

this is the case, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians.

This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stiletto: and the Florentine populace, now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I think I have convinced the reader, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is like most other national reflections, ill-founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes.

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#### THE COURT OF VIENNA,

*Under the Reign of the Emperor Joseph.*

THE manners of this court are considerably altered since Lady Mary Wortley Montague was here.

People of different ranks now do business together with ease, and meet at public places without any of those ridiculous disputes about precedence, of which that ingenious English lady has given us such

lively descriptions.\*—Yet trifling punctilios are not completely banished, for there is certainly a greater separation than good sense would direct, between the various classes of the subjects.

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\* Lady M—W—M— wrote thus from Vienna, in the year 1716.—“ It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country.— Even their amours, and their quarrels, are carried on with surprising temper, and they are never lively, but upon points of ceremony. There they shew all their passions; and it is not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them, and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the pass was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widow having any place at Vienna.— I am sure, you that know my indifference upon that subject, will pity me intangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the pass before them all.— They indeed so revenge upon the poor envoys, this great respect shewed to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference,) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here.”

The higher or ancient families keep themselves as distinct from the inferior or newly created nobility, as these do from the citizens:\* so that it is very difficult for the inferior classes to be in society, or to have their families connected with those of superior ranks. And what is of more importance, in a political sense, there are certain places of high trust in the government, which cannot be occupied by any but the higher order of nobility.

Is it not disadvantageous for a government to keep a law in force which enacts, that the offices in the state which require the greatest abilities, should be filled from that class of the community, in which there is the least chance of finding them?

The ideas relative to dress seem to have entirely changed since Lady Mary's time†, and if the dress

\* "The men," says the above cited amiable writer, "do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the she's that can number among their ancestors, the counts of the empire; they have never occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands."

† The following is the humorous sketch she has drawn of the Austrian ladies' dress—"The fashions here are monstrous, and contrary to common sense and reason, more than it is possible to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gause on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified, with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call *abourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they covered with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their

of the ladies be still as absurd, it is at least not so singular; for they, like the rest of Europe, have now adopted the Parisian modes.

The present race of Austrian ladies can differ in nothing more than they do in looks from their grandmothers, who, if any of them were still alive, may be as beautiful at this day as they were when she wrote; for time itself could hardly improve that ugliness, which, according to her, was in full bloom sixty years ago. At present there is no scarcity of female beauty at the court of Vienna.

This being the case it is natural to imagine that gallantry must now be more prevalent than when her ladyship was here. But exclusive of any real difference, which may have happened in the sentiments of the ladies themselves, they are obliged to observe an uncommon degree of circumspection, as nothing is more heinous in the eyes of her Imperial Apostolic Majesty\*.

heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins, (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, so that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-Day with the garland. Their whale-bone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off, and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking."

\* The celebrated Maria Theresa, whose circumstances have for so many years interested Europe. Her magnanimity in supporting the calamities, to which the early part of her life was exposed, and the moderation with which she bore prosperity, have secured to her universal applause.

With regard to what Lady Mary calls *submarriages* †, and of which she has given such a curious account, I do not imagine they are common at present, in all the latitude of her description. But it is not common for married ladies here to avow the greatest degree of friendship and attachment to men who are not their husbands, and to live with them in great intimacy without hurting their reputation, or being suspected, even by their own sex, of having deviated from the laws of modesty.

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† “ They generally last twenty years together ;” according to L— M— W— M—e’s account, “ and the lady often commands the poor lover’s estate, to the ruin of his family. The Austrian husbands are certainly the best-natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives’ lovers as favourably, as men do upon their deputies. They are generally, it is true, deputies in another place themselves. In one word, it is the established custom for every lady to have a *cicisbeo*. All the engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband ; between whom she sits in state with great gravity. These connections, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion, as other matches ; for a man makes but an ill figure, who is not in some commerce of this nature, and a woman looks out for a lover as part of her equipage ; without which she could not be genteel. The first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady in case the lover should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know several women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most ; and having no lover at all is a disgrace.”

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## ENVY AND CANDOUR.

*A Dialogue between two young Ladies.*

*Envy*--What do you think of this Miss H—— that is come among us?

*Candour*—I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman.

*Envy*—That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion.

*Candour*—I am at a loss to know, how you come to be convinced from her manner or conversation, that she thinks so highly of herself.

*Envy*—O, it is quite evident, the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

*Candour*—It is not then surprising, that they should hold the same language to Miss H——, whom they must think so in the highest degree. Don't you remember how all the gentlemen were in her praise!

*Envy*—Well, for my part, I do not think the men half so good judges of female beauty as the women. Miss H—— has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

*Candour*—What fault do you find with her person?

*Envy*—She is too tall.

