, as you may imagine, but there was no occasion for any fear, as neither the one nor the other of these little animals are poisonous. Indeed I have heard say, that
lizards

lizards when they grow to be very big have
 some poison in them. But little serpents,
 you know, are quite innocent animals. Not
 so vipers. After having bid adieu to my
 verdant bed, I returned into the arch-priest's
 house, where I gave him a little present for
 the wine and cherries he had furnished me
 with. Upon receiving the money he preach-
 ed me a sermon, upon the great trouble and
 little gain of being curate among these moun-
 tains. "Some of the houses," says he, "un-
 der my care are above five or six miles off.
 You may think how disagreeable it is riding
 about to them in the winter time, when
 you can not see your way for snow. And
 the country people when they are a little
 indisposed send for me as regularly as if I
 was a physician. You know I can not
 deny going and administering holy consola-
 tion to them." In short he ran on a great
 deal in this manner, and might have gone on
 so for ever, if the horses being ready had not
 called me away, and made me take leave of
 the

the loquacious arch priest. Our little caravan then set forward for San Piero in Bagno. Nothing happened to us very particular till our arrival there, when we found all the inhabitants under tents in fields, having been frightened with an earthquake. Tho' it was near a month since they had the last flock, their apprehensions continued this pastoral life, and I passed the evening with my friends in a new and not disagreeable manner. I slept, however, in their house at night, in spite of the instability of the earth, and, tired with my journey, slept as sound as if nothing could move her foundations. In fact they remained stable, as the tumults underneath her surface are subsided. They had, however, one or two strong flocks and frequent little ones. But no great hurt has been done. Two or three houses only were damaged, and the roof of one fallen in. The next day after dinner my entertainer accompanied me upon a little mule, about a couple of miles from San Piero in Bagno,

to fet me forward upon my journey. We passed through the town of Bagno, which is a mile from San Piero, and from the neighbourhood of which San Piero is called San Piero in Bagno, to distinguish it from many other towns of the same name. We took leave of each other at the foot of a very great mountain, which must be passed to get over from the province of Romagna into that of Casentino. This, antiquarians say, was the mountain in passing which Hannibal lost his eye, by the extremity of the cold.

Ditto, 9 o'clock at night.

MY landlord, who is a physician, and myself took a ride out this afternoon. I was forced to hire a horse, tho' I bought one, the fate of which I will tell you in my next. We went to two countrymens' houses, where there were two sick persons, that he was to visit. The one was a man, and the
other

other a woman; and they were both ill with fevers. I have great pleasure in seeing the behaviour of these rustics when a physician comes. They seem to think him a divinity, or at least something more than mortal. And then they are so inquisitive about every little particular, as, whether their broth is to be drunk in the morning at nine o'clock, or at nine and a quarter, and a thousand questions of this nature. The country views of the Casentino are most delightful at present. All nature smiles. But let us attend her frowns a little upon the top of the alp of Bagno, for so is the mountain called, which divides Romagna from Casentino, that being the nearest town to the foot of it. I believe we were full two hours in getting to the top. Contrary to most mountains, its sides are bare, and the summit covered with trees, with fine tall firs. Upon our arrival at the pinnacle the province of Casentino lay exposed to our view, and a great descent to get down to it. The sun was now
nearly

nearly setting, which displeased us, as we had much bad road to pass. When we came to the bottom of the descent we entered the river Corfalone. This word *entered* is to be taken in its literal sense, for six miles had we to go in the bed of the river. No better road leads through those craggy precipices which rose on each side of me, while I threaded the opening made by the torrent. Its bed is extremely large, with very little water in it in the summer time, but being full of great stones, borne by winter floods, is dangerous at night, as you can not then discern the little path which guides you through the midst of them. We had however the moon in her first quarter to assist us. But notwithstanding the glimmer of her light we proceeded very slowly and badly till we emerged from the river, when about an hour's ride brought us to Bibbiena, but not till twelve o'clock at night.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Bibbiena, 20 minutes after 11, morning;
Wednesday, July 15, 1761.

I WILL now tell you the fate of the horse that was bought for me. My landlord had persuaded me to this, as being cheaper than hiring. I wrote him word to do as he thought best, and he purchased me a fine looking bay stone-horse. The man that owned it said, it had belonged to the manage at Siena, but that being old, he should be glad to get rid of it at a small price. This seemed a very proper opportunity, as I only wanted a horse for a couple of months. My friend began the treaty, and at last the horse was delivered over to him for the sum of eight zecchins, (four pounds) and he brought him in triumph to his stable in Florence, thinking he had made the best bargain in the world. The
horse

horse looked so well by his description that his appearance alone would have made me suspect something. At length my friend mounted him upon the first of July, to ride him up here to Bibbiena; where he knew I was to appear in two or three days. Grillo, for that is my horse's name, set out with the finest *grand pas* imaginable. The people in the streets stopped as he passed, and made ejaculations upon the beauty of the steed. In this glorious manner did my friend proceed, till he got to Ponte a Sieve, a town about ten miles from Florence. A little before he entered it, he thought Grillo stumbled. He pulled up the bridle to check him, but the horse still continued rolling forwards, and at last he came quite down. Not content with being upon his knees, he turned immediately upon one side, and reposed the whole weight of his body upon his rider's leg, who had not been expeditious enough to dismount upon the horse's first coming headlong to the ground. The pride

of my friend was thus humbled in the dust. But what he was reflecting upon at present more than the recovery of his lost honors, was how to extricate his leg from under the fallen horse. He thought the best way was to lift up his whip a little, and make him get up by a stroke or two. He did so, but notwithstanding he gave him two or three smart cuts, the poor animal did not stir. This, as you may imagine, surprized him. He repeated and reinforced his flogs, but Grillo remained equally insensible. At last he thought it best to pull out his leg himself from under the horse. He did so with much difficulty, and to the no small damage of his foot, which is not well yet. However, I hope the sprain he complains of will be nothing of consequence. He was no sooner delivered from duance than he began to contemplate Grillo. He lay extended upon the ground void of motion, except what a sort of convulsive catch from time to time communicated to his legs and body.

From

From his mouth proceeded a quantity of foam. In the mean time the people of the town, informed of the accident, began to swarm about the dying steed, and among others, the principal farrier of the place. All agreed that the horse could not live, and that it was better to finish his pain by knocking him upon the head. The farrier's lad was ordered to bring the fatal club. The club, or rather mallet, was produced, which had already in the butcher's shop proved destructive to many oxen. The hand was already raised that was to end Grillo's life, when the poor beast, as if endued with reason, opened his eyes, lifted up his head, and stared his executioner in the face. This phenomenon suspended the blow. In the mean time Grillo having gazed a little upon the country around him, got up. The people gave a shout as if he had risen from the dead. The farrier now began to insinuate to my friend, that he thought his art might entirely restore the beast. Accordingly he

was conducted to his stable. You may imagine there was some difficulty in getting him there, for tho' risen upon his legs, he was not so firm upon them, but he fell down every minute. However, by patience and strength of men, and good and bad usage, they got him at last into the farrier's horse-hospital. In the mean time my landlord went to see an acquaintance of his, with whom he had always intended to have passed the night, even if this accident had not happened. In the morning he hired a mule and continued his journey to Bibbiena, leaving Grillo in the hands of the farrier, who was proceeding with fire and steel against the disorder. At the Confuma, an inn in his way, he wrote a note to the farrier, directing him how he thought it best for him to proceed with regard to the horse. This note in a few days brought him the following answer to Bibbiena. The pompousness of the farrier perhaps will make you laugh, and he seems to treat my friend, upon account

count

count of his being a physician, as his brother doctor.

“ Ponte a Sieve, July 5, 1761.

“ Most illustrious and excellent Sir,

“ I received the note you was so good
 “ to write to me upon the road. The signor
 “ Poteftà (the mayor or head of little towns)
 “ has received likewise that you wrote to
 “ him. Your most wise opinion and deter-
 “ mination has the greatest weight with me.
 “ I have the highest esteem for it, as I am
 “ thoroughly satisfied of the great practice
 “ and experience you have. I know you have
 “ studied much more than myself the art of
 “ curing all infirmities. However, as I do
 “ not know whether your most excellent
 “ signorship has practised farriery so much as
 “ myself, I trouble you with this to acquaint
 “ you, that his great age can not have been
 “ the cause of your horse’s illness, or else
 “ he would not have been so strong as we
 “ have seen him in, resisting the attacks of

“ his disorder. And, for the first two days,
 “ these attacks came upon him almost every
 “ half hour, with vacillation and giddiness
 “ in his head, so that he used to fall all on
 “ a sudden down upon the ground, seized
 “ with tremblings, and incredible agitations
 “ and convulsive struggles. I will now
 “ briefly describe to you what our most cele-
 “ brated authors say upon this matter. And
 “ in these attacks of apoplexy and falling
 “ sickness, which they certainly are, they
 “ are all unanimous in the symptoms and
 “ causes, as also in the regimen to be fol-
 “ lowed. Now these before-mentioned au-
 “ thors, which are Vegetio, Ruini, and
 “ Colombrè, make no distinction between
 “ the two above-cited disorders, except that
 “ the horse in the apoplexy, after having
 “ fallen down suddenly, does not foam at the
 “ mouth, and lies as immoveable upon the
 “ earth as if he were dead ; but in the falling
 “ sickness, or epilepsy, he struggles and emits

“ bava instead of foam, and till the vicious
 “ matter, charging his head, abandons that
 “ post, the animal remains oppressed. The
 “ before-mentioned authors tell us, that
 “ this disorder is caused by humours formed
 “ in the head, between the skull and the
 “ dura mater of the brain, occupying some-
 “ times all the concavities and membranes
 “ there found. Now these humours are of a
 “ phlegmatic and melancholy nature, whe-
 “ ther liquid, or consolidated, or ventose,
 “ and which the animal, upon account of the
 “ frigidness of the cerebrum, can not, by
 “ natural means, drive away or consume;
 “ and these, by their motion, confine the
 “ animal spirits, and aggravating the cellules
 “ of the animal virtue, cause the sudden
 “ falling of the beast, who lies extended
 “ upon the earth, more or less oppressed by
 “ the fit, till they are removed. But these
 “ being repelled, the animal rises up again
 “ upon his legs, supposing, however, he
 “ has not been too much stunned by the

“ blows received in the paroxysm. The
“ remedy of fire is the last made use of by
“ the before-mentioned authors, but as I
“ have experienced that it is the most speedy
“ and resolute remedy to allay the volatility
“ of these spirits, I can not bring myself
“ voluntarily to protract, by not applying it,
“ a disorder which every moment may cause
“ death to the beast. What I do in this
“ case, is as follows. I burn various caute-
“ ries, and then rub his head often with
“ hot and strong vinegar (oh ! poor Grillo).
“ Every day I give him a clyster for his
“ assistance, in order that new humours
“ may not mount into his head, and I
“ anoint the wounds, made by the fire, with
“ strong oil, as well as his head likewise.
“ With regard to his interior, I have pro-
“ vided the following compound medicine,
“ to be drank by him, viz. (Then follow
a number of hard names of roots and herbs,
mixed up with honey, which I will not
incumber my paper with giving at length.)

“ This

“ This receipt I intend he shall take every
 “ other morning fasting. I have already
 “ given it him twice. I keep the bit of a
 “ bridle, morning and evening, in his
 “ mouth, in order, by foam, to remove the
 “ humours from his head, and I always
 “ keep some oriental pilatrum tied about it,
 “ which makes him purge at the mouth
 “ better. I dress his bruises with cleaned
 “ hog’s lard, and twice a day I cleanse his
 “ cauteries, which have rendered him much
 “ more capable of moving than he was, and
 “ I should hope, before the week is out,
 “ that I shall make him able to return
 “ home at least in two days. With regard
 “ to his diet, every day, morning and even-
 “ ing, I give him a quartern of bran and
 “ two of oats, (according to Italian mea-
 “ sures,) which I moisten with honey-water,
 “ and mix with fresh good grafs. You
 “ may be assured that I make use of my best
 “ endeavours to do service to your most
 “ illustrious and excellent signorship, and
 “ myself

“ myself honor in the cure, not failing,
 “ as I have before explained to you, to di-
 “ vert and subtilize the peccant humours by
 “ internal and external remedies. This be-
 “ ing all and every thing that I have to say
 “ to your most illustrious and excellent fig-
 “ niorship, and impatient of being honored
 “ with your most esteemed commands, I
 “ declare myself

“ Your most humble and

“ obliged servant,

“ John Francis Capretti.”

L E T T E R XXX.

Bibbiena, half after 8 o'clock, evening.

Monday, July 20, 1761.

ON Saturday last, taking a ride upon the road towards Florence, I met my poor refuscitated horse Grillo, conducted by a lad on foot, who had a letter from the farrier, in which he thanked God and St. Anthony for having been able to send home the poor animal entirely cured. But notwithstanding his expressions, sure never was such a bloody spectacle seen. The remedy of fire had been used with unmerciful prodigality, and the unhappy creature was scarified from head to foot. Nor could he, without difficulty, keep upon his legs. He reeled as if he was drunk, I thought the man that accompanied him would never have been able to get him up the hill before you enter Bibbiena.

biena. But his slow pace tired our patience, and we rode on. Notwithstanding the place where we left poor Grillo was not above a mile from Bibbiena, I believe we got home near two hours before he arrived. We were afraid another fit of his falling sickness had seized him upon the road, especially as there was the hill to mount. He at last however appeared, but so weak, that the whole village came out to see him as a curiosity. He then trailed himself into the stable, out of which I thought he would never come again, as he was attacked various times with his fits. He used to fall down upon the ground, and beat himself about the stable in a terrible manner. In short, affairs grew so bad, that we thought it best to order him to be killed. My friend's wife, however, by her intreaties saved him from that sentence, and we have sent him down to one of his farms, where he will live, at little or no expence, till nature deprives him of his miserable existence.

I have

I have been this evening to bathe in the Arno, but notwithstanding the many rivers which surround this place, there is none of them very well adapted to the purpose. The water in them all is at present too shallow. Returning by a retired part of the river, we saw some nymphs performing the same office, but hastily retired, mindful of the fate of Acteon. I have, instead of insulting them in their ablutions, set up a little weekly assembly for their diversion. Four fiddlers have made us dance every thing that was danceable, and the rustic whirls of the Trescone, have been traced by British feet. The juice of various fruits is given them congealed by snow, brought from the mountain of the Alverna. The reverend fathers, who dwell upon the summit, give it gratis to those who will be at the expence of fetching it. Sebastian mixes it with salt, whose nitrous quality coagulates the liquor in the vessel, which is turned about in it. I shall soon have a respectable
 personage

personage to partake of my frigid collation, for the the bishop of Samminiato is expected, and I flatter myself that venerable prelate will honor me with his presence.

Bibbiena, one o'clock, afternoon.

Tuesday, July 21, 1761.

I have been visited, this morning, by a curious inhabitant of the village. This gentleman came into my room with a grave face, and told me he had a favor to beg of me. I desired him to sit down and name what I could do to be of service to him. Sir, says he, you are a learned gentleman, and I am come to inform myself of a piece of literature. I promised him, that if I was capable of answering his question, I would do it to the best of my knowledge. Pray, sir, says he, with gravity, can you tell me the real value, in our money, of the antient Roman As? I was surpris'd to hear such a
query

query proceed from a rustic's mouth, for my visitor was little better. I assured him however of my ignorance in all sorts of antiquarian knowledge. I told him, if he had a mind to know the modern money of Rome, I could tell him that exactly, some having passed through my hands; but that for the ancient, as it was not current cash, I had not so just an idea of its value. In short, I said so much, that I believe the good gentleman thought the demand he had made rather out of the way, and turned the subject. A little time after, my landlord entered the room, with his sword, cane, and hat, and told me it was late. This broad hint drove away my rustic antiquarian, and we all three sallied out of the house together, he taking the road home, and we that to the Prepositura, or habitation of the proposto, who is the bishop's vicar. We are in the diocese of Arezzo I think. Our visit here was like other visits, as well as the rest we made, so that I will

not trouble you with them. In the last I had the pleasure of seeing part of the operation of extracting silk from the silk-worms web.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Monday, half after ten at night,

July 27, 1761.

THIS evening I have been swimming, as there was no horse to be had. My landlord is not yet got well from his lameness. But what do you think, Grillo, my horse, that was given over as a lost sheep, and sent down to a farm to graze and decay, as a milder death than that caused by the explosion of powder, this same given-over Grillo is returned quite to life? Standing about an hour ago at the street door, I saw the groom trotting a horse towards us that seemed to have much spirit. I would not believe for a long time it was the poor weak creature I had met with upon the road to Florence a little above a week before. However, let him go ever so well, I am sure I

will never get upon his back, for what do I know but his vertigo may seize him again upon the brink of some of the precipices, with which this country so abounds. However, if we can get his bruises to appear well enough to sell at some fair or other, that is all we want. Cheating in horse-flesh is no more a crime here than with us in England. Not that I could have impudence enough to declare Grillo was sound. But that I leave to the care of my landlord and his servants.

9 o'clock at night.

I was interrupted by the appearance of a Neapolitan. This personage called himself a poet, and desired us to let him sing some extemporary stanzas in commendation of our honors. We consented, and accordingly, his guitarre being brought and tuned, he began to sing to it my praises. You may imagine the French were humbled, beat,
and

and annihilated in his verses. From hence his hobbling muse turned to my landlord, and talked much about Hippocrates and Galen. He then glanced to the ladies, and made flourishes about lovely eyes, fires, flames and darts. This diversion of extemporary verses is what is very common in Italy, in Tuscany particularly. Indeed, there are some of the people, who make a profession of this art, that are surprising in their readiness at rhyming. However, these Gothic jingles are much more plentiful in the Italian language than in the English. The extemporary *spouters* assist themselves, I imagine, by a sort of common-place poetry, which they take care to have in their head. For example, if they speak to an Englishman, they have a set of lines ready for that nation; the same if they address themselves to a Frenchman. They have others for physicians, lawyers, officers, and so on: but our Neapolitan was not one of these

excellent *extemporarians*. He made the queerest confusion of every thing imaginable. However, he served to raise a laugh for about half an hour, and that was enough.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Bibbiena, half after 5 in the evening.

