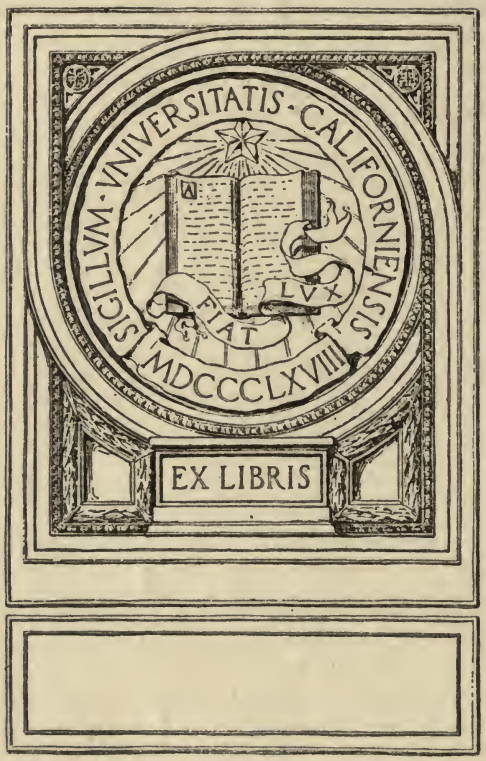
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A HOLIDAY IN UMBRIA

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF URBINO AND THE CORTEGIANO OF CASTIGLIONE

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DE BELGIQUE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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IN
MEMORIAM
A. M. J.
CARISSIMAE
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CONSORTIS

PREFACE

THIS book is the result of two visits, in 1881 and 1888, made in happier days to a part of Italy little known to travelling Britons, but not inferior to any in historical associations and in beauty of nature and art. There are important Roman remains at Rimini, Fano, Ancona, and in the Passo del Furlo, near the scene of Hasdrubal's defeat which saved the Roman State. The architecture of the Middle Ages is represented by the churches of Ancona, Gubbio, and others, and the earlier and most interesting period of the Renaissance by Alberti's work at Rimini, and the ducal palaces of Urbino, Pesaro, and Gubbio.

The Duchy of Urbino was the birthplace of Raffaelle and Bramante, and the home of the most brilliant and humane court of Italy, if not of Europe. Unlike most Italian princes, who have left behind them a record of treachery and cruelty, the rulers of Urbino deserved and enjoyed the respect and love of their subjects. Castiglione has given us in his *Cortegiano* a picture of the graceful and refined society at

the Court of Guidobaldo, where he spent the happiest years of his life. His book is now little read, and the brief abstract of it in these pages will, it is hoped, be found interesting. Besides portraying the ideal gentleman as then conceived —a picture in the main not less true for our own day—the *Cortegiano* throws a valuable light on the views of the society of that time on many other subjects. We find women no longer worshipped with the idolatry of chivalry, but criticized with freedom, and their character and capacities variously estimated, praised by some and depreciated by others. The French are depicted as restless and impetuous, despisers of learning, and caring only for arms. The clergy come in for unlimited satire, far beyond anything in Chaucer or Boccaccio. The jumping Cardinal, the practical joking Cardinal, the lascivious priest pass as a matter of course. There is more malice in the suggestion that such-a-one had he stayed in Rome might have become a Cardinal, he was so wicked; and that Cardinals are prayed for in church on Good Friday in the collect for heretics and schismatics. Friars are a regular butt for the wit of Bibbiena, but they are denounced by Il Magnifico Giuliano de' Medici as cursed mischief-making hypocrites, and this is the only instance in the book where playful satire passes into a bitter mood.

There is perhaps no other book that brings the reader so intimately into touch with the living men and women of four hundred years ago. As we read we become of the party ourselves; we know the several speakers; we appreciate their different views; we turn to the door when interrupted by the trampling of feet and the blaze of lights which announce the arrival of the youthful Prefetto, and we rise with surprise when daylight peeps through the chinks of the shutters and finds us still in the midst of our pleasant talk.

The story of the Duchy is usefully collected in Dennistoun's *Dukes of Urbino*, but I have referred when I could to the original authorities, and to the archives at Pesaro, Urbino, and Ancona. Sir T. Hoby's translation of the *Cortegiano* in 1561 has been re-edited with an introduction by Sir W. Raleigh, to which I am much indebted. Other works to which I have referred will be found mentioned in the notes.

A few of the illustrations are from photographs; the rest are from my own sketches.

T. G. J.

EAGLE HOUSE, WIMBLEDON
28 *August* 1916

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THE eastern shores of Italy do not offer to the mere tourist the attractions of the Ligurian Riviera. There is no Monte Carlo where fortunes can be made only to be lost, no Casino for the butterfly of fashion, there are no smart hotels with long bills for luxuries that one could well do without, no gay promenades with gardens and bandstands. The coast is lashed by the wild Adriatic, here casting up mire and dirt, very different from the crystal depths and transcendent azure of the same sea on the rocky Dalmatian shores opposite. It is a rough sea to navigate, as Horace frequently reminds us. Lydia tells her lover he is more passionate than the naughty Adriatic, the poets generally give it a bad name, and after many long journeys upon it, I can testify that it still lives up to its ancient reputation.

For those, however, who have no taste for places of fashionable resort, there is no part of Italy that offers more attractions, not only by its historical associations, but by the many interesting monuments of art in which it abounds.

From the lagoons of Venice southward the coast is low and flat, a watery land, intersected by the numerous mouths of the Po and the Adige, whose delta is pushed out well into the sea. The Apennines lie far away, and there is a wide expanse of flat country before it reaches the foot of the isolated volcanic mass of the Euganean Hills and Monte Venda, where, in the little village street of Arqua, Petrarch lies in his sarcophagus of red marble. It is not till we have passed Ravenna and her pine-clad shores, and crossed the Rubicon into Umbria that the Apennines again approach the seaboard. Even at Rimini and Pesaro there is still a considerable expanse of low land between the hills and the sea, and it is not till the mighty rock of Ancona is reached that the mountains come actually down to the coast.

From Rimini, which lies a little way within the Umbrian border, distant views may be had of romantic and strangely shaped mountain masses in the interior, on one of which is seated the tiny republic of SAN MARINO, the home of freedom and autocracy from the days of the fall of the Roman Empire, and now our gallant ally; for San

Marino has entered into the present world's struggle and declared war on Austria, the hereditary foe. The little army of forty men mentioned in Murray's *Guide* of 1863 had grown to the respectable number of two thousand at the time of Mr. Theodore Bent's visit in 1877,[1] and I have no doubt it will give a good account of itself in the present war.

Of all the many commonwealths that flourished in Italy after the fall of the great central power, San Marino alone, with the exception of Venice, did not come under the rule of what the Greeks called a Tyrant, but preserved its communal estate throughout the Middle Ages and down to this day. The Dukes of Urbino, within whose Duchy the little commonwealth was enclosed, were its Protectors, and undertook to accord "all possible aid and favour in the maintenance of its independence and freedom." In return the Republic engaged itself to regard the friends and foes of the Duke as their own, and to pay him due respect as their Protector.

Proud of their independence, the Sammarinesi addressed the Queen of the Adriatic as "our very dear sister, the most serene Republic of Venice." The simplicity of their manners is illustrated by the story of a Venetian who carried an appeal to

[1] *A Freak of Freedom, or the Republic of San Marino*, by J. T. Bent, honorary citizen of the same.

one of the Captains or Consuls of San Marino, whom he found treading grapes in his vineyard, and was promptly righted, and who afterwards spent months in recovering a debt in the courts at Venice; whence it passed into a proverb that a simple grape-treader of San Marino is worth far more than ten big-wigs at Venice.[1]

S. Marino, the founder of this little state, was a stonemason from Arbe, an island in the Gulf of Quarnero, of which I have the happiest recollections, who retired to these solitudes at the time of Diocletian's persecution, and founded not the usual monastery but a republic, to be free and independent of all men, as he expressed it in his dying instructions.

The little capital stands on a volcanic hill of 2635 feet, and on other scarcely accessible pinnacles of rock, something like the convents of Meteora in Greece, are perched the little towns of Maiola and San Leo, the last named on the ancient Mons Feretrius, the mediæval Montefeltro, that gave its name to a county, ruled by a famous family of which we shall have much to say.

Except for the monuments it contains of Roman and mediæval greatness, Rimini is a dull uninviting town of rather mean streets, like Ravenna, which also is a shabby town with little general picturesqueness. At one end is

[1] Bent, *op. cit.* p. 260.

the Roman bridge, over which the town is entered by the old Via Æmilia, which comes from Piacenza, Parma, and Bologna, and is joined a little way off by the road from Ravenna. At the other end is the Roman arch, by which the road to Rome, the ancient Via Flaminia, leaves it. On the flat sandy shore is a *Stabilimento dei Bagni* built on a vast scale and seemingly out of proportion to the old city, which may have its season of gaiety, but at the time of our visit in October was closed, deserted, and melancholy. There is a little harbour, gay with the painted fishing craft of the Adriatic, at the mouth of the river Marecchio, which flows under the arches of the Roman bridge, and this is the most cheerful spot of modern Rimini, otherwise a dull town.

The bridge of five arches is said to have been begun by Augustus the year before his death, and to have been finished by Tiberius, A.D. 20. From the bridge the Corso Augusto leads in a straight line to the Porta Romana, the Roman arch, which commemorates the gratitude of the Senate and people to Augustus for the restoration of the Via Flaminia, B.C. 27. It is on a grand scale, and the architecture presents many irregularities, showing that Classic architects worked with greater liberty than the modern slaves of Vitruvius. Two Corinthian columns flank the

archway and carry an entablature which is broken forward over them. The pediment, however, does not spring from them, but lies back on the wall face, and entirely between these two projections (Plate II.). In the cornice the corona is entirely omitted, and the cymatium runs horizontally along the chord of the tympanum as well as on the raking pediment. The upper part has been added to in the Middle Ages, and is finished with the forked battlements of Italian military science. These alterations and additions have disturbed the dedicatory inscription, which is imperfect and disarranged, but one can still read in curious spelling:

. . . CELEBERRIMEIS ITALIAE VIEIS . . . LEIS.

Our visits to this part of Italy were unfortunate in the matter of weather, being rather too late in the year. The country at the head of the Adriatic has, I believe, the heaviest rainfall in Europe, and in the late autumn wet weather is prevalent. Travellers would do well to come to these parts in spring or early summer, though in the mountainous interior it is probably never too hot at any time. There is no distinctive costume to be seen till one gets farther down the coast, but the peasants wear a good deal of nice jewellery, of which we bought some in a bric-a-brac shop. An old lady, seeing what we were after, ran home

PLATE II.

RIMINI.

PORTA ROMANA.

[*To face p.* 6.

to get some of her own, and finally sold us a ring off her finger. These diversions served to pass a wet afternoon, and an obliging waiter did the honours of the hotel and showed us behind a shutter in one of the bedrooms a really interesting fourteenth-century fresco, which he would have it was a genuine work by Giotto.

The great interest of Rimini centres upon the DUOMO of S. Francesco, where Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, in 1450 employed Leo Battista Alberti to encase a church of ordinary Italian Gothic in the new manner; for the Renaissance was then carrying everything before it, and Gothic had had its day. Behind Alberti's mask of Classic work may still be seen the Gothic side windows of simple tracery, and in the inside the nave arches are pointed, though the piers on which they rest are panelled and sculptured in the new style. Alberti's work is extremely delicate and refined, and has still about it something of the freedom and individuality of the older Gothic, not yet stiffened into Palladianism. It was never finished, for Sigismondo's troubled career ended in misfortune, and his schemes, whether of policy or of art, were doomed to failure. To judge from a medal, on the reverse of which is the representation of the church as it was to have been, Alberti's design included a dome of magnificent propor-

tions over the crossing, and a fine façade of which only the lower storey and a fragment of the upper are completed. The south flank of the nave, however, is finished, and consists of an arcade of piers and arches, forming a sort of peristyle detached from the main wall; and in the intercolumniations are the sarcophagi of poets, orators, philosophers, and other eminent men whom Sigismondo had gathered round him, and among whom he intended his own bones to be laid. These, together with the piers themselves, are raised on a high podium, along the top of which runs a beautifully designed frieze of scrolls, intermixed with shields and badges. The effect of this is extremely good, and had Alberti's design been finished the church would have been one of the finest gems of the early and most interesting period of the Renaissance.[1]

The Duomo goes by the name of *Tempio dei Malatesta*, and Sigismondo seems to have deliberately given a pagan air to what he did. The little sculptured panels of the piers in the interior might be imitated from Classical intaglios, and have no religious significance. His arms, quartered with the interlaced initials of himself and his mistress—perhaps his wife—Isotta, appear in all parts of the church, together with the

[1] D'Agincourt devotes plate li. of his *Architecture* to plans and elevations of the Duomo of Rimini.

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RIMINI.

MONUMENT OF ISOTTA.

[*To face p.* 8.

elephants, his crest and supporters. Isotta herself has a monument in a side chapel (Plate III.) bearing the date 1450, though it appears that she did not die till twenty years later. The inscription seems to imply her deification in the Roman fashion. Sigismondo himself died in 1468, in his fifty-second year, and lies entombed within the church.

The family of Malatesta, who became Lords of Rimini in the thirteenth century, came originally from Verrucchio, a grim castle near San Marino, and like that city and San Leo perched on one of the volcanic peaks of the district. Verrucchio was the scene of the tragedy of Francesca and Paolo da Rimini in 1288. Dante, describing the state of Romagna to the shade of Guido da Montefeltro, speaks of the elder and younger Malatesta of his time in no favourable terms:

> E'l mastin vecchio, e'l nuovo da Verrucchio,
> Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo,
> La, dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.
>
> *Inf.*, xxvii. 45.