*Candour*—She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

*Envy*—I do not pretend to say, she is a *great deal* too tall.

*Candour*—Can you pretend to say she is too short?

*Envy*—She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

*Candour*—That settles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance?

*Envy*---Engaging do you call it?

*Candour*--Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

*Envy*—She is apt, indeed, to smile, but that is, to shew her teeth.

*Candour*—She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good fine teeth; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

*Envy*—What signifies teeth?

*Candour*—Well let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

*Envy*—They are not black.

*Candour*—No; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

*Envy*—Blue eyes have been long out of fashion; black are now all the mode.

*Candour*—Blue ones are coming round again; for those of Miss —— are much admired.

*Envy*—Her fortune would procure her admirers among men, although she had no eyes at all.

*Candour*—That stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

*Envy*—Aimed! I have no ill-will against Miss ——.

*Candour*—I am glad to hear it.

*Envy*—Lord not I; why should I?

*Candour*—I am sure I cannot tell.

*Envy*—She never did me any injury.

*Candour*—I was afraid she had.

Envy—No, not in the least, that I know of. I dare say she is a good enough sort of a girl; but as for beauty, her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

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ROME.

AUTHORS differ very much in opinion with respect to the number of inhabitants which Rome contained at the period when it was most populous. Some accounts make them seven millions, and others a still greater number. These seem all to be incredible exaggerations. When I consider its circumference of thirteen or fourteen miles, I cannot imagine that ever Rome could boast a million of inhabitants, without supposing the masters of the world to have been the worst lodged people in it. In that computation, the extensive suburbs are not included.

Some of the seven hills on which Rome was built, appear now but gentle swellings, owing to the intervals between them being greatly raised by the rubbish of ruined houses. The number of inhabitants at present is about one hundred and seventy thousand, which though greatly inferior to what Rome contained in the days of its ancient power, is more than it has been, for the most part able to boast of, since the fall of the Empire.

Some of the principal streets are of considerable length and perfectly straight. That called the *Corso*, is the most frequented. Here the nobility display their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evening in fine weather. It is indeed the great scene of Roman magnificence and amusement.



The shops on each side are three or four feet higher than the street; and there is a path for the conveniency of foot passengers, on a level with the shops. The palaces, of which there are several in this street, range in a line with the houses, having no court before them, as the hotels in Paris have; and not being shut up from the sight of the citizens by high gloomy walls, as Devonshire and Burlington houses in London are. Such dismal barricades are more suitable to the unsocial character of a proud Baron in the days of aristocratic tyranny, than to the hospitable benevolent disposition of their present proprietors.

Rome at present exhibits a strange mixture of magnificent and interesting, common and beggarly objects; the former consists of palaces, churches, fountains, and above all the remains of antiquity. The latter comprehends all the rest of the city.

The church of St. Peter's, in the opinion of many, surpasses in size and magnificence the finest monuments of ancient architecture. The Pantheon is one of the best specimens of the ancient. Though not the largest of the Roman temples, it is the most perfect which now remains.

As the Pantheon is the most entire, the amphitheatre of Vespasian, is the most stupendous monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finished by his son Titus. About one-half of the external circuit still remains, from which, and the ruins of the other parts, a pretty exact idea may be formed of the original structure. It could contain eighty-five thousand spectators. Fourteen chapels are now erected within side, representing the stages of our Saviour's passion. One cannot reflect but with horror on the

use formerly made of this immense building ; and the dreadful scenes which were acted on the arena ; where, not only criminals, but prisoners of war, were obliged to butcher each other, for the entertainment of an inhuman populace.

The Capitol and Forum Romanum is by far the most interesting scene of antiquity in Rome.—The approach to the modern Campidoglio is very noble, and worthy of the genius of Michael Angelo. The building itself is the work of that great artist : it is raised on part of the ruins of the ancient capitol. Ascending this celebrated hill, the heart beats quick and the mind warms with a thousand interesting ideas. You withdraw your eyes, with disdain, from every modern object, and contemplate with more respect, the ruins on which it is founded : because they are more truly Roman.

The Forum Romanum exhibits now in its ruins, a melancholy but interesting view of the devastation wrought by the united force of time, avarice, and bigotry. There is the strongest reasons to think that the ancient forum was entirely surrounded by temples, basilicæ, and public buildings of various kinds, and adorned with porticoes and colonades. In the time of the republic, assemblies of the people were held there, laws were proposed, and justice administered. In it was the rostrum from whence the orators harangued the people. Near it the bankers had their offices ; and all kinds of business was transacted in this place. Surely the Romans or their governors ought to show more solicitude for preserving the antiquities than they do ; and they might, without inconveniency, find some place for

a cow-market, of less importance than the ancient forum.