Sunday, August 2, 1761.

I WENT this morning to make my visit to Monsignor the bishop of Samminiato, who did not arrive till the day before yesterday. He received me with great politeness and affability. There were a number of people at his levee; for in this little place he makes the appearance of a great man. I staid with him about the space of an hour. The conversation ran upon theatrical performances. The prelate did not seem at all to agree with us in our not observing the unity of time and place, much less in our killing upon the stage. He talked the usual language upon this subject. Mentioned Horace and Aristotle, and other authors that speak against those freedoms as defects.

All that I could say in defence of them was, that tho' certainly our dramatic compositions contradicted the established rules of antiquity, yet the liberty we took in them gave us an opportunity of introducing many beauties, of which their confined method of writing was not capable. That I did not see why we were to be bound down to the maxims of the ancients, except as far as those maxims were conformable to reason and nature. That there seemed to me nothing contradictory to reason in the personages of a play moving from one spot to another, or in the time of the action's taking up the space of two or three days. I did not deny, however, that some of our authors might abuse this privilege, and particularly Shakespeare, but that the great beauty of his poetry made ample amends for the incorrectness of his pieces. With regard to killing upon the stage, I confessed that our tragic authors loved blood, and that, perhaps, we too often introduced scenes of murder upon the theatre,

Howz

However, that as our actors were used to these kinds of representations, they died with a much better grace, and more naturally than any Italian could possibly do. Thus I defended our party against the bishop as well as I could. We talked besides of many other things, till at last our conversation glanced to natural history. We here wondered at the prodigious number of shells found every where almost among the mountains in Italy. It is really surprising how they should come there, and some of them many feet under the surface of the earth. Indeed, I believe many of these natural curiosities are to be found with us in England, but not in such quantities. They seem a proof that the surface of the earth must have undergone some considerable changes. Nor does the Mosaical account of the deluge explain these phenomena. It might have left shells upon the surface of the earth, but it could never, I should think, have buried them in the depth of mines. No reasonable solution

has yet been given of this wonderful quantity of marine substances found in the bowels of the earth, and it seems one of those secrets which the Author of nature has chosen to hide from the inquisitive researches of men. After this disquisition the conversation rolled upon the government of England, which was commended.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Bibbiena, a quarter after 9, morning,

Sunday, August 9, 1761.

SIGNOR Andrea, my landlord's brother, has been to make me a visit this morning. During the time of his stay with me we had a furious storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail, the latter so big, that I believe it will do much damage to the vines and the young grapes upon them. It broke the windows on the other side of the house. The people even shrieked to see their beloved vineyards a prey to the angry elements, and they say if only one grape is bruised by the hail the nitrous quality of it destroys the whole branch. But the wine here is in great abundance with no vent, which renders it less valuable. Our conversation in the mean time turned upon the political and juridical regulations

regulations of Tuscany. We talked about the succession to estates of persons dying intestate. Amongst us the elder brother has all, here it is divided equally among them. Certainly with regard to equity the Tuscans surpass us. It is undoubtedly unjust because you are born a year after your elder brother, that he is to have every thing, and you be almost a beggar. But if we are to consider which is of most use to the commonwealth, I think without doubt it is our method. The eldest brother, by having the greatest part of the fortune, is able to keep up the family with dignity and splendor. Those who have had the ill luck to come later into the world are obliged to follow some profession, and consequently, be of use to the community. But here, by the estates being divided between five or six brothers, they have all enough to live idly upon, and neither of them sufficient to make a figure. This is, without doubt, the cause of seeing so many poor insignificant noblemen in

Italy, and their titles as well as their estates are common. However in some families they have a majorasco established, or a portion of the estate settled upon the eldest son, which reduces things a little to our plan. This is the case in my landlord's family, and they have an odd way of making the entail. His ancestors gave the property, so intended to be tied down, to the order of St. Stephen, a Tuscan order of knights instituted by the grand dukes. Like all others of the kind in Italy it has certain benefices or commendas dependent upon it. These are in the gift of the head of the order, which is the grand duke, who, you know, is at present the emperor of Germany. Now lands are given to these orders in trust for the eldest male children of a family, by which the order gets the right of patronage, and the successive possessors have the privilege of hanging St. Stephen's cross upon a bit of ribband to their button-hole. But this my landlord can not wear, for the profession of physic is a degradation

dation from knighthood, as this country excludes both medicine and jurisprudence from the list of honorable professions. And yet my landlord's uncle was physician to Don Carlos the present king of Spain, when he fell ill of the small pox at Leghorne, upon his first landing in Italy, as heir to John Gastone the then grand duke. What a change has Tuscany undergone since then, and who would have believed that it was ever to pass under the power of the Germans? Don Carlos, the second son of Philip the fifth, comes into Tuscany to succeed John Gastone, who had no issue. He and his attendant Spanish troops are received almost as masters, even while the old grand duke lived. In the mean time the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily are conquered from the Austrians. Don Carlos goes there to reign, and at the making up a peace the Spaniards entirely give up Tuscany to the emperor, who in return cedes Lorraine, all he then had, to France in reversion, after the death
of

of Stanislaus, titular king of Poland, and father-in-law to Lewis the fifteenth. The queen of Hungary likewise gave up her pretensions to the kingdom of the two Sicilies, with this proviso however, that if ever Don Carlos came to reign in Spain, his brother the duke of Parma should succeed to Naples, and the present states of the infant Don Philip be given up to the queen. Don Carlos is at present upon the throne of Spain, but his son, not his brother, is king of Naples, and the dutchies of Parma and Placentia are still in the possession of the infant. His catholic majesty thought his son nearer than his brother, and both much more connected with him than the house of Austria. He may attribute, I believe, the quiet passing of these affairs to the king of Prussia, whose arms have found the empress queen other employment than enforcing the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

LETTER XXXIV.

Bibbiena, August 16, 1761.

Sunday morning 11 o'clock.

LAST Thursday, as it was the anniversary of the feast of St. Hippolitus, the patron of this place, there were great doings for a little village. The proposto or provost gave a general dinner to all the gentlemen and ladies. The bishop of Samminiato was there. After dinner a butt of wine was distributed to the poor of the place. As it flowed in a sort of fountain, there was much scrambling for it, and some broken heads given and received. When the liquor flowed no more, we all adjourned to the church, where a declamation was made us by a gentleman of the place, which being finished, various pieces of poetry were produced. The subject, which was the same for the declamation as for the poetry, you will think very dry. It was whether Constantine was christened in Rome or in Constanti-

stantinople.* The usual theme was generally the life and actions of St. Hippolitus. But the same subject had been continued for so many years, that they were quite tired of it, and accordingly they agreed to alter it to something else, and the proposer chose the before-mentioned *elegant* subject for poetry. We were talking about this two or three mornings before, at the proposer's. I there ventured to tell him that the theme proposed, as consisting in a learned disquisition, seemed to me not very proper for the declamations, and much less for the muses; that in my opinion some subject where the passions could be interested ought to be chosen, as for example, "whether St. Peter, when he heard the cock crow, felt the most intense grief, or Mary Magdalene, when she beheld our Saviour extended upon the cross?" This was a thing

* He was christened at neither, but at Nicomedia, by Eusebius, bishop of that city, and a little before his death.

I said without thinking or reflecting, imagine then my surprize, when, after every person had finished rehearsing their compositions, the proposto stood up, and, “Gentlemen, “ says he, the subject for the return of this “ annual festival is, Whether St. Peter after “ having denied his master, and hearing the “ cock crow, felt more internal grief than “ Mary Magdalene when she beheld the Savi- “ our of the world expiring upon the cross.” I would have stopped him, but he went on, and accordingly this is the subject for the ensuing year. It was dark before all was finished and we got out of the church, where we had been seated in a sort of ring before the principal altar. The proposto carried us a second time to his prepositura, or lodge, which is just by the church, and treated us with water-melons in quantity, cooled in ice. This indeed, is a customary obligation upon him every year, but the dinner was voluntary. The evening passed at the bishop of Samminiato’s, where most of the ladies and gentlemen

gentlemen adjourned. Conversation and cards went forward in the same manner as in our meetings of that kind in England. Thus finished St. Hippolitus's day.

The life and martyrdom of this mighty patron of Bibbiena is as follows. I have taken it from a last year's declamation. It is in an oratorical style.

“ Behold him in his tender years, armed
 “ with sword and helm, and fighting under
 “ the Emperor Decius in the service of his
 “ country, that country which boasted as
 “ many soldiers as it had citizens, and whose
 “ triumphant eagle extended its wings over
 “ the whole world. But while he was
 “ humbling the enemies of his native Rome,
 “ he did not less attempt to conquer those
 “ internal foes, the passions, and animated
 “ by a ray of the true religion, directed every
 “ step to that end. Nor could the prudent
 “ youth find a better manner of triumphing

“ over the flattering power of the world,
“ than by humbling the desires of nature,
“ and devoting himself to the laws of evan-
“ gelical perfection. To point him out the
“ way to this he had the advantage of hav-
“ ing no ordinary example. He was order-
“ ed to be upon guard when St. Lawrence
“ was burnt alive upon the flaming coals.
“ The heroical behaviour of that martyr in
“ the midst of his torments, animated by the
“ most lively expressions of love and zeal,
“ had such an effect upon the youth, that he
“ resolved from the very moment to leave
“ the noble profession of war, in order to
“ practise with greater fervor, than it was
“ possible to do amidst the tumults of arms,
“ the virtues of devotion, faith, and charity.
“ Pulling up his beaver, he declared himself
“ publickly a Christian, nor were riches or
“ ambitious hopes capable of restraining his
“ desires for the palm of martyrdom. The
“ emperor Decius hearing that Hippolitus
“ had declared himself openly to be a Chris-
“ tian,

" tian, while he was upon guard, ordered
 " him to be brought into his presence.
 " Upon the appearance of the noble youth,
 " what flattering temptations did not he
 " make use of to seduce his constancy, but
 " finding it inflexible to entreaties, he at-
 " tempted to shake it by threats. These
 " however, proving equally unavailing, and
 " his prior love towards Hippolitus being
 " now all converted into fury, he ordered
 " some stones to be thrown at him, which
 " wounded him to such a degree upon the
 " mouth, that he stained the ground about
 " him with his flowing blood, that blood
 " which rendering fruits tenfold, proved
 " the rich seed of future Christians. After
 " this he was conducted into prison. But
 " why do I say into prison? It was the
 " happy habitation his heart had been so long
 " desirous of obtaining. The importunate
 " incitements of his relations, his extensive
 " riches and increasing honors, had before
 " hindered him in some measure from arri-

“ving to that perfection for which he fighed.
“I fay in fome meafure, for even then with
“difdainful eye did he behold the flattering
“allurements of the world, and deliver him-
“felf into the arms of mortification. But
“now he was content. Horror and dark-
“nefs reigned around him, incapable how-
“ever of obfcuring thofe zealous flames,
“which burned within his breaft. In the
“mean time moft of the fervants of Hip-
“politus, excited by the example of their
“mafter, abandoned their errors and deter-
“mined to follow the holy crofs, that ban-
“ner of true glory. Decius upon hearing
“this ordered them all to be beheaded, and
“they died glorious martyrs to our facred
“religion. The tyrant enraged at their in-
“trepidity, and confidering Hippolitus as
“the caufe of it, full of anger and difdain
“gave orders to the prefect Valerian for his
“punifhment. The invincible youth, after
“being ftripped naked, had firft of all his
“flefh combed and torn with iron curry-
“combs.

“combs. But I should excite too much
 “horror in my audience, if I was to recount
 “one by one the various torments which
 “our patron suffered. He in the mean
 “time, with serene countenance, seemed
 “more ready in the receival, than his ex-
 “ecutioners in the application of them,
 “baffling with holy ardor the vain at-
 “tempts of impious cruelty. The em-
 “peror finding all his ideas of humbling
 “the youth’s zealous spirit vain, gave the
 “final sentence to the prefect, who was
 “to inflict upon him the most cruel death
 “imagination could suggest. Accordingly
 “his innocent limbs were fastened to the
 “tails of four untamed courfers, who gal-
 “loping furiously different ways, reduced
 “to atoms the earthly part of our holy
 “martyr; the divine flying to that hea-
 “ven where it aspired, exchanged a pre-
 “carious mortal life, for eternity and
 “happiness.

The author concludes his declamation by the following invocation.

“To thee, generous champion, do the
“devout inhabitants of Bibbiena address
“themselves, assembled here to celebrate
“and hymn thy triumphs. They hum-
“bly offer up their vows to thee and im-
“plore thy gracious protection. Shower
“down blessings upon our town, and con-
“secrate it by thy salutary influence, that
“imitating thy victories, and following
“the example of thy virtues, we may ar-
“rive to that glorious height of happi-
“ness, which in company with the other
“faints and martyrs thou now enjoyest.

Monday, August 17, 8 o'clock,
morning.

I was yesterday afternoon at the convent of St. Mary's to hear a panegyric in praise of St. Domenico, of which order those friars are. After the prior had finished a
flowery

flowery declamation upon that persecuting saint, we were conducted into his room, where he gave us ices of different sorts, melons and other good things. The bishop was there with a large company of us who had dined with him. He was to consecrate some stones in the church. You may wonder what use the friers can have for sacred stones, but they want to erect a new altar-piece, the stones of which must be sanctified, and none but a bishop can give them the proper degree of holiness.

LETTER XXXV.

Bibbiena, 9 o'clock in the morning,
Tuesday, August 25, 1761.

LAST night I found a scorpion in my writing desk. It was open, and I was just going to bed, when I saw the black animal crawling about my papers. I called Sebastian, who shook him off the writings upon the ground. The scorpion, finding himself disturbed, began to run away about as fast as a spider. However, Sebastian's great foot soon stopped his course by crushing him to death. It was but a young scorpion, and of a small size. They now and then are nearly as big as cray-fish, which they something resemble. How frightened we are in England at the name of them, and yet they are here little more regarded than spiders. I was speaking to a gardener, who was stung
by

by one, and said the wound was very bad indeed. “No, sir, cried he, I was not
 “well for three whole days;” an idea very different from the fatality, which we generally attribute to that poison; but I will not deny that it may be worse in hotter countries. They are seldom to be found in houses, but under flower-pots in gardens, and those places. The scorpion, I think, is the only poisonous animal they have here in Italy more than we in England. There are, indeed, a number of lizards, but very few of them are venomous. As for adders, toads, and those other disgusting animals we have them as much as the Italians, tho’ perhaps the adders and vipers have rather more venom in hotter climates. But I say wrong when I assert there are no more poisonous animals, for in Apulia, a province of the kingdom of Naples, there is the tarantula, tho’ the story they tell about curing its bite by music is apochryphal. I do not, indeed, doubt but that they make
 the

the people who are bit by this little animal in Apulia dance to the found of a fiddle, but whether this is only an idea the country people have among themselves, or whether it does the patient any good, is what I can not tell. You know Apulia is a remote province, and the people consequently ignorant, and why may not queer stories and beliefs be current among them as well as in many of our distant counties in England, and the story of second-sight in Scotland. As we have a terrible idea with us of the poisonous animals in Italy, we have not a very favorable notion of the number of wild beasts we imagine they have. Now I do not know of any savage animal that roams their forests more than ours, except bears and wolves. They have, indeed, wild boars, but those are so far from being accounted noxious, that they have almost as strict laws in their defence as our game. The flesh is very much esteemed here in Italy, and its wild taste, at first like tainted meat, becomes
after-

afterwards very agreeable. When I was last in this country, I went once out a boar-hunting at Pifa, in a forest there is just by that town. I could not, however, carry a gun, as you must have a particular license to do it in that forest, which belongs to the emperor. The way they hunted the wild boar was as follows. The huntsmen placed themselves at different posts in the wood, by which it was likely the boar would pass. Two other men in the mean time went to the other side of it with a couple of dogs, and beating about, and making a great noise, drove out the boars to the places where the men were dispersed with their guns. I confess I did not like my situation, in being obliged to go and stand on foot by a huntsman, and trust to his piece, while they were driving all the boars down upon us. The men shouting, the dogs barking, and the boars grunting through the woodlands, did not at all please me. An easy tree to climb offering on my right hand, I thought

I had

I had better save my skin, and look like Sancho Panca. Accordingly, I got up, and having seated myself in security upon one of the branches, looked round. It was not a great while before a boar appeared grunting along by the post of the man near my tree. He did not fire at him, I do not know why, but the man at the next post made up for this deficiency, and maimed both his fore-legs by a ball, which passed through his shoulder blades. As they said he could not run, I ventured to come down from my asylum, and look at him. I saw him rolling about upon the ground, with one of the dogs upon him. The man had just charged his piece again, and approaching the *grisly monster*, shot him through the head. Upon the report of the musket, all the people assembled to the place where we were. We began examining the mighty tusks of our prize, which, however, were not so large as some I have seen, upon account of the boar's being young.

Bibbiena,

Bibbiena, 9 o'clock in the morning.

Wednesday, August 26, 1761.

THE wolves and bears, with which we say Italy is so stocked, give not the terrible idea here as with us in England, tho' there are certainly many of the former, and some few of the latter. As to bears, I mean those not having a human form, they are very rare, and only in some of the high uninhabited woody mountains, and never appear out of their gloomy recesses to infest passengers. Much less wolves, which are more timid animals than we imagine, except driven by extreme hunger; and if king Edgar gave so much money to have them extirpated out of England, it must have been for the sake of his subject's sheep, and not of their persons. Returning last time through the Alps to England, I saw one in a field, which I imagined to be a dog, but the postilion assured me it was a wolf, and began hallooing

hallooming, upon which it retreated in a heavy gallop under cover.