Among all the petty princelings who reigned over the cities of Romagna and Central Italy Sigismondo may not have been the worst, but he must be placed very low down in the scale, and none perhaps did more than he to involve that unhappy country in constant strife and misery. In the fifteenth century most of the independent

commonwealths, great and small, which had arisen in Italy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and still earlier, and had been strong enough to defy the distant and rarely enforced power of the Empire, had fallen under the rule of some great family; and democracy, true to Aristotle's cycle, had lapsed into tyranny. There were the Visconti, and after them the Sforza at Milan; the Medici were slowly but surely strangling liberty at Florence; the D'Este ruled at Ferrara; at Verona the dynasty of the Scala had only just expired, and had been succeeded by the Venetian republic; the Gonzaga possesssed Mantua; the Vitelli ruled at Città di Castello; the Baglioni at Perugia; the Bentivogli at Bologna; a cadet of the Malatesta and afterwards a Sforza at Pesaro; the Varana at Camerino; and the Montefeltrini at Urbino.

Italy being included, nominally at all events, in the Empire, most of the Dukes and Counts of these principalities held them as fiefs of the Emperor. Those of La Romagna, which extended from the Duchy of Modena to the Adriatic, and those of Umbria were held as fiefs of the Papacy, which claimed them as part of the Patrimony of St. Peter. The rights of the Empire gave little trouble, but papal greed was always on the watch to extinguish feudal rights and incorporate the little principalities into the States

of the Church, except when the nepotism of Popes like Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. carved out of them petty kingdoms for their own families.

Each of these little courts vied with its neighbours in splendour. The princes lived in a style far beyond all proportion to the natural wealth of their territory or the means of their subjects. "Absolute power," says Sismondi, "leads to expensive vices," and each petty despot indulged himself as if he had been an emperor. His revenue being unequal to his means of defence, his vanity, and his pleasures, he was driven to various unworthy contrivances to wring from his oppressed people the means of indulging himself. One plan which the tyrants adopted, according to Macchiavelli, was to impose fines for certain things which were not regularly inflicted, but collected suddenly after a period of apparent but carefully calculated negligence, during which they had amounted to a considerable sum. But the way in which most of them increased their income was by stipendiary service. Romagna and La Marca were the great nurseries of the mercenary armies of those times, and the lords of these petty states were trained to arms as a profession and a means of livelihood. Their military qualities gave a disproportionate importance to their diminutive states. There was seldom a war in Central Italy

when there was not a Malatesta, a D'Este, a Montefeltro, or a Vitelli on one side or the other. Venice drew her best troops from the March and the Romagna, as well as the officers who commanded them; and many of the Princes were engaged by a retaining fee not necessarily to fight on her side, but at all events not to serve against her. It was said that from this district "Captains could be found for all the Princes of the world; that from thence went forth that company of St. George with which Alberigo of Barbiano had exterminated the foreign mercenaries, and revived the fame of Italian arms. They were the same race and stock of men who had once contributed so much to the establishment of the Roman Empire." [1]

The bands of *condottieri*, or mercenary soldiers which each princeling raised for service under whatever state would buy him, brought wealth to his exchequer, but wrought infinite misery to the country. For they paid themselves not only by their legitimate—if it can be called legitimate—warfare, but by marauding attacks on their neighbours and by the sack of the towns that fell into their hands, for pillage was considered the

[1] Ranke, vol. i. book iv. He quotes Lorenzo Priuli, *Relazioni A.D. 1586*: "Lo stato pieno di viveri . . . e d'huomini bellicosi. Pareno tutti questi popoli nati et allevati nella milizia. E molto presto si metteva insieme molta buona gente toccando il tamburro."

soldier's privilege. The cynical indifference with which they were ready to take service on either side in any quarrel is almost amusing. It mattered no more to them than it does to a barrister whether he is briefed for plaintiff or defendant. In 1469 we find Federigo da Montefeltro, Count of Urbino, with the aid of Florence defending his son-in-law Roberto Malatesta, who had proclaimed himself Lord of Rimini on the death of his father Sigismondo, against Pope Paul II. But in 1474 he is fighting for the Pope Sixtus IV. against Florence. Four years later he and his son-in-law Roberto are still for the Pope against Florence, but in the year following Roberto appears as the Florentine General, and defeats the papal forces at Lake Thrasymene. Still more wonderful, in 1482 we find Federigo and Roberto opposed to one another, Federigo being now for Florence and Roberto for the Pope. Naturally these professional soldiers took no interest in the cause they fought for. Their object was not victory, which might have spoilt business, but to take prisoners for ransom. Each hero reflected that very likely he might be fighting to-morrow for the side against which he was serving to-day. The battles were often bloodless. Macchiavelli never loses an opportunity of sneering at the mercenaries of that age. He describes the battle of Molinella, which lasted half a day,

neither side giving way; yet nobody was killed, and only a few prisoners were taken on either side. This is probably an exaggeration, for some authorities speak of it as a sanguinary affair, but it is a characteristic touch. A still more characteristic incident of this battle is recorded by a Milanese writer; he says that Count Federigo of Urbino, who commanded for the Duke of Milan, towards the end of the conflict meeting Alessandro Sforza, his father-in-law, who was fighting on the other side, exclaimed, "Oh! my lord and father, we have already done enough"; to which Sforza replied, "This I leave to you to determine"; whereupon both commanders called off their forces.[1] When the Duke of Milan threatened to behead Federigo for not having pressed on and won the victory, the Count replied that he defied any one who understood the art of war to say he had not proceeded after the rules of military tactics. Their employers, who naturally wanted to win, cared little for the rules of military tactics, and took a different view from the mercenary soldiers, and Federigo narrowly escaped the Duke's vengeance. When Guidobaldo, the second Duke of Urbino, was besieged in Bibbiena by the Florentines under Vitelli he fell ill, and Vitelli let him go home to his Duchy. The Florentines naturally were indignant, and when Paolo Vitelli

[1] Corio, cited Dennistoun's *Dukes of Urbino*, vol. i. p. 179.

had made one or two similar mistakes they tortured and killed him. Carmagnola offended the Venetians by similar leniency towards his prisoners, and was punished in the same way.[1] But these petty wars, of which it is impossible to keep the details in one's head, or to remember on which side or for what cause each commander was fighting, and which Milton might have called battles of kites and crows more deservedly than those of our Saxon ancestors, though they brought glory and money to the *condottieri* caused the utmost misery to the unhappy non-combatants, whose lands were ravaged and their homes violated. In 1388 the Florentines reproached Pandolfo Malatesta of Rimini for taking to a trade so discreditable to one of his descent, and cautioned him not to meddle with any of their subjects and friends; upon which he justified himself by saying he had spent 30,000 florins in forming his band, and could not maintain them without making raids on the country around him.

These numerous little courts, however, found time in the intervals of fighting for more peace-

[1] He had ordered the release of his prisoners "as was usual," *secondo l'uso.* Manzoni, who wrote a tragedy on the fate of Carmagnola, quotes in his preface Andrea Redusio's explanation of this habit of releasing prisoners: "Egli l'attribuisce al timore che i soldati avevano di veder presto finite le guerre, e di sentirsi gridare dai popoli *alla zappa i soldati.*"

ful triumphs. Those of Urbino, Pesaro, Ferrara, and Rimini were among the most brilliant in Europe. They rivalled each other in the encouragement of art and literature, in the patronage of artists and learned men, and contributed largely to the general advancement of the humanities. Of the part played by the Counts of Urbino we shall speak hereafter. The temple at Rimini, and the associations connected with it, show the share taken by Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta in advancing art and encouraging men of letters in his dominions. High mental culture, however, is unfortunately compatible with the lowest standard of morality. It has been said that "an Italian prince in those days durst not be a barbarian. A murderer perhaps, stained with the most flagitious crimes, he might be; but he must seek his absolution in works of magnificence, he must atone for his outrages against public morality by his devotion to the cause of learning and homage to the public taste."[1] The crimes of the Italian despots have become proverbial. Every family had its share of assassinations; scarcely any man of mark died in his bed without suspicion of poison, whether well founded or not. There were frightful stories of revenges, stopping short of nothing but extermination of the hated family. Oliverotto Eufreducci was brought up as an adopted son

[1] Mariotti, cited Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 182.

by his maternal uncle, Giovanni de Fogliani, Lord of Fermo, who apprenticed him to Vitelli to learn the art of war. Having served with distinction under Cesare Borgia he proposed to visit his uncle and benefactor, and arrived with a hundred horsemen. He was received with honour and entertained at a banquet to which all the notables of Fermo were invited. In the midst of the festivity Oliverotto introduced his hundred men and massacred his uncle and his guests, and made himself Lord of Fermo. His own turn came in 1502, when he was strangled by Cesare Borgia at Sinigaglia, with the two Orsini and Vitelli. Sismondi tells a still more ghastly story. Arcimboldo, Archbishop of Milan and Cardinal, going as legate to Perugia and Umbria, found there a gentleman who, after smashing against a wall the heads of his enemy's children, and strangling their mother who was pregnant, nailed a surviving infant to the door, as gamekeepers do with vermin, and this outrage was not thought in the neighbourhood to be anything remarkable. Sigismondo Malatesta, who surrounded himself with artists and men of letters, and grouped their tombs round his own destined sepulchre at Rimini, married three times. His first wife was a daughter of Carmagnola, whom he repudiated after her father's tragical death. His second wife was Ginevra,

daughter of the Marquis of Ferrara, whom he is said to have poisoned. He then married Polissena, daughter of Francesco Sforza, whom he strangled in order to give himself wholly to his mistress Isotta, whose tomb we saw at Rimini, and whose initials, lovingly intertwined with his own, awake our sympathy till we learn the story of blood by which their union was cemented. Isotta seems to have been a woman of talent and conduct, and to have tamed the monster and been faithful to him and influenced him for good. It is doubtful whether they were ever married. She survived Sigismondo, but was dispossessed of the government of Rimini by Roberto Malatesta, one of Sigismondo's bastard sons. The whole of Sigismondo's life was occupied in warfare with the Montefeltrini of Urbino. After twenty-four years of strife, at the beginning of which the Malatesta owned the whole coast from Cervia and Cesena to the Fiumicino near Ancona, Sigismondo was left with little more than Rimini, the rest having fallen chiefly to his principal enemies, a Montefeltrino or a Sforza.

The hatred which the oppressions and cruelties of these petty princes provoked accounts in great measure for the rapid success of Cesare Borgia in making himself master of Romagna and Umbria. The princes who were his victims were scarcely less criminal and blood-

stained than himself, and his treachery and outrages were directed against them and not against their people. He was sagacious enough to see that by governing his new subjects well and leniently he would win them to his side. Under his rule justice and public safety were assured, factions were repressed, and all classes were protected and prosperous. Consequently, says Guicciardini, no Romagnole could contemplate without fear the return of his old lord.

FIG. 1.—Medallion of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta.

CHAPTER II

PESARO

THE railway from Rimini to Pesaro follows the coast-line, and runs parallel to the old Via Flaminia, which led from Ariminum to Pisaurum, and ran onward to Ancona and Rome. The station at PESARO is some way from the town, and we rattled through dark gloomy streets till at last we were set down at a cavernous portal which we were told was our inn. By the light of a single lamp, hidden behind a corner of the wall, we entered a great vaulted basement smelling of wine-lees and encumbered with casks. Picking our way over the pavement, foul with litter and cow-dung, we reached the foot of an immense staircase worthy of a giant's castle, ascending which we succeeded with some trouble in finding two peasant women who brought the landlord. Then followed an ugly dispute with a brigand, who had mounted the box of our carriage uninvited, and refused to go till we had paid him three and a half lire for handling our luggage. I referred the matter to the arbitration of the landlord, a good easy man who was half afraid of the

rascal, and did not much like the office. However, in the end the demand was abated, and when the man had departed the *padrone* relieved his mind. "What could I do?" said he. "What you offered him was more than enough. They are all of them *birbanti, birbanti, birbanti.* They are assassins. The other day one of them drew his knife on a Swiss gentleman, who knocked him down with his stick, and gave him *una bella bastonata.*"

As soon as our ruffled feelings were calmed, and we had got rid of our importunate driver, who never ceased imploring us to engage him and his carriage to take us to Urbino, we examined our apartments. These too, like the staircase, were on a gigantic scale. The room in which my wife and I were lodged was 45 feet square, and the single candle by which it was illumined projected gigantic shadows of ourselves on a vaulted ceiling at an immense height above us. One might almost as well have slept under the dome of St. Paul's. A friend who was travelling with us was lodged in another princely chamber of the same dimensions. On further acquaintance, however, we became so much attached to the Hôtel Zongo as to return to it at the end of our visit to Urbino, and the shy landlord proved to be a very jovial dog, and was of good service to us in our travels afterwards.

Pesaro belonged to a branch of the Malatesta family, who seem to have made it a practice to divide and distribute among themselves their various lordships. In 1444 Pesaro was held by Galeazzo Malatesta, from whom his cousin Sigismondo Pandolfo tried to take it; but he was prevented by Federigo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino. In 1445 Federigo proposed to Francesco Sforza, afterwards Duke of Milan, to buy out Galeazzo, Federigo acquiring Fossombrone and Sforza taking Pesaro. This was so done, and Francesco established his brother Alessandro at Pesaro, where the Sforza ruled till eventually, in 1512, the fief was included in the Duchy of Urbino.