Besides this, there were several forums in Rome. The accounts we have of the forums of Nerva, and that of Trajan, give the highest idea of their grandeur and elegance: three Corinthian pillars with their entablatures, are all that remain of the former; of the latter, the noble column placed in the middle still preserves its original beauty.

Those who have a real pleasure in contemplating the remains of antique and the noblest specimens of modern architecture, and who have an unwearied admiration of the charms of painting, may employ a whole year with satisfaction in this city. For besides churches, there are about thirty palaces in Rome, as full of pictures as the walls can bear. There are also ten or twelve villas in the neighbourhood of this city, which are usually visited by strangers.

The fine specimens of antique sculpture are to be seen in the Vatican. In these the Greek artists display an unquestionable superiority over the most successful efforts of the moderns\*.

\* These master-pieces have been described a thousand times, and imitated as often, without having had justice done to them: to attempt, then, their description would be equally vain and superfluous.

“ I passed two hours in the Capitol,” says the Abbé Barthelemy, in his travels in Italy, “ and saw nothing. The enormous heap of statues, busts, inscriptions, and bas reliefs which have been collected together in that palace by the last Pope, exhaust admiration. Italy is the only place for antiquarian researches. Figure to your imagination vast apartments, not merely adorned, but filled and crowded with statues and mar-

SCIENTIFIC ERRORS OF THE FIFTEENTH AND  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the last century, and that immediately preceding it, the minds of mankind seem to have been obscured with ideas equally gloomy in religion and in medicine; every thing pleasing was thought sinful; and by many enthusiasts, what gives the highest pleasure was considered as the greatest sin. The physicians seem to have adopted the prevailing sentiment of the times, and to have applied it to the practice of physic; they condemned every thing that was more agreeable to a sick person's taste or feelings, and declared it noxious to his constitution, and the more noxious in proportion as it was agreeable. In many instances, they treated their patients as if they had been persuaded that the most effectual way to restore health, was to prescribe what was more repugnant to his taste. If he complained of heat, additional bed-cloaths were heaped upon him to force a sweat; if half stifled, he begged for a little fresh air, the bed-curtains were drawn closer, because cold ought to be most guarded against, when the body is hottest; and if he complained of thirst, and entreated for a draught of cool water, he was presented with a draught from the apothecary's shop, well impregnated with spiceries.

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“ numents of every kind. One cabinet quite full of the philo-  
 “ sophers, and another with the busts of the emperors; galleries  
 “ upon galleries, corridors, stair-cases, filled with grand statues,  
 “ grand inscriptions, and grand bas reliefs. In short, we find  
 “ here united ancient Egypt, ancient Athens, and ancient  
 “ Rome.”

How many disorders would have terminated favourably, had the pleadings of nature been listened to, and the wishes of the patients gratified—for their taste will very seldom direct them wrong. How many victims, since the period alluded to, have been sacrificed to the pride and obstinacy of mistaken science, dazzled by the meteors of theory, and despising the humble path of experience pointed out by the earliest physicians.

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#### VIS MEDICATRIX NATURE,

Is that inherent bias observable in the animal œconomy to restore health; for as the surface of a lake which clearly reflects the sky, and hills, and verdant scenes around its borders, when it is disturbed by the falling of a stone, immediately endeavours to recover its scattered images, and restore them to the same beautiful order in which they are wont to appear; in the like manner, when the natural course of the animal œconomy is interrupted and disturbed by disease, the powers of the constitution are continually endeavouring to restore its organs to the perfect use of their functions, and to recover its usual vigour and serenity.

This *vis medicatrix nature*, was observed by the father of medicine; the same sentiment is expressed by Sidenham. It is acknowledged by all candid and discerning practitioners, to have a powerful influence in the cure of diseases. Indeed, physicians, in proportion to their candour and discernment, acknowledge and rely upon this power of nature;

and in proportion to this selfishness and weakness, impute every recovery to their prescriptions.

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#### NATURAL EXPRESSIONS OF THE PASSIONS.

EVERY sentiment of the mind has particular parts of the body in correspondence with it, and affected by it.

Hatred, scorn love, suspicion, confidence, admiration, and every other passion of the mind, have particular muscles in sympathy with them, and affect the features in a particular manner. So that in remote villages, and in those countries, where the emotions of the heart are not attempted to be concealed or disguised, it is an easy matter to know the state of men's minds by looking in their faces. But in more artificial societies, in great cities, and in courts, where many are struggling for the same object, where there is an everlasting jarring of interest, where men are anxious to conceal their designs and their wishes, and dare not avow the real motives of their actions, it is difficult to judge of the feelings of the heart by what appears in the countenance\*, yet in the midst of all this affectation and disguise, men of experience and penetration, will often see real joy through artificial tears, genuine sadness in assumed gaiety,

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\* The passions that actuate the bosoms and degrade the conduct of high life, are equally prevalent in the lower ranks of society. The only distinction lies in the more exalted ranks of mankind, being enabled, from the advantages of their education, to conceal, by elegant and appropriate language, the base artifices of a depraved heart.

and inveterate hatred lurking under all the officious smiling display of kindness.