With regard to the tarantula, my landlord, who was in Apulia, as physician to the Spanish army, says, “ that the making the
“ persons dance who are bit by the little
“ spider is true, but agrees with me in its
“ being only a popular prejudice, and that it
“ can not possibly be of any service to the
“ patients, without it is by making them
“ perspire, and this, he says, they do plentifully; for the only two months the
“ tarantula is venemous are the hottest
“ in the year, those of July and August. He made me laugh with a story he told me of a little French boy he had when he was at Palermo. The poor lad was bit by a spider, which are here more venemous than in England. His master being abroad, the boy told his case to the other servants of the house. They had the impudence to assure him it was a tarantula, and in order to make fun, fiddlers
were

were called in, and the ignorant youth was ordered to dance for his life. Pierre, for that was his name, in a fright, and half crying, began throwing his legs and arms about in an awkward manner. In short, they made him caper round the room for above a couple of hours, to the tune of the tarantella, the name of a barbarous jig, composed purposely for this occasion. When the boy was quite tired, they put him to bed, where his master found him upon his return home. When he came to the bed-side to ask what was the matter, the poor youth burst out into tears, and with a long face said, *ah ! mon chere maitre, je suis empoisonné*. But tell me how all this happened, says my landlord. Ah ! Monsieur, answers Pierre, *regardez, regardez*, shewing his arm. What has any thing bit you ? *Oui, Monsieur, hélas ! la tarantule, la tarantule, Monsieur*. His master was not a little astonished to hear of tarantulas in Palermo, but going out to make enquiries among the other servants,

the affair was soon discovered, and Pierre relieved from his anxiety. Some such story as this, I dare say, led Doctor Mead astray, when he wrote his treatise upon poisons, and laid down music and dancing as a cure for the bite of a tarantula. This little animal is a sort of reddish spider. Very few persons, however, except reapers, are ever bit by these noxious insects, as they are seldom to be found, except in the fields, and among corn. This is reaped in the two hottest months of the year, just when that little animal has the greatest venom. Not only the tarantula, but scorpions and all other venomous animals are more noxious in the months of July and August, in short, in summer than in winter. The more powerful sun, that brings to greater perfection the fruits of the earth, as it has greater virtue in its beneficent, has likewise more force in its pestiferous effects. And that not only in ripening all poisons to a greater degree of infection, but in extracting more fatal vapours from

from the bosom of the earth. And these cause the unwholesome air there is at certain times of the year in parts of Italy, and particularly in low marshy places. As for example, the Campania of Rome is almost entirely deserted upon that account. And yet anciently it is said to have been very much inhabited, and very well cultivated. But perhaps that *inhabitation* and cultivation might be the cause of the vapours not producing their fatal influence. However, Juvenal tells us that

“ Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres

“ Optandas.”————

But great men may have fevers any where, when the never-dying worm gnaws upon the mind.

What I wonder at is that Spain, tho’ a warmer country than Italy, is not subject to this tainted air. Perhaps, there falling little or no dews throughout the greatest part of

that peninsula may be the cause, which, tho' conducive to health, is no advantage to the fertility of the soil. What I speak here, however, will principally hold good with regard to the province of Andalusia. The climate of the kingdoms of Valentia and Catalonia resembles more that of Italy. For as Spain is a large territory, you may imagine there is a considerable difference between her particular provinces or kingdoms, as she pleases to term them. But the Italians may have more apprehensions of this bad air than it deserves. I do not doubt its having some effect, but the thinking it fatal to move from one house to another only three doors off, as the common people imagine at Rome, seems to be carrying the idea too far. The Romans have a notion that by sleeping every night in the same place the bad air has no power over you, but that if you do but go and lie down in a bed in the next house, you are to die. However, in consequence of this idea, there is a law at Rome that no landlord
can

can oblige a tenant to quit a house during the months of July and August, and till the first rains in September; or, if it is a dry season, tho' indeed it seldom fails raining in that month, the whole of it.* But tho' I blame the too great timidity of the Romans, I will not deny that what they say is in part true, as founded upon experience. It was in consequence of this opinion among the inhabitants of Rome, that the Commendator d'Almada, when by the king of Portugal's order he commanded all Portuguese subjects to quit that capital, gave them the liberty of remaining till the end of the month of September, cloathing this concession with specious expressions of the great affection his most faithful majesty had for his subjects, and that he would not even expose them to imagined dangers. That, therefore, during all

* This idea is now greatly exploded at Rome, tho' part of the country about it is certainly very unwholesome, and even fatal during the before mentioned months.

the dog-days to the end of the month of September they might remain peaceably in their present situation. Almada himself, however, left Rome immediately, (indeed, he could not help it,) and passing through Florence, went to Turin, where he is at present.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Bibbiena, half after 10, morning,
Sunday, August 30, 1761.

I Went out to take a ride yesterday evening with my landlord and visit a countryman that was ill at San Piero in Frassina, a little village about two miles from hence. Upon our arrival we alighted at a gentleman's house, the head person in the place, one of whose labourers was the patient. He received us very civilly. The surgeon of our village was likewise there, and made us accelerate our visit to the sick man. He was come over from Bibbiena by order of the doctor, who, as he had heard a bad account of his patient, had told him to bring a couple of blisters. Upon my friend's first seeing him, he saluted him and asked him if he had brought what he ordered.

“ Yes, that I have,” says the ill looking executioner to the faculty, “ and horse ones. “ too, for such must they be for these “ country beasts.” Tho’ the answer may seem to you not to be entirely consonant to the laws of humanity, it served however, to make us laugh. Surgeons with us do not carry about blisters, but you must consider in what a country place we are, and that every professor in it must be a kind of *jack of all trades*, besides who could tell but there might be occasion for shedding blood, or proceeding with fire and steel, like my farrier, against the disorder. Upon our entering the cottage of the invalid we occupied the little kitchen of it. My landlord, as *proto-medicus*, took the first place. On his countenance sat the gravity necessary to the faculty upon similar occasions. Next him was placed the surgeon, who looked as if he was revolving in his mind the before mentioned sanguinary ideas. In the two inferior places sat the squire and myself,

self, who tho' we were not much interested in the event of the present weighty debate, yet veiled our looks with a sympathetic seriousness. Well, says my friend, with authority, to a man and woman that stood opposite to him, "declare to me the nature " of the patient's case." "Oh! lord sir," says the woman, "I am sure I do not know " what is the matter, now and then he's " hot, and now and then he's cold, and " then he begins sleeping, and sleeps, lord " bless my heart! as if he never intended " to wake again. I am sure he slept so " much yesterday, that I was obliged to go " and call the priest to try and wake him " by saying prayers to him. And then he " has not been to stool, no, not for these " three days. I am sure I had rather see " something come out of him, than a piece " of gold. And yet we have given him all " the nicest things we could to nourish him, " but he does not seem to take them with a " bit more relish than nothing at all. I am

“ sure I have not slept for these three nights
“ for sitting up watching him, and I have
“ kept his bed and his room as much in
“ order as I could, and I have cleaned the
“ walls at the head of his bed, and I put
“ him on a clean shirt yesterday, for to be
“ sure he had wore the other a matter of a
“ fortnight, and it was so dirty you could
“ hardly see a speck of white in it, and yet
“ notwithstanding for a countryman his
“ linen is very white.” “ I do not doubt it,”
says the doctor, “ but I want to know at
“ present the state of my patient, not that
“ of his linen. Does he do this?—Yes.
“ Does he do that?—Yes. Does his head
“ pain him?—Yes. Very well. Now then
“ let us proceed to personal examination.”
“ And accordingly we went in procession
into the patient’s room. Upon our en-
trance into the sick man’s apartment many
questions were made and answered, Tho’
he had a violent fever upon him, yet he was
not found so bad as was expected, and all
thoughts

thoughts of the horse-blisters were laid aside till another opportunity. Nothing I think was ordered but a clyster and some other *emollient things*. In the mean time the eyes of the woman hung upon the doctor, as if to read his thoughts concerning the fate of her husband. At length she asked, as if addressing an oracle, what he thought would be the event of the disorder. The doctor gave her ambiguous hopes, that with care her husband would recover. “ Oh ! blefs
 “ your heart, says she, and do you think so ?
 “ Well, I am sure I have prayed day and night
 “ for it to the blessed Virgin. But pray what
 “ must I give him to eat, for poor thing it has
 “ no nourishment at all in its stomach, and we
 “ have a nice young kid just killed, in the
 “ house ? Kid ! replied the doctor, staring,
 “ give him some tea and other diluting li-
 “ quors.” As this Indian herb is only used me-
 dicinally in Italy, she did not seem to know
 very well what it meant, but being informed
 that she might get it at the apothecary’s, she

contented, and a fine beverage I suppose she will make of it. She then took out a little roll of paper from the corner of her pocket handkerchief, in which I suppose was money, as she gave it the doctor, who seemed to receive it without considering the hard hands from whence it was wrung. However shillings go here as far as guineas in England, but having got what we wanted, we left the room in the same order we entered it. Upon our return to the squire's we were pestered all the way with country people coming to ask our opinion of diseases, women with abortions, girls with hysterics and I do not know what all. After stealing a trophy of flowers from the squire's garden, we returned home.

Yesterday before I went out on horseback a curious scene passed in my room. As my landlord and I had laughingly told a solitary Jew merchant established here, that we intended to make him a Christian, and that
then

then we would fight which should have him the Roman catholics or the protestants, yesterday being his sabbath, (saturday,) and having nothing to do, he appeared with a great book under his arm. When he was entered into my room he sat down with civility and gravity, and opened his formidable tome; which proved to be a Hebrew bible, telling me, that now he was ready to dispute with me. My landlord was below stairs looking at his horse. I sent to desire him to come up, which accordingly he did, and having heard of Sabbath the Jew's great book, he stalked in majestically with a still greater, which was a collection of the lives of saints. Sabbath very civilly enquired what stupendous volume that might be, and when he was informed it was a legendary of saints, said very humbly that he hoped we would excuse him, if he did not give any credit at all to its authority. I could not avoid joining him in my doubts of the whole of it being true. My landlord too seemed also to give it up by

shutting

shutting its enormous page. Upon this we recurred to a Latin bible, but Sabbath told us he knew nothing of the language, and desired us to tell him the chapter and verse of our quotations, and he would recur to his own book. The first passage we selected was the famous prophecy in Genesis, that “ the “ scepter shall not depart from Judah until “ Shiloh come,” which the Latin version renders the Messiah, or, *qui mittendus est* ; but the Jew said he could find no such verse in the original. Not being able to contradict him, from our ignorance in the Hebrew language, we took shelter under the well known words of, “ a Virgin shall conceive and bear “ a son ;” but Sabbath told us the expression meant only a young woman in his book, and that the fact came to pass in the days of Hezekiah. We then ransacked our memories for the other prophecies in the old testament, relating to Christ, but Sabbath knocked us down with texts he recited in Hebrew, of which we could not understand a word. The
fury

fury having once seized him, he began reading and overwhelming us with the Hebrew bible, and would have put us to the rout for want of being capable to return any answer, if we had not been informed that the horses were ready, which ended our conversation and dispute.

Upon my word I esteem the Jews a very particular nation to be so persecuted as they are every where, and yet not abandon the faith of their ancestors. The courage also with which some of them maintain their religion in spite of opposition is not a little remarkable. Yesterday when we were laughing and saying to Sabbath, "ah! never fear we
 " will make you a Christian in time." "No,
 " says he, gentlemen, it is impossible. Tho'
 " I do wrong to say it is impossible, for God
 " may deprive me of the light of reason, how-
 " ever while the least ray of that remains there
 " is no fear of my not continuing firm to my
 " religion." One that was executed at Rome
 some

some years ago, notwithstanding all they could do, and you know the Roman catholics spare no pains to propagate their religion, could not be brought in the least tittle to abate his ideas of Judaism. With the same spirit they have expired at the stake in Spain and Portugal, when they could save their lives at the very last instant by only saying they embraced the Roman catholic religion. In short, the Jews are certainly very tenacious of their doctrines, which I do not doubt proceeds from their flattering themselves with being convinced of the truth of them, and not from obstinacy, as the Roman catholics imagine.

Tuesday, half after 7 in the morning,
September 1, 1761.

MY little ball flourished last night, as two or three young ladies made their appearance who had not been here before, but I was obliged to give them all saline draughts,

as the snow and salt had mixed itself with our peach juice through a little hole worn in our freezing machine. Sebastian was very droll when he discovered the accident. Well, says he, this is not to be borne! I spent so many hours (counting them upon his fingers,) in pounding the peaches, so many in doing this, and so many in doing that, and here in a few minutes the *whoreson* salt is come in to spoil every thing! In short; his rage mounted to such a pitch, that I do not believe he would have attempted to save what little of the *sherbet* (the Italian name, *forbetto*, for iced things,) was yet untainted, if I had not reminded him of it. Upon this he set himself to work to get out what he could, and did skim off some of the top, which was not quite so much impregnated with brine as the rest, but still might be recommended where salts are ordered to be taken.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Bibbiena, half after 9 in the morning,
Monday, September 7, 1761.

YESTERDAY after dinner my landlord and I paid a melancholy, but curious visit, to the brother of the bishop of Samminiato, who some days ago lost his senses. By confusing his brain with reading a number of books upon religion, he is run religiously mad. Upon our entering the room he knew us, and made us tolerably sensible compliments as he lay in bed, but all on a sudden, he cried out, “*Fiat* ! oh, almighty word “ that produced the world out of nothing.” He then set himself to count with his fingers, five, seven, seven and a half, &c. and then one day. “ If I live that time, I shall live two ages. “ As for you, says he, pointing to me, you will “ go into limbo.” In short, he uttered many
incoherent

coherent things. You know, I presume, what limbo is? The Roman catholics, besides heaven and hell, have two other divisions in the invisible world, which we know nothing of. These two unexplored places are purgatory and limbo. Purgatory is that intermediate state between heaven and hell, where those who are not virtuous enough to enjoy immediately the former, nor bad enough to be condemned to the latter, are purged like gold in the fire from the sins that hang about them, and leaving which in the flames like dross, they mount pure and uncontaminated to the heavenly mansions. Limbo is a different place, for those who are guiltless of any crime, and yet upon account of not being regenerated by the waters of baptism are unable to enter the gates of bliss. Under this number come all unchristened babes and righteous persons before the coming of Christ, except the patriarchs, whom our Saviour, when he went down to hell after his crucifixion, delivered

from the confinement of limbo. For by all accounts, it is a nasty dark ugly place, and as well as purgatory adjoining to hell. But to return to our madman. "Who is there, says he, staring, among you all, that knows how to write quick and well? I offered myself. Pen and ink then for the gentleman," says he. A pen and ink was put into my hand from off a table just by. "Well, sir, you will be so good to dictate." *Ay, write, fiat—I have written it. write recipe—I have done it. Now a drop of water dropped upon the flames of hell from all eternity. Then he talked something about God's dying, in short, uttered a deal of incoherent stuff, which, instead of pleasing, would be rather tiresome and shocking for you to read. He said we should be all gardeners in paradise, asked his wife whether she remembered the time when her mother was born, with twenty other melancholy absurdities. At last, two pills of laudanum came in, for his physician*

wanted to get him to sleep a little, which he had not done since he was first seized with his delirium. There was much difficulty in getting him to swallow this soporific medicine, which he did, however, at last, swearing he had got the devil incarnate in his stomach. I then retired with the rest of the company, for it was the universal opinion that keeping him talking made him worse. Even tho' we conversed among ourselves, he would take up the last word we said as an echo, and add something of his own to it. Upon my return home, I found my landlord's wife and daughters in the street very much frightened; for another madman raving had passed by them, and abused them terribly. I think we are got into the country of people out of their senses. It seems this is a man escaped from Arezzo. He was a handsome fellow, and did not look like a low person. He frightened a good many people yesterday night. The potestà or magistrate was to blame in

not having put him into prison. However, as this officer is just come, I believe he hardly knew in which part of his house the prisons stood. For in every potesteria or residence of the potestà there are always certain rooms set apart for the confinement of disorderly persons. However, I think some country people, who found the madman lying upon a bench quite tired, shut him into a cellar for the night. This morning he was either let or got loose, for he ran down to the river Vessa, where he stripped himself, and pelted stones at those who attempted to come near him. However, he was at last taken, and by this time may be near Arezzo, where they were to conduct him. I do not know how they came to find that he belonged to that city.

Bibbiena, half after 9 in the morning,

Tuesday, September 8, 1761.

THE laudanum that was given to the bishop's brother the day before yesterday,
tho'

tho' in a pretty large quantity, had no effect in making him sleep. I think they say it made him lie without speaking in a sort of lethargy for about two hours, but still with his eyes open. I had a visit yesterday from a philosopher, who came some miles to converse with me. I have long expected his appearance, but what delayed him was his having no coat, for he lives wild in the woods like a hermit, with only a kind of waistcoat the country people wear. He was obliged, therefore, to send to Arezzo for a suit of cloaths, in which he has done me the honor of visiting me. He was once secretary of the finances at Florence, and was protected by Ginori, then governor of Leghorne, who, if he had lived, would probably have been made regent of Tuscany, but his death destroyed the hopes of his native country, and ruined his friend, Count Richecourt, who naturally hated the supposed successor to his honors, upon his death discountenanced all those who had

C c 3

been

been protected by him. Our philosopher lost his place with many others, and retired immediately among these woods to pass his days in study and retirement. He spends, however, a little time of the winter at Arezzo, where he keeps his suit of cloaths, which he sent for to appear before me. He seems a sensible man, but has an amazing volubility of speech. What he says I believe is true enough, that he has found more felicity since his literary retirement amongst the mountains, than he did during all his expectations and business, while his friend Ginori lived. “Ah! cried he, you can
“ never imagine the uncertainties, uneasinesses and fatigues both of body and mind
“ I underwent in the height of my prosperity. I was a slave to every person, but I
“ now am free, and master of myself. The
“ little I have suffices for my solitude, which
“ is not tedious, while I have my books to
“ divert me. Air and exercise has re-established my health, but what I most prize
“ is

“ is that peace of mind, which is returned
“ to me, and which I had lost in the tu-
“ multuous scenes of public life.” This
really edifying conversation was carried on
still farther, without my having hardly an
opportunity of putting in a word, when
my philosopher took leave of me, ignorant
of my way of thinking, tho’ he had so
copiously displayed his own.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Bibbiena, half after eleven, morning,
 Sunday, September 13, 1761.