On one side of the Piazza is the old Ducal Palace, now the Prefettura (Plate IV.), with an imposing and successful façade in which, though it seems a simple design, there is a good deal of subtle contrivance. The lower storey has an arcade of six arches, all alike except that the one opposite the entrance to the cortile has decorated mouldings. This places a pillar in the middle. To have carried the six divisions up into the upper storey, with a pier in the centre would have been intolerable; consequently there are five windows only over the six arches, which brings a window with a *ringhiera* into the middle, and puts it all right. The façade is

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PESARO.

THE DUCAL PALACE.

[*To face p.* 22.

finished with a deep and widely projecting cornice that throws a fine shadow. The architectural features are in stone, apparently Istrian, and in the upper storey the wall between them is plastered. The interior cortile is plain, but has a good doorway at the far end. The windows bear the initials of Guidobaldo II., the fourth Duke of Urbino, who reigned from 1538 to 1574. They occur also in other parts of the building.

G. V. II. V. D. IIII.

The first floor facing the Piazza is occupied by the Great Hall, which has a splendid ceiling, deeply coffered and painted and gilt. Though it has been touched up by the hand of no less an artist than our worthy host of the Albergo Zongo, as he told me with honest pride, it remains pretty much in its original state, but for a little decay and dirt. Among the emblems in the ceiling is the oak tree, the badge of the Della Rovere family to which the later Dukes of Urbino belonged.

There are several fair doorways of Italian Gothic in the churches, which are not otherwise remarkable.[1] The doorway of S. Domenico, a disused church in the Piazza, bears the date 1395. In this church was about to be established, at the time of our visit, a musical con-

[1] Illustrations of them will be found in *Italia Artistica*.

servatorio for which money had been left by Rossini, who was a native of Pesaro, and has a statue there to his memory.

Memories, too, survive at Pesaro of Bernardo and Torquato Tasso. Bernardo came hither about 1556 or 1560 with his son, then twelve or thirteen years old, to try and get a living for himself and help for his ruined master, the Prince of Salerno. Hither again came Torquato after his father's death, to his patroness Lucrezia d'Este, the first wife of Francesco Maria II., son and heir of Guidobaldo II., and he followed her to her brother's court at Ferrara when she separated from her husband. Four years later, in 1576, his madness first showed itself.

The town possesses a splendid collection of the majolica ware of Pesaro, Gubbio, Urbino, and Castel Durante, which can be studied to advantage as well here as anywhere. Pesaro still produces admirable majolica, but it is only a copy of the old fabric, and has no originality. Some of the pieces are deceptively imitated, and might take in the unwary. They have a fine lustre. We went over one of the factories, which was on a very modest scale, with only two or three painters at work. Charming little pieces of pottery, made for use by the peasants in their cottages, can be bought in the markets for a few pence each.

Although the Apennines are still some miles distant, the outskirts of Pesaro are hilly, and the ground much broken. On one summit a little way out of the town is the VILLA IMPERIALE, a palace of the Sforza and afterwards of the Dukes of Urbino. Vasari has much to say about it in his life of Girolamo Genga, a painter and architect of Urbino, and a friend of Raffaelle. Guidobaldo I. employed him in painting caparisons of horses, which were then in fashion, and Francesco Maria I. in making triumphal arches and theatrical apparatus and scenery for his nuptials with Leonora Gonzaga. Thus do the great men of the earth patronize genius, like Piero dei Medici, who set Michelangelo to model a snow man.

Genga followed Duke Francesco Maria I. into exile during the Medicean usurpation, and painted pictures at Cesena and Forlì. On the Duke's restoration in 1521, Genga was employed to restore the old palace of the Sforza on the hill of the Imperiale, which, says Vasari, "under the direction and design of Genga was adorned by paintings of the history and deeds of the Duke, by Francesco di Forlì, Raffaellè dal Borgo, painters of good fame, and by Camillo of Mantua, who had rare ability in doing landscapes and foliage, and among the rest Bronzino of Florence also worked there as a lad. The Dossi of Ferrara

were also brought thither, and a chamber was allotted to them to paint, but when it was finished the Duke did not like it, and had it thrown down to the ground, and done again by those above named. Genga made there also the tower 120 feet high, with thirteen staircases of wood well contrived and hidden in the walls."

"The Duke therefore, seeing he had so rare a genius, thought to make at the said place of the Imperiale, near the old palace, another new palace, and so he made that which is now to be seen, which being a very beautiful palace, and well planned, full of chambers, and colonnades, and courts, and *loggie*, and of fountains and delightful gardens, Princes never pass that way without going to see it; so that it deserved to be visited by Pope Paul III. when going to Bologna with all his court, who remained entirely satisfied with it."

Fired with enthusiasm by this description, we started one afternoon to see the wonders of the Imperiale. We left the town by a huge gateway in the fortifications with which Genga surrounded the city, and crossed the little river which forms the port of Pesaro. An exciseman at the gate directed us amiss, and instead of turning up at once to the right we followed the road towards Rimini and had to make a long detour up steep and muddy lanes round the Villa Vittoria, where the unhappy Queen Caroline of England once

resided. From the rising ground we had lovely views inland, where ridge behind ridge of distant Apennines rose in purple and violet hues beyond the level plain at our feet.

Like most Italian buildings of the kind, the IMPERIALE has no exterior attractions. The outside of an Italian villa never seems to have been considered. Where in France or England we should have had quaint gables, turrets, oriels, and high roofs, in Italy you have nothing but a square barrack-like mass, with here and there perhaps a stunted tower, and plain whitened brick walls full of unstopped scaffold-holes. And yet somehow these buildings seem exactly suited to their surroundings, and nothing else would harmonize with the landscape so well.

The older and newer palaces are easily distinguished from one another. The older is a quadrangular building on the brow of the steep hill, while the newer is on the slope above, and only touches the other at an angle, where the two are joined by a bridge. Genga's great tower is attached to the older palace, which we entered by an archway with the escutcheon of the Sforza family, and the inscription

ALEXANDER FORTIA
MCCCCLXVII

Inside is a small cortile surrounded by graceful

arcades, and grouped round a marble well in the corner were the farm labourers washing from their legs and feet the blood-red stain of the grapes they had been treading. For the Imperiale is now a farmhouse, in which a few rooms furnished in a homely way are reserved for the owner, Prince Albani of Milan, when he visits his property. The only residents were the farmer and his wife, the latter a pretty country lass who did the honours of the palace very gracefully.

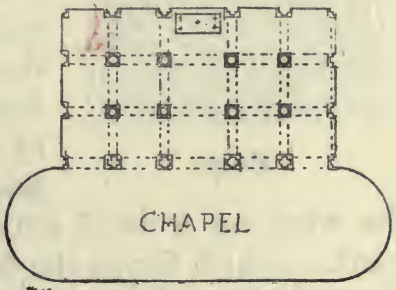
The ground floor of the older building is quite dismantled and used only for farm purposes, but there are some good chimney-pieces still there. A plain staircase leads to the first floor, where in the rooms round the cortile are the mural paintings by Raffaelle dal Borgo, or del Colle, and others mentioned above. Of these fresco paintings we expected to find remains only, for the guide-books speak of their decay, but we did not find even that, for they had all been lately repainted by Gennari of Pesaro, an artist who was only just dead at the time of our visit. A few of the rooms have decorated ceilings, one of which I drew: it had panels of red and blue alternately, divided by ribs carved with oak leaves painted white and gilt, and bearing on the blue ground the initials F. M. and LE, for Francesco Maria I. and his

wife Leonora. On the red panels were several devices, and among them a representation of the pen still in use in Italy for securing oxen to be shod.

A bridge leads to the newer palace built by Genga for the Duchess Leonora as a surprise for her husband on his return from the wars. Her dedication reads thus :

FR. MARIAE DVCI METAVRENSIVM A BELLIS REDEVNTI
LEONORA VXOR ANIMI EIVS CAVSA VILLAM EXAEDIFICAVIT

The date would be after the Duke's return from exile, on the death of his old enemy Leo X. in 1521. In the interval of fifty-four years between the building of the old and the new palace, the early Italian Renaissance had developed into a more complete imitation of Classic architecture. But though the charm and poetry of the mediæval styles that still clung to the new mode on its first departure had by this time been lost, there is much to admire in Genga's work. The rooms are picturesquely planned; the chapel when furnished must have been very pretty, and the effect unusual, for the plan is unique (Fig. 2).



Sketch not to scale.

FIG. 2.

The floors are of small unglazed bricks, stamped with geometrical patterns, and laid within bands of white marble (Fig. 3). In some cases the marble bands form a spiral line, and in others a labyrinth. It would have been better had the bricks been glazed. The ceilings of the *piano nobile* were domed in stone or brick, and the backs of the domes stand up in the oddest way through the floors of the rooms above, which were probably used by servants uncomfortably enough.

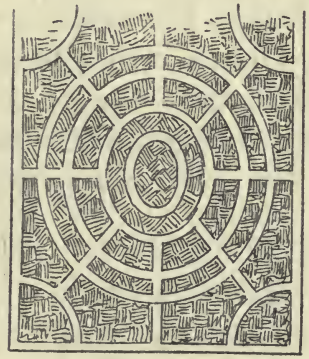


Fig. 3.

This newer palace is quite dismantled, and though weathertight is uninhabitable, even the doors being removed. Being built on the slope of the hill the upper floor opens at the end of the wing on a level with a charming terraced garden, which forms the fourth side of the newer quadrangle. It was full of simple flowers growing in the wildest profusion, of which our guide presented a handful *alla Signora*.

A lovely though muddy walk down an umbrageous lane took us by a much shorter way to the city gate.

Our friendly landlord at the Zongo, at

parting, furnished us with notes of recommendation, as a most *rispettabile famiglia*, to the hotels at Urbino and Fossombrone. These introductions with which Italian innkeepers sometimes furnish you, if you have put yourself on friendly terms with them, as all sensible travellers will do, are of great service in securing attention, and I think moderating charges.

CHAPTER III

FANO—ANCONA

FROM Pesaro it is a pleasant drive of about an hour along the coast to Fano. On the right are considerable cliffs of loose shale not amounting to rock, and in the distance may be seen the towers of Fano at the water's edge, and beyond them the great mountain behind Ancona.

FANO, the ancient Fanum Fortunae, which Vitruvius calls Colonia Julia Fanestris, now a quiet country town with humble provision for visitors, was of more consequence in Roman times. It still boasts a Roman arch, erected in honour of Augustus, and it had a basilica built by Vitruvius, of which he gives a description in his fifth book. It was a covered hall 120 feet by 60, with columns round it 50 feet high, four at the end and eight at the side, counting in each case those at the angles; but the two middle columns of one side were omitted to leave open the front of the temple of Augustus, where was the tribunal in an apse at the far end. Two storeys of porticos 20 feet wide surrounded the

central hall, not, however, reaching so high as the columns, but leaving 12 feet like a clerestory in the intercolumniations for light above their lean-to roofs.[1] Nothing of this basilica now remains.

Vitruvius's design for his basilica violates most of his own more formal precepts, and is quite out of all order according to the pedantic rules of the neo-Classic schools of the Renaissance. Viollet le Duc wittily observes that "half a century ago Vitruvius would not have obtained for his design for the Fano Basilica any mention at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. What do I say? He would have been excluded from the competition!—sent down to the lowest form to learn Roman architecture from Vignola or Palladio. Not put a complete entablature on the columns! Surmount their capitals with wood lintels and with timber framing resting on pads! Back the columns with pilasters! What heresy!"[2]

Fano contains several churches, not of remarkable interest, with good pictures chiefly by later masters. The Palazzo della Ragione, now turned into a theatre, is an interesting build-

[1] "Reliqua spatia inter parastatarum et columnarum trabes, per intercolumnia luminibus sunt relicta." The *parastatae* are responds attached to the back of the great columns. These were in two heights: the lower, 20 feet high, to carry the floor of the upper porticus, the upper, 18 feet high, to carry its lean-to roof against the column, which leaves 12 feet of the 50-foot column exposed.

[2] V. le Duc, *Lectures on Architecture*, Part I. p. 150.

ing, with a Renaissance campanile, a Gothic arcade of round arches below, and a range of four-light windows under round arches above. The Palazzo del Comune has some excellent windows with traceries of brick and terra-cotta, and a picturesque loggia.

Passing Sinigaglia, with its grim memories of Cesare Borgia and the massacre of his former confederates, where the guide-books did not promise much to interest us, our next point was Ancona.

Ancona, an ancient colony of Dorian Greeks from Syracuse, was an independent republic during the Middle Ages, with maritime pretensions that at one time threatened to rival those of Venice. Its liberties were extinguished in 1532, when it fell under the dominion of the Popes. Curved like a bent arm—ἀγκών—round its splendid natural harbour, with tier above tier of fine buildings rising as an amphitheatre on the sides of the lofty hills that here reach the coast-line, Ancona has something of the stateliness of Genoa. On the topmost peak stands the ancient Cathedral of S. Ciriaco, full of rude marble screens and balustrades adorned with sculptures of semi-Byzantine art, and preceded by a grand arched portal designed by Margaritone of Arezzo in the thirteenth century. From this summit the eye commands a vast expanse of

coast-line and blue water; one almost hopes to catch the faint outline of the distant Velebić mountains that line the coast of Dalmatia: and this prospect, as we viewed it in 1881, first inspired me with the resolution to visit that country, then little known and only imperfectly described.