Art cannot long carry on a successful war with nature; men cannot be on their guard, or keep their features in everlasting constraint, the genuine passion, will occasionally shew itself in the countenance, by the sympathising muscles; the hypocrite, is at that instant detected, and all his future grimaces are in vain.

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#### FEVERS.

Who would not be alarmed, that such a formidable *februm cohors*, as the following, had invaded the earth:—*febris inflammatoria, scorbutica, soporosa, putrida, nervosa flava, sudatoria, colliquitiva, ardens, hectica, cephalalgica, biliosa, erisypelacea, paludosa, verminosa, maligna, &c. &c. &c.* and, after being thus informed, who could be surprised that death walked with a hastened step through the land\*. To lay hold of the occasional symptoms which arise from the differences of constitution and other circumstances, and erect them into new diseases with terrifying names, burdens the memory, and tends to darken, rather than elucidate.

He who breaks a load-stone into a great number of pieces, will throw as little light upon the nature of magnetism, and discover as little of its cause, as

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\* ——— Nova februm  
 Ferris incubuit cohors:  
 Senotique prius tarda necessitas  
 Lethi, corripuit gradum.

if he had left the load-stone entire. To give terms, instead of ideas, is a practice not confined to physicians, who have divided and subdivided continued fevers, with such a parade of learning, as terrifies the timorous mind, and perplexes the most experienced practitioner.

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#### ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE.

IT was in the skilful and temperate exertions of its powers in this noblest province of the art, *expression*, that ancient sculpture so much excelled the modern. She knew its limits, and had ascertained them with precision. As far as expression would go hand in hand with grace and beauty, in subjects intended to excite sympathy, she indulged her chissel; but where agony threatened to induce distortion, and obliterate beauty, she wisely set bounds to imitation, remembering, that though it may be moral to pity ugliness and distress, it is more natural to pity beauty in the same situation; and that her business was not to give the strongest representation of nature, but the representation which would interest us most. The Greek artists have been accused of having sacrificed character too much to technical proportion. What is usually called character in a face, is probably excess in some of its parts, and particularly of those which are under the influence of the mind, the leading passion of which marks some features for its own. A perfectly symmetrical face, bears no mark of the influence of either of the passions or the understanding, and reminds you of Prometheus's



clay, without his fire. On the other hand, the moderns, by sacrificing too liberally those technical proportions, which, when religiously observed, produce beauty, to expression, have generally lost the very point for which they contended. They seemed to think, that, when a passion was to be expressed, it could not be expressed too strongly; and that sympathy always followed in exact proportion, with the strength of the passion, and the force of its expression. But passions in their extreme, instead of producing sympathy, generally excite feelings diametrically opposite. A vehement and clamorous demand of pity is received with neglect, and sometimes with disgust; whilst a patient and silent acquiescence under the pressure of mental affliction, or severe bodily pain, finds every heart in unison with its sufferings. The ancients knew to what extent expressions may be carried, with good effect. The author of the famous Laocoon in the Vatican \*,

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\* This famous group has been brought from the Vatican at Rome, to the Louvre at Paris:—the Louvre, which is certainly one of the greatest repositories of *stolen goods* in the world. We say, *stolen goods*, for who can ever admit that the right of conquest extended so far as to justify the French in robbing Italy and Flanders of what was dearer than the soil itself, the monuments of their genius, the boast of their country, the example and instruction of unborn ages. The project of pillaging Italy of its most valuable works of art, was suggested by the Abbé Gregoire, in September 1794, because, as he alledged, *Chefs-d'œuvres* of the Greek republic ought not to embellish a country of slaves.—What kind of freedom can that nation now boast of?—Does not the Turk enjoy at present more liberty than regenerated France?—"Consent to be my slaves, and you shall be masters of all the world!" such is the language of Bonaparte to the French people!

knew where to stop, and if the figure had been alone\*, it would have been perfect; there is exquisite anguish in the countenance; but it is borne in silence, and without distortion of features. Puget thought he could go beyond the author of Laocoon; he gave voice to his Milo; he made him roaring with pain, and lost the sympathy of the spectator †.

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PIUS THE SIXTH, †

Is a tall, well made man, about sixty years of age, but retaining in his look all the freshness of a more earlier period of life. He lays a greater

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\* See the ingenious critical judgment given by Mr. Lock, on that affecting groupe, in p. 88. It shews at once the father and the man of taste. Many of our readers will have sensibility enough to feel its beauty and its justness; but how small is the number of those who would have had the ingenuity to make it.