THIS place affording nothing new I will give you some letters of the prince of San Severo of Naples, to cavalier Giraldi of Florence, which the proposto of this place has communicated to me, and which relate to a perpetual fire that prince flatters himself to have found out.

The Prince of San Severo's first Letter.

“ I will now faithfully maintain the pro-
 “ mise I made you in my last week's letter,
 “ and will give you a full relation of my
 “ wonderful discovery. I thought I should
 “ have been able to have comprised every
 “ thing in one letter, but I find I shall have
 “ matter

“ matter enough for three or four, and I
 “ think it better to keep your curiosity in
 “ suspense than to give you a long tedious
 “ letter at one time. The fact then is as
 “ follows. Having applied myself to a chy-
 “ mical operation in order to make some
 “ physical experiments, after I had labored
 “ for at least four months, it happened one
 “ evening in the latter end of November,
 “ that in opening, about an hour and a half
 “ after sun-set, four phials I had before me
 “ upon a little table, the matter contained
 “ in one of them, and which weighed seven
 “ grains less than the fourth part of an
 “ ounce, being accidentally held by me pretty
 “ near a wax-candle, took fire, and sent forth
 “ a constant lively flame of a yellowish colour.
 “ I remained so confused at this unexpected
 “ accident that I did not immediately know
 “ what to do. At last I pulled out my hand-
 “ kerchief in a hurry to take the phial; with-
 “ out burning myself, off the table where it
 “ then was, and put it upon another table
 “ that

“ that was just by. I did this, as I was afraid
“ of the phial’s bursting with the heat, and
“ that the fire, if scattered about the table,
“ might light likewise the combustible par-
“ ticles contained in the other three phials,
“ which were open too. You will tell me
“ perhaps, that I should have done wiser in
“ taking the three old phials off the table’
“ than in touching that which was all in
“ flames with evident danger of burning my-
“ self. But I do not know, if you was to
“ find yourself in as great a confusion as I
“ was then, but you might have done the
“ same. I took it then, as I said, in my hands,
“ but instead of finding the glass burning
“ hot, as I had imagined, it was little more
“ than luke-warm, so that I could hold it
“ without putting myself to the least pain
“ in my bare hand. After it had burned six
“ continued hours upon the table, I was fur-
“ prized to find the flame just as full and
“ lively as it was the first instant. How-
“ ever I thought of going to bed and of put-
“ ting

“ting out the flame. What astonished me
 “still more was, that in extinguishing the
 “flame with the glass stopper belonging to
 “the phial, I found the glass only preserved
 “the very self-same degree of luke-warmth,
 “as it had when I put it upon the table,
 “notwithstanding the fire had been burning
 “for six hours. The next morning I got up
 “very early, not having been able to sleep
 “upon account of the many ideas that were
 “rolling in my mind, and ran immediately
 “to my phial. I opened it and attempted
 “to light the matter contained in it, but it
 “was not possible to do it. I began turning
 “it with an ivory bodkin, when a momen-
 “tary flame just shot out from it, like what
 “proceeds from spirits of wine, when they
 “are not well *rectified*, and still retain a great
 “deal of *phlegm*. In short I tried every
 “thing I could to light it but all in vain.
 “After having made these fruitless endea-
 “vours it came into my head to weigh it,
 “as it did not seem to me to be a bit dimi-
 “nished

“ nished in bulk, and to be just of the same
“ consistency as the evening before upon its
“ taking fire, which was pretty near that of
“ soft butter in summer time. Upon my
“ weighing it I found to my great surprize
“ that it was not diminished an atom of its
“ original weight. What think you now,
“ my dear friend? Does the case begin to
“ grow serious and surprizing or no? But
“ this I am certain will only be the first de-
“ gree of your astonishment. What had
“ happened filled my mind with so many
“ different thoughts, that for two or three
“ days I was not capable of attending to any
“ thing else. I locked myself up in my
“ room, and spent all my time in meditating
“ upon what had happened, and in forming
“ systems, which had better foundations than
“ mere hypothesis. At last I resolved to con-
“ tinue my experiments, that I might be
“ more certain of them, and better able to
“ investigate the reasons of this wonderful
“ phenomenon. It came into my head to
“ make

“ make a sort of candle of my materials,
 “ and in consequence of this idea I took part
 “ of the matter that was in the three re-
 “ maining phials, and put it into a little tube
 “ that had a cover to it and a hole in the
 “ middle of the cover. I put a sort of snuff
 “ through this hole made of that matter
 “ which chymists are well acquainted with,
 “ and which does not receive any damage
 “ from fire. I had rubbed it over and over
 “ again with the before mentioned compo-
 “ sition. Having done this, I applied a candle
 “ to that end of it which stuck out of the
 “ hole, but notwithstanding whatever I could
 “ do, I could never get it to take fire. You
 “ can not imagine how melancholy I remain-
 “ ed on seeing all my hopes prove fruitless.
 “ At last I resolved to take away the snuff
 “ and the cover from the tube and set fire to
 “ the matter itself, which I did not doubt
 “ would burst out into a flame, as it had done
 “ the evening before. But all my attempts
 “ proved in vain. I sat myself down in a
 “ sort

“ fort of despair in a great chair, and after
“ having reflected some time, it came into
“ my head, that the small quantity of the
“ matter might be the reason of its not taking
“ fire. This gave me fresh courage, and I
“ resolved to try a second time. Accordingly
“ I put the cover and snuff again upon my
“ tube, without however closing it quite
“ down. Having done this I placed the
“ tube in my little scales, and began to add
“ fresh matter to the former with the end of
“ my bodkin. What I had flattered myself
“ happened, for I had no sooner by little and
“ little added fresh matter till the whole ar-
“ rived to the weight of seven and twenty
“ grains less than the fourth part of an ounce,
“ exclusive of the weight of the snuff, when
“ immediately upon my holding a wax can-
“ dle to it, the snuff lighted, notwithstand-
“ ing I had tried so many times before to do
“ it in vain. You may imagine what plea-
“ sure this gave me, and in order to ascertain
“ whether the exact quantity of matter then
“ employed

“ employed was necessary, I lifted the snuff
 “ and cover up a little, and began with the
 “ but-end of my bodkin to take out the
 “ matter by degrees as I had put it in. But
 “ I had hardly taken more than the weight
 “ of a grain away than the flame began to
 “ be agitated in such a manner that it was
 “ just ready to be extinguished. I with all
 “ haste possible put into the tube again
 “ the quantity of matter I had taken out,
 “ and the flame immediately reassumed its
 “ former spirit and tranquil state. This
 “ flame was less than that which wax or oil-
 “ lights give, and, as I have already said, in-
 “ clining to a yellowish colour. I tried to
 “ hold my finger about four inches above it,
 “ but the heat was so excessive that I was
 “ obliged to retire it immediately. Upon
 “ holding a candle to it, it lighted it directly
 “ like all other common lights. If you
 “ moved a piece of white paper over it, it
 “ became black with the smoke. It gave
 “ indeed but a dimmish light, however
 “ enough

“ enough to read the most minute writing,
“ I resolved to try the experiment of put-
“ ting more of the matter I had composed
“ to it, for as by taking a small portion of
“ it away I had observed the flame was very
“ near going out, I thought that by adding
“ a greater quantity it must considerably en-
“ crease in strength and brightness. I ac-
“ cordingly put my resolution into execu-
“ tion, and with the but-end of the bodkin
“ by little and little put in all that remained
“ in the phial, and which with the former
“ weighed twenty grains more than the
“ fourth part of an ounce, so that I added
“ forty seven grains of matter. But I saw
“ that this addition was of no use at all,
“ for the flame remained just as little and
“ pale as it was before. I imagined at first
“ that this might proceed from the snuff’s
“ not being of cotton. But having made
“ another of the same materials and exactly
“ similar, and having put it into some oil,
“ I found it made just as clear and long a
“ flame

“ flame as if it had been of cotton. From
 “ hence I concluded that my flame’s not in-
 “ creasing was owing to the matter, and not
 “ to the snuff. Cotton I could not use, as I
 “ should then have made an experiment that
 “ would have been of no service with regard
 “ to what I intended, as you shall hear here-
 “ after. Having lost all hopes therefore of
 “ rendering the flame clearer and brighter, I
 “ took the tube with the burning matter
 “ gently up in my hand in order to carry it
 “ into another little room and place it there.
 “ But I had hardly gone above two or three
 “ steps, than the flame was agitated as if it
 “ had been in a high wind, when on the
 “ contrary all the windows were shut, and
 “ there was not the least air could enter the
 “ room. I stopped upon this account and
 “ set my tube upon a little table just by me,
 “ after which the agitation ceased in great
 “ part, tho’ not entirely. As I always
 “ thought some little wind must be the
 “ cause of the agitation, I took a sheet of
 Vol. III. D d “ paper

“ paper, and making with it the sort of screen
“ the common people use in the streets, I
“ put my flame into the middle of it. But
“ you can never imagine the pain I felt while
“ I was doing this, for I saw my dear flame
“ just upon the point of extinguishing. How-
“ ever the agitation having by degrees in-
“ great measure ceased, I took the tube a
“ second time up in my hand and moved on
“ slowly step after step. But the flame, not-
“ withstanding the screen that defended it
“ from the air, moved about perhaps more
“ violently than it had done, when I was
“ carrying it without it. However I at last
“ got it into the little room. After having
“ shut the windows and window shutters, I
“ took away the paper that surrounded it.
“ I then put it upon a little table with one
“ claw. As soon as I had done this, I shut
“ the door to exclude all possible introduc-
“ tion of air. However notwithstanding all
“ my care the agitation of the flame did not
“ cease, tho’ it was much decreased. I did

“ not know what to think of this motion,
 “ as I was certain there was not the least
 “ wind in the room, and a thousand ideas
 “ crowded upon my imagination. But by
 “ often handling the tube in these reveries,
 “ I found that if I raised the tube on the
 “ right hand side of it, the flame went up
 “ tranquilly in an exact pyramid perpendi-
 “ cular to the horizon, if on the contrary I
 “ rose the left side of the tube, the agitation
 “ increased prodigiously. This experiment
 “ convinced me that the matter must lie ho-
 “ rizontally for the flame to be steady, and
 “ that I must have a table perfectly even
 “ for the tube to stand perpendicularly upon.
 “ Having levelled one exactly by means of
 “ a plumb, and set my light upon it, the
 “ flame became quite steady, and remained so
 “ even tho’ I opened the door of my little
 “ room. This new discovery pleased me so
 “ much, that I sat for some hours making
 “ love, if I may be allowed the expression, to
 “ my new phenomenon. After having opened

“ the window shutters, tho’ I left my win-
“ dows shut, I went out of the little room
“ and locked the door after me. I intended
“ to try how long the light would continue
“ burning. You can not imagine how affi-
“ duous I was at all times in visiting my
“ beloved object. Upon my entering the
“ room I always felt a little palpitation for
“ fear I should find it extinguished. How-
“ ever, from the time of my lighting it, viz.
“ the last day of November, till the second
“ of the month of March, I always found it
“ burning, and always with a steady flame,
“ as lively and as high as at the beginning.
“ And what encreased my astonishment was,
“ that upon weighing the matter the afore-
“ said second of March, I found it exactly
“ of the same weight as it was three months
“ before, when I first lighted it. I do not
“ doubt but you will have laughed at me in
“ the course of this letter to see my little
“ joys and fears, and you will think I am
“ become a downright natural philosopher.

“ I know

“ I know the natural philosophers are very
 “ apt to raise their imagination to the greatest
 “ height for the most consummate trifles.
 “ However you will not be surprized at me,
 “ when in my following letters you shall
 “ hear the rest of this remarkable event.
 “ But you must content yourself now with
 “ my not being willing to give you any farther
 “ trouble at present, for I do not doubt
 “ but you are sufficiently tired with the
 “ length of my letter. I remain &c.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Bibbiena, 9 o'clock in the morning,

Sunday, Sept. 20, 1761.

Prince of San Severo's second Letter.

“ **A**FTER having given you in my
 “ first letter of last week the first experiment
 “ I made upon my extraordinary phenome-
 “ non, namely, of weighing it, and finding
 “ it just of the same weight after three
 “ months burning as it was before, I will
 “ now continue you a description of the va-
 “ rious other experiments I made with re-
 “ gard to my perpetual fire. The first
 “ experiment I tried was, to put my light
 “ in the middle of a sort of lanthorn of
 “ paste-board, which had no effect, till I
 “ attempted to place a piece of paste-board
 “ on the top to cover it, which if I had not
 “ been

“ been very quick in taking off again, my
 “ light began to tremble so much, that it
 “ would quickly have gone out. And yet
 “ there could be no want of air, for the
 “ cover did not shut the lanthorn down so
 “ close, but that a great deal must have
 “ come in, enough for any other light to
 “ have burned just the same as if the cover
 “ had not been put on. I then made a hole
 “ about as big as my little finger in one of
 “ the sides of the lanthorn, which were
 “ of paste-board, one being made of glass,
 “ in order that I might be able to observe
 “ every thing. After having done this, I
 “ put the lid on again, and found that the
 “ light trembled a little, but did not give
 “ any signs of going out. What surprized
 “ me was, that its direction was no longer
 “ vertical, but inclined directly towards that
 “ hole I had made in the side of the paste-
 “ board. I then stopt it up, and made another
 “ horizontal to the light, the direction of
 “ which, likewise, immediately became ho-

“ rizontal. I then made a third below it,
“ stopping up the second, but I had no
“ sooner covered it, than the light gave
“ evident signs of going out, if I had not
“ been very quick in taking the cover of
“ the second hole off again.”

But I will not give you the account of all the tiresome experiments Prince San Severo made with his new light. It is enough I come to the last, in which he was trying the difference of the agitation of the flame, according to the different number of degrees he moved the tube it stood in from being perpendicular to the horizon. By little and little he inclined it till it made an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon, when he goes on thus.

“ I then saw the flame in such agitation,
“ that it was just ready to go out. In my
“ hurry to restore the tube to its perpendi-
“ cular situation, I only jogged it without
“ raising

“ raising it. This jog was sufficient to ex-
 “ tinguish my poor light, and, believe me,
 “ I felt so much pain upon seeing it go out,
 “ that I could not restrain a lamentable oh !
 “ from proceeding from the bottom of my
 “ heart. I have already told you, that this
 “ matter once extinguished is not to be
 “ lighted again, and I have since repeated
 “ many experiments concerning it, but all
 “ in vain. You will tell me, perhaps, that
 “ I have two other phials full of the same
 “ composition. Yes, I have, but I intend
 “ to keep them for a particular use, which
 “ I will tell you in another letter. In the
 “ mean time, do you divine what it may be,
 “ for I should imagine you might guess it.
 “ You may say that I am now mysterious.
 “ It is but just that a letter which contains
 “ mysteries, should finish with one. I
 “ am, &c.

“ *Prince*

Prince of San Severo's third Letter.