The port is bordered by spacious quays, and embraced by hospitable moles. On the land end of the nearest of them stands the Arch of Trajan, the most beautiful of all Roman arches, though robbed of its ancient bronzes. The stately effect of the long flight of steps that lead up to it, and the unusual loftiness of its proportion, make it very imposing. The material is white marble; and time has toned it down to that beautiful apricot yellow which it only attains in a southern clime. (Plate I., Frontispiece.)

Overshadowed by lofty buildings, which sadly smother it, is the pretty little Church of S. Maria-in-Piazza, which, though built in 1210, is still in the Romanesque style, with tiers of arcading, Pisan fashion, in its little façade, and other ornaments in the earlier manner. Over the entrance are some rhyming Leonine hexameters, which give the date and the name of the artist Philippus. The poet has ingeniously surmounted the difficulty of the Pope's name, for Innocent can no more be got into a hexameter

line than the little town which Horace passed on his way to Brundusium, *quod versu dicere non est*—

> Ad matrem Xristi que templo presidet isti
> Qui legis ingredere veniam pregando merere
> Cum bis centenus claudisset tempora denus
> Annus Millenus floreret Papa Serenus
> Imperiique decus princeps Otto sumeret equus
> Hec Philippe pie decorasti templa Marie.[1]

Ancona possesses a group of buildings by an architect with whose name and work I became familiar on the other side of the Adriatic. Giorgio Orsini, of a Zaratine family that claimed descent from the noble Roman house, was the architect of the eastern part, and the upper part of the rest of the Duomo of Sebenico. He did not live to finish it, but to him must be attributed the marvellous and unique covering of the church by a barrel vault of marble slabs visible both within and without.[2] His engagement there was made in 1441 and renewed in 1446, but the work was suspended from 1448 till 1471 for want of funds. In the interval he was actively engaged on the Rector's Palace at Ragusa, at first in concert with Michelozzi and afterwards by himself, and also at Spalato and Pago. In 1450 we

[1] Innocent III., Pope, 1198–1216; Otto IV., Emperor, 1209–18.

[2] *Vide* my *Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*, vol. i. pp. 369, 395, etc., ii. 331, iii. 242.

find him at Ancona, at Recanati, and at Cittanova in the Marches.

In the Archives of the Republic, to which the courteous officials allowed me free access, I found a full account of Giorgio's engagement at Ancona, together with the contract between him and the Anziani, or Senators. The Anconitans being very prosperous commercially both by sea and by land, resolved in the year 1443 to build an Exchange where merchants and citizens could meet conveniently for business. The site chosen was next the house of Dionisio Benincasa and between the High Street and the sea, where till then there had been a precipitous and dangerous place, down which Francesco Bessarion fell and broke his head, of which accident his face bore the marks to his dying day. The ground-floor storey was built and roofed by Giovanni Sodo of Ancona, a very clever architect, who won great praise for his ingenuity in making the beams of several short pieces, there being no room to draw long timbers to the site. In this state the Loggia remained till 1450.

In that year there arrived in Ancona a famous master mason,[1] Maestro Giorgio of Sebenico, who was engaged on the façade of the house of Dionisio Benincasa next door to the Loggia. It

[1] "Un dignissimo maestro tagliapietra per nome M° Giorgio di Sibinico."

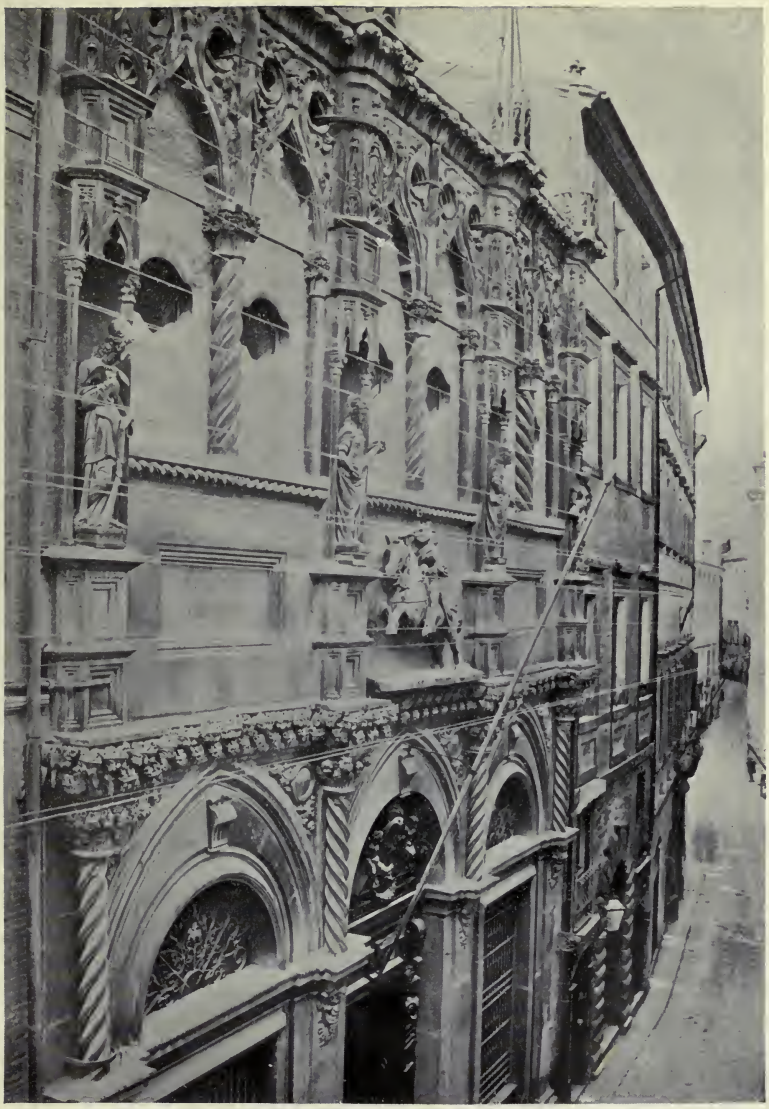
came into his head that he would like to build the façade of the Loggia, as well for the honour of the thing as for "cupidity of gain." So he made a design which Dionisio took to the Anziani, who all admired it, but there was no money to carry it out. However, Dionisio and other merchants, anxious for the adornment of the town and the convenience of a place of business, advanced the money on the security of the Customs, "and so," says the annalist, "the work was done: adorned with foliage and beautiful figures, with the horse and armed cavalier which is the badge and the true arms of the Anconitans. It was begun, as has been already said, and was finished in 1459." (Plate V.)

"This M° Giorgio was he who made the very fine portal of Scō Francesco di le Scale, and who began the portal of S. Agostino; but he was interrupted by death, and could not finish it, so that the work," says the writer, "still remains imperfect."[1]

Giorgio Orsini died in 1475, and, so far as I can ascertain, at Sebenico, where he had a house on the doorway of which he carved the bear, the badge of his family, and the mallet and chisels and other implements of his craft.[2]

[1] From the MSS. of Lazz. dei Bernabei, written in 1492, and the *Cronaca Anconitana di Camillo Albertini*, in the Archivio of Ancona.

[2] Illustrated in my *Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*, vol. i. p. 406.



ANCONA.

LOGGIA DEI MERCANTI.

[*To face p.* 38.

The contract with the Anziani of Ancona is interesting, as it shows that some sort of drawing was embodied in the agreement. Giorgio was to have 900 golden ducats, for which at his own risk, danger, and fortune he was to do the work, except that the employers were to provide scaffolding, lime, lead, and bronze, and the stone for filling in between two existing columns. Also he is to make in the fashion shown on his drawing the "idols," carved life-size, with the horse, great and fine, with the arms of the Comune in the places drawn on the said paper. He was to finish within two years, and to have instalments of 200 ducats at specified stages of the work, and the balance when the whole was passed by the appointed judges.

Dionisio gives security in a hundred ducats for Giorgio's proper performance of his contract.

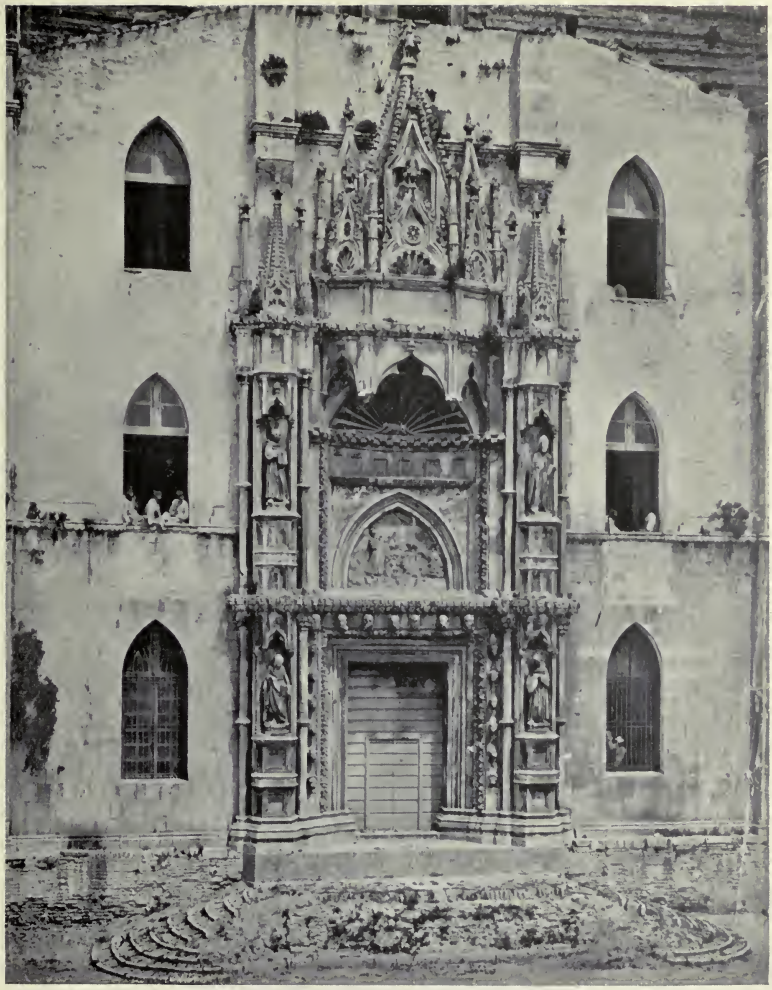
The Loggia dei Mercanti has had the lower storey remodelled in late Classic. The upper storeys, which are Giorgio's work, are in rather a coarse kind of florid Gothic, the details being very poor. The windows have had Gothic tracery which is cut out, and the openings are blocked, and this spoils the design a good deal. There are many features both in the Loggia and in the doorways of S. Francesco and S. Agostino that resemble details at Sebenico, especially a cornice, which is found in all these three build-

ings, consisting of two tiers of leaves blown as it were in reverse directions.[1]

It is curious that Giorgio's work here in the Loggia, and at S. FRANCESCO (Plate VI.) and S. Agostino, which was finished by another hand after his death, should be so much more Gothic than the work he designed ten years before at Sebenico. The employment of Giorgio on both sides of the Adriatic is only one instance of the connexion between Ancona and Dalmatia during the Middle Ages. The Anconitans shared with their opposite neighbours their jealousy of the growing power of Venice. In 1171, when Manuel tried to re-establish the Roman empire over Italy, he poured his gold into Ancona to secure a convenient entry into the Peninsula, and the Venetians, who regarded the Anconitans as dangerous rivals,[2] and "hated them with a special hatred," sent a powerful fleet and captured five of their galleys. It was to Ancona, and not to Venice, that the men of Spalato applied for a *Podestà*, in 1239, when they resolved to put the

[1] This cornice at Sebenico I attribute to Antonio di Paolo, the architect who built the nave up to the top of the arcades between 1430 and 1441. Giorgio seems to have copied it here in his buildings at Ancona. It was also copied in a chapel of the cathedral at Traü by Alecxi of Durazzo in 1467. The execution both here and at Traü is inferior to that at Sebenico.

[2] "Hoc tempore Anconitani Emanuelis obedientes imperio Venetos ut sibi aemulos coeperunt habere." Dandolo, IX. xv. 17.



ANCONA.

PORTAL OF S. FRANCESCO.

[*To face p.* 40.

city under a Latin magistrate, and to govern it on the Latin model. The Anconitans sent them Gargano degli Arsacidi, who led them to victory over the Almissan pirates. And when Lewis the Great of Hungary attacked Venice in Dalmatia in 1345, Ancona joined him in opposition to her hereditary rival, an alliance which caused the Venetians serious concern.

Ancona has many charms, in her venerable buildings; in the steep streets,—half street and half staircase,—with lovely downward peeps of town and harbour; in the gay market where they gave us so many delicious figs for a penny that we had to cry "Enough!" and in the port with its shipping, where, however, there seemed to be less trade than one would have liked to see in the finest harbour on this side of Italy. We visited Ancona twice at an interval of several years, and left it each time with regret.

CHAPTER IV

LORETO

We left Ancona early for Loreto, to which place the railway takes you in about three-quarters of an hour. The town stands on high ground, inland from the railway, presenting an imposing mass of building, partly consisting of the great church and its adjuncts and partly of the huge palace of the Governor. The church has apsidal ends to both choir and transepts, and is finished with a bold machicolated cornice; and but for its dome it might be mistaken for a mediæval castle with three large semicircular bastions. Omnibuses and open carriages were waiting in abundance at the station, and no sooner did we appear than the drivers opened upon us like a pack of hounds in full cry, each trying to secure us by shouting down his neighbour. Beggars too made the round of the carriages as soon as the passengers were seated, some with bad legs or arms, others with a short quantity of one limb or the other, but there were not so many as I had expected in so holy a place. In the papal time they may have driven a better trade.