† Dr. Moore acknowledges that the preceding remarks on ancient and modern sculpture, were suggested to him by the same gentleman mentioned in our foregoing note:—A gentleman, who, to a soul endowed with the most noble and delicate feelings, unites the most refined taste.

F. F.

‡ John Angelo Braschi—Born at Cesena, December 27, 1717.—Elected Pope February 15, 1775.—Dethroned February 15, 1798.—Died August 19, 1799.

The turbulent, and capricious people of Rome, did not applaud the election of Pius VI. and applied to him a famous Latin verse, composed under the Pontificate of Alexander VI. importing that Rome had always been ruined by sovereigns who bore the title of *Sextus*.

Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.

In fact Sextus Tarquinius provoked, by his tyranny, the expulsion of the kings of Rome; Urban VI. began the great

stress on the ceremonious part of religion, than his predecessor Ganganelli. As his pretensions, in point of family, fortune, and connexions, were smaller than those of most of his brother cardinals, it is the more probable he owed his elevation to this part of his character. He performs all the religious functions of his office in the most solemn manner; not only on public, and extraordinary occasions, but also in the most common acts of devotion. Popes are, generally speaking, men bowing under the load of years and infirmities. His present holiness has hitherto suffered from neither. His features are regular, and he has a fine countenance; his person is straight, and his movements graceful. His leg and foot are remarkably well made. He is not insensible of the charms of his person, or unsolicitous about his external ornaments. Though verging towards the winter of life, his cheeks still glow with autumnal roses, which, at a little distance, appear as blooming as those of the spring. If he himself were less clear-sighted, than he seems to be to the beauties of his face and person, he

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schism of the west; Alexander VI. astonished Rome, and the whole world, by the enormity of his crimes; and Pius VI. has but too well realized the presentiment suggested by his name. Never did a prophecy appear less founded—never was any one more punctually fulfilled.

Frederic the Great entertained for this pontiff a kind affection. When he saw him engaged in a contest, which Joseph II. who undertook to make reforms useful, but afflicting to the church, he wrote to M. D'Alembert:—"The only thing that vexes me is, that all this good was not done under Popes who merited humiliation; and that it should have been reserved for the worthy Braschi, who has drained the Pontine marshes."

could not be deaf to the voices of women, who break out into exclamations in praise of both, as often as he appears in public.\*

Vanity is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age, and the contracted heart of bigotry, display strong marks of sensibility under its influence.†

\* Vide I. Vol. p. 100.

† The vanity of Pius VI. which was apparent in every thing, drew upon him frequent mortifications. Descended from a family scarcely noble, he plumed himself, from the very beginning of his reign, upon his illustrious race. To the modest coat of arms of his ancestors, he added all the vain embellishments of blazonry. To two winds, of which the arms of his family consisted, he added an eagle, *fleurs de lys*, and stars. These pompous armorial bearings were cruelly criticised in the following distich:—

Redde aquilam imperio, Francorum lilia Regi  
Sidera redde Polo; cætera, Brasche, tua.

“ Restore your eagle to the empire; his lilies to the king of France; and the stars to heaven: the rest, Braschi, is your own.”

Pius VI. was not sparing of inscriptions in the sacristy of St. Peter's, which he had erected. Over the principal entrance were inscribed these words:—

“ Quod ad templi Vaticani ornamentum publica Vota flagitant, Pius VI. pontifex maximus, fecit, perfecit-que anno, &c.”

“ What the public voice demanded for the decoration of the church of the Vatican, Pius VI. Sovereign Pontiff, began and completed in the year, &c.”

How great must have been his mortification, when, under this inscription, he found the following insolent lines:—

## VENICE.

THE view of Venice at some little distance from the town is mentioned by many travellers in terms

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“ Publica! mentiris non publica vota fuere

“ Sed tanidi ingenii vota fuere tui.”

“ Thou liest! the public voice was not consulted: thou falsehoodst the dictates of thy vanity alone!”

Pius VI. was not a little vain of his handsome leg. Not wishing that his long pontifical robes should entirely conceal that part of his person, to the adorning of which he was always scrupulously attentive, he took great care to hold them on one side, so that one of his legs was entirely exposed to view. An affected display of a ring of hair, of the most brilliant white, which gave him a look at once noble and venerable, as well as of his legs, so unworthy of a grave pontiff, gave occasion to the following distich:—

“ Aspice, Roma, Pium. Pius, haud est: aspice mimum—

“ Luxuriante coma, luxuriante pede.”

“ Rome, look at Pius. He Pius! no, indeed: He is a comedian;—behold the display of his hair, and see how vain he is of his leg!”