“ You have now had eight days since
“ my last to consider about what I intend
“ to do with my perpetual lights. Well,
“ have you found it out? I do not think
“ you can fail of guessing, if you know the
“ great pains I have been at in adorning the
“ burial place of our family. No one can
“ doubt but that this new light I have
“ found out must be of very long duration,
“ as it did not lose an atom of its weight,
“ tho’ it kept burning for three months.
“ Now what greater ornament can I put
“ into my burying place than two of these
“ lights burning perpetually in a situation
“ exposed to the view of every person, and
“ not buried in some subterraneous invisible
“ vault? But first of all I want a proper
“ name to give this light to distinguish it
“ from others. From the experiments I
“ have made, that of eternal or perpetual
“ seems to me the best adapted to it. Cer-
“ tain

“ tain lamps have been called by this name,
 “ that have been found in ancient tombs,
 “ discovered after the course of many cen-
 “ turies, and in particular that which was
 “ found at Rome in the reign of Paul the
 “ third, in an ancient sepulchre, esteemed
 “ to be sixteen hundred years old. They
 “ say that this lamp was burning when they
 “ first opened the tomb, but that almost the
 “ moment it was exposed to the fresh air it
 “ went out. Others of the same kind are
 “ reported to have been discovered in the
 “ territory of Viterbo. However, whether
 “ these relations are to be supposed fabulous,
 “ or whether upon the opening of the tomb
 “ and introduction of fresh air these lights
 “ have sent forth a momentaneous flame, as
 “ some imagine, in either of these cases, the
 “ name of perpetual or eternal is not at all
 “ well adapted to them. You see in all
 “ cases mine is much preferable, as it burns
 “ freely in open air without any detriment
 “ to its light; on the contrary, those of the
 “ ancients

“ ancients have always been found in sub-
“ terraneous close places, and as soon as ever
“ they have been exposed to the open air,
“ have gone out. True it is, that Doctor
“ Plott is of opinion that these perpetual
“ lights are practicable, and has attempted
“ to give us some idea of them. But we
“ have never yet seen any of them publicly
“ exposed to the world. All that he seems
“ to have done is, to propose for the compo-
“ sition of such a kind of lamp, asbestine
“ paper for the snuff, and naptha or liquid
“ bitumen for the oil, which latter is to be
“ found in the coal mines at Pickford in
“ Shropshire. This bitumen, he says, is
“ capable of burning without any snuff, or
“ without any care being taken of it, which
“ latter, you see, is an absolutely necessary
“ qualification for it to burn continually.
“ With regard to the before mentioned
“ lamps of the ancients, which, as I have
“ already said, it is the opinion of some, may
“ receive a momentaneous flame upon the
“ first

“ first entrance of fresh air into the tomb, the
 “ same author is of opinion that they may
 “ be imitated by shutting some liquid phos-
 “ phorus under the glass of an air pump,
 “ leaving, however, a small portion of air in
 “ the glass. I, however, without making
 “ projects, or proposing imitations, hope to
 “ be able to produce to the public, not only
 “ one, but two of these perpetual lights.
 “ You, indeed, make me a just objection,
 “ why I do not renew my experiments upon
 “ the matter I have still remaining, and
 “ make some fresh for my perpetual lights?
 “ This is a difficulty which must occur to
 “ every person, and, for my part, I should
 “ not so hardily oppose my own inclination
 “ to make fresh experiments, if I was sure
 “ of succeeding a second time in the compo-
 “ sition of the matter, which produces so
 “ portentous a phenomenon. But all chy-
 “ mists know, that those operations which
 “ depend upon certain degrees of heat, whe-
 “ ther from the sun or from fire, if that
 “ degree

“ degree of heat be not exactly applied, never
“ succeed equally. Now when I sent this
“ marvellous composition to one of our glafs
“ houfes, in order for it to be expofed for
“ fome time to the force of fire, as nothing
“ ran lefs in my head than the making a
“ perpetual lamp, I did not take any account
“ of the number of hours of fire, or the
“ degree of heat it fuffered. I know it was
“ expofed to the fire a good many days, but
“ I do not even know the exact number of
“ them. Would it be prudence then in me
“ to confume the little that remains in my
“ two phials, and which once extinguifhed
“ is never to be lighted again, and thereby
“ render myfelf incapable of proving to the
“ world the truth of what I here affert?
“ But it may perhaps be told me, that I
“ ought to try to make this matter afrefh.
“ Without doubt I will try, but if it fhould
“ not fucceed, and I had already confumed
“ what ftill remains, I fhould die with infi-
“ nite difpleafure not to have been able to
“ render

“ render my phenomenon public to the eyes
 “ of the whole world. I intend to put one
 “ at the feet and another at the head of the
 “ statue of our Saviour dead, which you
 “ know we have in our burying place. They
 “ shall be put upon the top of two thin cylin-
 “ ders of marble, made to represent two
 “ wax tapers. However as yet I would not
 “ have strangers take a journey to Naples to
 “ be witnesses of this wonder, for things are
 “ not ready for it to be rendered public.
 “ When they are once lighted however,
 “ they shall be visible to all persons that
 “ chuse to come and see them, who shall
 “ have the liberty of making what experi-
 “ ments they please, provided they do not
 “ endanger me the losing of the pleasure
 “ of having such a prodigy in my family
 “ chapel. I dare say that all will find their
 “ expectations answered, and I from this
 “ instant oblige myself to bear their expen-
 “ ces, tho’ they should come from America,
 “ if they do not find every thing exactly as
 “ I have

“ I have here described it. You will now
“ perhaps make me another objection, and
“ that is why I do not make the materials of
“ which this composition is formed, public,
“ that without undertaking a long journey,
“ people may try experiments in their own
“ houses and at their own leisure? I answer
“ that if I was to do this, first my burying
“ place would lose this its singular prerogative,
“ and secondly, some author of a certain nation might come forth, who would
“ swear to have found this secret in the registers of the house of lords, &c. as I
“ have read it happened with regard to the
“ finding out of the loadstone, gunpowder,
“ and other things. However, I have no
“ difficulty in discovering to you the principal ingredient in this composition, but as
“ this letter is long, I will reserve it for another.

The Prince of San Severo's fourth Letter.

“ I promised in my last letter to discover
 “ to you the principal ingredient of my com-
 “ position. I will now keep my word. It
 “ consists in the bones of the most noble
 “ animal upon the face of the earth. You
 “ will easily conceive that I mean those of hu-
 “ man subjects. Not that I imagine, but that
 “ the bones of other animals must have the
 “ same virtue; however, what I made use
 “ of was a human scull. I made use, in-
 “ deed, of many other ingredients, but they
 “ were all *passing menstrooms*, which did not
 “ incorporate themselves with the matter of
 “ the scull. Now I imagine that this mat-
 “ ter is not only the cause of those flames,
 “ which are sometimes seen over the graves
 “ in a church-yard, or where there has been
 “ a bloody battle, and sometimes hovering
 “ over the corps of malefactors, that have
 “ been hanged in chains, but also is the

“ cause of those lights, which have been
“ observed upon the first opening of ancient
“ tombs. As the idea of light is naturally
“ united to that of a lamp, the laboring
“ people that dug open these ancient sepul-
“ chres seeing a light in them, and after-
“ wards finding a lamp, might possibly ima-
“ gine that when they first entered the light
“ was burning, but that upon the fresh air
“ coming in, it immediately went out. The
“ just explanation of this phenomenon must,
“ in my opinion, be derived from the saline
“ particles in all bones, which, upon the
“ fresh air entering, immediately took fire,
“ but were as quickly extinguished, upon
“ account of their not being sufficiently puri-
“ fied. You well know, the best artificial
“ phosphorus is extracted from urine, upon
“ account of those salts, with which it
“ abounds. But as these salts are extracted
“ from an excrement of our bodies, that is,
“ from a portion of matter, which not being
“ fit to be converted into our proper sub-
stance,

“ stance, is separated from that which is
 “ endowed with virtue proper to be so con-
 “ verted, upon this account they are but
 “ just able to produce a phosphorus and
 “ never a real flame. But those salts which
 “ are incorporated in our bodies are capable
 “ sometimes of producing momentary flames,
 “ tho’ environed by a number of gross par-
 “ ticles, not proper for this effect. Under
 “ this class we must reduce those momen-
 “ tary flames seen in ancient tombs, church-
 “ yards, fields of battle, &c. And lastly, those
 “ salts extracted from the solids, and purified
 “ and separated from all gross particles
 “ with which they were enclosed, and
 “ which opposed and hindered their acti-
 “ vity, may become capable not only of
 “ producing real and lasting, but even
 “ perpetual flames, and under this class we
 “ may reduce my perpetual light, of which
 “ I have given you the history. You will
 “ be so good to write me word what is the

“ opinion of some of your friends, to whom
 “ you may possibly have shown my account.
 “ I beg to hear their ideas for my own in-
 “ formation.”

L E T T E R XL.

Bibbiena, 9 o'clock morning,
Monday, Sept. 28, 1761.

EVERY thing goes on much in the same train, and I will therefore give you some account of Ariosto, as I am just come from reading that celebrated author. We often consider him falsely as the author of a serious epic poem. It is mixt, part burlesque and part heroical. He without doubt in some places has written most divinely, but then he is extremely unequal, and often very languid, tiresome and indecent, not to say that a great number of his stories could hardly be entertaining to boys sitting round a fire-side; as for example, that of Horrillus, who as soon as any limb, or even his head, is cut off in battle, sticks it upon the place again, and it becomes as firm and as united as be-

fore. Aftolfo had no other scheme to overcome him, but as soon as he had beheaded him, snatching up the head and galloping off with it as fast as he could. Horrilus after having groped in vain some time upon the ground for that material part of his body, hears Aftolfo's horse gallop away, tho' I do not know how he could without his ears. However, suspecting the case, he jumps, headless as he was, upon his own horse, and gallops after the knight. But Aftolfo outwitted him, for he took the opportunity of possession, to cut off a hair from the head, upon which the enchantment and Horrilus's life depended. The fatal hair was no sooner divided " than the visage became deformed " and pale, * itseyes rolled, and by manifest " signs, life was drawing to its verge. The

* Si fece il viso allor pallido e brutto,
 Travolse gli occhi, e dimostrò all' occaso
 Per manifesti segni esser condotto ;
 E'l busto che seguia, troncato il collo,
 Di sella cadde, e diè l' ultimo crollo.

“trunk too, that followed on horseback,
 “hook and fell.”

Tho' Ariosto runs into many different stories, yet, his principal object seems to be the wars between Charlemagne and the Moors, with the madness of Orlando, which, indeed, makes him call his work the *Orlando Furioso*. This madness is occasioned by the neglect of the fair Angelica, who, after he had followed her all over the world, gives herself away, at last, to Medoro, a youth of low extraction, whom she found wounded in a forest. Pity made her assist him, and, as he was extremely handsome, love succeeded to pity. She healed him, and lived some time in a cottage with him, where she had got him at first carried. Before they went away, they had written their names upon the bark of many of the neighbouring trees, and particularly in a grotto, where they used often to pass the heat of the day. Orlando, coming afterwards to those places,

and

and seeing the names of Angelica and Medoro united, was at first stung with all the torments of grief and jealousy ; but, being at last entirely ascertained of his misfortune by the countryman, who lived in the neighbouring hut, by little and little goes out of his senses, and does at last the most extravagant actions. He tears his cloaths, throws away his armour, and runs naked about the world, for a long time. Astolfo, conducted by St. John the evangelist, at length goes up to the moon, where Ariosto tells you every thing is conveyed that is lost upon earth, (an idea which Milton has taken) and there he finds Orlando's brains, as well as those of many other persons, with some of his own likewise, all stopt up in little phials. He put the phial that contained the portion of his own to his nostrils, and snuffed it up like sal-volatile, then, bringing Orlando's down to earth, after much difficulty in holding him down, makes him reassume his senses in like manner. Orlando, now restored to reason,

assists

assists Charlemagne, together with the other knights, against the Moors, till at length the African invaders are all driven out of France. This appears the principal aim of Ariosto, tho' he has interwoven so many stories, that he seems oftentimes to have lost all idea of the title of his book. Indeed, I think he may, in some measure, be compared to Shakespeare, as his beauties are very great, but mixed, like our dramatic hero's, with great defects.

In two or three days I leave this place for my long journey to England, and shall continue writing to you, till I think my own person will reach you as quick as my letters.

L E T T E R XLI.

San Niccolò, half after 5 in the afternoon,
Monday, October 5, 1761.

ON Thursday last I left Bibbiena. Not being able to get to Bologna to night, I have been obliged to stop about twelve miles short of it. The inn in itself is good, but I have got a very bad room in it, as the ambassador from Venice to Rome is expected every minute, and his courier, whom he has sent before, has seized upon all the best apartments. However, as I have been used to Spain, all inns are equally good to me. How the ambassador comes to lodge in so little a place, when Bologna is so near, I know not. We are in the open country at present, and a very pretty flat country. Plains are a novelty to one who comes from the mountainous province of Casentino. There is a
prodi-

prodigious noise in the inn at present, owing to the arrival of his excellency. However, notwithstanding the *fracas* he makes, I hear the greatest part of his train is gone by sea to Ancona. They say he has got thirty servants upon the Adriatic. In our inn I do not think there are above eight or ten persons, but they run about in endless preparation. Venice, tho' a little state, is always, I think, very splendid in her ambassadors. They are more brilliant perhaps than ours in general, or, at least, as much. England is not very magnificent in her embassies. I do not know any but our ambassador in Spain, who lives with remarkable splendor. The Venetian ambassador at Madrid makes also a great figure. I do not remember by whom, but the following remark was made upon this subject. That little states were always more expensive in ambassadors than others, in order that the courts they were sent to might think their masters were of consequence. And, in fact, some little states

act

act in this manner, perhaps, for the reasons assigned. But I can not commend England in only sending envoys where France employs ambassadors, as at Naples, and in other places. As the rank and honors attached to these different characters are very different, it makes persons think, that as an envoy must give place to an ambassador, England likewise ought to yield to the superiority of France.

My journey from Bibbiena to this place has been attended with nothing remarkable. After creeping along the channel of the river Corfalone, we passed the mighty mountain of Bagno, and arrived at San Piero to dinner. In the evening we went to Galeata, a longer, but better way than what I had come from Cesena. The next day we dined at Meldola, a manor belonging to Prince Pamfili at Rome. That nobleman is indeed dead, but it belongs to his heirs, who are fighting for his rich succession. He had the
most

most property of perhaps any subject in Europe, but lived, notwithstanding, in extreme penury. I have seen him at Viterbo taking the air in a wretched coach, which they called his hearse, and yet he had only oblique relations, who are the persons now disputing for his inheritance. It is imagined that Meldola will fall to the share of the Borgheze family. It is a sovereign fief, or manor, which means that the lord of it has entire power over his vassals, except in capital cases. That act of supreme dominion belongs to the pope in Meldola, as it lies adjoining to the ecclesiastical state. There is a great market held weekly in this place, where the people of upper and lower Romagna meet and exchange their commodities. From an ancient fortress your eye commands the whole plain of lower Romagna quite to the Adriatic sea. By this extensive view you will imagine I was arrived to the verge of the mountains. Behind me lay the mighty Apennines, which

2

seemed

seemed to frown upon my departure from them. After having sufficiently surveyed the beauties of the place, I dined, and setting forward for Cesena, arrived at the Ave Maria bell upon the wooden bridge over the river Savio, which runs winding under its walls, whence poets call her the city

Cui bagna il curvo fianco il Savio,

Whose winding flank the Savio bathes.

I stayed there till this day, and received many civilities from the friars of the pious schools, who took me again into their house, but I troubled them little, as I found acquaintance who carried me about, and particularly a marchioness I had known at Rome, who invited me to her villa, called the Belvedere, and, indeed, the beauty of the view corresponded fully to the name. I could even distinguish Ferrara from it by a long telescope there was in the house. This day, through a rich flat country, abounding in
flax,

flax, corn, and wine, with some olives, I arrived at the present place, from whence I shall in the morning continue my easy journey to Bologna.

Bologna, 9 o'clock evening,
Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1761.

THIS morning between nine and ten I arrived in this city. The roads from Rome to Bologna, after you have passed the mountains, are the best of any in Italy, and indeed are as good as any we have in England. We have just had one of the Italian horse-races in the street under my window. It is some festival or other, I do not know what.

I have been reading the Bologna gazette. The article of London, of the 15th September, speaks of our royal marriage in the following manner.

“ About

“ About nine o'clock in the evening of
“ the 8th instant, the princess of Mecklin-
“ burg Strelitz, our new sovereign, was con-
“ ducted by prince Edward, brother to the
“ king, into the chapel destined for the cere-
“ mony of the marriage. The duke of
“ Cumberland represented the father of the
“ bride. The queen was preceded by a
“ hundred and twenty ladies of the first
“ rank in most magnificent habits, and she
“ was accompanied by six nuptial virgins,
“ and ten daughters of counts held up her
“ train. All ceremonies being finished,
“ which was by eleven o'clock, the whole
“ artillery of the park was fired, in order to
“ announce the happy event to the people.
“ The two sovereigns then received compli-
“ ments of congratulation from all the no-
“ bility, who had assisted at the before men-
“ tioned ceremonies, and who partook of the
“ royal banquet, after which the new queen
“ was conducted to her apartment. The
“ town made the greatest and most magnifi-

“ cent

“ cent demonstrations of joy imaginable, and
 “ was entirely illuminated in the evening.
 “ The morning afterwards every person ap-
 “ peared at court in their most splendid ha-
 “ bits. There were all the nobility, all the
 “ foreign ministers and persons of distinc-
 “ tion present, in order to pay their compli-
 “ ments to the royal bride and bridegroom.
 “ The sovereign ordered letters of notifica-
 “ tion to be given to all the foreign minis-
 “ ters, which he had subscribed with his
 “ own hand ; and which they were to trans-
 “ mit to their respective sovereigns, to in-
 “ form them of the royal wedding. Never
 “ upon similar occasions was a greater pomp
 “ of cloaths, diamonds, and other jewels
 “ beheld. Some of the ladies were covered
 “ with diamonds to the value of 100,000
 “ and 200,000 pounds sterling. In the even-
 “ ing there was a splendid ball, which was
 “ opened by the before mentioned prince
 “ Edward and the princess Augusta.”

Bologna, 7 o'clock evening,

Thursday, Oct. 8, 1761.

I have been yesterday and to day to cast an eye upon some of the most curious things in this place, as Bologna is famous for a great quantity of very fine pictures. The college likewise called the Instituto pleased me, which is a foundation for the study of most arts and sciences. The sudden transition from a room full of architecture, to another where there are all sorts of models of fortification, and a third ornamented with things belonging to naval affairs, chemistry or other sciences, is pleasing. Besides there is a good museum of curiosities, and some paintings by no means despicable. All that seemed to me to be wanting were the students, but I suppose there are times when they appear, however I saw nobody. This town, tho' under the pope, has much the air of a republic, and indeed, upon its surrender to

2

the

the holy see, many of its privileges were preserved. They have still a kind of doge and senate, which regulate all the interior concerns of the city, and I believe the legate or governor only presides over the great affairs of state. It was formerly entirely a republic, raised after the example of many other cities in the times of confusion, but fell like them under the incroaching potentates, who now divide Italy between them, except a few small remains of aristocratical liberty. The city is handsome, tho' the streets are in some places narrow, and through most of them on each side runs a colonnade formed like the piazzas in Covent-garden, that a foot passenger may walk about the town in rainy weather with very little wet.

I set out tomorrow for Ferrara, and the day after I hope to arrive at Padua. From thence I must make an excursion to Venice to provide some things necessary for my journey to England.

L E T T E R XLII.

Padua, 4 'oclock afternoon,

Sunday, Oct. 11, 1761.