The object of pilgrimage to LORETO is the SANTA CASA, or house of the Holy Family, which it is said angels transported from Nazareth when Acre, the last Christian stronghold in Palestine, fell into Moslem hands. They first deposited it at Tersatto, near Fiume, at the head of the Gulf of Quarnero, where there is still a pilgrimage church to which the people flock in thousands to worship in the place where the Holy House used to be but is no longer. Streams of Croat peasants, men, women, and children, in their picturesque national costume, may be met daily singing hymns as they climb the five hundred steps that lead from Fiume to the sacred enclosure, where by shuffling ungracefully on their knees round the empty site of the Santa Casa they have worn a channel in the floor, as the pilgrims have done at Loreto round the actual structure.[1] Tersatto, however, did not satisfy the angelic bearers, for after three years and seven months they took the Holy House away and set it on the shore near where it now stands; and then at a third remove in 1295 placed it on the hill as we see it, on ground as some say belonging to a widow named Laureta, or, according to others, in a *lauretum* or grove of laurels.

The Abbate Fortis, in the eighteenth century, writes: "In our day this legend is not believed

[1] *Vide* my *Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*, vol. iii. p. 166.

nor maintained even at Rome; but the Croats are two hundred years behind us in these matters."[1] Another Roman Catholic clergyman writing in 1802 says: "Many men of reflexion in Italy, and indeed within the precincts of Loretto itself, consider this wonderful story as an idle tale, or at best a pious dream. They suppose the holy house to have been a cottage or building long buried in a pathless forest, and unnoticed in a country turned almost into a desert by a succession of civil wars, invasions, and revolutions during the space of ten centuries."[2] In recent years this cult of the Santa Casa was debated at some length in an English magazine, but the apologists did not seem to regard it as more than an aid to devotion, even though the story be untrue—in fact, a pious fraud. How far it is really conducive to piety, so long as it is believed in, it is hard to say, but at all events these holy places gather together a very dubious assembly of beggars and impostors.[3] To many, as to Chaucer's company, a pilgrimage serves as an excuse for a holiday, though I saw at Loreto some pilgrims who seemed lost in pious ecstasy.

As we climbed the hill the view opened out

[1] Fortis, *Viaggio in Dalmazia.*

[2] Eustace's *Classical Tour through Italy.*

[3] The term "Lorette," for women of loose character, seems to refer to the quarter where they lived in Paris, near the Church of Notre-Dame de Lorette.

magnificently. The country was rich and well cultivated almost beyond anything I had seen in Italy. Below lay the sea, blue and placid; and the great mountain that divided us from Ancona towered nobly above the landscape. Little towns and castles were perched on surrounding hilltops; Osimo, the ancient Auximum, where Belisarius narrowly escaped death by an arrow which was intercepted by a faithful soldier; Castel-Fidardo, where in 1860 on 18th September the Sardinians defeated the papal troops under Lamoricière, and crowned the enterprise by which Garibaldi had set free the kingdom of the Two Sicilies from the Bourbons.

Inns at Loreto at the time of our visit were very primitive. I do not know whether they are any better now. We went to the one that was recommended as the best, but though we had a good room and clean beds, the rest left much to be desired. There was no regular service, but a peasant woman came in to do the rooms and shake up the bedding, which was stuffed with the leaves of Indian corn, and the practice was to pay her for her attendance with a few pence before she left.

Outside the sacred precincts is an irregular piazza, with a fountain that discharges water through the mouths of crowing cocks—a compliment, I suppose, to Cardinal Galli, whose name appears over the town gate. Entering

through the Porta Romana, we ascended by a steep incline to the ridge of the hill, where we found ourselves in a narrow street that runs right and left, and in a scene of indescribable bustle. The street was crowded with peasants in the gayest gala costume, the women especially being in a blaze of bright colours. Both sides of the way were lined with shops for the sale of cheap jewellery, toys, copies of the sacred image of the Madonna of Loreto, strings of rosaries, drums, tambourines, artificial flowers, gaudy pictures cheap but holy, together with bright handkerchiefs in long pieces festooned from the ceiling, brilliant woollen caps such as the men wear, and other articles too various to mention, displaying attractions either mundane or devotional to suit the taste of the pilgrims, each of whom buys something as a memorial of the pilgrimage, which is taken to be blessed by the priest within the walls of the Holy House. Everything was cheap and tawdry, the only pretty things being the *corone* or rosaries, of which there were millions, and the little cups painted with a rude representation of the sacred image, and made with clay in which was mingled *polvere di Santa Casa*—dust from the sweepings of the sacred floor. Of these we bought several. The goods overflowed the shops and were spread out on stalls in the street as well. The vendors

were smartly dressed women, who stood in the doorway and screamed to the passers-by to come and buy—buy—buy! It was Bunyan's Vanity Fair in real life.

After running the gauntlet of these importunities, and escaping from this hideous babel and from the importunities of various more or less loathsome beggars, who traded on a well-assorted stock of sores, mutilations, and bodily infirmities which they ruthlessly displayed, we arrived at the Piazza Madonna. The great church faced us; and the long façade of the Governor's Palace, designed by Bramante, with two orders of arcading, formed the left side of the square. The west front of the church is not remarkable except for its splendid bronze doors by Girolamo Lombardi and his pupils, and Vanvitelli's campanile is ill-designed and ugly; but on entering the church the scene that met our eyes was overpowering. A long nave of simple Italian arches leads up to the central dome under which stands the Santa Casa, within a splendid marble casing that closes the view. On the steps in front of it were gorgeous ecclesiastics officiating at the altar, but far more gorgeous was the assisting congregation. The women were drilled in regular ranks across the floor from side to side, and the mass of colour they presented outdid the gayest flower-bed. On

the head they wore brilliant handkerchiefs pinned and turned up somewhat in the Roman fashion. Another such handkerchief over the shoulders was brought loosely round in front over the bosom, showing a white smock of homespun linen at the neck, with elaborately pleated sleeves turned up at the elbow. The skirt of dark striped stuff, generally indigo and crimson, and sometimes entirely red, was very short, and puffed out with immense hoops like crinolines; the waist was quite high up, almost under the armpits, with short and wide embroidered braces. Woollen stockings and—sad to say—modern high-heeled boots completed their attire. They wore great ropes of coral round their necks, and large gold earrings, some of them of curious and antique design, and on their fingers large rings, formed of convex discs of thin gold, as large almost as an English florin, with filigrana and pearls attached by wires, such as a man at Pesaro had offered us for twenty-five lire (Fig. 4).

The men were scarcely less splendid than the women. Their hair was cut close, and their ears were adorned with earrings. They wore a waistcoat, or rather a short sleeveless coat of crimson or purple cloth, left unbuttoned to expose the embroidered front and elaborately pleated sleeves of their home-spun linen shirts. To complete their costume they should have worn *under* the

waistcoat a white smock-frock, reaching below the knee, but we did not see very many of these. The great beauty of the generality of the women, their graceful port, the stately swimming motion which their hooped skirts gave to their gait, and their martial arrangement and movement as in rank behind rank they retired backwards down the whole length of the nave, was most impressive.

We had timed our visit luckily, for October

FIG. 4.

is the great month for pilgrimage and also for marriages, and there had been several weddings that morning.

Mass being ended, the whole congregation poured itself into and through the Holy House, which angels had brought hither to convince a sceptical world. It has four doors, two on a side, but only three were open, and at each stood a guard with a drawn sword to keep the struggling throng of devotees in something like order, and

prevent accidents. Every now and then a priest emerged from one of the doors, his hands full of rosaries, bunches of artificial flowers, and other trinkets which he had blessed within the sacred walls, and now returned to their respective owners to be taken home and treasured as sacred relics.

After this ceremony there was a *Messa Cantata* by the choir, which, like the papal choir at Rome, consists of professional male singers, with *musici* for trebles. We had two chairs placed for us by an official in the best place for hearing, opposite the music gallery. With these gentry a lira or two outweighs all scruples of orthodoxy, and the faithful were unceremoniously pushed out of the way to make room for us. The scene was sufficiently striking, with the densely packed crowd below, the gorgeous priests and their attendants at the altar, and the singers aloft in a gallery between two of the pillars, hanging over the parapet in the intervals of the music, in various attitudes, like the figures in one of Veronese's grand compositions. But the music disappointed us. The organ was bad, and everything was sung in an unfeeling fortissimo. Some of the men had good voices, but I heard none like the mysterious soprano who had thrilled me through and through three years before at the Festa of S. Francesco in the dim lower church at Assisi.

On the day following there was another *Messa Cantata* in a side chapel, which we went to hear, as the music was to be by Palestrina. We talked to the singers as they stood waiting in the aisle, and they spoke of Palestrina with reverence; but they sang his music irreverently enough, at full cry, without that delicate feeling of voice for voice that makes good part-singing.

The Santa Casa stands under the dome in the same way as the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which no doubt set the pattern for it. But the marble casing which encloses it is so large as to block the view from any of the four arms of the church, and it looks more like a screen than a detached building. It is one of the wonders of the Renaissance, designed by Bramante with exquisite detail, and sculptured by Andrea Contucci, the elder Sansovino, whose work began in 1513. He was assisted by Girolamo Lombardo, Bandinelli, Giovanni da Bologna, and other great artists. Within this superb casing is the Santa Casa itself, a dim chamber with walls of rubble, stone, and brick, black and polished with age and smoke. The air is thick and close, redolent with odours possibly of sanctity, and there are rows of hanging lamps on each side suspended from a vault overhead, the smoke from which does not improve the atmosphere. A splendidly furnished altar with lighted candles stands clear of the east

wall, leaving a narrow space behind it. High up in a niche at the east end is the holy Madonna, a black image with a smaller black image in its arms, said to have been carved by St. Luke, who has an unenviable and no doubt undeserved reputation for works of this kind. The figure is draped so as to give a pyramidal outline, and is all ablaze with diamonds and precious stones. Below is a recess looking like a fireplace, into which the pilgrims press with an ecstasy of devotion.

From a cupboard in this inner sanctum the courteous canon who showed us the building produced a rude *scodella*, or saucer of terra-cotta, said to have been found in the house, and to have been used by the Holy Family. It is set very handsomely in gold, with good handles in the style of Cellini. The canon, in deference to our prejudices, politely dropped the question of its sanctity, and enlarged only on the beauty of the setting, and even entrusted it to my heretical hands.

The whole adventure interested us very much, and we were well rewarded by our visit. The scene seemed to carry us back into the distant Middle Ages; to the days which men call either of faith or of credulity and superstition, according to their different ways of looking at them; but from either point of view far away from the prosaic nineteenth century with its railways, its telegraphs, and its daily press.

PEDIGREE OF THE COUNTS AND DUKES OF URBINO

I. ANTONIO, Lord of Monte Coppiolo.

II. MONTEFELTRINO, made Count of Montefeltro in 1154.

III. BUONCONTE, Count of Montefeltro, and of Urbino in 1216.

V. GUIDO il VECCHIO, = Costanza.
Count of Montefeltro and of Urbino, *d.* 1298.

VI. FEDERIGO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, *d.* 1322.

Guidone.

VII. NOLFO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino.

VII. or VIII. FEDERIGO NOVELLO.

Giovanna Gonzaga = VIII. ANTONIO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, *d.* 1404.

Nolfo = Gabrielli.

1. Rengarda, daughter of Galeazzo Malatesta, *d.* 1423. = IX. GUIDANTONIO, Count of Montefeltro and Urbino, *d.* 1442. = 2. Caterina Colonna.

s.p.

Battista, daughter of Alessandro Sforza of Pesaro, *b.* 1446, *d.* 1472. = XI. FEDERIGO, Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1422, *d.* 1482.

Antonio = Emilia Pia.

X. ODDANTONIO, Duke of Urbino, *d.* 1444.

Elisabetta Gonzaga, daughter of Marquis of Mantua. = XII. GUIDOBALDO I., Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1472, *d.* 1508.

s.p.

Elisabetta = Roberto Malatesta of Pesaro.

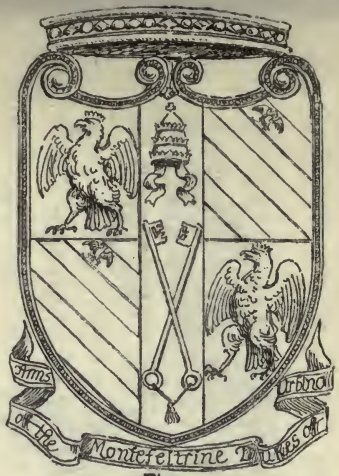


Fig. 5.

Ludovico della Rovere.

Francesco della Rovere, Pope Sixtus IV., *d.* 1484.

Raffaello della Rovere.

Jolanda = Girolamo Riario.

Giuliano della Rovere, Pope Julius II. Elected 1503, *d.* 1513.

Giovanna = Giovanni della Rovere of Sinigaglia, Prefect of Rome, *d.* 1501.

XIII. FRANCESCO MARIA I., = Leonora Gonzaga.
Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1490, *d.* 1538.

XIV. GUIDOBALDO II., = Vittoria Farnese.
Duke of Urbino, *b.* 1514, *d.* 1574.

1. Lucrezia d'Este, = XV. FRANCESCO MARIA II., = 2. Livia della Rovere.
eparated 1573, *d.* 1598. *b.* 1549, *d.* 1631.

Claudia de' Medici = Federigo Ubaldo, *b.* 1605, *d.* 1623.