That vanity which is connected with external accomplishments did not abandon Pius in his misfortunes, and in his retreat at Florence. There lived a young Hungarian painter who was desirous of the honour of drawing his holiness's portrait, with the intention, as he said, of presenting it to the empress. He was conducted to the holy father, who accepted his offer with a sort of enthusiasm. “ Let your pencil,” said he to the young artist, “ revive that blooming and animated countenance, which is somewhat faded, through age and chagrin: paint me in scarlet robes, to give the greater relief to my features.” The painter is said to have paid double obedience to these directions. Even in the season of disgrace, Pius VI. found a flatterer. His eyes dwelt with pleasure on that portrait, which carried him back to a less advanced age, and happier days.

of the highest admiration. To behold magnificent palaces, churches, towers, and steeples all standing in the middle of the sea is certainly an uncommon scene; and there is no manner of doubt that a town surrounded by water is a very fine sight: but a town surrounded by land is much finer. Can there be any comparison in point of beauty, between the dull monotony of a watery surface, and the delightful variety of gardens, meadows, hills, and woods?

If the situation of Venice render it less agreeable than another city to behold at a distance, it must render it, in a much stronger degree, less agreeable to inhabit. Instead of walking or riding in the fields, and enjoying the fragrance of herbs, and the melody of birds; when you wish to take the air at Venice, you must submit to be paddled about, from morning to night, in a narrow boat, along dirty canals; or if you don't like this, you have one resource more, which is that of walking in St. Mark's place.

Venice is said to be built on the sea, that is on a kind of a small inner gulph, separated from the large one by some islands at a few miles distance. Most of the houses have one door opening upon a canal, and another communicating with the street; by means of which, and of the bridges, you can go to almost any part of the town, by land as well as by water.

The number of inhabitants are computed at about 150,000; the streets in general, are narrow; so are the canals, except the grand canal, which is very broad, and has a serpentine course through the middle of the city. They tell you, there are several

hundred bridges in Venice. What pass under this name, however, are single arches, thrown over the canals; most of them paltry.

The rialto consists also of a single arch, but a very noble one and of marble. The view from it is equally lively and magnificent. The objects under your eye are the grand canal over which it is built, covered with boats and gondolas, and flanked on each side with magnificent palaces, churches, and spires. This fine prospect is almost the only one in Venice. Except the Grand Canal, and the Canal Regio, all the others are narrow and mean; some of them have no quays; the water literally washes the walls of the houses. When you sail along those wretched canals, you have no one agreeable object to cheer the sight; and the smell is overwhelmed with the stench, which, at certain seasons exhales from the water.

As the only agreeable view in Venice, is from the grand canal, so the only place where you can walk with ease and safety is in the Piazza di St. Marco. This is a kind of irregular quadrangle formed by a number of buildings all singular in their kind, and very different from each other, viz. The ducal palace—the church of St. Mark—a noble range of buildings called Procuratie.

To compensate, for there being but one square, or *place*, (as the French more properly call them,) at Venice, there is a greater variety of objects to be seen at this one, than in any half-dozen of the squares or places of London or Paris. They create a rapid succession of ideas. The sight of the churches awakens religious sentiments, and by an easy transition, the mind is led to contemplate the

influence of superstition. In the midst of this reverie, Nero's four horses\* appear, and carry the fancy to Rome and Constantinople. In the evening the place St. Mark presents a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Christians; lawyers, knaves, and pick-pockets; mountebanks, old women, and physicians; a jumble of senators, citizens, gondoleers: people of every character and condition. It never fails to be well attended, and when it is fine weather, numbers pass a great part of the night there. When the piazza is illuminated, and the shops in the adjacent streets lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect; and as it is the custom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the cassinos and coffee-houses around, the place of St. Mark, answers all the purposes of either Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

It is not in St. Mark's Place, that one is to look for the finest monuments of the art of Titian, or the genius of Palladio, for those it is necessary to visit the churches and palaces.

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\* These celebrated horses, said to be the work of the renowned Lysippus, are no longer at Venice. It is observable that they have never changed their place but in consequence of some great political revolution. The Romans having achieved the conquest of Greece, first removed them from Corinth, and placed them on the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus at Rome. They were removed from thence to Bizantium (Constantinople) when that city became the seat of the empire; at the capture of Bizantium, by the Venetians, they were transplanted to St. Marc; and the French rapacity has caused them to be brought to the palace of the Thuilleries. The Parisians, who amuse themselves now, as they have done for ages, in making calembourgs (puns) and epigrams at the expence of their rulers, say that it is to the *Beau-harnois*, that France is indebted for these superb horses.



The number of play-houses in Venice, is extraordinary, considering the size of the town, and its population. There are eight or nine theatres in Venice, including the opera-houses. A Venetian play-house, has a dismal appearance in the eyes of people accustomed to the brilliancy of those of London. Many of the boxes are dark. The music of the opera of Venice, is reckoned as fine as in any town of Italy.