I Arrived here yesterday by dinner, that is a fashionable dinner in London, about four or five o'clock. The evening before yesterday, after passing the Po with difficulty, as it was

infatio contorquens vortice fylvas;

I slept at Ferrara, a city that looks like a northern town, the buildings being greatly of red brick. Its neighbour Ravenna I did not pass through, tho' it succeeded to Rome in being the capital of the western empire, but it is now sunk to only a secondary town of the papal see. I presume the Roman emperors settled there to be more at hand in the
decay

decay of the empire to oppose the barbarians, who were rushing like torrents from the mountains to conquer lands more fertile than their own. Even after the Goths had overwhelmed Italy, Justinian, by the fortunate arms of Belisarius, re-established his dominion in this country, and it remained to his successors under the name of the Exarchate, till the Lombards took it, but were soon driven out by Pepin and Charlemagne, who gave it to the pope. In the confusions of Italy however, during the dark centuries, both Ferrara and Ravenna got under dukes, and the former was at length governed by the house of Este, so famous for their protection to learning and poetry, which has spread their name much wider than their own actions or little dukedom could have done. Upon the failure of that family the Venetians got possession of it, but the popes by artifice and ecclesiastical arms recovered it again into their hands, where at present it appears likely to remain. The Po seems

to be its present enemy, and they have sentinels to watch it in its now swollen situation, who are ready to run and stop up any breach with clay and other materials. If we had been a day later, we could not have passed it.

Nothing remarkable happened to me in the journey from Ferrara hither except that I was in danger of being overturned within the walls of this town. There was so deep a hole, that the shaft-horse, in tugging to get us out, left his saddle and shafts behind him. But the only damage we received was the time lost in adjusting the chaise and horses again, and the breath expended in choleric ejaculations against the magistrates of Padua for permitting their streets to be so bad. Indeed it seems an extremely desert place, tho' once so famous for its university, which still continues, but has neither the reputation nor students it used to have. The town itself is large and very ugly. The streets are
badly

badly paved, the buildings half tumbling down, and the whole together hardly shews any remains of its former greatness.

Upon the river Brenta, half after one
afternoon, Monday, Oct. 12, 1761.

I am at present in a *burchiello*, a Venetian boat or barge, going from Padua to Venice. A Prussian or German is with me, who seems a shabby fellow, but I could not avoid letting him come with me in the boat, or else I should have been glad of his absence. I have just set down to writing however, and speak very little to him. The river I am upon at present is bordered with very fine country houses. But we shall leave them by little and little, and enter into the sea, in the middle of which, three miles from *terra firma*, Venice is wonderfully situated;

I believe I shall be able to write but little,
for the Prussian comes very often into the

little cabin where I am sitting and interrupts me. He is gone however at present to the boat's head to look at the country houses, as the weather has changed from rain to extremely fine.

My bark has just passed by a very noble villa belonging to the Pisani family. What I write must be incoherent, as the Prussian is interrupting me almost every minute. I wish he was at the bottom of the water we are now gliding over, tho', poor fellow, I wish he had at the same time the gills of a fish to breathe under it. However, there is no remedy, as he is above that element. Tho' I call this a boat, it is very large, and has two cabins, in one of which I and the Prussian are sitting, and in the other the servants and boatmen. This importunate traveller is at present looking out of a window, which gives me an opportunity of continuing you my writing.

Venice was first inhabited by little better than fishermen, who fled from the continent during the incursions of the Huns and Goths, and sought for liberty in a set of poor little islands rising out of the Adriatic gulph. So early amidst rocks and sea-weed arose this famous republic. It soon got something into its present form of government, and as their citizens increased, the islands were squared with piles, and streets formed, which to the wondering eye present a canal of water. Success and opulence rendered the edifices more magnificent, till at length that queen of the Adriatic, towards which my bark is now gently gliding, threw up her proud towers towards heaven, and seemed to exult over the subjected waves.

The Prussian still continues to torment me with talking about the glories of his master and I do not know what all. He has just made me read some verses the king of Prussia sent to his mother the late queen dowager.

He

He sent them together with a box in which there was some myrrhe, frankincense and money, of which he made her a present upon twelfth-day, or the epiphany. You know this is the day on which the wise men are said to have come to present their gifts to Christ. The fathers tell us there were three, and all three kings, at least the king of Prussia has regard to that number. The verses are as follow.

Grand Reine,

Autrefois trois presenterent
 A l'enfant nè qu'ils admirerent
 De l'or, de la myrrhe, et de l'encens,
 Daignez de grace condescendre
 Que je m' emancipe a vous rendre
 Au même jour même present.
 La myrrhe est cette amour si tendre
 Que j'eus pour vous de tous les tems.
 L'encens ce sont les vœux que j'offre
 Au ciel pour prolonger vos ans.
 Et ce metal au fond du coffre
 Est troup heureux s'il sert a vos amusemens.

This poetry is not ugly, and thank God the person who lent me the copy is set down to write letters, which has given me time to transcribe it. We are at present stopped a little, in order to pass through a sluice just like ours in England. We are descending as they are lowering the water to let us out on the other side of the sluice. The second gates I think are just opening and we shall go on. Indeed I wish we were out of this hole for I can not see to write at present, we are so low in the pot, as we call it, with two high walls on each side.

I have just been standing at the head of my boat to enjoy the beautiful views of the Brenta. Upon my word it is here a most delightful river, not for the stream of water, which has nothing very particular, but the houses and trees interspersed upon the sides render it charming. I believe indeed I am in the prettiest part. It is worse near Padova,
and

and when you approach Venice I am afraid the sea will too much predominate.

As I was before hindered from going on by the darknes of the fluice, I shall now be obliged to stop from the approach of evening, without I can get a candle. We have still eight or nine miles to go before we arrive at Venice,

L E T T E R XLIII.

Upon the Brenta, 3 o'clock afternoon,
Saturday, Oct. 17, 1761.

I Am at present in the same sort of vessel I was in at writing my last paper. The only difference was, that I was then going to Venice, and I am now returning to Padua. The weather had then too returned to be fine, but the sky is at present covered with clouds. The sea was even rather stormy in my passage from Venice to the *terra firma*, that is, as rough as water almost surrounded by land can be. Indeed it is rather a large lake in which Venice is situated than the sea, and from hence is called by the natives themselves Lagunes. I am late, as you will see by the hour signed above, however as I have taken two horses to tug my bark along, I hope to get to Padua before the gates are shut.

shut. I was delayed this morning at Venice longer than I intended. My transactions there were not very remarkable. Upon my arrival in the watery town in my *burchiello*, I intended to have gone in it quite to the house where I was to lodge. But as the water was high, my clumsy vessel could not pass under one of the bridges, with which most of the streets are crossed, and the widest of all with the Rialto. Venice is almost the only place in the Mediterranean where there is any sensible tide, and that not above a foot or two at most. I was obliged therefore to call a gondola, who ply like hackney coaches, and in which I was placidly conveyed to my locanda or hotel. As it was dark I saw little of the city that night, but business and visits carried me over the greatest part of it next morning. Its situation is certainly the oddest of any town upon the face of the earth, but I should think it must be a disagreeable place to reside in constantly. There can not be a greater smell of
pitch

pitch and tar on board ship. Views of Venice look pretty in a picture, but painting can not express the bad smells of the canals. All the buildings too are represented in the same bright perspective, as if they were new. To look at them in reality many appear very rusty. Nor can you take any exercise without first rowing three miles to *terra-firma* to mount your horse. You may indeed walk in St. George's garden, but the sea water hinders any trees from growing in that or other places. And yet I have seen pretty good timber near the sea-beach in southern countries. That however is the common opinion with us. After having finished my visits I went to Murano upon business. It is an island a mile or two from Venice. There are a number of little islands scattered about the lake in which Venice is situated, which are all inhabited. The expanded surface of placid water broken at a distance by buildings, formed an agreeable perspective, while I lay reclined at my ease in the gondola.

dola. At low water the view is not so beautiful, as some of the sea-weeds appear upon the surface. The shallowness of the lake adds to the strength of the town, as, tho' too deep for infantry to march through, it would not admit large vessels of war, except by one channel, which the Venetians would take care to block up, and destroy the marks that now point it out. Famine indeed would conquer it, which tho' a tardy operation, shews it is not absolutely impregnable, as the inhabitants boast.

We are come to a place called the Mira, and are in the pot of a sluice. We are rising at present, as we are going up the river, but only to ascend into the jaws of a hundred beggars, who are peeping over the brink. I am now almost upon a level with the ground and their cries pierce my ears, while their heads are stooping down and peeping in at the windows of my bark.

A collation of boiled chefnuts and grapes, which I bought to get some change for the vociferous mendicants, has stopped my writing for some little time, but they being consumed, and two horses trotting along at present with my vessel in tow, nothing hinders me from going on with my account of Venice.

This famous republic, founded as early as I have mentioned to you, has for a long course of centuries preserved itself unconquered, tho' opposed by powerful enemies. The Turk in vain employed all his strength to crush her, and the conquerors of Asia fled before the vessels of a small aristocracy. But she was still in more danger when the greatest part of Europe united against her in the league of Cambray, but her arms repelled the attacks of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, while her policy found means to divide her enemies. In the very time of these contests unrivalled commerce spread her sails, and all the spices of India passed

through her hands. But the heroic valor of Vasco de Gama in passing the cape of Good-hope, gave from the south pole an unexpected wound to the Venetians, and the commodities which had come by land over the isthmus of Suez, were brought a cheaper way by sea to the coasts of Portugal. As other nations soon shared with the Portuguese in this new discovery, Venice saw the source of her opulence precluded, without being able to complain of her adversaries, and from that time she has considerably sunk in the scale of Europe. The Turks drove her out of Candia, and she was obliged to abandon the classical fields of Greece to those barbarians. But still I think she may keep what remains to her, and continue one of the most respectable powers in Italy. Her own almost impregnable capital bids her laugh at any enemy, tho' if she lost her possessions upon the continent, her situation would not be enviable, and they would join extremely well to the dominions
of

of the house of Austria. However, I do not think that at present any farther encroachments will be made. But the republic by no means retains her ancient splendor, and the superciliousness of some of her senators oftentimes displeases her subjects. The whole nation are slaves to the senate, and the senators to each other. The inquisition of state is a tribunal of the most formidable nature. Tho' it consists only of three persons annually elected from the senate, its authority is so uncontrouled as to be able to put any citizen to death, senator or plebeian, without any trial or even reason given for it. Their property is also at their disposal. Nothing can mitigate the horror of this tribunal, but its so frequently going into the hands of different noblemen. Yet still no person dares utter a word upon public matters, and a nobleman was obliged to ask pardon of the senate for having by mistake just entered into the gondola of our resident, as they are forbidden to have any

intercourse with public ministers. This mistake is most easy to be made at a public place, as all the gondolas are covered with black cloth. There is a law to this purpose, that persons may not run to an expensive emulation in adorning their barks. The regulation may be good, but it makes the town very melancholy with all those black hearses gliding along the watery streets of it. Upon my return from Murano I went to the square of St. Mark, which is noble, but not very large, and at the end of it stand the doge's palace and the senate house. I can not leave my discourse upon this town without mentioning the arsenal, which is well worth seeing, and where there are a number of ships and gallies ready for putting to sea, and among the rest the Bucintoro, or magnificent galley on which the doge mounts, when he weds the sea upon Ascension-day, a ceremony originally introduced to shew the republic's dominion over the Adriatic. A ring is thrown into the
water

water in token of the espousals, but a thread tied to it secures it as a perquisite to some of the officers. The words pronounced are, “ *Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri et perpetui imperii.*” * The Venetian empire over the Adriatic is however, disputed by some nations, and I confess I am of opinion with Grotius, that the sea is not capable of propriety, in contradiction to our learned Selden,

Padua, half after 7 o'clock.

AN accident hindered my proceeding in the bark any further than to a place called the Duolo. The Brenta was so swollen by the late rains, (not that I think we have had much at Venice,) however, perhaps from the melting of the snow upon the Alps, there was such a flood, that the gates of the sluice at the Duolo, could not

* “ We espouse thee, O sea, in token of our true and perpetual empire over thee.”

be opened. The Brenta, the Po, the Adige, and all other rivers which come from the mountains of the Tirole, are very subject to inundations, from the water or snow pouring down from their elevated summits. The former indeed, is generally a cause of the latter. For as there is continually snow upon the summits, whenever any rain falls it melts some part of it. But we may have more dissertations about that mountainous province, as I am so shortly to pass through it. Finding myself not able to proceed any farther by water, some other expedient was to be thought of to get to Padua, and after various difficulties I hired a little open chair with two horses, which are common in these parts of Italy, and left my baggage and servant to wait till the morning. Upon starting I found myself in the middle of a *vortex* of dirt. The lowness and openness of the carriage, the badness of the road, and the galloping of the horses, was the cause of my being surrounded by this new atmosphere.

atmosphere. Indeed by going slow I could have avoided becoming a mud wall, for such was my exterior appearance upon my arrival at Padua, but as the horses at first setting out had done almost as much damage as was possible, I thought it best to proceed, that I might arrive time enough for the Padovan gates, which are shut about an hour and a half after sun-set. Besides I had a Prussian cloak, which preserved my cloaths from suffering by the eddy of mud, which was flying round me. As my chaise was so little and went so fast, and as long before I got to Padua it was dark, I was something afraid of being overturned, but I comforted myself with there being so much clay all about, that I should fall as soft as upon a feather bed. Not but that precipices gave me some uneasy sensations from time to time, for there are many in these countries, as they are forced to make dykes against all their rivers, and very often the road goes upon the top of them. But the gates of

Padua at last appeared in view through the obscurity of the night, when I soon reached the inn, which at present shelters me, by name the Star,

A melancholy person has been walking up and down the great hall adjoining to my room. At times he retired a little into his own apartment and played upon the German flute. The patheticness of the airs, and the Scotch turn they had, made me enquire who it was, and I found it to be lord Elcho, banished for ever from his native country for one rash step, and condemned to be a perpetual vagabond upon the face of the earth, and dependent upon the charity of foreigners, O house of Stuart, how many hast thou drawn into that fatal vortex, which has ever been ready to ingulph thy sons !

L E T T E R XLIV.

Padua, 11 o'clock morning,
Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1761.

WE have had nothing but rain since I last took up my pen. Many different opinions have been offered about my departure for Germany tomorrow morning. Some say I shall be able to go away and others not, upon account of the waters, which are imagined to be out towards Treviso and Bassano,

Going into a church this morning I saw some boys, who were receiving instruction in the Christian doctrine from a frier. I with my guide sat me down a little behind the youths to partake of their instruction. The subject treating of was, the nature of the punishment of the damned. We trembled at the description of fire and brimstone, but
still

still more when the frier informed us, that this was nothing at all. "No," says he, "the greatest punishment of the damned is being deprived of the presence of God, who being our beginning and end, think what torment it must be to live without our beginning and without our end. Which of these two punishments do you think the worst, little Francisco?" said the preceptor: and the child naturally answering, the fire, he received a rap upon his knuckles with a wand the pedagogue carried in his hand, and was ordered to give more attention to what was told him. From punishments we glanced away to the sins which occasioned them, and by their recital put many ideas into the childrens heads, which I dare say they never had before. Speaking of eating meat in lent time, the preceptor asked us, if we did not think it unjust for a temporary crime, (for he could eat a nicely dressed fowl in half an hour,) that we should undergo eternal condemnation. We all looked

as if we were of that opinion, till he told us that it was not the duration of the crime, but the eternity of that Being who was offended, which rendered the punishment eternal. Upon this decision I was obliged to come away, as my guide did not seem to relish the lecture so much as myself, and told me it was time for us to be going.

My fears are but too true. The master of the chaise I have hired to carry me to Augsbourg, has just been at the inn, to inform me, that it is impossible to go away tomorrow; that the waters are all out and there is no passing. As I can not fight against inundations of rivers, I must even be content and divert myself at Padua as well as I can.

L E T T E R XLV.

Trente, 11 o'clock in the morning,
Sunday, October 25, 1761.

AS you will see by my date I am arrived at the famous city of Trente in the Tirole, the ancient Rhætia. I am now furrounded by the mountains that divide Italy from the rest of the world; for the Tirole, tho' it goes by another name, is nothing but a continuation of the Alps, and the Romans only considered it as such, tho' they gave it the name of Rhætia. Indeed, it has the advantage of having a very good road through it, which the Alps, properly so called, have not. From Padua to this place we have gone most part of the way upon the banks of the Brenta. We are now come to those of the Adige, upon which Trente is situated, and shall follow its course for a great part of
the

the Tirole. In these countries, where the mountains are so high, that it is impossible to pass over the snow-clad summits, there is no way of travelling, but by the sides of rivers which lead through them. The gushing of the torrents, with the hills rising on each side of them, form most picturesque views. I have bid adieu then to Italy, which I can not deny to be an agreeable country, tho' it has its drawbacks as well as others. There was a great quantity of water in the roads hither, notwithstanding the floods are said to have decreased near three or four feet. We were even obliged to take a guide to shew us some round about ways in order to avoid the greatest part of the inundations. At length we arrived to the banks of the Brenta, which we passed in a ferry, and from thence continued our course to this place. We passed by the Covolo, a fortress belonging to the empress queen, where the soldiers are drawn up into a hole in the rock, and would not fear an enemy, if they could
live

live upon air. The city of Trente, where I am at present, is famous for the Roman catholic council held here about two hundred years ago. It was assembled to counteract the doctrines of the protestants, which had spread through all the northern parts of Europe. It began under the pontificate of Pius the fourth. The council was first held in the year 1545, and concluded after divers interruptions in the year 1563. You may imagine they vented much bile in it against the protestants, and condemned, or, as my landlord calls it, *fulminated* all their tenets. They shewed me the place where it was assembled, and many other things, but nothing worth recounting. The city of Trente is governed by a bishop, and is one of those confused sorts of constitutions in Germany, where, notwithstanding the bishop's being called supreme in spiritual and temporal affairs, he is, in some measure, subject to the city of Insprugh, or to the government of the queen of Hungary. In
matters

matters of consequence the consent of the town of Insprugh is necessary to ratify his laws. However, they call this bishop their sovereign, and in all common things he is such. The language commonly talked here is Italian, notwithstanding the city is greatly inhabited by German merchants and tradesmen, and the greatest number of the servants are Germans. The talking Italian is necessarily derived from the neighbouring commerce with Italy, of which Trente was anciently called the gates.