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Florence, *d.* 1670. = Vittoria.

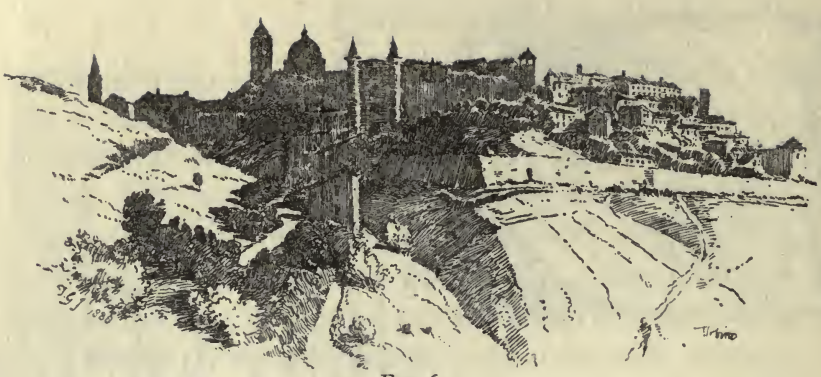


FIG. 6.

CHAPTER V

URBINO

THE Duchy of Urbino lay between the provinces of Romagna and La Marca. Formed by the gradual accretion of one lordship after another, it never exceeded the size of a county in the English Midlands, such as Leicestershire or Warwickshire. Its outline was irregular, but the extreme length from north to south was about fifty-six miles, and the average width about thirty-five. When at its greatest extent, it possessed the seacoast from a little north of Pesaro to beyond Sinigaglia, with the exception of Fano and a small territory round it; and it reached back to the backbone of the Apennines, and at Gubbio dipped over a little on the other side. In the time of Guidobaldo II., the fourth Duke, it contained seven towns and three hundred castles. The lowland country between the

mountains and the sea was extremely rich and fertile, so much that the Duchy was able to export corn from Sinigaglia. But the interior was a wild mountainous district of bare hillsides and deep ravines, little adapted for agriculture. The forests which we are told once clothed the Apennines have been destroyed by the fires of shepherds and the teeth of goats, and the hills are now barren and naked, scored by torrential rains and seamed with deep watercourses. It is a rough country, which bred a hardy warlike people, and supplied the *condottieri* with their best soldiers. And it has a rough climate; on both our visits we had stormy weather, rain, wind, and cold, and a native of the town of Urbino, which stands high on the hills, described the climate as murderous—*un clima 'micidiale.* It is curious that this wild highland city should have been the birthplace of the gentlest of painters, Raffaello da Urbino.

Of all the small principalities—or, as the Greeks would have called them, Tyrannies—in Central Italy that of Urbino is the most interesting, and its history is the most humane. For though the early Lords and Counts seem to have been free-booters like the Malatesta and others around them, the virtues of the Montefeltrine Dukes present an amiable contrast to the crimes of such despots as Sigismondo Malatesta, Filippo

Maria Visconti, Bernabo Visconti, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, or Cesare Borgia.

Although the trade of both prince and people was mercenary soldiering, like that of all their neighbours, Urbino was not less distinguished for the cultivation of arts and letters. Italy, says Sismondi, had no inhabitants more warlike nor any court more literate and polished.

The ducal family was descended from Antonio, a petty lord of Monte Coppiolo, near San Leo in the northern part of the Duchy, which stands on the ancient Mons Feretrius, a name Italianized into Montefeltro. He or his son was made Count of Montefeltro by Frederick Barbarossa in 1154. Their successor Buonconte, after a twenty years' struggle with the people of Urbino, who fought bravely for their liberties, annexed that city to his domains. Count Guido da Montefeltro, who died in 1298, whom all lovers of Dante will remember, was famous for his craft rather than for his valour.

> Mentre ch'io forma fui d'ossa e di polpe
> Che la madre mi diè, l'opere mie
> Non furon leonine ma di volpe.
> Gli accorgimenti e la coperte vie
> Io seppi tutte, . . .[1]

He took Forlì by a ruse, and gave Boniface VIII.

[1] *Inferno*, xxvii. 73.

the treacherous advice to recover Palestrina from the Colonna by fraud:

> Lunga promessa con l'attender corto
> Ti farà trionfar nell' alto seggio.

"Large promise and short performance would give him the city."

For this Dante finds him enveloped in a flame in the *ottava bolgia* of Hell among the deceitful and traitors. Guido had abdicated his countship, as he tells Dante, when he reached the age "at which each one should furl the sails and gather in the ropes," and had become a Franciscan at Assisi in 1294. Thither came Boniface, "Prince of modern Pharisees," who had been besieging Palestrina in vain, in order to consult the old master of wiles; and he promised him full absolution for any advice he might give, however unrighteous. "So at my death," continues Guido, "Francis came to claim me; but one of the black cherubims said, 'Take him not, do me no wrong; he has to come down with my rascals, for that he gave the treacherous counsel.'"

The next Count, his son Federigo, siding with the Ghibellines, was torn to pieces by the people of Urbino in 1322, who had risen in favour of the Guelfs, after which the Counts seem to have been in exile. Guidantonio, Count of

Urbino, extended his territory by the submission of Cagli in 1371 and Gubbio in 1384, whence the people had expelled their tyrants, and he conquered Cantiano a little later. The tenth Count, Oddantonio, after beginning well, fell under the corrupting influence of his neighbour Sigismondo of Rimini, and was murdered by the people whom he had outraged by his crimes. He was succeeded by his half-brother Federigo, a natural son of the ninth Count, who was created Duke of Urbino, and with whom the importance of the family and the Duchy really begins. He bought Fossombrone from the Malatesta of Pesaro in 1445, and took several townships from his hereditary foe Sigismondo of Rimini. The addition of Sinigaglia and Mondavio in 1474, and of Pesaro and its district given to the Della Rovere Dukes in 1513 by Julius II., brought the Duchy of Urbino to its final extent.

Federigo was born in 1422, the reputed son of Count Guidantonio by a girl of Urbino, but there is some uncertainty about the relationship. He was at all events legitimated by Martin V. on December 22, 1424.[1] He was educated at Padua under Vittorino da Feltre, a master whose reputation is a credit to that age. He had pupils of all classes, taking payment from the rich, but teaching the poor gratis. His was a

[1] Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 58.

school of high thinking and plain living, and his moral rule was strict. In 1423 he removed to Venice, where he took pupils of both sexes, in itself a tribute to his goodness and discretion in that profligate age. He was afterwards engaged as tutor to the children of the Duke of Mantua, and made it a condition that he should have absolute control of his pupils. Luxurious living and high diet were replaced by frugality and simplicity. Training of the body he considered a necessary complement to that of the mind, and, like ourselves, he valued the exercise of sport more highly than mere gymnastic, which is the German ideal. All swearing, obscene language, vulgar joking, and quarrels were severely punished; personal morality and religious exercises were exacted. With his princely pupils he associated others of inferior degree who were educated together with them. Vespasiano writes that his house was a sanctuary of manners, deeds, and words, and when he died in 1446 he did not leave enough money to pay for his funeral.

His friend Guarini, who had a similar school at Ferrara, has left an equally happy reputation behind him. His moral character, we are told, was equal to his learning.[1]

As with all the princelings of the day Federigo's

[1] J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, ii. 302.

profession was that of arms. The regular routine was first to learn the trade under some great captain, and then to raise a force of your own with which to serve any of the greater powers that chose to hire you. Federigo served his apprenticeship under Piccinino, whose little body held a mighty soul, and in 1439 he was ready to defend his possessions against Sigismondo of Rimini, who advanced a claim to them and invaded the district of Montefeltro. Sigismondo being checked by Federigo, sent him a challenge to settle their claims by single combat, but when Federigo appeared at the rendezvous no Sigismondo was there to meet him.

For the next twenty-four years Federigo followed the profession of a *condottiere*, at one time in the service of the Duke of Milan, at another that of the King of Naples, sometimes in the pay of Florence, sometimes Lieutenant-General of the papal forces. Through all the time his own personal struggle with Sigismondo Malatesta went on; but the final humiliation of that egregious despot in 1463, after twenty-four years of conflict, at last brought to Federigo a period of repose, and time to attend to his domestic affairs. In his conduct of these campaigns Federigo seems to have behaved with as much humanity as was consistent with the habits of the age. His troops enjoyed the usual

privileges of these mercenary soldiers, which included liberty to sack the towns they took, but their leader appears to have shown some regard for the lives of the inhabitants. At the surrender of Fano by the Malatesta under a promise of protection to persons and property, Federigo was urged by the Papal Legate not to keep his word, but to take the opportunity of avenging his injuries on his treacherous foe, who never respected such promises himself. In like manner did the Papal Legate Juliano persuade the Hungarian King to break his word with the Infidel at Varna, which he did to his own destruction. In like manner too, in our own day did the German Minister urge us not to go to war for a scrap of paper. It is to Federigo's credit that he did not listen to this perfidious and infamous suggestion. In an age of treachery and dissimulation he had the enviable distinction of being true to his engagements. The Venetians when they were attacking Ferrara tried to detach him from the League which opposed them, and offered him eighty thousand ducats if he would only stay at home. "All they asked was that he should consider himself in their pay." When the Venetian Envoy had left the room one of Federigo's suite said: "A fine thing! eighty thousand ducats and stay at home!" The Duke replied: "It is a finer thing to keep

faith, and worth more than all the gold in the world."[1]

The Duke's constant employment in war as a mercenary brought in large sums of money, and his treasury was so well filled that his subjects were lightly taxed. It was said that the Duke brought in more money than he cost. He was free from the passions that have earned an execrable reputation for most of the Italian despots, and his people loved him. When he appeared in public, says his biographer Vespasiano, men and women would kneel at his approach and cry, "God keep you, my lord!" and that not from fear but from affection. He was easy of access, and encouraged his subjects to consult him and confide in him. An officer who tried to prevent a suitor from approaching him was severely punished. Baldi says that as he rode or walked about the place he would send for, or himself call to him, citizens or merchants whom he saw, and ask about their families, and if they were building he would encourage them, and himself help them to build well, so that Urbino was as well furnished with commodious houses as any city. This aspect of his character, however, seems to Baldi beneath the dignity of history, though to us it is far more interesting than the petty wars in which he played his part, which may well be forgotten.

[1] Vespasiano, ed. 1859, p. 88.

"To such details," says Baldi, "we do not descend, as do some writers over-scrupulous about trifles; nor shall we tell how he interfered to maintain the poor, to compose quarrels, to secure a pure administration of justice, to protect the honour of families, and to reward those who served him faithfully. Still less do we report his witty jests and pleasant sayings, as these are things altogether trifling and unbecoming the gravity of history, besides which they all or most of them live in the memory and mouths of the people. But, since magnificence is a virtue proper to great princes, we shall touch upon some circumstances regarding the nobleness, the numerical grandeur, and the splendour of his court."

All writers concur in praising his military talents, in which he was surpassed by no contemporary captain. "A Mars in the field," says one writer, "a Minerva in his administration, he was equally feared and loved." Federigo did not forget the lessons he had learned under the virtuous Vittorino. "His household of five hundred mouths or more," says Vespasiano, was not like a house full of soldiers; no religious establishment was conducted in so orderly a way. Gambling and swearing were unknown, and singular decorum of language was observed, while numerous noble youths, sent there to learn

[1] Baldi, *Vita di Federigo*, vol. iii. p. 59.

good manners and military discipline, were educated under the strict tuition of a gentleman from Lombardy whom the Duke had brought up, and whom they obeyed as if they had been his sons."[1] The courts of these professional soldiers were in fact military colleges, where young noblemen who intended to make arms their profession were entertained and regularly trained for military command.

In 1472 Federigo lost his wife, the Duchess Battista, daughter of Alessandro Sforza of Pesaro, and, according to Giovanni Sanzi, it was partly for distraction from his sorrow that he began to rebuild his palace at Urbino. It appears, however, that it was really begun long before, either in 1454 or perhaps as far back as 1447.[2] Vasari says the palace was built by Francesco di Giorgio of Siena, who was famous as an engineer and especially for warlike machines, of which he painted a frieze with his own hand in the palace at Urbino. Vasari seems, however, to be mistaken, for the real architect was a Dalmatian, Luciano da Laurana, son of Martino of Zara. Giovanni Sanzi, Raffaelle's father, in a long poem on Urbino and its Duke, says:

> e l' architetto a tutti gli altri sopra
> Fu Lucian Lauranna, huomo eccellente
> Che il nome vive benchè morte 'l cuopra.

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[1] Vespasiano, ed. 1859, p. 101.

[2] Calzini, *Urbino ed i suoi monumenti.*

BATTISTA.

DUCHESS OF URBINO.

FEDERIGO.

DUKE OF URBINO.

From portraits by Pier della Francesca.

[*To face p.* 64.

After some trouble I succeeded in identifying Laurana, a name now unknown in Dalmatia, with Vrana, a place some twenty or twenty-five miles south of Zara, where there is a lake with the extensive remains of a castle, once of the Templars, and afterwards of the Hospitallers.[1] It is now a heap of ruins, and the town where Luciano was born in 1420 was destroyed during the wars of Turks and Venetians in 1647. The most important building now standing there is a Turkish khan or caravanserai.