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LE PEUPLE SOUVERAIN DE FRANCE\*,

Is, at the present time, (1792), a monarch composed of heterogeneous substances, like the image of which Nebuchadnezzar dreamed: part is fine gold, part silver, part brass, part iron, and a large portion clay: each of these divisions occasionally assumes the right of representing the whole sovereign; and the clay portion is exceedingly apt to bedaub all the others when they offer to dispute with it.

The populace, stimulated by unprincipled leaders, have committed all the excesses of revolted negroes, or of slaves who have burst from the galleys.—If

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\* They are certainly now a novelty. “Bonaparté proceeded, *le Peuple Souverain de France*, like Hercules against Antæus, he gave it a true fraternal hug, and strangled it.”—To use the words of one of our most eloquent speakers:—“Every man feels when he returns from France, that he is coming from a dungeon, to enjoy the light and life of British independence.”—Vide Mr. Sheridan’s speech in the House of Commons, December 8, 1802.

there were no choice but to live under arbitrary government, or to be exposed to the unrestrained ravages and cruelties of a frantic populace, the former would be preferred to the other.—For history affords instances of princes whose power was unlimited, and who preserved the virtues of humanity; whereas, a mob is always furious, brutal, and cruel.

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DEBTS OF HONOUR, OR MODERN SOPHISTICAL  
POSITIONS.

Do you not consider money lent to oblige a friend, as much a debt of honour, as if it had been won at play?

By no means, there is a great difference; I am surprised you do not see it.

I do not perceive, why the game debt should have the preference.

Well, I do confess, my dear friend, that I am surprised at your blindness; you allow, do you not, that a game debt is a debt of honour, and ought to be paid in preference of a tradesman's bill?

In preference to a tradesman's bill, I grant you.

And why, I should be glad to know, upon what principle has a game debt this preference over a tradesman's account?

Upon my soul, I cannot tell; because it is the fashion, I should suppose.

No, no, my friend; what has continued so long, must depend on something more durable than fashion.

Well, upon my soul, I cannot guess on what it depends; but I must own, that I am inclined to

think that, money lent to oblige a friend, has as good a title to be considered a debt of honour, as any game-debt, whatever.

How can you allow yourself to talk so? you may just as well say, that your baker's account, has a title to be considered as a debt of honour. Now, mark the difference.—Why does your baker send you bread? Do you imagine he does it to feed you? Not a bit; he does not care if you were starved; the scoundrel sends you your daily bread, on purpose to feed himself and his own squalling children. Why does he allow you to run a long account? Is it to accommodate you? Not in the least; he would insist on payment at the end of every week, if he did not, by delay, find opportunities for inserting in his bill much more bread than he ever sends; and besides, has he not the law on his side, and be d——d to him? which is, by much, too partial to such fellows, and too hostile to gentlemen, particularly gentlemen distressed for money.—Now, when a man looks to law for relief, honour is entirely out of the question.

You are still harping, my dear Sir, on a tradesman; come to the case of a gentleman, who lends money to oblige his friend.

The cases are similar. The man who lends his money, has the law upon his side likewise; besides, in lending the money, he imagines, probably, he does a friendly generous act; he takes credit in his own mind for it, as such; he has the approbation of the world for what he has done, and his friend, perhaps, is grateful: having received something like value in these various ways, he has the less reason to expect it in cash also;—but when a

man wins money from his friend at play;—some people condemn him—he excites no gratitude—the law affords him no assistance; and he relies entirely on the loser's honour; therefore, it is clear, that he who pays money borrowed, or his tradesman's bill, in preference to a game-debt, behaves like a low-minded dirty fellow, and not like a man of honour.

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THE POSSESSO\*,

Is a ceremony performed by every Pope as soon as conveniency will permit, after the conclave has declared in his favour. It is equivalent to the coronation in England, or the consecration at Rheims. On this occasion, the pope goes to the basilica of St. John Lateran, (the mother, they say, of all the churches in Christendom,) and as the phrase is, takes possession of it. When he has got possession of this, therefore he must be the real head of the Christian church, and Christ's vicegerent upon earth. From St. John Lateran's he proceeds to the capitol, and receives the keys of that fortress; after which it is equally clear, that as an earthly prince, he ought like the ancient possessors of the capitol, to have a supremacy over all kings.