— Mox inde Tridentum

Venimus, Italicæ quæ prima est janua terræ.

I have finished my description of the government of Trente, and as the postilion is ready to go away, I shall leave the place, and the description of it at the same time.

Saint Michael ditto in the evening.

WE have penetrated farther into mountains,

Green with high groves that wave amid the clouds.

AMB. PHILIPS.

Those at a distance are covered with eternal snow, and render the air very keen and sharp. There is a most fatal custom too in the house where I am at present, of not lighting up the stoves till the first of November, tho' I have by persuasion got them to put some fire into mine, but it requires time to heat the atmosphere. These stoves are certainly the most disagreeable contrivances for foreigners that were ever invented. You can not see a bit of the flame of the fire, but this is the least of their inconveniencies. What I find the greatest is, that the fire is by these means kept all within the room, the suffocating heat of which
is

is like an oven and causes no small head-aches. Nor has custom during the year I stayed at Leipzig, taught me to bear them. In elegant houses, however, where the stove is well formed, it makes a very pretty ornament. It looks like a pyramidical funeral pile in honor of some hero. But looks can never compensate for the disagreeableness of their feel, and I declare I have often waked gasping for breath at Leipzig from the quantity of fuel put into them from without before I got up. However, to shew you the difference of opinions, a German author I have upon the table speaks of them as follows.

“ There has never been a better, or more
 “ convenient invention than our stoves. At
 “ a fire in a chimney you can neither per-
 “ fectly heat yourself, nor have you the
 “ liberty of moving about as you please, as
 “ you must keep close to the grate to be
 “ warm. Besides, the blaze of the fire is

“ prejudicial to the eye sight. But with
“ stoves, as the whole air in the room is
“ heated, you have the liberty of moving
“ about as much as you please, and of per-
“ forming, without any inconvenience,
“ whatever business you may have to do.
“ The poor people, by their assistance, pass
“ all the winter without suffering the least
“ cold, and are at a small expence for fuel
“ and cloaths.”

My servant has supped, and I am going to bed. The declivity of German beds makes at least an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. That which I am going into at present is not quite so much elevated, but I have not as yet penetrated far into Germany. I then expect to find a feather-bed put on the top of me as well as underneath, and be packed up for the night like a jewel in cotton.

Obman,

Obman, Tuesday, Oct 27, 1761

half after 11, morning.

The country thro' which we have passed this morning, and indeed quite from Trente hither, is pretty, always upon the banks of the Adige, which has been our constant companion from that city, as the Brenta was before we came to it. The mountains of the Tirole are now become very beautiful and covered with trees. At the beginning of it they were more barren. From time to time they are interspersed with the most delightful hoary cascades, which tumble down from rock to rock, and form the most charming scenes imaginable. I confess myself a vast advocate for mountainous countries, and wish it was in my power always to live in them. The mind is elevated at the sight of these craggy rocks; and the hand of an Almighty Creator seems more visible in these stupendous mounds of earth before me, than in the more placid tracts of level ground.

Many are the snow-clad fummits on which human foot never trod. I doubt whether the birds raise their flight to those inhospitable regions. Bears and wolves alone possess the hoary forests, and look down upon the subjacent valleys undisturbed by man. Tremendous as are the craggy tops, so fertile are the vallies. The vine is every where cultivated, and produces tolerable wine. The dress of the inhabitants, which is commonly green, adds to the ruralness of the scene, and the foaming Adige, from whose banks rise forests of strait pines, compleats the whole. I have nothing to complain of but the cold, and the harshness of the language which now sounds all about me. Both are more sensible by coming from southern climates, and leaving the soft tone of the Italian. Redoubled consonants now grate upon my ear, and I almost agree with the grammarian, who calls German a language for his horses.

Stertzen,

Stertzen, Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1761.

12 o'clock at noon.

What cold I have felt in my journey this morning ! The farther you penetrate among the mountains, the higher they grow, and the sharper the weather feels. We had rain this morning, and snow upon the tops of the mountains. The road has been much of the same sort as that we have for some time passed, that is by the side of the Adige, with mountains on each hand of us. It is very good, at least at present, now we are advanced into the Tirole, for at the beginning it was stony and bad, but we went a bye-way to avoid the floods. We are now got much too high for any thing of that kind, and shall in the evening be in the center of these mountains, from whence we shall descend as gradually as we have hitherto risen.

I can speak little to you about the people, as I only keep company with inn-keepers, and the few persons I meet upon the road. One of these seemed a smart young man this morning, but she proved afterwards an Italian dancing girl, who was returning from Brunf-wick with her cully. He is of Liege and dressed in the German, or rather bearish fashion, with a great furred cloak and a night-cap, that makes him look like a Friezeland hen, the common night-caps in Germany being made of that frizled sort of commodity. The lady is more elegant. She has a sort of black velvet travelling jockey cap. This added to a red coat and a blue waistcoat brocaded with silver, makes her a perfect contrast to her inamorato : however, I must confess he is much better dressed for this rugged clime.

Ditto, at an inn upon the top of the mountain
of Brenner, 8 o'clock at night.

All the country round about is covered with snow, and my feet were quite dead with
cold

cold when I first came in. As there was no fire in any of the stoves, I was obliged to be content with that of the kitchen for some time. There were, indeed, two kitchen fires opposite each other in a narrow room, so that I had the pleasure of having some heat on both sides. By these means I renewed the vital warmth in my body, and am come here into my room to write. The stove has not received heat enough as yet, to give any sensation of it to the inhabitants of the room. My hands are even got again so cold, that I can hardly write. But they tell me supper is just coming, which I hope will warm me, and then I will continue my paper.

There is not as yet a proper alliance formed between German cookery and my stomach, though a quantity of stewed prunes I swallowed is attempting to expel the hostile particles, and restore peace and harmony there. In the mean time an old woman is making my bed, for upon the continent we

do not think it any derogation from our honor, to eat and sleep in the same room. The German double feather bed is putting in order. This manner of lying seems a little particular to a person, who comes from Italy and Spain, where they use no feather beds at all. Indeed in hot countries they are disagreeable, however in our raw climate, one as we use may be borne with. But another still on top seems as if the people had a mind to bury you in feathers.

Unterschoenberg, quarter after 12 at noon,
Thursday, October 29, 1761.

Notwithstanding the snow which environed my inn upon the mountain this morning, I was obliged to get up before the sun had begun to cheer the face of nature. I had not gone far before I found it so cold in the chaise, that, notwithstanding the road was dirty, I thought it better to go on foot, and
warm

warm myself, than perish in sedentary cleanliness. I believe I walked near five miles. As the postilion did not appear with my equipage, I sat down tired upon a hill impending over the village at which I am at present. The sun shone bright, but I could not observe his diminished altitude without sighing for the comfortable rays of that luminary, which I felt in Spain and Italy. The place was pretty. The foaming river Inne was roaring about a hundred yards below me, and bearing its tribute to the Danube. This is the name of the torrent which has succeeded to the Adige, and by the sides of which we always go now. The rivers on the side of the mountain Brenner, on which we are at present, all run towards Germany. On the other side of it they all bend their course to Italy. So that as I have been ascending from Padova hither, I shall now have a little descent quite to Holland. I mean an imperceptible declivity, but that Holland is lower than where I am at present is undoubted, from the

Rhine's running from these mountains thither. The Rhine indeed, properly rises in Switzerland, but it is the same chain of hills which extend from thence quite hither, and inclose Italy. Notwithstanding the great roaring the Inne makes in its descent, it is but a little river here, as you will imagine, when you consider it only has begun its course from the top of the mountain I was upon this morning. The Adige and Inne derive their sources almost from the same place, but take different sides of the mountain, whose declivity makes their course so sonorous. It looks beautiful to see them half blue and half white, beating along the stones as they rush down. The Inne at least looked very pretty from the place where I sat, inclosed in its channel by steep hills covered with firs, and to enrich the view, there was the little village of Untershoenburg in the bottom, where I am at present lodged.

Ditto in the evening, Insprugh.

UPON my arrival in this capital of the Tirole I was obliged to walk about to two or three places to get my passport through the queen of Hungary's territories confirmed. There are ten Prussian general officers, prisoners of war, here in Insprugh. There are likewise some other inferior officers with them, none of whom can certainly get out of these mountains without the empress queen's consent. She absolutely commands all the passes of Italy on this side. I imagine a few thousand men could defend the Tirole against the world. The Brenni were the ancient inhabitants of this country, and it harboured divers barbarous nations after the fall of Rome, till it came into the hands of the house of Austria, who had extended their empire over the neighbouring cantons of Switzerland, but were driven out by that enthusiasm of liberty, which seized those

those mountaineers. As for Insprugh it seems a large town, but its buildings partake of the ruggedness of the rocks, which surround it. The hills however, are removed at somewhat a greater distance, and the valley in which it is situated appears fertile. It is watered by the river Inne, from whence I suppose the town derives its name. I have been so inclosed with mountains that I breathe a little at this opening, but it will be still some time before I shall be able to behold a free horizon. I love hills, but we have been lately too much penned up with rocks of a stupendous height.

Seafelt, half after 12, noon,

Friday, Oct. 30, 1761.

I have just dined. Before dinner I went to the little church of the place. A lay frier, who belonged to the adjoining convent, shewed me a little hole before the principal altar, whereunto hangs the following tale,
written

written in large characters, and hung up in a conspicuous place of the church, in Latin, English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. How such a story can be publicly proclaimed in a sacred place you will join with me in wondering.

In the year 1384, one Oswald Milser, a gentleman of distinction in this country, had a mind to receive the sacrament in this church. You know the Roman catholics instead of bread make use of wafers, which they bless in the same manner as we do. The effect indeed, is esteemed different. We only allow our bread and wine to be holy after the consecration, the Roman catholics maintain, that theirs becomes the body and blood of our Saviour. They have also two sorts of wafers, or hosts, (*ostię* in Latin,) which they consecrate. One made in the form of a larger circle which the priests use when they say mass, and another of less dimensions for the laity, who have a mind to receive the communion.

munion. Mr. Ofwald Milfer thought himself so great a personage as to deserve the larger mouthful instead of the less, and in consequence ordered the priest to give him the former. The clergyman not having a mind to disoblige a great man, or for some other reason, complied with his request, but no sooner had the wafer entered his mouth than the ground opened, and he began sinking down to the black Tartarean abyss. He grasped the altar in descending, and the priest ran and took the consecrated wafer out of his mouth. When, oh horrible ! the priest beheld upon the wafer the marks of the aggressor's teeth, which in some places had made blood issue out from it, and in others had left black and blue marks. Ofwald Milfer finding himself up to his knees under ground, fainted away. But at last he came to himself, and shocked at the prodigy, of which he had been the instrument, retired to a country house, where he lived the remainder of his life, (two years) in the most austere penance. The
opening

opening of the ground before the altar is the hole which is shewn to this day. His wife too suffered as much as himself, for not believing, when he returned melancholy home, what he told her. She said it was as impossible as for fresh roses to shoot up from the table before her, when lo ! fresh roses sprung up from the table. This prodigy struck her mind, she burst out of the room and ran howling into the woods. She remained there, and shunning every human creature, nourished herself in the same manner as the wolves.

Mittlewolt ditto in the evening.

I am at length out of the queen of Hungary's territories, and in those of the elector of Bavaria. A fortress about two miles from this place, after having passed through it, delivered me from the roughness of her officers, who seem to want that civility experienced in other nations upon the conti-

I

nent.

nent. We left the mountains, and the good roads at the same time, and I thought we should have left the Italian postilion too, who was put under arrest for doing what nobody could do for him behind the angle of a fortification. But we got him off for money, and he has been swearing all the way since, that he never saw such a country in his life, where it is not lawful to exonerate nature.

Bachen Kircken, half after 11 in the morning,
Saturday, October 31, 1761.

We have had very bad roads from Mittlervolt hither. They are so narrow, that the generality of carriages can hardly pass along them. As the vehicle I am in at present was made on purpose, I have come along pretty well. But I remember the first time I went through Bavaria, to go from Leipzig to Rome, some country people were forced to work a long time with pick-axes and shovels,

shovels, before they could make a way for the German built coach I then had. I have some suspicion they fill up the roads on purpose to get money from passengers by opening them again. At least, they have worked for so many persons I know, that the roads ought to be wide enough for any carriage at present, which is not the case.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Iffen, 8 o'clock in the evening,
Sunday, November 1, 1761.

AS usual, just come from warming my feet at the kitchen fire. We arrived here late this evening, near an hour and a half after dark. The postilion was delayed this morning, in order to hear mass, and made this push to be able to get tomorrow to Augsbourg. We got a man to go with us as a guide at a village about six miles from hence. He had a lanthorn, with a twinkling farthing candle in it, which he carried before us under pretence of giving light. In this manner, tho' with some little fear, I arrived safe to the place which now shelters me. My apprehensions were increased by the great proximity of the bottom of my wheels to each other, which I was afraid
might

might be the occasion of an overturn. My chaise wheels are made purposely so converging at the lower part, upon account of the streightness of the roads in Bavaria. Tomorrow morning, fourteen or fifteen miles from hence, I shall quit this electorate, and come under the dominion of the town of Augsbourg, which is a free city of the empire.

Leichfelt, 11 o'clock in the morning,
Monday, November 2, 1761.

WE set out from Iffen about an hour before it was light this morning. A man preceded with a lanthorn as last evening. But at sun-rise, or more properly, when it was light, he abandoned us. I say more properly when it was light, as the sun has not risen visibly to day. We have had an English misty morning. The country too about this place resembles our downs, the only one of that nature I have ever seen out of England. I am now no longer in Bavaria.

The little village which harbours me at present is under the dominion of Augsbourg.

Since dinner I have been about the village seeing the German ideas of images and statues. With regard to things of this kind, the farther you go from Rome, the more you find of them. The Roman catholic religion seems to have much greater force in its extremities than in its centre. They have what they call a mount Calvary in this village, which is an artificial mount raised up just before the church, upon the top of which there is a large crucifix, and on each side of it the two thieves hanging. Under the cross St. John, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen stand weeping. Round about the mount were various other figures, which I have not time to describe, as the postilion is going away.

Augsbourg

Augsbourg, ditto in the evening, seven o'clock.

I am just arrived, tho' late, to the mighty city appointed for the congress of the peace, which goddess does not, however, seem as yet to be willing to take up her sojourn in Europe, tho' the ambassadors of the respective nations have hired their houses, and my landlord tells me their baggage is already come. Augsbourg is, as I have said, one of the free cities of the empire, which are a kind of republics, but dependent in great things upon the imperial diet.

We have got a marriage at the inn where I am, and all the house is illuminated upon the occasion. The musicians have struck up, and the company is got to dancing, but as I am dirty from my journey, I am not capable of appearing at an Hymeneal festivity. Various interruptions to which travellers are subject, have taken up my time, and a great

interruption, tho' not disagreeable, is just arrived, which is supper.

Encouraged by my German food, and in spite of my dress, I have been standing a little at the door of the room, where the new married couple and their company are dancing. The bride is not an ugly woman, but disguised by her bridal dress, the most remarkable part of which consists in what they call a tower, or a prodigious black crest rising above a foot over her head. The company was very civil, and invited me into the room. I excused myself upon account of my travelling habit, so unsuited to a marriage ceremony. Not that I believe the persons were of any great rank, by celebrating their nuptials at an inn, but the being cloathed in your best apparel seems essential to a wedding. However many of the gentry are just gone away in their coaches, which is a sign that they are not beggars.

Augsbourg,

Augsbourg, Tuesday, November 3,

1761, half after 11 morning,

I have been at a coffee-house, where amidst a cloud of smoke and tobacco, which the morning sun does not hinder the Germans from puffing, I have found a piece of news which surprized me, viz. that Mr. Pitt was out of place. I am afraid it is but too true, as the Leyden gazette, from whence I had my information, is reckoned a pretty good authority. From the coffee-house I went towards the Roman catholic cathedral, but I soon thought it best to return home, as the weather threatened rain. I say the Roman catholic cathedral, because protestants and Roman catholics are pretty nearly of an equal number in this town, and being upon the same footing, have both their respective churches. Friars and Lutheran ministers appear walking about the streets in their proper habits. They seem to scowl, however, a little at each other when they meet.

The Lutherans go dressed in a long full black gown, and a prodigious white ruff about their necks. Every thing with regard to religion is halved in this city. Half the people interested in the government are protestants, and half Roman catholics, and the same with every thing else, according to the treaty of Westphalia, by which the thirty years war of religion in Germany was terminated just as things stood at that time. They say there are some places where the two religions have but one church, and perform their respective services in it at different times. Both parties must have been heartily tired of hostilities to enter into such a union, tho' it is to be wished the rest of Europe would take example from the present tolerating behaviour of the Germans.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Ulm, November 8, 1761.

Sunday, 11 o'clock, morning.

I Am arrived from Augsbourg to another free city of the empire. Ulm is situated upon the Danube, which I passed to enter it. It continues extremely cold, and the ground is covered with snow, tho' not very deep. Indeed as we approached towards this place there was but little. We had more this morning and yesterday towards Augsbourg. We left that city on Wednesday last, but not very early, as the gates are not open before seven. The chaise being at last ready, I mounted into it. It was like our open chaises in England with four wheels. It had a coach box, which, as the postilion rode one of the horses, remained unoccupied, till we had gone three or four miles, when he received

ceived a pedestrian friend of his, and placed him upon it. We got to dinner that day to Summer-hausen, where having lost my gloves, I supplied myself with a pair of new, proper for the climate. They were a great pair of woollen hand-shoes, the German name for that part of our dress, and which are three inches thick I believe. In the evening I came to Kingshourg, a little village belonging to the queen of Hungary, where they were consequently all Roman catholics, and in the interest of the house of Austria. This I soon found by a little conversation I entered into with some gentlemen who were sitting at one of the tables of the public room, for in this part of Germany the public houses always keep a parlour with a number of tables in it, warm for the use of their customers.