Luciano's work on the palace seems to have begun *c.* 1465 or 1466. Before then he was in the service of Alessandro Sforza at Pesaro, for in May 1465 Ludovico Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, begs Alessandro to send him Magistro Luciano to give him advice about his buildings. It does not appear, however, that Luciano went to Mantua, for in 1467 we find him at Urbino litigating with Maestro Giorgio of Como, who had not properly performed the work under his contract at the new palace. As the deeds speak of walls and vaults, and not of foundations, the building must by that time have made considerable progress under Luciano's direction. Therefore the patent issued by Duke Federigo in 1468, placing the

[1] "Urana (Vrana) alias Aurana, sive Laurana celebris in primis est a Rhodiorum equitum statione." Farlati, *Illyr. Sacr.*, Prolog. ii. c. v. § iv. *Vide* my *Dalmatia*, etc., vol. i.

whole control of the work in Luciano's hands, would seem to be intended to confirm his authority, and not to be his first appointment as architect.

The patent of Federigo, dated 10 June, 1468, from Pavia, says that "having searched everywhere and particularly in Tuscany, where is the fount of architects, and having found no one truly accomplished in that art, and at last having learned first by report and afterwards by experience how well the eminent man Maestro Lutiano, the bearer hereof, is accomplished in that art, and having determined to build in our city of Urbino a habitation fine and worthy, and suitable to the condition and honourable fame of our progenitors, we have elected and deputed the said M° Lutiano to be engineer and head of all the masters who labour on the said work, as well those of building, as the masters of carving stone, and the masters of carpenters and workmen, and of every other person of whatever degree and of whatever craft who may work in the said building." The patent goes on to give "M° Lutiano" leave to discharge all workmen who do not satisfy him, and to engage others by the week or by the day as he may please, and to do "everything that pertains to an architect and chief master appointed to a

[1] *Vide* Calzini, *Urbino ed i suoi monumenti.*

work, exactly as we ourselves should do were we present."[1]

Luciano seems to have died at Pesaro in 1479, when the building was very nearly finished, and what remained to be done was carried on by Baccio Pontelli, who was still living after the death of Federigo in 1482, when the palace was practically complete. If Francesco di Giorgio had anything to do with it, it was probably with the sculptures of military emblems now placed for safety in the inner corridor. Ambrogio Baroccio da Milano was employed for carving the arabesques in which the palace is so rich, and for the sculpture of the chimney-pieces. Gondolo Tedesco is credited with the beautiful though now sadly decayed intarsia in the doors and other furniture. Federigo himself, we are told, was skilled in architecture, and gave many directions during the progress of the work. "He listened to his architect's opinion," says his biographer, "and then gave the dimensions and all the rest, and you would think, to hear

[1] Gaye, *Carteggio d' Artisti*, vol. i. p. 214. The original is in the Vatican Library, but there is a copy in the Albani Library at Urbino. Gaye mentions two suits and decisions at law between Luciano Laurana and workmen about the measurement of work. Also a *rogito* or signed document in September 1483 about Luciano's will. "Cum egregius vir Lucianus q. Martini de Jadia . . . condiderit testamentum Pisauri . . . in quo instituit suam heredem Catharinam d Luciani uxorem, una cum Camilla et Lucretia suis filiabus," etc. etc. Gaye sought in vain for this will at Pesaro.

him talk, that it was the principal art he had ever practised. He paid the greatest attention to the sculpture of his palace, and employed the best masters of the time, and to hear him talk with a sculptor it seemed that it was his own art, from the way he discoursed about it. Painting too he understood, and not being able to find masters in Italy who know how to paint in oils, he sent to Flanders, and brought a serious master to Urbino, who painted many pictures for him.[1] Also from Flanders he brought masters to weave tapestries, and caused them to furnish a hall splendidly with work of gold and silk mixed with yarn. It was marvellous what figures he caused them to make, such as no brush could have equalled. His lordship having so great a knowledge, caused everything to be executed in the very highest degree of art."[2]

Federigo was succeeded by his son Guidobaldo, a boy ten years old, to whom, strange to say, the league of Naples, Florence, and Milan continued the command which his father held at the time of his death. He was not, however, called upon to act, fortunately for his military reputation, and the engagement was probably of the nature of a retainer. Guidobaldo, though he took part in several campaigns, was not a great

[1] Justus of Ghent.

[2] Vespasiano da Bisticci, *Vite*, ed. 1859, p. 93.

soldier like his father, but rather a scholar and man of letters, and moreover during the greater part of his life he was a martyr to gout, or some complaint to which that name was given, which incapacitated him for an active life. At the age of sixteen, in 1489 he married Elisabetta Gonzaga, youngest sister of the Marquis of Mantua. To the beauty and virtues of this lady ample testimony is borne not only by Castiglione, but by all contemporary writers. The Duke's misfortunes began with the election of Roderigo Borgia to the papal tiara, as Alexander VI., in 1492, "the most odious," says Sismondi, "the most publicly scandalous, and the most wicked of all miscreants who ever misused sacred authority to outrage and degrade mankind." "His entire occupation, his only thought," says Macchiavelli, "was deception, and he always found victims. Never was there a man with more effrontery in assertion, more ready to add oaths to his promises, or to break them: yet did his deceit ever succeed to his heart's content." The Pope's ambition was to create a kingdom for his son Cesare Borgia, Duke Valentino,[1] in Romagna and the Pentapolis, which included Pesaro and Urbino. Cesare occupied Pesaro and Rimini in 1500, and was created Duke of Romagna. In 1502 Duke

[1] He was created Duke of Valentinois by Louis XII.

Guidobaldo was enjoying himself at supper in the groves at S. Bernardino, the convent of Zoccolanti, a little way out of the town, and was rising from table, when news was brought from Fossombrone that Duke Valentino had a thousand men there, and had as many more from Fano and Sinigaglia in his pay, intent on mischief. Guidobaldo, much disturbed, smote his hand on the table and exclaimed that he was betrayed. At Urbino he was met by a messenger from the Commonwealth of San Marino who told him that there was a force at Verrucchio and San Arcangelo; and the Commissary of Cagli sent word that that city was occupied, and that Duke Valentino would be at Urbino the next morning. Guidobaldo assembled the magistrates and notables of Urbino, who advised him, as the city was quite unprepared for defence, to save himself and join the Duchess, who was at Mantua. Gathering hastily some important papers and patents, and some gold and jewels, and escaping by a private door from the palace, he fled towards San Leo, but his way was intercepted. He describes his adventures in a letter to Cardinal Juliano della Rovere, afterwards Julius II., who had retired from Rome for fear of the Borgias. Dismissing all but three archers, and disguising himself as a peasant, the Duke made for the Venetian territory. A messenger sent from

Ravenna to warn him fell into the hands of Valentino, who closed and guarded the passes, but he succeeded with difficulty in reaching Ravenna, after being robbed on the way, and thence by way of Ferrara he escaped to Mantua, the territory of his brother-in-law. "Further," he concludes, "I have saved nothing but my life, a doublet, and a shirt."[1]

Duke Valentino entered Urbino in state, and removed to Forlì the plate, tapestry, books, and other treasures he found in the palace, estimated at above 150,000 ducats, equal perhaps to a quarter of a million sterling of our money.[2] A rising of the people of Urbino brought Guidobaldo back to head them, and almost without a blow he recovered all but the fortress of S. Agata, for Valentino was in difficulties owing to the defection of the Orsini and Vitellozzo and the other chiefs, whom after a feigned reconciliation he afterwards massacred at Sinigaglia. Guidobaldo had again to fly, and did not recover his Duchy till the death of the Pope and the illness of Cesare, who drank inadvertently the poison prepared for the Cardinal of Corneto.[3] The next

[1] Baldi, *Vita di Guidobaldo I., Duca d' Urbino*, written in 1615.

[2] Dennistoun, vol. i. p. 394.

[3] Adrian di Castello, Cardinal of Corneto, was one of the foreign prelates imposed on the English. He was made successively Bishop of Hereford, and of Bath and Wells. The wealth which he had accumulated in England was the motive for his destruction. He was

Pope, Pius III., died within a month, and the election, in 1503, of Juliano della Rovere, the bitter enemy of the Borgias, as Julius II., gave the death-blow to the hopes of Cesare, who had to surrender all his conquests. Baldi, in his life of Duke Guidobaldo, describes the interview between him and Cesare, who came to make his submission, and who was received with clemency. The Thucydidean speeches which the writer puts into their mouths are probably quite imaginary. Dennistoun saw a fresco at Cagli by Taddeo Zucchero, representing Cesare on his knees before Guidobaldo, surrendering his spoils. He pleaded excuse on account of his youth, the brutality of his father, and the persuasions of others.[1] Cesare retired to Spain, and fell in an obscure skirmish in 1507.

With the accession of Julius II. the Duke was secured in his possessions. The Pope's younger brother, Giovanni della Rovere of Sinigaglia, Prefect of Rome, had married Giovanna, the Duke's sister, and their son Francesco Maria was adopted by Guidobaldo as heir to the Duchy, his own

a benefactor to the Church at Bath, and his arms may be seen in the choir vault, and I think on the west front. Godwin tells an amusing story of his hope of the Papacy from the prediction of a witch, that came true of another Adrian. Polydore Vergil was his relation and was indebted to him for his introduction to England.

[1] Dennistoun, vol. ii. p. 30. Cesare, it is believed, was not thirty years old at his death.

marriage being childless. By this marriage and adoption the succession was assured, for otherwise Urbino, being a fief of the Church, would have lapsed to the Pope for want of an heir. This was a danger that constantly threatened those princes who were feudatories of the Church, which was always on the watch to incorporate their dominions into the Papal State and extinguish the fiefs. The independence of Rimini had been threatened in 1469, some thirty years before, when on the death of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta without legitimate heirs Pope Paul II. claimed it. Rimini, however, was held against him by Roberto, one of the illegitimate sons, who proclaimed himself Signor. Duke Federigo in alarm wrote to the Duke of Milan: "I am constrained to believe that the Pontiff and the Venetian Signory intend to occupy Rimini and all Romagna, and eventually Bologna too. Rimini once lost, the rest will speedily follow." The danger was then averted and Roberto established by a league of Milan, Florence, and Naples, and the defeat of the papal forces by Duke Federigo.[1] The whole policy of Julius was generally directed to aggrandizing the papal possessions in the same way, when a fief fell vacant; but in the case of Urbino he connived at the continuance of the Duchy in the person

[1] *Vide* Trollope, *History of Florence*, vol. iii. p. 265.

of his nephew, whom he also made Prefect of Rome at the age of eleven years on the death of his father.

Guidobaldo's return was hailed by his people with joy. Castiglione tells how he was met by children with olive boughs, old men weeping for delight, crowds of men and women of all ages, "nay, the very stones seemed to exult and leap." The usurper's arms, which had been painted over the gates at the cost of from one to four ducats each, by no less an artist than Timoteo della Vite, were defaced and thrown down in a fury of popular resentment. Guidobaldo had the satisfaction of recovering most of the valuables of which the palace had been robbed, including a great part of his father's famous library.

The later history of Urbino may be told very briefly. Francesco Maria I. spent the greater part of his life in the field. In a fit of passion he stabbed and killed the Cardinal of Pavia, the Papal Legate, who he believed had betrayed him. Having the Pope for his uncle he escaped any serious consequences, but when the Medici came into power by the election of Leo X., his old crime was raked up against him and he was driven from his Duchy. The Pope gave it to his nephew Lorenzo, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent; but in 1519 the new Duke died, the victim of his own licentious excesses, leaving

only a daughter, Catherine, who became Queen of France as wife of Henri II. On the death of Leo X. in 1521 Francesco Maria recovered his Duchy. The reign of his son, Guidobaldo II., was not memorable. The last of the Della Rovere Dukes, Francesco Maria II., had a son Federigo, who died before him; the web of papal intrigue was drawn closely round him, and in 1625 he was induced to abdicate, and the Duchy was annexed to the papal dominions, to the great grief of the inhabitants. Urbino became a mere provincial town under a governor, and the library and treasures of the palace were transported to Rome.[1]

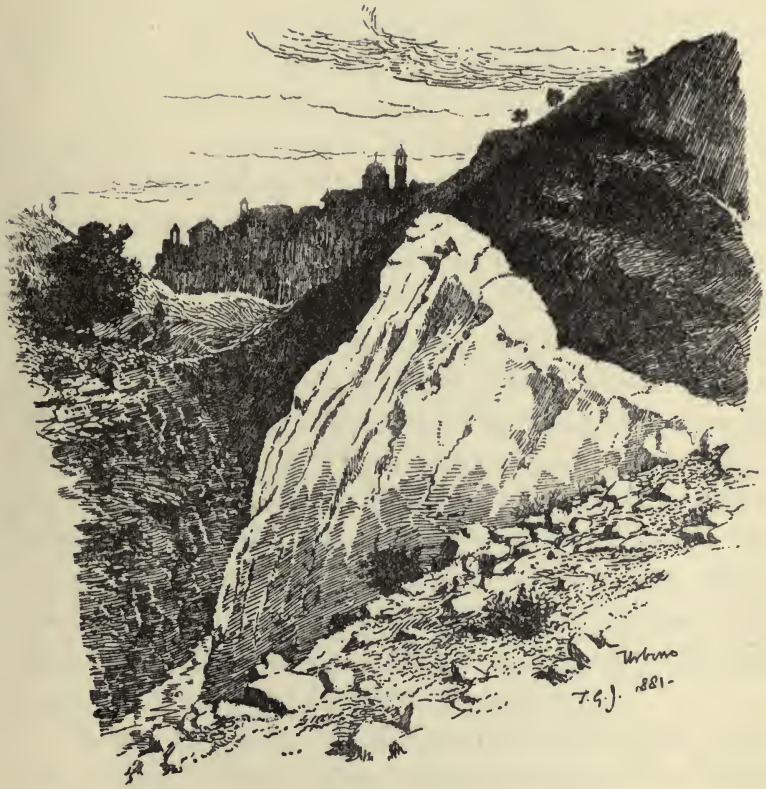
[1] The story of the last Duke and the intrigues that led to his abdication has been adopted by the author of *John Inglesant* for his imaginary Duke of Umbria. But nothing can be less like the real Urbino than his imaginary city.