The instant of his holiness's departure from the Vatican, is announced by a discharge of cannon, from the castle of St. Angelo, on the top of which

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\* We have inserted the following description, because the ceremony it describes may again take place, contrary to a predic-

the standard of the church has been flying since morning. The officer's of the Pope's horse-guards are dressed in a style equally rich and becoming; something between the Hungarian and Spanish dress. The uniform of the Swiss guards on this occasion, are real coats of mail, with iron helmets on their heads, as if they were to take the capitol by storm. Their appearance is strongly contrasted with that of the Roman barons, who appear in the procession, on horseback, without boots, and in full dress; each of them preceded by four pages, and followed by a number of servants in rich liveries. Bishops, and other ecclesiastics, succeed the barons; then come the cardinals on horseback in their purple robes, which cover every part of the horses except the head. Last of all, comes the Pope himself, mounted on a milk-white mule, distributing blessings, with an unsparing hand, amongst the multi-

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tion given in these solemn words \* : " *The Roman state at the frown of exasperated France, has completed the act of dying, which was already begun. It will never experience a resurrection. The faithful Catholics may yet continue to bestow the appellation of Pope on their spiritual chief. But that ambitious sovereign, half-man—half-god—for whom the sceptre and the censor jointly challenged the homage of mankind, has for ever disappeared.*" Time has proved the vanity of this emphatic oracle; it has proved, that the subjects of the Pope, as well as the French, corrupted and enervated, were not worthy to be republicans.

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\* Vide *Memoirs of Pius the Sixth*: a production evidently and insidiously written to palliate and justify the plunders committed at Rome by French rapaciousness, as well as the manifold cruelties wantonly inflicted by them on an aged, unfirm, disarmed, and good-natured sovereign.

tude who follow him, with the acclamations *viva il santo padre!* and prostrating themselves on the ground before his mule, *benedizione, santo padre.*

At the entrance of the capitol, he is met by the senator of Rome, who, falling on his knees, delivers the keys into the hands of his holiness, who pronounces a blessing over him, and restores him the keys. Proceeding from the capitol, he is met, soon after he has passed through the arch of Titus, by a deputation of the Jews, headed by the chief rabby, who presents him with a long scroll of parchment, on which is written the whole law of Moses, in Hebrew.—His holiness receives the parchment in a very gracious manner, telling the rabby, that he accepts the present out of respect to the law itself, but entirely rejects his interpretation; for the ancient law has been fulfilled. His holiness, proceeds thus in triumph through the principal streets to the Vatican. To feel admiration at this showy and magnificent procession, and behold with satisfaction, the pope and his cardinals marching in triumph to the capitol, one must forget those who walked in triumph formerly to the same place: forget all the great and virtuous men of ancient Rome, whom we have admired from our childhood, and of whose great qualities our admiration increases, with our experience and knowledge of the present race of mankind.

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#### COMMERCIAL AND NON-COMMERCIAL TOWNS.

IN commercial towns, where every body finds employment, and is agitated by the bustle of business,

the minds of the inhabitants are apt to be so much engrossed with the affairs of this world, as almost to forget that there is another; and neither the true religion nor false ones, have such holds of their minds, as in places where there is more poverty, and less worldly occupation. In the first they consider the remonstrances of priests and confessors as interruptions to business; and without daring to despise the ceremonies of Religion, like the speculative sceptic or infidel, the hurried trader huddles them over as fast as possible, that he may return to occupations more congenial with the habit of his mind. The preachers may cry aloud and spare not; they may lift up their voices like trumpets, proclaiming the nothingness of this world, and all which it contains. It is in vain. Men who have been trained to the pursuit of money from their childhood, who have bestowed infinite pains to acquire it, and who derive all their importance from it, must naturally have a partiality for this world, where riches procure so many flattering distinctions; and a prejudice against *that* in which they procure none. But in towns where there is little trade, and great numbers of poor people, where they have much spare time, and small comfort in this world, the clergy have an easier task, if they are tolerably assiduous, in turning the attention of the inhabitants to the other. In Roman Catholic towns of this description, we see the people continually pacing up and down the streets with wax tapers in their hands. They listen with fond attention to all the priest relates, concerning that invisible country, that land of promise where their hopes are placed; they ruminate with complacency on the happy period when *they* also shall

have their good things; they bear their present rags with patience, in expectation of the white raiment and crowns of gold, which, they are told, await them; they languish for the happiness of being promoted to that lofty situation, from whence they may look down, with scorn, on those to whom they now look up with envy, and where they shall retaliate on their wealthy neighbours, whose riches at present, they imagine, insult their own poverty\*.

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\* How happy must we not feel on inhabiting a town which does not fall under the description which Dr. Moore has here depicted. A commercial town, indeed! which corresponds with all the corners of the earth, and, in some respects, command all the treasures of the world:—where there is every where industry, bustle, animation, life:—where labour obtains its reward and activity an easy and opulent repose—the theatre of the largest fortunes.—But a town nevertheless, where obscurity is a stranger to envy, because free from insult; and poverty does not repine, because enriched benevolence meets and relieves its wants:—a town, whence is banished a puerile and stupid bigotry; and where there in general, reigns that pure and rational piety, which consists in honouring God and doing justice to men.

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THE END.

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