My complimentary landlord here has been talking in great praise of the Lutheran church, and I intend to go and see it. The
whole

whole town of Ulm is Lutheran. We begin to come into the protestant parts of Germany. My landlord tells me that he is ready to accompany me to see the church.

Keislingen, ditto in the evening.

IT is more than nine o'clock, and I have not been long arrived. The setting out late, and accidents upon the road, have delayed me. I did not set out till two o'clock, for my landlord made me lose much time in seeing his Lutheran cathedral. I can not say but that it is a fine Gothic building. However the good gentleman had such a fury to shew me the curiosities of it, that he would make me see every trifle. Being something like a churchwarden, I believe, he would produce the gilded cups for the wine at the sacrament, as likewise the wafers which the Lutherans use for consecration instead of bread, for in this they agree with the Roman catholics. They have also crucifixes in their churches,

churches, but no images of saints or any thing of that nature. My landlord seems to be a man very much respected in the town, at least we received many salutations from almost every person we met. The Lutheran church in Ulm was anciently a Roman catholic cathedral.

I am so tired I can not continue, and must drop the other immaterial circumstances that have happened to me in my journey from Augsbourg.

Ganzstadt, Monday, 9 November,
1761, seven o'clock in the evening.

THO' I thought of getting to Stutgard, fortune has stopped me short at this little town belonging to the duke of Wirtemberg, as likewise the place where I dined, called Uberspach. Nor am I on the inside of the town. I am covered by a wretched hut without the walls of it. I believe my postilion lost his way this evening from Uberspach, at

least we have had a disagreeable tedious journey hither. The roads in some parts were rather bad. Indeed it can not be otherwise while they permit such great carts with heavy weights to pass along them. They put ten horses sometimes to these waggons, and their wheels are not broader than common. We passed this morning by a city which I think is called Gebin. Tho' we did not enter it; the sentries chose to ask me my name and quality. All the country hereabout is Lutheran, and is mostly so quite to Francfort.

I am sitting in my landlady's room, as it is warmer than my own, in the stove of which the fire is but lately lighted. She is placed on one side of a table reading a Lutheran book of devotion, and I am leaning on the other, and writing. She seems much such a sort of woman as the lady of one of our inns in England.

Elin,

Elin, Tuesday, November 10, 1761,
half after 1 afternoon.

UPON my arrival at this place, and asking what was to be seen, my landlord conducted me into a house where a marriage was celebrating between two country people. We found however, upon our arrival, that the company was not yet come. There were indeed some musicians, two of whom played upon the French horns to divert us. But at last the bride and bridegroom appeared. Their attendants presented me with cakes, sprigs of rosemary, and I do not know what. We make use of rosemary for buryings, and the Germans, with equal propriety, perhaps, produce it at their weddings.

Reiten, ditto in the evening.

AFTER dinner I returned with my landlord to the house where the nuptials were carrying on. All the company was assembled and placed at dinner to the number of fifty or
sixty

sixty persons. They would have had me take a seat and eat along with them, but I excused myself as having dined. However they made me eat a piece of cake, and drink a glass of wine. In the mean time the music was playing, and every thing went on in high jollity. After dinner the bride came to me and would have me dance a minuet with her. I in vain pleaded my boots as an excuse. I was forced to dance with her, and afterwards with a lady of the company, for tho' the bride was a country girl, there were two or three ladies present at her wedding dinner. As well as I could understand, one was the parson's wife, another the mayor or burgomaster's wife, and people of that sort. I talked but little, as German does not at all run fluent from my tongue. Being satisfied at last with dancing, and seeing curious figures, and thinking my postilion would be glad to go away, I retired.

The

The city I am in at present belongs to the elector palatine. Its religion is a mixture of Calvinists, Lutherans, and Roman catholics. My landlord informs me that there are still fifteen German miles to Francfort. I really believe a German mile makes at least six of ours. According to this account we ought to have near ninety miles to that city. My landlord likewise informs me that I shall meet with no French till I get there. The French have a garrison in Francfort.

A fine gentleman with half a dozen dogs is just come into our inn. My landlord tells me that he is an officer of the duke of Wirtemberg's. By his dogs and dress he looks more like a sportsman than a warrior.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Heidelberg 7 o'clock morning,

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1761.

I SHOULD have been gone away from this place, where I lay last night; before now, but one of the horses has got a shoe to be put on. I could not write any thing yesterday, as I spent it in company at the table d' hotê, which begin to be excellent. They inform me, that I shall certainly meet with no French upon the road till I come to Francfort. I passed yesterday morning through Bruffen, where the bishop of Spire dwells. He has a very fine palace. His sentinels examined me in passing through, and would know my name, quality, and every thing. Heidelberg, the town I am in at present, seems a very large handsome city. It is not far from Manheim, the capital of the elector

palatine. At least the elector palatine always lives there. The Germans in this part of the country do not seem to be great friends to the French, or to like their incursions into Germany. It is said the French army under Broglie is at present but a few miles from Hanover.

Hapenheim, ditto 3 o'clock
afternoon.

UPON my entry into the warm public room of this house, the first thing that saluted my sight was, a couple of ill looking hussars, who were sitting at a table. Before them stood something to eat and drink. All together they were most formidable figures, particularly one of them, who glared upon me at my entrance, and whose long whiskers and high cap added considerably to the fierceness of his look. The other was rather milder, but had still a degree of fury in his appearance. In short; they were two personages,
that

that I should not at all like to meet at twelve o'clock at night in a wood. They were in the service of France, and were of Alfatia if I mistake not. I entered into a conversation with the milder, while I was warming myself at the stove. He says he is come in eleven days from the French army, which is now at Einbeck. He complains prodigiously of the Hanoverians, and says with many execrations, that they would never let him eat a morsel in peace. He and his companion are come I think to see about winter quarters for their regiment. While I was at dinner, my landlord entertained me with lamentations upon the miseries of war, and how much corn and other things they were obliged to give yearly to the French army. This village is in the elector of Mentz's dominions, who allows the French to take so much forage and provisions annually from his subjects. Perhaps he grants it from not being able to refuse so powerful an intercessor. The Germans, however, in general do

not seem to be friends to the French, and yesterday at Heidelberg, upon my telling a gentleman, that I did not believe I should meet with any French between that place and Francfort; "Ah!" says he, with a sarcastic smile, "there are enough of them every where." The regiment of hussars, of which the two present are a part, coming into winter quarters here, does not seem at all agreeable to my present landlord. He gave me, as a sort of desert to my dinner, a succession of maledictions against war and the effects of it. The hussars are gone away and I believe have taken to horse.

Überstadt, ditto in the evening.

THE village I am in at present belongs to the duke or prince of Darmstadt. I intended lying in the capital, but fate stopped me short here. Coming out of a pretty wood about two or three miles from hence, we saw the whole road gleam with arms, which

which I thought at least was the French coming to attack us, but found it was only a regiment of the country changing quarters.

Francfort upon the Maine, half after 7
in the evening, Friday, Nov. 13, 1761.

I am at last arrived in this town, after a long half day's journey this morning. The roads too are excessively sandy as you approach towards Francfort, which made us go very slow. Sandy roads and woods were, I think, the only variety we had in our *route*. We did, indeed, pass through some villages, and under the walls of Darmstadt. I thought I should have had a rigorous examination from the French upon my entry into this city, but only a German grave looking fort of a man said any thing to me. He asked me my name, and where I intended to lodge, but did not trouble himself about my nation. Satisfied with my answers, he

let me pass, and upon entering Francfort, I crossed the great bridge over the Maine, and repaired to my inn called the Red Man. I go away tomorrow morning in the public boat for Mentz, not to lose any time in my return, and to be secure from marauders, which I should be exposed to, if I travelled by land. I intended to go to the French play, but there was none this evening, and instead of that diversion, I went to visit a gentleman for whom I had a letter, but I did not find him at home. They told me I should meet with him at a certain coffee-house, to which my guide conducted me. I did not find him there neither, but, instead of him, I found a multitude of people involved in a cloud of smoke, and among others a young French officer curiously dressed, tho' prettily too, who seemed to be eyeing the whole company with consummate contempt.

Since

Since my return home, my landlord has been informing me of the manner in which the French rendered themselves masters of Francfort, that is put a garrison into this town; for, as to the civil government, they have not in the least interfered in it. They demanded a passage through Francfort for their troops at Hanau. It was granted them. When they were in the middle of the town they halted, and told the inhabitants that they were obliged to leave two or three thousand foldiers there for their own security. There was no refusing so many men with muskets upon their shoulders, and they accordingly took possession of all the fortifications, to the no small displeasure of the citizens. Francfort is a free city of the empire. The government is Lutheran.

Ditto eleven o'clock at night.

What do you think? The very Irish nobleman who lodged over my head at

Rome is in this house, and I have been supping with him. A curious conversation began after the cloth was taken away. Upon mentioning our both being upon our return to the British islands, he said I was so unprejudiced a person, that he would venture to ask advice of me. He then desired to know if the English custom-house officers were very rigorous, and upon my assuring him they were, confessed he had the body of a saint behind his chaise, which had been given him by his holiness to enrich the altar of his chapel in Ireland, where those of his persuasion would come in crouds for consolation. Now as the whole authenticity of the relique depended upon the papal seals, he was afraid that the custom-house officers might break them to see what was within side. I could not help acknowledging that I doubted whether much respect would be shewn to the pontifical signet, and advised him to endeavour to find some envoy or ambassador going to London, who would put it among

among his other counterband things. He thanked me for my information, and promised to do as I would have him.

Mentz, ten o'clock at night,
Saturday, Nov. 14, 1761.

I have come to day down the Maine in the public bark to this place. I set off at ten o'clock. These barks are like those in Holland, that go away at a minute's warning. The clock struck ten, and at that instant the bark began to move. It looked like Noah's ark, from the quantity of animals of all sorts, sizes and sexes that were in it. There were many French soldiers and officers. I had much entertainment in hearing their talk of war affairs, and other matters. Next me in the boat sat two Flemish merchants, and we have agreed to take a boat together tomorrow morning to go to Cologne. However, we have as yet not been able to find one, and we must wait till the morning dawns

dawns to continue our enquiries. Upon our arrival at Ex, about six miles from Francfort, our bark stopped, and as it was to stay there an hour, I and the Flemish merchants went into the town to look about us. By instinct we were led into an inn, where many other people, who had come along with us in the boat, had preceded us. Here we found a good meager dinner ready. After having diluted an excellent dish of fish, with a proper quantity of Rhenish, the common wine of the country, we returned to our station in the boat, and proceeded upon our journey. Between five and six o'clock we arrived to this town, which is situated upon the Rhine, near where the Maine empties itself into that river.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Nimeguen, Saturday, November 21,
1761, ten o'clock, morning.

AS I have been almost continually in a boat, or amidst crouds of French officers, I have not been able to take up my pen till I am now under the shelter of the republic of Holland. The Flemish merchants and myself hired a bark at Mentz, which belonged to a Dutchman, who was returning in it to his native country. They indeed took it only to Cologne, as they were to stop there, but I agreed to go with it the whole way. We always dined and lay in some village, but went on only as fast as the current of the river carried us, which was not very flow, for the Rhine is rapid. We passed through a most beautiful country, as hills rose gently on each side the river cloathed with the Rhenish

nish grape. Tho' we had hired the boat to ourselves, we had numbers of French officers and soldiers, who entered it at every town, without, I believe, paying any thing to the master. All the ordinaries too were crowded with them, but I received no sort of insult from any person, tho', I believe, in most places they did not know me for an Englishman, as I talked Italian with my servant. Their troops are going into winter quarters, tho' there are still some out in the field against the Hanoverians and us. The soldiers are shabbily dressed, but some of the officers extremely smart and gay. They rattle away at the ordinaries, and seem to think themselves very ill used in being driven out of Hanover. One young officer, just come from the camp, was accused of being afraid of breaking his neck at every little precipice his horse came to, and it was wondered how a person, who had often charged the enemy with the greatest fury, could be so pusillanimous in a common journey. The
young

young Frenchman replied in his native style, that glory was his reward if he fell in battle, but that no honor was to be obtained from breaking his neck upon the road. Indeed the word glory was common in all their mouths, tho' at this time retreating before the united forces. They had three pretty bridges of boats across the Rhine, and all their magazines were on the French side of it, that if pushed they might easily put themselves in security. Two boats took out of the middle of them to let us pass, but the sentries made us wait some time before they would let us through. These bridges were formed in a bend against the stream, which consequently could not drive them down without breaking in the lighters, which for greater strength were strongly anchored up the current. A few planks and gravel laid over them, with a rail on each side, made a good passage for horse or foot. At Wesel, where there was one of them, I had like to have got into a scrape by carrying one of the

Dutch chauff-pièds lighted upon it. It was dark, and Wefel being the last French garrison, our company was reduced to myself, my servant and the boatman. As it was very cold, I had put some embers from the inn fire into my warming machine, and was bearing it over the bridge to descend into my boat, which was at the foot of it, when the sentry placed at the entrance challenged me, and asked me what I did with fire upon the bridge? As I could not possibly know the watch-word, he advanced towards me and put me under arrest, and calling for assistance, carried me before the commanding officer upon guard. I had no sooner told him I was an Englishman, than he shewed me much civility, and said he believed we hated the Hanoverians just as much as they did. It was not my part to contradict the commanding officer of the bridge at Wefel, especially as he was giving orders for my dismissal, tho' he desired me not to carry fire upon the bridge, as it was strictly prohibited.

hibited, upon account of the enemy having attempted more than once by traitors to set fire to those they had formed. They had gone even farther, and sent emissaries to fire the magazines on the French side of the Rhine. This caused an odd regulation to be made, that we who went in boats might land on the left hand side of the river, but if we touched the right-hand bank, our boat, goods and all were to be confiscated. For this purpose various patrols were stationed along the sides of the Rhine, to put these orders into execution, and even fire upon the persons who should prove refractory to the French commands. This and various other despotic regulations offended my Dutch boat-man so much, that as soon as we were got into Holland, he began crying out liberty with the greatest energy, but unluckily became, from the most civil person that could possibly be, the greatest brute and bear I ever saw. However he conducted me safely to this place, where

where I shall only remain till tomorrow, and set off in the public boat for Rotterdam.

Rotterdam, 8 o'clock at night,

Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1761.

THE usual watery conveyances of Holland brought me from Nimeguen to this place. The whole country is intersected with an infinity of canals, which rescues their grounds from becoming a marsh, and affords an easy method of passing from one town to another. An impudent Dutchman, who was to carry me in his boat on board the public barge, stopped me in the middle between the shore and the vessel, and declared he would not go on without I gave him an enormous price. As they were just going away I consented to any thing, and when I got on board enquired of some genteel looking people, what I ought to pay ; but they were so far from taking my part, that they turned their Belgic rumps towards me and
left

left me to satisfy the fellow as I could. You may imagine we had not any particular intimacy during the voyage, if I may call the gliding through drained fens by that name. At length we arrived at this town, which I think is as beautiful as any thing can be imagined. At Venice water is the only object you see in the streets, and here there are canals run through every one, but on each side there is a very good paved way for coaches, and the borders of the water are planted with lime trees. The bridges too, which are very numerous and all painted white, give a neat look to the town, and open in the middle to let the masts of the vessels pass through in a very ingenious manner. Indeed in almost all the cities of Holland the three most contrary things in nature are blended together, houses, trees, and shipping, which added to the great neatness, which pervades the whole, astonishes the eye of a stranger unused to behold masts peeping up amidst trees. I have now told you the best of this place, for many Dutch-

men have not unaptly been compared to brooms, which keep every thing clean but their own persons; and a gentleman upon being shewn a house is said to have spit in the master's face, as being the only dirty place to expectorate in. These charms however, not being sufficient to keep me from you, I shall set off for Helvoet Sluys the day after tomorrow, and as I shall be with you as soon as I can send another paper, I here close my correspondence, which I have continued, according to promise, I may say, without interruption from the time of my leaving you to go Lisbon.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

V O L. III.

Page	51.	Line	3.	for <i>stream</i> , r. <i>steam</i> .
—	53.	—	19.	for <i>de</i> , r. <i>di</i> .
—	64.	—	12.	for <i>milla</i> , r. <i>nulla</i> .
—	68.	—	7.	for <i>de</i> , r. <i>di</i> .
—	78.	—	13.	for <i>get</i> , r. <i>got</i> .
—	87.	—	23.	for <i>delow</i> , r. <i>below</i> .
—	103.	—	1.	for <i>leaur</i> s, r. <i>lcur</i> s.
—	ibid.	—	3.	for <i>exera</i> , r. <i>exerce</i> .
—	105.	—	23.	for <i>done</i> , r. <i>donc</i> .
—	133.	—	3.	for <i>disagrecaable</i> , r. <i>disagreeable</i> .
—	155.	—		Date, for <i>May</i> 3, r. <i>May</i> 2.
—	161.	—	6.	omit the “
—	210.	—	20.	insert <i>a</i> .
—	246.	—	5.	for <i>suorem</i> , r. <i>suorum</i> .
—	277.	—		for <i>Letter</i> 26, r. <i>Letter</i> 24.
—	294.	—	20.	for <i>countryman</i> , r. <i>countrymen</i> .
—	296.	—	8.	for <i>intrinsical</i> , r. <i>extrinsical</i> ,
—	ibid.	—	14.	for <i>shows</i> r. <i>shews</i> .
—	311.	—	10.	insert <i>so</i> .
—	361.	—	13.	for <i>branch</i> , r. <i>bunch</i> .
—	350.	—	2.	for <i>which</i> , r. <i>and</i> .