CHAPTER VI

URBINO

URBINO, the ancient Urbinum Metaurense, may now, I believe, be reached by railway. At the time of our visits we had to get there by road either in the diligence from Pesaro, a drive of twenty-three miles, or by carriage from Fano.

The drive from Pesaro took from five to six hours, the last part of the way being very hilly, and the return journey took about four; for Urbino stands very high, and indeed at the time of our visit was generally in the clouds. The scenery in the lowland district was enchanting. The road follows the river Foglia, with considerable hills on either side crowned with romantic castles and seductive little towns that made one long to climb up to them. The scenery had something about it that suggested the conventional compositions of the Classical school of landscape. The gently curving river, the compact rounded trees, generally oaks, which are not very common in Italy; the steep precipitous banks, with village, farm, or mill placed just where the painter would have wanted it had he been composing a landscape according to



T. G. J.

URBINO.

[*To face p.* 76.

Academic rule, reminded one of Claude Lorraine or Richard Wilson. The last hour and a half was occupied by a stiff climb towards Urbino, which is seen high up long before it is reached (Plate VIII.). The situation is romantic and magnificent.

The drive from Fano, whence we reached Urbino on our second visit, took about seven hours, including a rest on the way. Here a carriage met us on our return from Ancona, but we looked with dismay at the miserable little beasts that were to draw us, though the driver assured us they were "*due bravi cavalli; sono piccoli ma sono bravi.*" However, when we got to Fossombrone, towards the end of the flat country, where we were to rest the poor little animals for an hour and a half, the driver was forced to admit they could go no farther, and handed us over to a relation of his who had a fresh pair. This time, though *piccoli*, they were indeed *bravi*, and Urbino appeared towering above us long before we expected it.

Fossombrone, the ancient Forum Sempronii, has a long street with arcades, but is not otherwise interesting. There is a small palace of the Dukes, with a good chimney-piece and a coved wooden ceiling, the whole much dilapidated.[1] We lunched in company with a party of Italians, who had come to see the Furlo Pass, which lay

[1] Illustrated by Hofmann, *Bauten des Herzog Federigo di Montefeltro*, 1905.

rather out of our route, and had to be reserved for another day, on our way to Gubbio.

Urbino is entered by a narrow street under the shadow of the enormous mass of Duke Federigo's palace, which rises with wide-spreading spur-footed bastions and vast windowless walls, built as we afterwards found as a facing to the natural rock, the real level of the interior being far above our heads. By a malodorous brick stair we reached our inn, which was on the first and upper floors of an ordinary house in the main street, and we presented the introduction from our friend the innkeeper at Pesaro. It was read with great *empressement* by an important young gentleman with double glasses on his nose, and his hair in studied *négligé*, who turned out to be the waiter. The *padrone* we seldom saw: he passed his time upstairs in practising the violoncello, or rolling out bravura passages in a fine baritone voice that made the walls ring again. Nothing, however, could exceed the almost embarrassing attentions of the waiter, and on leaving we found our bill extremely moderate.

The town was a queer, rough place, a regular highland fortress. Our street led to a small piazza, whence two streets rose at a steep angle to still greater heights, and other streets pitched sharply down to the gate by which the road leaves for Città di Castello and Borgo San Sepolcro, or for Arezzo and Florence. Climb-

ing one of the narrow ascents we reached a desolate piazza, with the rather modern Duomo on one side, and the huge square block of the Palace facing us. Here it is only of a moderate height, and less imposing than when seen from the street below. Indeed, it is said that the top storey is a later addition, and that originally there was only a first floor containing the grand apartments above the ground storey.[1] The walls are of brick, and full of putlog holes, but there are signs that there was an idea at some time of facing them with stone. The west front that faces you as you enter the town is the only part of the exterior that makes much pretence to an architectural character: two tourelles crowned with a macchicolated cornice and a rather uninteresting spirelet flank a façade in the middle of which is a composition of *loggie* in several tiers one over another. The design is not very happy. The rest of the building shows great expanses of plain walls full of scaffold-holes, in which are set the windows and doors, many of them with beautiful detail. The interior of the palace, as with most Italian buildings of the kind, is more interesting than the outside. The exquisite decorative sculpture of the doorways, the staircase, and the lovely chimney-pieces, afford matter for weeks of study. Nothing in that way was ever done to surpass the beautiful arabesques of

[1] Arnold, *Der Herzogliche Palast von Urbino.*

Urbino. They are in the early or what is called the Bramantesque style of the Renaissance, though here at Urbino it can hardly be called Bramantesque, for Luciano preceded Bramante by four-and-twenty years, and Bramante, who was born in the Duchy, in all likelihood was influenced by Luciano's work, which he must have watched in its progress during his youth.

The famous library of Duke Federigo was lodged in two vaulted chambers near the entrance, of which the inner has a large boss in the middle, bearing the initials F · D, and the imperial eagle quartered in the ducal 'scutcheon, and impaling the papal insignia, to express the feudal rights of the Church. It is painted and gilt and surrounded by a wreath with flaming rays, from which little tongues of fire radiate as from a centre, and are dotted at regular intervals all over the barrel-vaulted ceiling. It has an odd, but not a bad, effect.

The formation of a fine library was one of the objects on which these splendid Italian courts deservedly prided themselves. The Laurentian Library at Florence, with its chained books, its fine fittings by Michelangelo, and its grisaille glass by Giovanni da Udine, is well known to most travellers. Sigismondo Malatesta founded a library at Rimini, and his brother, Malatesta Novello, founded one at Cesena in 1452, which he endowed with three hundred gold florins

yearly. It still remains, with its original fittings, one of the most perfect specimens of a mediæval library. It consists of a long vaulted hall, 133 feet 4 inches by 34 feet, divided into three naves by two rows of fluted marble columns. The desks and seats are combined, and the books are chained.[1] At Pesaro Alessandro and Costanzo Sforza founded a library which, it was said, rivalled those of Rome or Florence. In forming his library at Urbino, Duke Federigo spared no expense, and his collection was pronounced by his biographer, Vespasiano da Bisticci, to have no equal. After collating the catalogue with those of the Vatican, Florence, S. Marco, Pavia, and Oxford, Vespasiano says that in all but that of Urbino he found many authors incompletely represented, and many duplicates. Vespasiano has been called "the last of mediæval scribes and the first of modern booksellers. Besides being the agent of Cosimo de' Medici, Nicholas v., and Federigo of Urbino, he supplied the foreign markets by sending MSS. by order to Hungary, Portugal, Germany, and England."[2]

Federigo was fourteen years in forming his

[1] *Vide* illustration in *Care of Books*, p. 199, by J. W. Clark. The architect Nuzio of Fano has recorded his name in two hexameter lines:

MATHEVS · NVTIVS ·
FANENSI EX VRBE · CREATVS ·
DEDALVS ALTER · OPVS ·
TANTVM · DEDVXIT · AD VNGVEM ·

[2] J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. ii. pp. 303, etc.

collection. Thirty or forty scribes were constantly employed at Urbino, Florence, or elsewhere in transcribing books for him: not a single printed book would you find in the whole library, for the Duke would have been ashamed, says Vespasiano, to own one.[1] This throws an interesting light on the reception given by a literary connoisseur to the new art which was to revolutionize the world. Here were to be found all the Latin poets, with the best commentaries; all the works of Cicero and the best prose writers; there was every known work on history; there were all the best theologians, and the Bible, "the best of books," written in two volumes with the richest and most beautiful illustrations, bound in brocade of gold, and lavishly ornamented with silver. There were, further, all the treatises on astrology, geometry, arithmetic, architecture, and military tactics, and a very curious volume with every ancient and modern military engine, which may perhaps have been one of the books by Francesco di Giorgio of which Vasari speaks.[2] There were also all books on painting, sculpture, and music; the modern Italian poets, Petrarch and the rest; all the Greek classics, philosophers, and Fathers, with the book of Paradise, lives of the Egyptian

[1] "I libri tutti sono belli in superlativo grado, tutti iscritti a penna, e non v'è ignuno a stampa, che ne sarebbe vergognato." Vespasiano, ed. 1859, p. 99.

[2] "Disegnò anco alcuni libri tutti pieni di così fatti instrumenti; il miglior de' quali hà il Sig. Duca Cosimo de' Medici fra le sue cose più care."

saints, lives of Barlaam and Josaphat, and a remarkable Psalter in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Every book was bound in crimson ornamented with silver, "a rich spectacle," says Vespasiano. The sum spent on the collection was 30,000 ducats, but the collection was increased afterwards by succeeding Dukes, and a room seems to have been allotted to printed books, when the prejudice against the new mechanical art had been overcome. The library was transferred to the Vatican when the Duchy was absorbed into the Papal States, and the rooms are now prosaically filled by the Notarial Archives.

The fittings seem to have been arranged differently from the usual mediæval plan of placing the cases and seats at right angles to the wall, with a window to each pen or pew. At Urbino, on the contrary, the presses seem to have been arranged along the walls,[1] and there were eight of them each containing seven shelves. Baldi mentions two Bibles, one Latin, the other Hebrew, and very old; and the latter rested on a lectern of brass in the form of an eagle carrying the book with outspread wings. This lectern was a prize from Volterra, and is now in the Cathedral.

Federigo was not a mere collector, but so far as he had opportunity a student as well. He was a good Latin scholar, an accomplishment

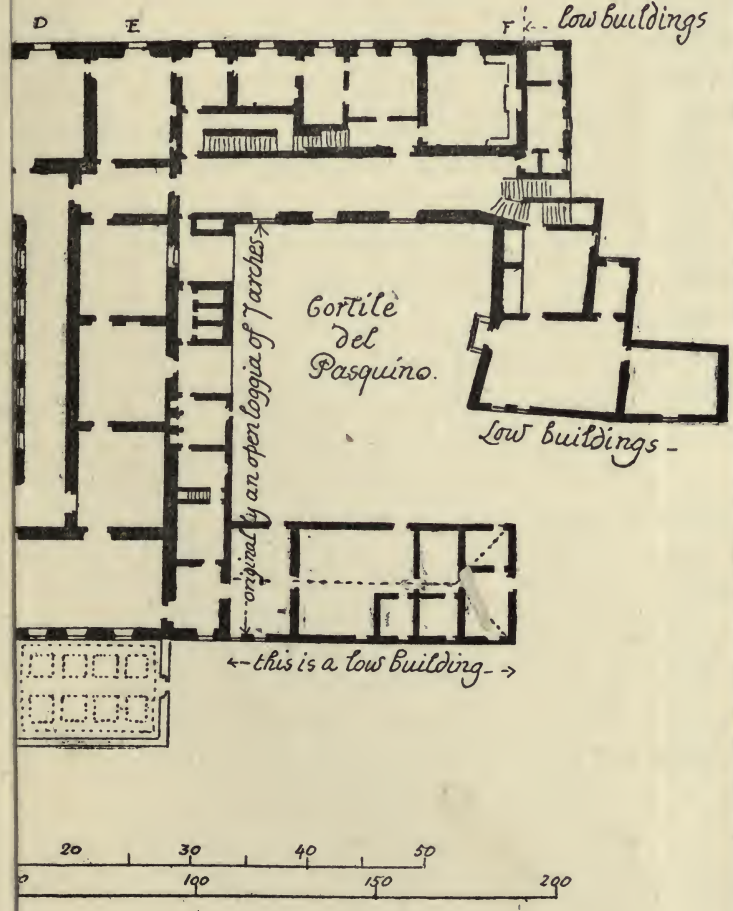
[1] Baldi, writing in 1587, says: "Le scanzie de' libri sono accostate alle mura, e disposte con molto bell' ordine."

which Vespasiano thinks very useful for a great captain who aspires to imitate the deeds of the ancients. He had Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Politics* read to him in a Latin translation, and the works of the Fathers, among whom he preferred S. Thomas Aquinas to Scotus. Also the Latin classics, and the translation of Plutarch's lives were read to him, says Vespasiano, on which he commented freely. Of his knowledge of architecture we have spoken above, and he studied arithmetic and geometry with Maestro Pagolo, a German philosopher and astrologer. Music he delighted in, and had musicians of all kinds in his house; "trumpets and loud instruments gave him no pleasure, but organs and delicate instruments pleased him greatly."

The palace, as will be seen from the plan (Fig. 7), covers a great deal of ground, for it had to serve a variety of purposes. Castiglione says it was not so much a palace as a city in the form of a palace. Besides being the residence of the Prince and his court, it was also a barrack for the military retainers, and a college of arms for the young nobles who came there to be instructed in the art of war. Room is now found within its walls for the offices of the Sotto-Prefetto of the district, for a prison, for the apartments of the Istituto delle Belle Arti, and for the Academia di Raffaello, and yet the state-rooms of Federigo's court are left unoccupied for the delectation of

DUCAL PALACE URBINO

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



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